

# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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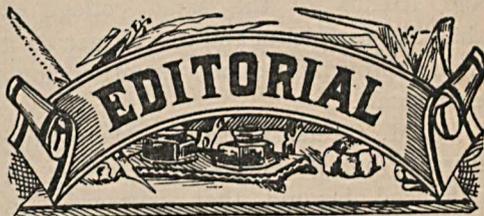
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OWING to circumstances over which we had no control, it has not been possible for us to get this issue of the Monthly out on time. We hope to perfect arrangements with our publisher whereby we shall be able in the future to have the paper out in due time.

THE new staff entering upon the work to which they have been called, respectfully makes its bow to the students and friends of our beloved College. Untried, we await the trial with the hope that we shall meet with the hearty co-operation of every student of Western Maryland College, and that a reasonable degree of success shall be ours. A journal, conducted as has been our Monthly is something of which almost any institution might well be proud. To keep it up to the standard to which it has been raised by those who have preceded us in the Editorial Chair, requires earnest work on the part of the staff, and the aid of the combined talent of the school, all working for a common end, and that the success which awaits those who honorably toil and wait.

HERE are people with varying amounts of wealth at their disposal who would be glad to donate to a worthy cause, if assured that such donation would be thankfully received and wisely appropriated. If there are any such among the readers of the Monthly—and we presume there are—we recommend to them the library of Western Maryland College as a worthy cause, the President and friends of the same college as thankful recipients and the former as a wise appropriator of any donation however small.

W. M. C. has a useful and growing library; but its value could easily be enhanced beyond that measured in dollars and cents, if her many friends would donate simply a part of their loose change without unlocking their safes or even untying their purse strings.

"Progress" is the motto of our college. We believe all who have even a slight knowledge of her history and progress will agree with us when we say that there is no other institution in the State more worthy. Some colleges prosper because they have received donations, Western Maryland receives donations, though few and small, because she has prospered. Her instructors are determined that so far as honest work and thorough teaching go the usefulness shall be second to none in the country.

But that her usefulness may not be impaired, her library needs books. Who will give them?

TO one just entering upon his career at college, the choice of companions is a question of the utmost moment. The world judges us by our actions, and one can usually form an accurate estimate of another's character by the company he keeps.

Our surroundings and environments have much to do with the shaping of our lives, and although a few mortals are so blessed as to be able to associate with bad company and still not be contaminated by their wrong doing, yet from constantly being in their company you will be rated as one of them. If evil forces once get a strong hold upon us, it is hard to overcome them. Then how intensely important it is for you who are just beginning your college course, to select for associates those who will not drag you down lower, but only those who will elevate and ennoble your life and help you to withstand the petty frailties of mankind.

THE great school of American poets, which has made the nineteenth century era of Literature the most glorious in the history of our country, and which has placed the National Age by the side of the Victorian, in the solid contributions which both have made to the world's literature, has been robbed of its great and shining lights by the hand of death, until now, out of that brilliant galaxy which composed it, only one remains, the genial and lovable Dr. Holmes.

But a few weeks ago, John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, was called from the scenes which had inspired his muse, to the higher pleasures into which he had been, in a measure, allowed to enter. The Divine Presence which he had worshipped in the cloud and sunshine, he now sees face to face; and to quote his own words, taken from the last poem he wrote, he now "*lives because He lives.*"

He was a type of that kind of man, which stands out clear and distinct from the common herd of mankind, whose energy is the energy of the soul, and

whose passion is the passion of one having a great work to perform. The success which this earnest child of Nature attained was the success which always crowns consecrated genius. In his young manhood, for a time he stood almost alone in his opposition to the great curse of human slavery, and was once mobbed by a number of the citizens of his own town. The torrent of abuse coming from all quarters, which was heaped upon him, was patiently borne; and when the great object for which he fought was attained, those who once derided him, became his warmest friends. He wrote with all the power of his soul and his energy was so terrible that, as Whipple says, "he poured out his blood with his lines."

Age softened his hatred of the sinner, but it did not make the sin of less magnitude to him. In his later poems we find in him, only the seeker after the truth, and his poems breathe out the tender earnestness of a soul, true to his God, his fellow-man, and the cause that is just and right. While lacking the grace and elegance of Longfellow's culture, he really surpasses him in poetic genius, and the place on the roll of the world's great poets which he has established for himself, will remain unquestioned.

AMONG the many educational factors of our modern civilization, none weilds a more powerful influence for good or evil than the daily newspaper. Their effect upon the morals of the common people can not be overestimated, and it is their sacred duty to admit nothing to their columns which does not exert a wholesome influence. But in a recent instance they have fallen far short of their privilege. The instance referred to is the occasion of the recent prize-fights in New Orleans. Instead

of entirely ignoring these degrading exhibitions of brutality or noticing them only in a brief dispatch, the public press put forth extra efforts to report them more in detail. The dailies of our great cities took up whole pages in giving graphic representations of them, and even went to the extent of publishing editorials commenting upon them. Such a course, it is easily perceived, is extremely prejudicial to the advancement of good morals and of civilization, and in fact reflects great discredit upon us as a people, when viewed through the medium of our public press. We sincerely hope that in the future, when another fight of this character takes place, our newspapers will have the good sense not to disgrace themselves by the report of such proceedings.

Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence when it comes upon soundings.—*Holmes.*

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.—*Carlyle.*

It is better to inspire the heart with a noble sentiment than to teach the mind a truth of science.—*Edw. Brookes.*

Education gives power; hence it is a blessing or curse, according to how we use it.

Fear God, and where you go, men shall think they walk in hallowed cathedrals.—*Emerson.*

Books—light-houses erected on the great sea of time.—*C. R. Whipple.*



### Summer Days.

By C. T. WRIGHT.

Lying on the velvet grass,  
Watching lazy cloudlets pass,  
In the summer days.  
Softest zephyrs come and go,  
Perfume laden, breathing low—  
Wafting harvest lays.

Faintly now the reaper's whir  
Strikes upon my sluggish ear  
From the golden field;  
Overhead the branches green  
Sifting sunbeams down between  
Light and darkness yield.

Background of the deepest blue;  
Shadows sometimes falling through.  
Picture quaint and rare.  
Hum of bee and song of bird,  
Tinkling bell of grazing herd,  
Beat the drowsy air.

Cooling breeze and limpid stream,  
Lulling into mid-day dream;  
Bringing perfect rest.  
Now the sun is sinking low,  
Shadows to the eastward grow;  
Crimson in the west.

Mountain peaks in sunset flame,  
Putting earthly fires to shame,  
Fill the dazzled eye;  
See, the sky is in a blaze!  
Thus the splendid summer days  
All in glory die.

### Whittier's Last Poem.

THE following beautiful poem the last from the pen of the poet John Greenleaf Whittier, was written but a few weeks before the poet's death, and is a tribute to his life-long friend Oliver Wendall Holmes:

Among the thousands who with hail and cheer  
Will welcome thy new year,  
How few of all have passed, as thou and I,  
So many milestones by!

We have grown old together; we have seen,  
Our youth and age between,  
Two generations leave us, and to-day  
We with the third hold way  
Loving and loved. If thought must backward  
run  
To those who, one by one,  
In the great silence and the dark beyond  
Vanished with farewells fond.

Unseen, not lost; our grateful memories still  
Their vacant places fill,  
And, with the full-voiced greeting of new  
friends,  
A tenderer whisper blends.  
Linked close in a pathetic brotherhood  
Of mingled ill and good,  
Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,  
For pity more than blame—

The gift is thine the weary world to make  
More cheerful for thy sake,  
Soothing the ears its Miserere pains,  
With old Hellenic strains.

Lighting the sullen face of discontent  
With smiles for blessings sent,  
Enough of selfish wailing has been had,  
Thank God! for notes more glad.

Life is indeed no holiday; therein  
Are want, and woe, and sin,  
Death and its nameless fears, and over all  
Our pitying tears must fall.

Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,  
In different moods and ways,  
May prove to those who follow in our train  
Not valueless nor vain.

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,  
The songs of boyhood seem,  
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with  
spring,  
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone.  
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that Gate no toil;  
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,  
And live because He lives.

—Atlantic Monthly.

### The Permanence of American Liberty.

Of all subjects and questions of discussion, that which treats of the permanency of our liberty, is without doubt the dearest. It seems that when one writes upon a subject, relating in any way to the institutions of our Republic, he thinks that he is in duty bound, compelled to praise and extol them as far as the English language and his own ability will allow.

People like to talk of our grand and glorious country; stretching from the lake washed shores of old Acadia to the beautiful orange groves of tropical Florida, from the surging billows of the restless and turbulent Atlantic, to the calm and peaceful coast of her less impatient sister the Pacific.

They tell of the natural resources of our country, equalled by none other in the world; of our government, which as has often been said, is one of the people, for the people, and by the people; our right of suffrage, religious liberty, freedom of the press, our public schools, the numerous colleges and universities for higher instruction, our vast commercial and manufacturing interests, our railroads, the telegraph and telephone, with other countless inventions of the century.

Then they say can such a people, having all the blessings that an all-bountiful Providence can bestow, living as they do in the civilization and enlightenment of the nineteenth century, under a government whose cardinal principles are themselves founded on liberty and freedom, taking into consideration the peaceful and prosperous condition which it now enjoys; can we, they say, but conclude that their liberty will remain permanent and enduring as the Sun that shines above us.

To every question there are two sides, and while we do not wish to show ourselves unpatriotic, yet as we continue to think more closely upon the subject, we can but be convinced that American liberty will *not* be permanent.

Let us glance back through the pages of history, to a few nations of ancient times.

Where are Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria, Phœnicia, Judea, Media, and Persia, Greece, and Maedonia?

Gone! Buried for ages in obscurity and darkness, or if they remain at all, standing as they do striking monuments of former greatness, the victims of the rapacious designs of their more powerful neighboring countries. Equally as bad, if not worse, we fear will be the fate of our own country. But you say, those nations were for the most part absolute and despotic monarchies, and being such they cannot justly be compared with a government like our own. But the very fact that our government is republican in form, its rights and privileges being free to all, only makes its permanency less probable.

Emerson spoke truly when he said, "We are very vain of our institutions. They are not *better* but only *fitter* for us. We may be wise in asserting the advantage in modern times of the democratic form, but to other states of society, in which religion consecrated the monarchial, that and not this was expedient. But our institutions though in co-incidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited forms." Every actual state is corrupt.

Let us look at the condition of our own state. When the constitution was framed by our fore-fathers, they had no other motive than the making of such laws as would best offer protection

to the person and property of each citizen of the country; for persons and property are the two chief objects for which government exists.

When first the Stars and Stripes were wafted to and fro by the balmy July breezes from the steeple of old Independence Hall, not a blemish could be found upon them. They were as pure and unspotted as the driven snow. Now, having passed through the political turmoil and strife of over a century, we see the once spotless Red White and Blue marred by many black stains.

The first and foremost which we will notice is the cursed rum traffic. It is a well-known and undisputed fact that many of the elections both in former years and those of to-day, have been carried by men in the interest of the liquor traffic. Naturally they desire to send men to the legislative halls who will look after the interests, men who will bring forward and support bills, making it a lawful business for a person to sell the vile poison which yearly kills so many thousands of our people.

But just as the liquor acts upon the system of a human being, in the same way it will affect the politics of a country. Suppose we have a man before us who is a confirmed drunkard. He was not always thus, but, beginning by taking an occasional drink, the appetite soon gained such complete control over him, that he is now a perfect wreck.

So also in the State. If it continues to carry the liquor traffic and its accompanying evils into the legislative halls, although at first it will not seem to be at all injured, yet in the course of time the evil will craftily work its way into the very vitals of the State, leaving behind only ruin and desolation.

But we think the far-sighted Christian men of the country are beginning to wake

up to a realization of the true condition of affairs on this question. They see if we continue to allow the liquor faction to come in and corrupt our politics, that we will soon reach a stage, where one of the two must be wholly and completely destroyed to maintain the existence of the other. Which shall it be?

Another of the great dangers to the permanency of American liberty, is the defects and looseness of our naturalization laws. Too well do we know, that as they now stand, a foreigner, coming to this country may in a few years, and in many cases in less than a year, be admitted into all the rights and privileges of a born American citizen. It matters not whether he be as rich as Croesus or a very beggar, whether he comes from the noblest of families or from the lowest slums.

Every week there are landed in New York, Baltimore and other eastern seaports, thousands of such people.

Walk into Castle Garden just after one of the steamers has arrived. What do you see? People of all Nationalities. The refuse population of the principal countries of Europe. They come over often without a cent in their pockets, more ignorant and uneducated than a child eight years old.

Being driven by necessity from their own land, they come to America to make their fortunes. And what do we do for them? Before long they become naturalized American citizens. They have just come from a monarchy, and consequently know nothing about our politics, our institutions and our laws.

They are not only ignorant of the workings of our Republic, but moreover they speak a foreign language and have been reared and nurtured from infancy under laws and customs, totally

at variance with ours. Therefore we say they cannot be allowed to vote without jeopardizing those fundamental principles upon which our Union was founded, and by which it has so far been sustained. We do not mean to say that the right of suffrage should be withheld from them forever, but that it should only be granted after they have lived here long enough to become *thoroughly* acquainted with our government and its institutions.

Another danger which threatens our liberty is the domination of capitalists over the laboring classes. It seems that the man who has money to back him can accomplish almost anything.

Money has been defined as an article which may be used as a universal passport to every where except Heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness. Certainly this holds good in our politics. Who are the successful politicians of the country? Are they not men who possess wealth? Nine times out of ten a man cannot be elected to any office unless he has a good bank account. Our nominating conventions too often judge a candidate not on his true merits, but rather, whether he has money which he will use in all those frauds and deceptions with which our politics has become so thoroughly permeated.

Thus we see that American liberty will last only so long as we adhere to and carry out those principles upon which our Republic was founded. Our government has a stronger foundation than any country in the world, yet if we mistake the liberty, for which the heroes of '76 so nobly contended, for license, most assuredly that liberty will be destroyed.

Let us hope, however, that this will not be the case. but every man, having

for his motto, "Liberty and Union now and forever," we will raise aloft our standard of liberty till our government becomes the perfect type, which all nations will strive to imitate.

C. B. S. '93.

### Labor and Education.

LABOR is the great agent giving sustenance to the world. It stands at the base of all prosperity and controls the progress of all enterprise. The first necessity presented to man in his fallen condition was labor, and since that fiat of justice, descended upon the head of the disobedient Adam and he was driven from the presence of his offended Maker, man has been compelled to make Nature subserve to his wants, and in order to apply what she has presented to him, to his needs, he has had to labor with hand and brain.

Labor, therefore, entered upon as a necessity has become humanity's greatest blessing. True had man remained in his pure, sinless condition, and mother Earth continued to pour her spontaneous treasures into his lap, labor would have been unnecessary, but man sunken in sin, filled with evil, restless, and curbless inclinations, roaming the vast earth, friendless, purposeless, hopeless and godless, needed something to fill up the awful void in his existence occasioned by the withdrawal of God's smile and Eden's bounty.

Wretched indeed is the man who has nothing to do, nothing to interest, nothing to engage and absorb; and no power on earth sooner or more surely than idleness will lead him to physical, mental and moral debasement. The human mind must be employed, and unless both the mind and body have some legitimate and satisfactory occupation, they will be plunged into that

terrible flood of excitement and dissipation which sweeps its powerless victims to physical, social and spiritual death; but while labor has proven a God-send to men, there is another gift whose beauty and necessity must be apparent to all. The power of mental culture has been given us; to the bodily strength of manhood and womanhood has been added that mysterious, wonderful and limitless mind power or soul faculty, for cultivation and expansion. Labor the great provider of our animal wants; Education the matchless, humanizing, refining and elevating agent. Labor and education working hand in hand, the never failing promoter of social, religious and national prosperity and advancement.

Too far do these two great agents often stand apart; too wide is the breach between laboring men and professional men in their thoughts, pursuits and aspirations. Laboring men too often entertain a sturdy, stubborn prejudice against education and its roteries, while that superficial class of literary pretenders on the other hand straighten themselves in all the pompous dignity of sages and look down upon the farmers and mechanics as too stupid to comprehend the first rudiments of their own wonderful attainments. Laboring men too often condemn education because of the silly struttings of a few hair-brained pretenders, or the nonsensical simpering of a few airish boarding-school misses, when they should take rather for their standard of judging the truly educated, and the truly refined; would be professionals on the other hand, wrapped up in a garment of pitiable and contemptible pedantry disgrace the cause of culture by their ignorant display of popish feathers and borrowed literary plumes. No wonder education

receives the condemnation of the uneducated when it is falsely exhibited by such representatives, and no wonder the working classes feel unconcerned about that of which they are not as a mass possessed.

How often do we hear boys exclaim "Oh I never expect to be a minister, or a doctor or a lawyer, therefore its no use for me to waste my time getting an education." How absurd! How false! How unwise! Let young men educate themselves without regard to prospective calling, for the age demands the highest intelligence among the laboring classes, let laboring men be educated and educated men learn to labor manually if necessary and then these petty distinctions will be swept away; and no longer will the two great classes be kept apart and the one great work to be accomplished is to sweep them aside and let these two elements of society mingle interests and influences; let the ruggedness of labor receive the toning and polishing touch of mental culture, and the too sickly standard of education partake of the firmness and manliness of toil; let manual laborers claim their legitimate and well earned position among the educated and gifted and then will a new era dawn upon society, a brighter, happier and more glorious era than the earth has ever known. What is there to hinder the farmer or mechanic from becoming as intelligent as the professional man? What prevents him after the implements of toil are laid aside from acquainting himself with the beauties of philosophy, history, poetry and fiction? His opportunities for acquiring knowledge apart from his chosen vocation, are as numerous as those of the professional man—why should that knowledge be less?

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that

colleges and academies can only make men and women intelligent; within us lies the God-given power to lift ourselves in the scale of humanity; to employ that heaven-born gift without which we would sink to the level of the brutes that now do our bidding. A young man is greatly to be pitied when he begins to imagine himself too smart to work and yet has too little brains to enter any profession with credit to himself or to his friends. Of course the first thing he does is to rub himself against some college wall, with his hat upon one side of his wisdom swollen head and proclaim to his gaping admirers that he is educated. I do not condemn institutions of learning, because I love them, but I do condemn those brainless, smattered, and spoiled young ladies who endeavor to flaunt their wonderful accomplishments in the face of the world, but who scorn the idea of taking upon themselves every true lady's duty—the requisite tasks of the household; who could not make a loaf of bread if starvation were staring them in the face, and who fresh from the glitter of the city or the halls of Alma Mater, innocently and sweetly ask the hired milk-maid which cow gives the buttermilk.

I honor the man who labors, but I can have no patience with the laboring men who are ashamed of their occupation, or who think their vocation a low one, or who imagine that those who make their living by their brains are lazy. Study is hard, confining, exhausting labor, and those who are skeptical upon this point will be converted from the error of their conclusions by trying a few years or even a few months brain work. Education and labor are co-workers and should live and act in harmony. Cultured men and women must not think they have all the brains,

nor must laboring men think they possess most of the common sense and all of the muscle.

Why should we choose a vocation and then be afraid to trouble our brains or soil our hands in pursuit of them? Why shift and change and scheme to find that hidden trade or profession that is easy? Who ever followed either trade or profession as he should have followed it, and the trade easy physically or the profession easy mentally? We too often labor in our chosen fields as if it were a condescension on our parts to do so; as if we were doing God and our fellow men a boundless favor by our generous toil. Let us throw aside these false, childish ideas of true manhood and womanhood; let us learn that labor is a prime necessity, and teach ourselves to make a virtue of it and be proud of its dignity. What God has imposed let us stand under firmly, gracefully and manfully.

“Stand up erect;  
Thou hast the form  
And likeness of thy God;  
Thou art the peer of any man.  
Look up then  
That thy little span  
Of life may be well trod.”

Would an all-wise Creator impose upon us a burden to dishonor us? Rather all things for our highest honor, and through our honor, his own eternal glory.

C. T. W.

### Can Any Good Thing Come Out of Nazareth.

MANY centuries have rolled away since Nathaniel, the Israelite, “in whom was no guile,” asked this question of St. Peter.

Kingdoms have risen and fallen; nations not then dreamed of have sprung into existence; the whole state of the

world has been revolutionized, and society has grown purer and better by the influence of that Divine Presence which did come out of Nazareth.

There are some people like Nathaniel, good, pure, "without guile," who look with great disfavor upon all worldly amusements, however innocent, because they have at times, been carried to excess.

They consider these pleasures as very Nazareths, from which no good can be derived, and that indulgence in them, is entirely incompatible with a religious life. Whether they are right or wrong depends upon the answer to the question: "Can Any Good Thing Come Out of Nazareth?" If no good can come from the thing condemned, then the practice of it is altogether wrong. But are not these people narrow-minded and prejudiced to condemn a thing as sinful because in some cases it has done harm? In this world the tares must grow with the wheat, nothing is unmixed good; all bear the stamp of earthly imperfection, and he who appreciates this truth is slow to condemn anything not absolutely forbidden in God's law.

There is in every human heart a certain natural craving for amusement, created by our mother, Nature. This is not wrong nor against the principles of Christianity. Religion makes war only with the abuse of man's natural propensities. Its object is not to eradicate our instincts, but to prune, train and make them bear good fruit. This natural craving for amusement is one of God's instruments for our instruction and improvement. If only the gratification of the moment result from the so called pleasure, let us forget the transitory joy it may afford, and banish it forever from our catagory of amusements. But if we can prove that any good to

mankind springs from it, that it conduces to health, that it refines nature, or cultivates the love of virtue lying dormant in the soul of man; then, oh, then let us believe that it is a good gift sent down to us from the Father of Light, and that it is not only foolish and narrow, but it is wrong and sinful to condemn what he has given to brighten the world!

The chief difference between the pleasures which benefit mankind and those from which no good results, is, that the former is a natural longing, while the craving for the latter is unnatural and the result of bad habits and a perverted taste.

Every little child has a desire to keep time to music; dancing, then, so much deprecated by some sects of religion is an innate propensity.

The passion exhibited by children for hearing fairytales and stories, shows how natural is the desire for fiction and imaginative reading. Children in their play are always impersonating other people; always pretending something. This is only the dramatic instinct.

All children love bright, pretty things and are strongly attracted by beauty, so the love of the beautiful which leads us to dress tastfully is not wrong but merely natural.

From the moderate indulgence of all natural longings much good and happiness can be derived; but there are ways in which people seek pleasure entirely foreign to natural cravings. From these come harm.

Is the longing for stimulants ever a natural one? The most moderate drinking of alcoholic beverages can never produce any lasting good except in case of illness. Is a man healthier, happier, more refined, for transient pleasure afforded by a glass of wine? Has his

life been prolonged, or his mind strengthened; his body made more vigorous? A good laugh at a comic play has really the effect of prolonging life, but I doubt if even the most moderate drinking can do so. This appears to be a Nazareth from which no good can be derived. But when we consider the use made of alcohol in medicine and the arts, we find that a wise Creator made it for a good and useful purpose and only through man's abuse has it become what it is.

Now let us see what good can come from each of those things which some people have censured as strongly as did the proud Jews of old the Nazarenes.

First, there is novel reading. Although there are some works of fiction which may have a bad influence on the public, yet there are many more which inculcate good.

Some novels are very instructive, history is never so well remembered as when presented to the mind in the form of a story.

Sir Walter Scott's novels have done much to interest people in the great events of nations, when interest is once excited we are eager enough to read and study history.

Yet we should not read all books for facts and information merely; but to be inspired, to have our thoughts uplifted to noble ideals, to have our sympathies touched, our ambition awakened to do some great and worthy thing; all these are accomplished in a good work of fiction. When we read of a noble and beautiful character, unconsciously we try to imitate it.

To render goodness lovely and lovable, and vice hideous and loathsome; to cultivate in man a love for the beautiful and artistic; to refine his instincts and broaden his views of life; to raise in him

noble thoughts and pure emotions, this is the mission of the novel.

Its power is over the imagination rather than the understanding, but hear what Carlyle says about the imagination: "Not our logical faculty, but our imagination is king over us. I might say priest and prophet to draw us upward, or as magician and wizard to lead us downward."

"The understanding is indeed thy window—too clear thou canst not make it—but phantasy is the eye, with its color giving retina healthy or diseased."

Consider the good Dickens' novels have wrought. How can we think the reading of such books pernicious? How many weary hearted people have been cheered by his humor, how many hard hearts melted by his pathos?

No book can be a true production of art, unless a lesson of truth, like a vein of pure gold runs through the whole, intervening in and out among the lighter glittering tinsel which forms the fabric of the story.

Art has been defined as "A whole wherein a large element of beauty clothes and makes more acceptable a still larger element of truth."

In the execution of a work of art the painter has his colors, his canvas and his brushes, the sculptor has his clay, his chisel and his modeling tools; the poet his rhymes; every art has its different instruments; but the novelist has human nature; and what vast possibilities for influence lie in his power cannot be justly estimated!

Every artistic production, whether poem, picture, story or drama, must carry within its outer dress of loveliness a lesson to mankind.

There is about all great production of art a subtle influence, cultivating, elevating, refining the minds of those who can perceive its lesson.

Another pleasure that has been much condemned is theatre going. The dramatic art is above all the art of humanity. This is what makes a play the lightest of pleasure the pleasure that moves the people most powerfully, while it offers to the refined the most exquisite enjoyment. There is no doubt that witnessing good plays, teaches us better to peruse the eternal comedy of human nature. Above all it cultivates in us a love of the beautiful, which Ruskin says leads to the love of truth and virtue. During the reign of Charles II. in England, the drama was much corrupted, as were all amusements, and prejudice to the stage dates back to that time; but since then it has steadily improved and today is an important factor in liberal education, affording entertainment and amusement for all classes of people. Besides the stage has loftier aims, it inculcates lessons of virtue, it shows the inevitable misery of vice; it teaches—by example—the most effective kind of instruction. Out of this Nazareth God may one day bring an influence of the greatest good to his people.

Dancing is a healthful exercise. It appears to be the natural expression, of youth, health and good spirits in all ages and lands and yet it has been baneful.

Beauty and ornament of dress have likewise been condemned and forbidden. There is in nature an instinctive propensity to decorate.

To whatever principle the taste may be traced, whether an innate perception of the beautiful or to a vain desire to excite admiration, the fact is indubitable. It is seen equally in savage and civilized nations, and is manifested alike in their persons, dwelling and indeed all their customs and usages. This taste is in its own nature an imita-

tion of the workmanship of God, who by his Spirit has garnished the heavens and covered the earth with beauty. He has made a world so profusely ornamented that he has scattered beauties where there are no eyes but his to behold them.

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Any external beauty which occupies the mind more than the heart we may be sure is wrong; but Solomon in his beautiful description of a true woman, does not forget that part of her duty which lies in so adorning herself, that her beauty and grace may be enhanced; “She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.”

Religion is not opposed to elegance and good taste. It is itself the beauty of holiness and the finest and richest moral taste.

Let us neither be the slaves nor the cynics of fashion; neither excite disgust by our want of attention to dress nor court admiration by splendor and expensiveness.

Some good can come from every Nazareth; every enjoyment, not directly forbidden by God is given for some useful and beneficent end. Therefore let us not hold ourselves aloof from natural innocent pleasures, but let us seek that broad culture of mind and heart which sees some good in all things, knowing that there is One above who sends us joy as well as pain, for our improvement and highest happiness.

Seek for the hidden flowers,  
That some are too blind too see;  
Angels look thus on men  
And God sees good in all.



### Y. W. C. A. Notes.

**P**AST Wednesday, for the first time since our return to college we met in our Association room.

In the absence of our President, the Vice-President presided. She gave us a short but fervent talk, in which she entreated us to become more interested in our meetings. After several prayers and hymns we were dismissed.

In looking around us that afternoon, we were made sad by the absence of several familiar faces, those of the class of '92 who had been active in the Y. W. C. A. work, were not there; yet how very glad we were to see so many new faces, in fact almost half of those present seemed to be new students. Let us hope that this will not be their last visit to our Wednesday afternoon meetings, but let them join the old members in determining to attend when ever they can.

With God's help let us try to make this year in our Y. W. C. A. work such that at the end, when we look over the year's record, each member will be able to say of the other, "She hath done what she could."

### Y. M. C. A. Notes.

**ONE** of the first things that greeted our eyes on returning to W. M. C. was the Association building in course of erection!

This marks a new era in the history of our Y. M. C. A. We have bright prospects before us, and may we not by earnest effort make this one of the most

prosperous years our Association has ever known?

Certainly it is within our power to make it one of great spiritual growth and power!

We begin this year with an efficient corps of officers; wisely selected, wide-awake committee men; and with Christ as our as our leader we have but to move forward to victory.

The Reception Committee deserve to be especially commended. The exceedingly interesting program, and abundant refreshments showed earnest work on their part. The reception was enjoyed by all the students both old and new.

The membership committee have received the names of nearly all the new students as active and associate members.

Two or three, however, hold themselves aloof. Boys, here is a work for us to do. We cannot, we dare not attempt it in our own strength. "Without me," said Christ, "ye can do nothing." Nor indeed can we; but aided by divine wisdom and power, filled with the Holy Spirit, our possibilities are boundless. We "can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us."

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Honesty is the best policy; but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.—*Whately.*

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Striking manners are bad manners.—*Robt. Hall.*

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Men are what their mothers' made them.—*R. W. Emerson.*

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The true university of these days, is a collection of books.—*Carlyle.*

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The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.—*Chas. Lamb.*

## Exchanges.

THE *Southern Collegian*, one of the most cherished College Magazines on our exchange list presents for its leading features in the June number, the address by Prof. Edw. S. Jones, before the Literary Societies of the Washington and Lee University, on *The Uses of the Literary Society*, and a carefully written article on *Nuremberg*. The *Collegian* is one of the most carefully edited of our exchanges and always calls for a careful reading.

*The Harvard Monthly* contains in its closing issue for the year an article on *Some Thoughts on University Education in the U. S.*, which shows the author to have been a careful student of the educational work of our country.

*Our Young People* in its issue of Aug. 20th, contains biographical sketches of Dr. Ward, of the Westminster Theological Seminary; Dr. Lewis, of our College; Dr. J. W. Hering, President of the General Conference of the M. P. Church, and Prof. S. Simpson, of the Department of Science, of our college. We publish below the sketch of Prof. Simpson, which is from the pen of Henry T. Phillips, President of the Bank of Lexington, North Carolina:

Shadrach Simpson was born near Greensboro, North Carolina, in the year 1850. He is descended from one of the best families of his county. His father was an honorable man, possessing strong common sense and exerting an extensive influence in his section.

Shadrach's early attention was given alike to the farm and fishing and gunning clubs. In his youth he was very fond of hunting, and reached the distinction of being the best rifle shot in the community. These exercises and sports of the farm gave him that

physical training and endurance, without which men seldom rise to the heights of greatness. He led his classes in the schools of his community, and then took a course in the Lenox Castle High School, finishing in the year 1869, always leading his class. In 1873 he was graduated at Trinity College, North Carolina, taking philosophical oration, one of the highest honors in the best and strongest class that ever graduated from that historic college.

On account of his splendid scholarship and special fitness, he was elected president of the Yadkin College, North Carolina, just one month before his graduation. He accepted this position, and faithfully served as president just ten years, after which he resigned to take a year of much needed rest, but was immediately elected to fill a vacancy in Western Maryland College, being chosen on the first ballot from among forty worthy applicants.

While he was president of Yadkin he did more to build it up than had ever been done before, and all the people of that section and the State regretted to see him leave that institution.

Among those who were graduated under President Simpson we may mention: Ex-Mayor Hix, of Henderson; attorney-at-law, Z. B. Walser, E. E. Raper, R. Y. Pickens, Lexington, North Carolina; Judge Ramsey, of Colorado; Prof. G. Groch, of Santa Rosa College, California; and many others who very much owe the fine success which they have reached to his splendid training.

Every student loved President Simpson, and of the hundreds of his students in North Carolina every one would do him special honor any day.

During his first two years at Western Maryland College he held a scholarship in Johns Hopkins University, and took

a course of chemical analysis under the celebrated chemist, Dr. Remsen. In the summer of 1887 he attended the Sauveur College of Modern Languages to get the Parisian pronunciation and a better speaking acquaintance with the French.

Prof. Simpson has filled ably and acceptably every position to which he has been called, and is now just in his prime. He belongs to that class of men who may wear out, but will never rust out. He possesses an indomitable will and inflexible purpose, and when once he decides what duty requires of him, he moves forward to the discharge of its requirements, and there is no change or shadow of turning until his work is done.



### Athletics.

A MEETING of the Athletic Association was called by Vice-President Gilbert, on Saturday, Sept. 17th. The constitution was read and a number of new members were received.

On Saturday, Sept. 24th, the Association again met to elect officers for the year. The men elected were as follows:

H. E. Gilbert, '93, president; W. H. Forsythe, '94, vice-president; C. B. Strayer, '93; secretary; D. W. Lewis, '93, treasurer.

An Advisory Committee, consisting of Messrs. D. W. Lewis, W. G. Baker, W. Sellman and F. W. Story, was appointed by the president.

The managers of the various departments for the year are: J. S. Williams,

foot-ball; H. S. Leas, base-ball, W. G. Baker, tennis.

The outlook for athletics this year is very promising. We think there is some good material among the new students, and under more rigid discipline we expect the Association to make a stride forward.

Three contests will be held during the year, at which prizes will be awarded to those scoring the highest number of points.

A regular use of the gymnasium is recommended to those who desire to excel.



### Alumni News.

PROFESSOR McDANIEL, '80, spent part of his summer vacation at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Con., with his friend, Dr. Eichelberger, director of the astronomical observatory there.

Since her marriage four years ago, the name of Mrs. Lizzie L. Hodges *Robinson*, '80, has been incorrectly catalogued LINTHICUM. Her address is Robinson, Maryland.

Calvin B. Taylor, '82, school examiner of Worcester County, made an address at the State Teachers' Association, in session at the Blue Mountain House during the first week in July.

Miss M. Agnes Lease, '83, has been in the Johns Hopkins Hospital during the past year taking a two years' course for a trained nurse.

Cunningham and Willison, '85, and Lease and Reese, '89, are the champion

wheelmen of the Alumni. Willison recently made one of the best long-ride records ever made in the State. Crouse, '73, also finds time from his official and campaign work to use his wheel.

Mrs. M. Emma Jones *Willis*, '74, is a teacher in the graded schools of Chesapeake City, Md.

The address of President Diffenbaugh, '74, before the State Teachers' Association, was highly complimented by the press of the State. Mr. Diffenbaugh attended the National Teachers' Association, at Saratoga, during the summer. His hospitable home, "The Maples," was the rendezvous of some of Maryland's most prominent educators, during the latter part of August.

L. L. Billingslea, '76, of the Union Pacific R. R. office, Philadelphia, gives Westminster an occasional call.

F. McC. Brown, '85, postmaster of Brunswick, Ga., has recently been on a visit to relatives in Carroll, his native county.

The class of '86, did not succeed in getting together at commencement as large a representation as it had hoped; and so Revs. Mowbray, Bennett and Dumm, completed the reunion by meeting at the home of the last named, in St. Michael's, and whiling away some of the waning days of August. Perhaps, in fancy, Leyburn and B. A. deluged their floor again and found an outlet for their watery element into Prof. Benson's room below; and perhaps Twilley's memories went back to days whose tasks were varied with some college-boy sport and frivolity. But such meetings of bosom college friends and class-mates are better imagined than described. There are not enough of them. Would they were ten times more frequent.

Owing to a legal technicality the college failed to get the handsome legacy willed it by Miss Mamie M. McKinstry, '79. Upon College Hill stands the Yingling Gymnasium, a monument that will commemorate the beneficence of its donor, Miss Anna R. Yingling, '71, deceased. And while the Alumni may become more prominent in church and in state, no examples of such generous munificence can be found among their entire number as these two Alumna showed, whose last thoughts were of their *Alma Mater* and how to promote its usefulness and success.

Miss K. M. Smith, '81, spent some of the early summer with her class-mate, Miss Nicodemus, among the Carroll hills. She has resumed her work at Western Maryland.

The chimes of distant wedding bells can even now be almost heard for several members of different classes. Two before Xmas.

Miss Edith M. Richards, '86, who lives in St. Michael's, where she teaches in the graded schools, represented the female portion of her class at its reunion in her town during the summer.

We regret to have heard of the death during the summer, of the father of Miss Georgia Harlan, '87.

Miss L. Lorena Hill, '87, holds the distinction of being principal of the graded schools of Ellicott City.

N. H. Wilson, '87, now hails from Seattle, Wash., where he is in the publishing business.

E. C. Wimbrough, '88, wife and child, contemplate moving to New York in the near future. Mr. Wimbrough has been chief clerk of the Wilson & Co. Protective and Collecting Agency, St. Paul

Street, Baltimore, for the past six months.

On the 7th of July the class of '89 held its first reunion, at the residence of Miss Taylor, in Baltimore. Of the twelve members of the class eight were present, including Misses Grove, Jones, Taylor and Walmsley, and Messrs. Lease, Pollitt, Reese and Whaley. Mrs. Ewell and Messrs. Watson and Weller sent greetings, and regrets that they were unable to be present. Mr. Weller was kept away by his civil engineering duties in West Virginia, and Mr. Watson was at Chautauqua attending its summer course. The reunion was very informal, and was very much like one of its class meetings in the olden days. "The twilight hours like birds flew by, as lightly and as free," and the time for the close of the reunion came only too soon, making those present realize that it was indeed true that it was but for a day and not again the four years of college life.

We are proud of the fact that ours is the first class to have had a genuine reunion after graduation. It was a success. If any doubt it, we point to the hundred and thirty dollars we have subscribed towards Alumni Hall, to be. If any class can report a larger sum than this we would like to hear from it, and we will make ours larger.

Prof. Watson, '89, is principal of the Preparatory Department at Western Maryland. Miss Grove, '89, has been advanced to teacher of the sixth grade in the Hagerstown schools, with a corresponding increase in salary. Miss Jones, '89, is teaching in Fredericktown, near Georgetown, Md.

J. Frank Harper, '90, who graduated in the Department of Law, University of Maryland, last spring, will practice his

profession in Centreville. J. M. Tull, of the same class, after a year and a half in the University of Virginia, has hung out his shingle in Princess Anne, and is on the war-path for clients. Prof. G. W. Ward, '90, will be a student in Johns Hopkins during the ensuing year. J. Edward White, '90, has been appointed principal of the Snow Hill High School, an excellent position.

Miss I. Elizabeth Caulk, '91, traveled extensively through the north during the past summer. Miss Katie Irwin, of the same class, has given up teaching. Prof. A. S. Crockett, '91, is principal of the La Grange, N. C., Collegiate Institute, a responsible and honorable position for one so young. Prof. G. B. Hadley, '91, is president of the Enfield, N. C., Collegiate Institute. Rev. B. B. James, '91, pastor of Remington Avenue M. P. Church, Baltimore, will continue his studies at Johns Hopkins during the coming year. He divided his summer vacation between Delmar, Del., and Pocomoke City, Md., and is now using his increased vitality in a movement, inaugurated by himself, to establish a library and reading rooms in northwest Baltimore, where his church is situated. G. E. Day, '91, has entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore. G. E. Waesche, '91, has succeeded, on a civil engineering corps at Sparrow's Point. K. Robey, '90, who has been elected professor of mathematics and secretary of the faculty in Mansfield Normal School, Mansfield, Pa.

1892.—Miss Jackson is teaching in Dorchester, her native county. Misses Spence and Whaley, after spending their summer in Maryland, have returned to their respective homes in New Jersey and North Carolina. Miss Wolfes expects to spend the coming winter in

Pennsylvania. Mr. Bowden is in the Law Department of the University of Virginia. The University of Maryland will have an accession in Mr. Caton. Messrs. Jones and Whealton will matriculate in Johns Hopkins. Mr. Turner is teaching at Carmichael, Queen Anne's County. Messrs. Johnson and Williams, after spending the summer in Westminster, have entered the Westminster Theological Seminary.

The address of the Alumnae Editor will remain unchanged during the present school year.

#### Quondam.

MISS Mamie Tise, '90-'91, expects to spend part of the winter with Miss Nellie Dale, '89-'92, at her home in Pocomoke, Md.

Miss Payne, '91-'92, is attending school at Staunton, Va.

Miss Ola Martin, '90-'92, will spend the winter at her home in Port Tobacco, Md., owing to ill health.

Miss Annie Russell, '89-'90, is teaching near her home in Accomac Co., Va.

Miss Pennington, '91-'92, will remain at her home, Kennedyville. Md.

Mr. F. C. Pearree, '88-'92, has entered the Junior Class at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

Mr. I. J. Hudson, '89-'91, is acting as purser for a Philadelphia Steamboat Co.

Mr. C. P. Merrick, '85-'87, is engaged in farming in Queen Anne County.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—*Southey*.



#### Tribute to the Memory of the late John Smith, of Wakefield.

REPORT of the Committee appointed at the Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees of Western Maryland College, to prepare suitable resolutions on the death of the late President of the Board:

WHEREAS, In the all-wise ordering of our Heavenly Father, since the last assembling of the Board of Trustees of Western Maryland College, its first President, John Smith of Wakefield, after having faithfully filled the position for nearly a quarter of a century, was called away from the scenes of earth on Sunday evening, March 13th, 1892, in the 85th year of his age; and

WHEREAS, His absence from our midst deeply affects us with sorrow for the loss we have sustained, and awakens in us the desire to honor his memory by attempting to give expression to our estimate of the excellence of his character and the fervency of his devotion to our institution and its welfare; therefore,

*Resolved*, That, while we recognize in his death an event that is full of sadness to our hearts, because it sunders for the present the tender tie of our association with him in the cause so dear to us all; yet we find relief in the sweet hope we have, based upon our knowledge of his faith in God, that we abiding in the same faith, shall be reunited and share with him the rewards and blessedness of the life beyond the grave.

*Resolved*, That we bless God for the long and useful careers of our departed brother and friend, for the nobleness of his character as a man and a Christian. and for so prospering his way and disposing his heart that he was enabled to bestow benefactions upon our institution, which entitle him to be remembered as one of its founders and chief promoters.

*Resolved*, That we will endeavor by God's grace, to follow his example in all that was good, and hand down his name to those who succeed us, as worthy of grateful remembrance and high honor.

*Resolved*, That we hereby extend to his children and all relatives our heartfelt sympathies, praying that God may comfort and bless them in this life, and prepare them for re-union with the beloved departed one in the better life to come.

*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and published in the "Methodist Protestant," Carroll County papers, and "Western Maryland College Monthly." [Signed]

Committee. { J. T. WARD,  
J. W. HERING,  
S. B. SOUTHERLAND,  
D. WILSON  
J. T. MURRAY.

#### Personal.

MR. THURMAN of Washington, D. C., paid a short visit to the college last week.

Miss Clara Pollitt '93, while on her way to college, met with an accident so serious, that it will delay her return for some time.

Master Hubert Lewis, who has been sick for some time, we are glad to say is improving.

Among those who visited the college during last week, were Mr. Chandler of Oxford, Pa., and Rev. H. L. Elderdice, '82.

Mr. L. N. Whealton, '92, visited the college for a few days, before entering Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. David Wilson of Washington, D. C., paid a short visit to his son and daughter, Mr. Edgar and Miss Blanche Wilson.

Mr. Caleb H. Bowden, '92, returned to his Alma Mater for a few days, before leaving for the University of Virginia.

Miss Annie R. Cain, spent a few days in Westminster, visiting her brother Mr. F. S. Cain.

Mr. Tull of Fairmount, Md., visited the college for the purpose of entering his son as a student.

Mr. F. S. Cain, '94, received a visit on September 23rd, from his cousin, Daniel Hayes of Chester Center, Iowa.

Mr. W. A. Whealton left college September 21st, to spend a few days with his friends in Washington.

Mr. W. P. Caton, '92, spent a few days with us at the College. He has matriculated, and will enter shortly upon the Medical Course at the University of Maryland.

Prof. Simpson, of the college, attended the annual session of the Maryland State Teachers Association which met this year at the Blue Mountain House, and addressed that body on, *The Science of Mental and Moral Growth*. This address was pronounced by the Baltimore Sun to be a profound and able effort, and its delivery was heard attentively and roundly applauded.

Prof. H. G. Watson, '89, Prin. of the

Preparatory Department, attended during the past summer, the School of Physical Culture at Chataqua, N. Y.

Prof. Black took a special course at the University of Virginia, and spent the remainder of his vacation at his home in Lynchburg, Va.

Prof. Wright and family spent part of the summer with friends in Harford County, Md.

Mrs. Liggett visited friends in Alexandria, Va.

Miss Kinney very pleasantly passed the summer at her home near Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Rinehart spent a short while at Lake George.

Mrs. Simpson with her three children visited friends in Henderson and Oxford N. C., being absent from Westminster several weeks.

Dr. Reese during the summer filled very acceptably the pulpit of the Garrison Forest Church, near Baltimore.

Prof. McLucas Secretary to the President, and teacher of Book-keeping and Penmanship, is a graduate of the Zanesville Business College, from which he comes highly recommended.

Miss Walker, teacher of German and French, is a resident of Washington, D. C. She is a sister-in-law of Hon. C. L. Wilson of the same city, who lectured before the students of the College sometime during the lecture course of last winter.

#### List of New Students.

Frank D. Posey.....Doncaster  
Bessie W. Gunkle.....Warnick  
Dora R. Price.....Middletown  
Lydia J. Morris.....Chestertown  
Seibert Strayer.....Buckeystown  
G. Wilson Strayer.....Buckeystown

Ida W. Dodd.....Carmichael  
Walton D. Melvin.....Westminster  
Frank H. Miller.....Westminster  
Edgar B. Miller.....Westminster  
Harry L. Miller.....Westminster  
W. Grove Lawyer.....Westminster  
Wm. E. Pettet.....  
Alice W. Elderdice.....Barren Creek Spring  
Mary L. Rinehart.....Linwood, Md.  
Mollie Alice Bixler.....Westminster  
Marian E. Senseney.....Linwood, Md.  
Charles E. Davis.....Stockton  
Samuel R. Weybright.....Double Pipe Creek  
Millian R. Merrick.....Bardary  
Edith L. Pruss.....Washington, D. C.  
Lula C. Walden.....Middleburg  
D. Edward Stone.....Mt. Pleasant  
Roy Gardner.....Liberty  
John R. Bosley.....Cockeysville  
Jammie N. Thurman.....Washington, D. C.  
Bertha H. Chandler.....Oxford, Pa.  
Miles Tull.....Marion  
S. Nellie Porter.....Loretto  
Lizzie L. Thomas.....Frostburg  
M. Blanche Davis.....Federalsburg  
Frank W. Mather.....Westminster  
Maud E. Miller.....Westminster  
Susie A. Melvin.....Westminster  
Lena G. Parker.....Suffolk, Va.  
Edna R. Jordan.....Cambridge  
Hannah E. White.....Midway, Del.  
Edgar F. Warwick.....Fairmount  
William E. Tyre.....Harrington, Del.  
Leila M. Reisler.....Union Bridge  
S. Butler Grimes.....Baltimore  
Rachel Buckingham.....Westminster  
John W. Smith.....Elkins, W. Va.  
Jesse R. Haines.....New Windsor  
R. Spencer Wells.....Fort Meade, S. D.  
Almond B. Wells.....Fort Meade, S. D.  
Frank J. Killgore.....Westminster  
Harry C. Tull.....Upper Fairmount  
Willis A. Burgoon.....Union Mills  
Carroll Albaugh.....Westminster  
Guy Smith.....Westminster  
Paul Miller.....Westminster  
Ralph Reifsnider.....Westminster  
Azalee Bonnett.....Lorentz, W. Va.  
Irvin Hunter.....Westminster  
Willard Melvin.....Westminster  
Virgie Shaw.....Westminster  
Ethel Melvin.....Westminster  
John Shaw.....Westminster  
Victor Strasburger.....Westminster  
Emma Hunter.....Westminster

Georgie Wentz.....Westminster  
 Nellie Gehr.....Westminster  
 Horace Melvin.....Westminster  
 Jeannie Geiman.....Westminster

### Locals.

—A member of '95, speaking of her work at school last year, said: "The first term I ranked 3rd, the second term I ranked 9th, and the third term I grew *rank*."

One of the Junior ladies wishes to know who wrote Virgie?

—Miss B—, '93, says her heart graduated last year, and her soul will graduate this year.

—A member of '95, in giving the physical properties of matter classed under that head, the property of *excompressibility*.

—Miss L—, '93, says that she expects to receive several boxes of chrysanthemums from home when they get *ripe*.

—Why did Miss V—, '93, so emphatically pronounce the French word rival, *revel*?

—Why does Miss H—, '94, object so seriously to handing down the *Cane*?

—Something that we cannot get over—Washington's Monument.

—B—, "What is the plural of *boys*?"  
 D—, "*Girls*."

—Hess—"Mr. Newcomer, are you going to room at the *Cemetery* this year?"

—R—e, '95, ate so many melons that he has become *melancholy*.

—Prof.—"Mr. Stone, name one of the principal religions of China?"  
 Stone—*Toeism*.

—Julius—"Say 'Ching, who is the *Prophetess* of the Faculty this year?"

### DIALOGUE.

—Bus. Man'g'r—Mr. A, you want the College Monthly to read?

Mr. A.—No, other boys take it and I can borrow it to read.

Bus. Man'g'r—Yes, Mr. A., you could borrow a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes to wear, but you feel more comfortable when you have your own.

Mr. A.—I never thought of that, here is my subscription (pulling 75 cents out of his pocket).

Moral.—Let others take warning and do likewise, it pays.

—"OH! MARY DON'T YOU WEEP."

—Ching while debating upon the Homestead Strike, gave vent to his pent-up emotions in the following poetic strain:—

Were I a mighty, mighty man  
 Instead of a *mere little Ching*,  
 Strike would I with a mighty clang  
 And make old Carnigie's silver ring.

—As an example of the "swell head," Livingstone recently asked a salesman down town, for a hat, No. 14½, and some turn-down collars, No. 7.

—Mike—"Roe, how is your sore foot getting?"

Hamilton—"Oh, it is a great deal worse. I wear eight shoes now." (Four for each foot).

—Had you been in Harrington this summer, it would have done you good to see the once dignified Doc. (D. D.) Nelson sauntering along the street of his native town, clad in high buckskin boots and with a broad-brimmed straw hat on his head, "going over to the pasture for the mule." (The animal, however, was not one of the "Nebuchadnezzar" kind, and Doc. has returned save and sound.)

—Makosky—Sheeps.

—Queen: “Smith, you will have to take off your '92 class badge now, won't you?” Smith: “Oh no, that simply means that I have *half* graduated, and the better half, too.

—One of the freshmen in speaking of Asphodels and Pansies, referred to Miss Dennis' book as *Adolphus* and *Pansy*.

—Yes, they are friends.

—Have you heard the new *Yell yet?*

—The Missionary Class this year contains quite a number of volunteers, and they are *all good men*, too.

—Did you see *that hat*, which opens like a parachute, and carries its owner about?

—The Seminary has a ton of Clay; a pet (tet); a stone that has life; a tyre; a war of wicks; two milks; the adverb *now* (lin); the son of Gib and also of John; an onion; Capt. Jenk(in)s, and a bib.

—In distress! A lady of the Sophomore class says she doesn't know what we are going to do for boys this year.

—How many of the Seminary students were ready for the first inspection?

—Schlincke has Parlor Night oftener than once a month.

—We can boast of one of our number, Makosky by name, who is so expert in hunting that he goes Fowling without a fowling piece.

W. Revelle, having read in his history of some prisoners who were kept thirteen years, asked whether they had anything to eat during that time.

—Sellman, beware of your ancestors.

—Have you seen the Business Manager yet? Well then you have the reason why you did not get the Monthly,

please see him at once and save him the trouble of seeing you, pay your subscription and then you will avoid negligence and you can read your paper to a better advantage.

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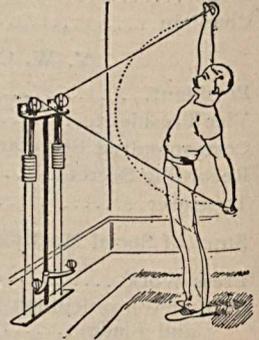
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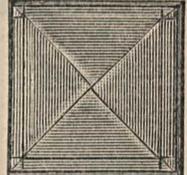
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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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No. 2

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

*Published by the Browning, Philomathean, Irving  
and Webster Literary Societies.*

A. NORMAN WARD, '95, Editor-in-Chief.

### EDITORS:

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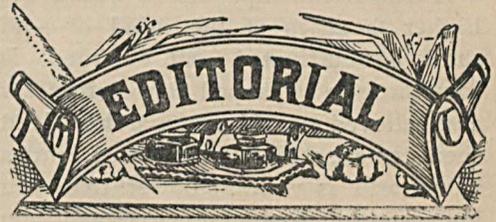
Advertising Rates can be obtained of the Business Manager, upon application.

The Editors solicit communications and items of interest to the college from the students and Alumni. To secure prompt attention, address all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.

To avoid confusion and delay, notification of change of address should be immediately sent to the Business Manager.

All matter intended for publication must reach the office of the MONTHLY by the fifteenth of the month preceding the one in which the matter is to appear.

*Entered at the Postoffice at Westminster as  
second class matter.*



THE societies under whose auspices this paper is published, have decided to issue the MONTHLY on the second Saturday of the month instead of the last, as heretofore. We are sure that this arrangement will meet with the approval of our many friends.

Advertisers and all others having business with the MONTHLY, will please make note of the change.

ONE of the greatest blessings the Creator can bestow upon one of his creatures, is to allow the soul of that one to be measured and felt by his fellow, one chosen from the common herd, to whom he can confide his soul thought, and before whom he can think aloud. No nature alone, can reach its highest conception of what life is, and the responsibility resting upon a man destined to live in another and a higher existence. A man knows not himself until he knows his friend. The better we know our friend, the nearer are we brought to our God; and the holiest way you can love your God is to love one of his creatures.

The friendship of the world is nothing and tends to be-mean instead of to elevate. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is the Divine command. The world refuses to be guided by this principle, and it drifts from the ideal. When the world shall follow this, then, and then only will it approach the ideal state, in which the higher nature of man has complete dominion over the lower or physical.

A true friendship, one in which the higher faculties of the mind or soul shall be cultivated and enlarged, is something to be hoped for, striven for and believed in. If you have this friend then you are a king among men, and a new world is yours. Power that you knew not of, becomes yours, and you are ready and able to do and to dare. You see with a clearer vision, and you feel with a finer perception.

This relation, one of the most sacred into which mankind is privileged to enter, cannot be entered thoughtlessly. He treads upon holy ground who enters the soul life of his friend, and if the one does not have clear hands and a holy purpose, the other will shrink from him as he would from a coward about to strike. If you have a warm, thoughtful, earnest friend, one typical of the ideal which the thoughtful and careful mind has ever before it, you can battle with the world and conquer those elements of your nature which tend to drag you down from the position which God designed his creature to occupy. If your soul recognizes no such friend, and feels not the need of such, then you are void of everything that might help your brother, and your life is a mere existence, benefitting no one and making the existence itself unbearable, although you may never question its misery. If you have found a friend who is a friend indeed, "grapple him to thy

soul with hooks of steel," and pass him not by as ships meeting on the sea, which exchange salutes and then pass on seeking a different port. By your contact with him, you will be a better and purer and nobler man; but your friendship can only be the ideal one, as you recognize that other diviner friendship, "to which the whole creation moves."

IT was our privilege a few weeks ago to hear that marvel of speech, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, Mass. He has the reputation of being the fastest talker on record, but we were not prepared for the torrent of words that fell from his lips. They seemed like the spontaneous outburst of a soul, charged with a great message, which *must* be delivered and which men are forced to hear, not because they would, but because they can. The moment you come into his presence you are conscious of being in the presence of a king among men, and you gladly sit at his feet, eager to catch what may fall from his lips.

Unlike Talmage, he appeals to reason and not to sympathy, and by the force and power of his logic brings your mind into subjection to his, at least for the time being. Such a mind you come in contact with only a few times in a lifetime and the impression made upon you is one that you carry with you, and one which you care not to forget.

The character of Phillips Brooks stands out clear and defined; and his name, so singularly free from the taints which have soiled the fame of some of the world's great men, is one which challenges the attention and respect of all men, irrespective of church or creed. His character and living make you examine his creed.

FOLLOWING close upon the death of Whittier, comes the death of Lord Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate of England, who is the best representative of the poetic genius of the Victorian age of English literature. In this poet we find the highest culture and an inquiring, doubting spirit, which makes us one with him, as he seeks to find answer to those questions which are known to every thoughtful nature. His works are without stain, and what his pen has given to the world in immortal verse is but the reflection of the inward life of the man.

His greatest works are *The Princess*, *Idyls of the King* and *In Memoriam*. From the first mentioned is taken that exquisite song, *Sweet and Low*, which is known by every lover of song. The second celebrates the adventures of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The third, *In Memoriam*, in our opinion the greatest from his pen, is a lament for the untimely death of his bosom friend, Arthur Hallam, son of the great historian. Of all the poems in our language, this is the most quoted. It seems to enter into every phase and condition of human existence, and is the grandest tribute one friend ever paid to another. If Tennyson had written nothing else, his fame would rest secure on this poem, which will be known and read as long as the ideal in friendship shall be worth striving for, and as long as men are bound together by the ties of a common brotherhood.

MUCH has been said and written during the past few weeks concerning America and its illustrious discoverer. Being reminded that this issue of the MONTHLY would not be complete unless some mention were made of Columbus

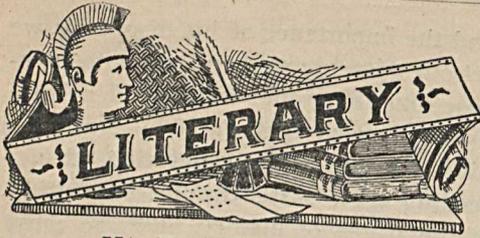
and the importance of his discovery, we set our wits to work and tried to compose something that would add a little to the great navigator's fame, and make his name sure of the veneration of succeeding ages. After the closest scrutiny of the pages of history, and the most profound research, we have unearthed the following, which may be of value to the historian and throw some additional light upon a character of which so little of the authentic is known.

A certain school-master, one of that blustry kind whose very manner makes the "young idea" before him tremble whenever in his terrible presence, called a little fellow before him and startled the sleeping faculties of his mind by asking in thunderous tones, "Who discovered America?" The "young America," as if apprehensive of results, which he had known from experience often followed the schoolmaster's displeasure, in a tone which plead for itself, replied, amid choking sobs, "*I did, sir, but I'll not do it again.*"

If any one should question our authority as to the authenticity of this, and ask who discovered this heretofore overlooked point in the history of this great man, to whose memory we, as a people, are glad to do honor, we could find no better language with which to reply to our critics than the reply of the abashed school boy, "*I did, sir, but I'll not do it again.*"

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high. A wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.—*Mitchell.*

Nature is full of peaks, and now puts an old head on young shoulders, and then a young heart beating under four-score winters.—*Imerson.*



### Up From The Mines.

C. T. WRIGHT.

[A young man was lost in a mine. Forty years after his body was exhumed in a perfect state of preservation, and she who had been his affianced, now grown old and gray, saw again as in his boyhood the body of her long lost lover.]

Bring him into the light, sirs,  
Where 'twill shine on his face—  
Don't mind my wild looks,  
For I can't bear the gloom of this hor-  
rible place.

Lay him here if you please, sirs,  
At the foot of this tree—  
Not down on the ground,  
But let him lean here with his head on  
my knee.

That will do; he'll rest there—  
Don't take him away,  
'Till I look at his hair  
To see if like mine it has grown thin and  
gray.

Oh God! am I dreaming?  
Can this be HIS face?  
And have not the years  
Robbed his form, like mine, of its youth  
and its grace?

No, no; I must wake!  
'Tis a dream; I am wild!  
He *young* and I *old*?  
Why a lifetime has gone since he was a  
child.

Forty dark, howling winters  
Have swept o'er the gloom  
Of the deep dismal mine  
Since he found in the depths of its hor-  
rors a tomb.

Forty years have the winds  
A wild requiem sung,  
Since we parted as lovers—  
I happy and trusting, he handsome and  
young.

How little I thought, sirs,

That through all the pain  
Of the hard, cruel years,  
I should live to look at his sweet face  
again.

Yes; he's young and I'm old;  
The moments have fled  
Up here in the light,  
But in *his* terrible grave, even *time* has  
been dead.

Say, men, when you live  
So long in the mines,  
'Way down in the earth  
Where the day never comes and the sun  
never shines,

Do your lives stand still  
'Till you come out again,  
Like his life has stood  
Since he fell in the jaws of that terrible  
den?

Oh, Heaven! 'twas cruel—  
If Heaven *can* be—  
To put such a lifetime  
Of black, hopeless years between him  
and me!

What, sir, you knew him  
And you know that he died  
Down there on the day  
That he meant to take me for his  
bride?

You say he's not changed?  
Ah, you do not know  
The sweet, happy light  
That brightened his face on that morn-  
long ago.

When he kissed me good-bye  
To go out with the men,  
There was no cold, hard stare  
To darken his brow and frighten me  
then.

You *must* take him away?  
Wait a moment, I'll go—  
Yes, I'll go with him now,  
For he might die all alone in that dun-  
geon you know.

Stop sirs! I'll lift him,  
Here, help me—I'm blind!  
Have you moved him?  
Don't go 'way with him and leave me  
behind?

Why is it so dark, sirs?  
I'm dying! my brain!  
Let me go—he is waiting!  
Yes, in *Heaven* I'll meet him, and be  
young again.

**Shakespeare's Female Characters.**

NOWHERE is the wonderful range of power more plainly seen than in the different types of the female characters of Shakespeare.

Some are but babblers; each the representative of a species; vulgar minds that forget and spare nothing. Such was the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, a never ending gossip, impudent, immoral, but faithful and affectionate. She would advance but repeats her footsteps, or struck with an image, wanders from the point.

But these heroines are of finer mould. They are the possible of the female mind, seen for the first time as in a dream, yet warm, breathing realities. They are all charming or fascinating. *Rosalind* sprightly but modist, coquettish and voluble, like a warbling and pretty bird, her tongue:—

"In heedless mazes running,  
With wanton haste and heedless cunning."

*Imogene*, the most artless of all; accused of inconstancy by her husband, and discarded, she disguises herself in order to be near him; finds as she thinks, his corpse, and refuses to leave his body until—

"With wildwood leaves and weeds, I ha'  
strewed his grave,  
And on it said a century of prayer."

*Desdemond* was the guiltless victim of a wanton conspiracy:

"A maiden never bold,  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blushed at itself."

*Cleopatra* was voluptuous, ostentatious, haughty, the dazzling child of air and fire. What a picture is given of her—age cannot wither nor make old her infinite variety. She creates desire where she satisfies most.

The tears of *Cordelia* are called holy water from heavenly eyes. When her

father, aged, half insane, asks her how she loves him, she is ashamed to parade her tenderness, as her sisters have done, in order to buy a dowry by it. She is disinherited and expelled. Afterwards she finds him forsaken by her sisters, and goes on her knees to him, caresses and weeps over him.

*Ophelia* was sincere and faithful, feeling deeply but expressing little. She is delighted when she finds her love returned. She is then separated from her lover but bears her misfortune bravely, singing herself to rest when her reason was gone. What can be more beautiful than the words of the *Queen* when throwing flowers on the grave:

"Sweets to the sweet, farewell."

*Juliet* was a true Northener, deep thought, easily affected, uniting sweetness and dignity with passionate violence.

*Lady Macbeth*, the true Southener, was ambitious, commanding, inexorable, never to be perverted from a wicked purpose when once formed.

L. R., '95.

**Our Trip to Pen-Mar.**

SCARCELY had *Aurora*, with rosy-tipped fingers, drawn back the curtains of night on the morning of October 1st, when the fair inmates of *Smith Hall* became engaged in the discussion of a question which seemingly involved much deliberation and inquiry. Either because of the mightiness of the question or lack of decision on the part of the debaters, no conclusion was liable to be reached, and such sounds as, "Are you going?" "Yes," "No," "Oh, I don't know," etc., were the first echoes which greeted the drowsy ears of the uninitiated on that momentous morning. The point under discussion was

whether or not the illustrious Senior Class of W. M. C. should consider it in accordance with their natural dignity and importance to spend a few hours of the above-named day at that very romantic and picturesque spot not far thence commonly known as Pen-Mar. As I said before, they were unable to come to any conclusion; but as the time for the intended departure began rapidly to approach, it was universally agreed that they should at least grace the depot with their presence, though, of course, with no intention whatever of boarding the train. Alas, for the uncertainty of human resolution! Scarcely had these fair ladies left the college, and somewhat recovered from the sorrow of parting even for a day from its beloved walls, than their boasted resolves began slowly to melt away under the exhilarating influence of the Pen-Mar prospect, and when they discovered how *many* of these interesting individuals, known to the ladies of '93 as "our boys," had yielded to the influence of Pen-Mar and their society, all doubt was removed and tickets were speedily purchased and arrangements for the journey entered upon.

Never was a train ride more enjoyable. Eighteen gay college girls and boys certainly possess an astonishing faculty for making time pass pleasantly. Our entrance into the car was greeted by numerous ejaculations from the passengers, such as, "Where did *they* come from!" "*Such* a crowd," etc., which no doubt expressed their appreciation of our society.

To those unfortunate ones who are doomed to dwell in a country whose most prominent characteristic is its extreme flatness, the view from the car window while traveling from Westminster to Pen-Mar was certainly refresh-

ing. The season of the year was most admirably adapted to viewing nature in her most beautiful aspects, and in addition to the soft, hazy blues and grays of mountain scenery were added the richer hues of red and gold with which the luxuriant foliage was dashed. The day was fine and our spirits buoyant, and when our party arrived at Pen-Mar we were thoroughly in trim for the pursuit of pleasure. First, and need I say foremost in our category of delights, was dinner, which we speedily dispatched, while breathing a silent prayer for those less fortunate ones we had left behind.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us  
To sae oursel's as ithers sae us,"

Says Burns; and surely when writing he must have had in mind the photograph gallery, for it seems to be a principle deeply embedded in human nature to never let a convenient opportunity pass without having a likeness taken. A party of people out on a pleasure trip would consider their enjoyment of no avail did they not bring back a trophy in the form of a picture, though in nine cases out of ten the individuals are scarcely recognizable, and the picture of no value whatever. However, our party did not intend to form an exception to the general rule, so our next move was in the direction of the photographer's tent. Here we spent a couple of hours, and as results of our continued sitting and arranging brought back some imperishable works of art which will no doubt take the first prize at the Columbian Exposition.

Next, and, if there can be any distinction, the best, came the long, pleasant drives, with the blue sky overhead and the picturesque confusion of rocks and trees on every side, the easy comfortable motion of the carriage and the interesting Franco-German dialect of the

driver, making a sort of Utopia for those susceptible to the beauties of nature. To our artistic minds the view of the Cumberland Valley, stretched out in its silent beauty before us, with its large towns appearing like mere dots in the distance, came a sense of our own insignificance in the boundless realm of the universe, and made even the glory of our illustrious class seem small by comparison.

It is needless to mention the numerous points of interest which we visited; suffice it to say that the ninety-three steps of Mt. Quirauk observatory and the picturesque situation of Blue Mountain House will not soon be forgotten by W. M. C.'s seniors. Altogether we "did" Pen-Mar thoroughly, and looked with longing eyes at the dancing pavilion, across whose threshold we dare not step.

The time was now nearing for our departure, and we hastily began to gather some souvenirs of our day's outing in the form of prettily-colored leaves, bits of rock, etc., though as decidedly the most interesting memento were several baskets of fine peaches, which in their silent beauty gave promise of some more fun later on.

Our return to college was, like all other such journeys, filled with many meditations of past delights and reminiscences of individual experiences. The sound of "Westminster" as announced by the conductor fell with hearty welcome on our tired ears, and we felt truly like repeating with the poet,

"With all thy faults, I love thee still."

Only one thing was lacking to complete the undisputed happiness of the day. In our category of delights, the last, but by no means least, was the anticipation of that enjoyable repast which

was to await us on our return. But, alas, what was our disappointment to find that the usual routine at college had continued in spite of the absence of the illustrious seniors, and the dining-room did not open its doors to welcome our return. Nevertheless, though supperless, we retired to rest; each one voted the day a grand success, and gave three cheers for Pen-Mar, W. M. C. and '93!

H. A. W.—'93.

### Spanish Conquests In America.

WHEN we consider the relative strength and importance of the various countries of the civilized world, we are conscious of the small influence which Spain exerts upon the affairs of Europe at the present time. Occupying as she does, a comparatively small peninsula in southwestern Europe, she is separated from France by the rugged barrier of the Pyrenees. Her ownership of this strip of land is divided with Portugal, and she is even denied the privilege of controlling the entrance to the Mediterranean. England has wrested from her the Rock of Gibraltar, and maintains upon her southern frontier a large garrison in the strongest fortress in the world.

As we consider her present position and standing among the nations of the earth, we are led to reflect upon her former glory and greatness. We think of the time when it was Spain that exerted more than any other nation a controlling influence upon the politics of Europe; of the time when it was Spain who was the upholder and foremost champion of the Roman Catholic Church; of the time of the sending of the Spanish Armada, and finally we consider the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella and the discovery of America by Columbus sailing under the flag of

Spain. At the time of the latter event we see the star of Spain in the ascendant.

But it is not our intention to discuss or to lament the downfall of Spanish supremacy and power, but to take a hasty glance at the conquests made by the Spaniards in America. It is our object to ascertain, if possible, the character and extent of these conquests.

It was during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella that the most of these undertakings were begun. These sovereigns were devout Catholics, and it was their aim to add to the papal as well as to Spanish dominion by the conquest of the newly discovered lands. Besides at this period the new world was regarded as a land whose sands sparkled with gold, and as a promising field for the acquisition of fame and of fortune by needy adventures. These circumstances favored greatly the designs of the Spaniards, and they experienced no difficulty in obtaining men and money for the various expeditions.

The first undertaking which attracts our attention is that of Narvaez. His attempt to plant a colony in North America and its results are well known to every student of history. After undergoing innumerable hardships and untold suffering from the hostility of the Indians, he was compelled to relinquish his purpose.

Close on the heels of this expedition was that of De Soto. Starting from Cuba with a brilliant cavalcade of priests and soldiers, his success seemed assured. But meeting with the same difficulties which beset Narvaez his attempt ended with his death and the utter failure and ruin of his expedition.

The next enterprise attempted by the Spaniards was made in a different direction. Rumors of the existence of a great and rich Indian monarchy on the

mainland to the west of the Gulf of Mexico had reached the ears of the Spaniards. Inflamed by these reports, an expedition was fitted out and placed under the leadership of Hernando Cortes. Proceeding to the coast of the mainland he landed, and commenced his march to the City of Mexico. Through the superiority of the Spanish weapons, and through the dread excited in the simple natives by the sight of the white men, whom they believed to be Gods, the conquest of Mexico was easily effected.

Having obtained possession of the country, Cortes proceeded by acts of cruelty and violence to intimidate the conquered people. He secured the persons of most of the principal chiefs and held them as hostages. Every outbreak or attempt at resistance was punished with the utmost severity. By such means did Cortes secure the country to Spain, and accomplished the complete conquest of the empire of the Aztecs. The State which he had destroyed was not, in the strict sense of the word, an "empire," but was rather a loose confederacy of three tribes. The Mexican Indians, or more properly, the Aztecs, had made some advance in civilization, but they were cannibals. Nevertheless they had a system of hieroglyphics, and were far above the common savages of North America.

As soon as affairs were settled and a strong government established in the conquered country, missionaries were sent out to the north. The Spaniards had heard of a land lying in that direction whose wealth was said to be inexhaustible. Many expeditions went out from the City of Mexico and from the West Indies in search of this "El Dorado."

These expeditions never consisted of many men—often not more than ten

or twenty, and NEVER more than two hundred. Not unfrequently, indeed, missionaries plunged into the unexplored wilderness alone. They underwent inconceivable hardships and privations for the purpose of converting the Indians. The distances sometimes travelled on foot by these hardy adventurers are incredible. It is said that Onate, the founder of Sante Fe, trudged on foot from San Gabriel, New Mexico, to the Gulf of California and back again. This journey, it must be remembered, was made across a trackless and burning desert, three years before the founding of Jamestown. In view of such facts it is not to be wondered at that such men succeeded in a short time in becoming masters of a large part of America.

Shortly after the subjugation of Mexico the conquest of Peru was also effected. Glowing reports of the wealth of the Incas, as the rulers of Peru were called, reached the ears of the Spanish colonists. Soon an expedition was fitted out under the command of Francisco Pizarro—an iron-hearted, reckless adventurer. He, after having secured the person of the Inca, obtained from him an immense ransom under promise of freedom, and then put him to death. After this act of treachery the country easily came under control of the Spaniards. The entire territory constituting the Peruvian Empire was filled with cities ornamented with splendid temples and palaces, and an admirable system of public roads was in existence. Here, as in Mexico, a firm government was established, and Peru became a province of Spain. The conquest of the remainder of South America was effected in much the same way as was that of Mexico and of Peru. Everywhere did the Spaniards exhibit that same zeal and energy, also, I regret to say, that same cruelty and treachery.

It was from the American possessions that Spain afterwards obtained the money which enabled her to take such a prominent part in European affairs.

The one great fault of these Spanish conquerers was their rapaciousness. Urged on in all their undertakings by an immoderate eagerness for gold, they were betrayed into many acts of cruelty and oppression in order to gratify this craving. It was this weakness which caused them to subject Montezuma, the king of the Aztecs, to torture, and it was this which inspired them with much of their zeal in subduing nations and conquering empires. It would be unfair however to say that they were actuated by no other or better motives than those of gain. They were in many cases upheld by a resolve to extend the dominion of Spain, and to add to the extent of their faith. This, in addition to their desire for the acquisition of fame and fortune, urged them to deeds of unexampled heroism and matchless courage.

These old Spaniards were as brave and unbraggart a set of heroes as ever lived. They penetrated into the unknown country for thousands of miles—miles of continual hardships and warlike savages. The chances were against their ever getting back to the civilized world—even to the half-savage world of Mexico. Yet with tireless energy, and indomitable courage, they labored to conquer new lands for Spain and to convert their savage inhabitants.

#### Annual Address

TO THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE, BY PRESIDENT JAMES A. DIFFENBAUGH, WEDNESDAY JUNE 15, 1892.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When I remind you that our college is now cel-

celebrating her twenty-fifth anniversary, with an enrollment of pupils, an acquisition of material resources, a body of alumni and an enthusiastic constituency, far surpassing the reasonable expectations of her earlier friends within this period of her history, and indicating a vitality of the healthiest and most vigorous kind, you will, I am sure, indulge me in something more than a strict construction of the constitutional provision governing the duty of this hour, which would probably confine me within narrow limits and let you off easy.

We have reached a point of vision which justifies, nay even demands more than an annual review and allusion to matters of present interest. Mere periodicity, if nothing else, invites us to a comparison, and challenges us to the proofs that we have not lived in vain.

The supreme test of real work must always be, "what results?"

If we were to look only at material proofs of advancement and prosperity in our college, it would be easy to make an exhibit in dollars and cents, in acres of land and cubic feet of masonry, which would flatter the present and leave but a sorry showing for the college of twenty-five years ago, when the one lone building, ill-adapted, badly-constructed, poorly-warmed, yet tenderly loved and cherished, housed all the class-rooms, study-rooms, reading-rooms, society-rooms, eating-rooms and sleeping-rooms of school and faculty together.

Extraordinary business thrift and enterprise have been invoked in our behalf. The benefactions of men have been poured out upon us. Palaces with modern conveniences have risen for our use. Well-filled libraries abound. Illustrative cabinets have been gathered. Carefully wrought apparatus tests alike

the boldest and most fanciful dreams of science. A magnificent telescope, as yet inadequately mounted, the gift of E. O. Grimes and William H. Starr, two honored members of the Board of Trustees, unveils the black caverns of the midnight skies, and compels the suns of the morning, who stand sentry on creation's verge, to disclose with what celestial fuel their heavenly fires are fed. All our implements and appliances of education have been multiplied many fold.

But can we measure progress in education by these alone? Let us not undervalue their aid. We could not do without them. But wisdom cries aloud, "I am not in these!" Bowdoin had no lordly palaces upon her modest campus when Hawthorne and Longfellow there drank at the celestial fount. Harvard ranked only as a training college, and had no cabinets of science worth speaking of when she trained Emerson and Holmes and Lowell, the trio who, among all her gifted sons, are her triple crown of glory.

Success and progress in college education, or in any education, cannot be measured by material standards. It is not a question of apparatus, not even a question of acquired knowledge, but a question of powers awakened and developed, of discipline imparted, and abiding impulse given. As it makes, or fails to make, men and women of character and usefulness, college training succeeds or fails. It must be tested always by its effectiveness in shaping character and giving the proper trend and impulse to life.

Not by what immediately appears, but by the end in view and the results obtained, must we pronounce judgment on the work of a college during any particular period. If these be the train-

ing of men and women who shall help to form a healthier state and a higher standard of public morals; the production of a finer and stronger literature; fresh discoveries in natural science, with new and more useful applications of its known forces and laws; and such political action as shall apply the humanities to the daily life of the greatest number, and best secure justice and happiness for all, we may rejoice in the abounding evidences of progress. What thought, what purpose dominates an institution? What men embody and force these ideas in its teaching corps? This will determine the progress made in any college. Buildings and grounds and cabinets and even books may utterly fail; but right, honest thought, enforced by earnest, manly, scholarly men and women, will never fail to make a college a power.

Tried even by this severe standard our college can justify her existence and safely rest upon her good work. A statistical letter recently received from our accomplished and energetic editor, Mr. L. Irving Pollitt of '89, is so full and accurate and well expressed, that I shall take the liberty of quoting from it at length.

"Seventeen of our members no longer answer the roll-call, of whom nine were men and eight were women. But there are yet ninety-seven alumni and one hundred and twenty-three alumnae living, not including this year's class. Among this number are seventeen lawyers, of whom I might mention Hopper of '74, who is now serving his third term as State's Attorney of his county, Peterson and Miles, of '78, Jarman of '80, and Miles of '83, a leading member of the last General Assembly of Maryland, who are making illustrious names for themselves, and for whom, with Crouse of '73 and Wilson of '87, I pre-

dict political futures of which the alumni shall be proud.

"There are ten physicians, who can doubtless kill more patients than the twenty-two ministerial graduates will ever be able to save. The physicians of the association are, without exception, good strong men, who will honor rather than be honored by the medical profession."

(By way of parenthesis, I have an impression that I have read somewhere of the graduation in medicine of Miss Sarah L. Whitside of my own class of '74; but as I am unable to find the paragraph, and as Mr. Pollitt does not mention the fact, I fear I may be mistaken. I can, however, say from my own knowledge with safety, that if Miss Whitside is engaged in professional life, she is a credit to the profession, and a faithful servant of humanity.)

Quoting again from Mr. Pollitt: "Of the ministers in the Alumni, one, Lewis of '75, is a Doctor of Divinity, Chunn of '82 has Ph.D. from Yale, which Warfield of the same class will also receive from the same institution this year; and if I may be pardoned for a breach of modesty, or a display of affectionate pride in reference to my own class, '89, will some day have a divine in Whaley second to none. The ministers in our number are all taking a high stand, and contribute to the Maryland Conference of the Methodist Protestant church, in which the most of them hold membership, some of its best muscle and sinew.

"The teaching fraternity is so fortunate as to embrace within its ranks forty-nine of our men and women, some of them at the head of prominent schools, beginning with our own distinguished president, and some of them at the head of county systems; for it is not irrelevant, while speaking of school work,

and what our *alma mater* is doing to elevate the standard and enlarge the usefulness thereof, to mention that the class of '82 has given Worcester county her county school Superintendent. Nor should the recipient of this letter be too modest to mention that the class of '74 holds the distinction, not only of giving Carroll her County Superintendent, notwithstanding a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, but of giving a leader to the school men of Maryland in the President of her State Teacher's Association.

"Nowhere is there a better exemplification of the utility of equal educational advantages for the sexes than in the lady teachers prepared by this college, a number of whom are in the first rank among the educators of Maryland and other States.

"Besides the profession above mentioned, journalism has received her portion. Meekins of '82 and Willison of '85 having already won distinction therein; and the public service hers, '85 having furnished Brunswick, Ga., with a postmaster, and '71, '82, '87 and '89 being represented by well qualified and valued public officers in various other government positions. Newson of '72 is a publisher; Wright of the same class, Shriver of '73, the Harris's of '74, Smith of '80, and many more are prominent and successful business men; Billingslea of '76 is passenger agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, Gist of '82, Fenby of '83, and others are pursuing with diligence and continuing development the avocation of the patriarchs, the cultivation of the soil; Cunningham of '85 and Reese of '89 are bankers, industrious and capable handlers of the lucre which all the world seeks, but which in their clean hands has never become filthy; Roop of '86 and Weller of '89 are perfecting their

qualifications as civil engineers; Mrs. Alice Earnest Barber of '77 is one of the five members of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of Pennsylvania Board of Managers of the Columbian Exposition; and scores of our lady members, as happy wives and mothers are lawgivers in those courts wherein justice is always tempered with mercy.

"None of us have yet, in the popular acceptance of the term, become famous; but Western Maryland is giving a moral tone to character that will eventually bring victory to mental endeavor and force. None of us have yet passed the midday of life. When we begin to pass beyond that point we may expect to see here and there a luminary, and at the same time we may hope for and expect substantial aid for the college in the way of endowments."

Mr. Pollitt's functions necessarily confine his notes to the actual membership of the Alumni Association; and my own opportunities for research have been too meagre to enable me to include in this summary any of the host of students who got their training here but did not graduate, among whom their are honored and useful workers in every department of human energy.

Oh, my heart swells and my eyes fill with unutterable thankfulness when I think of the vast multitude of healthful and productive forces which this college has quickened and directed and trained, and the widening streams of benefactions which they have set flowing about the world!

#### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

The chronicles of the last year record no death in our membership, but Todd of '81, Meekins of '82 and Erb and Moray of '86, have joined the *silent majority*; that is, they have been married and henceforth another will speak for

each of them. Miss Bessie Miller of '81 has also taken the irrevocable step. Heaven preserve them all!

PRESIDENT JOHN SMITH.

On Sunday evening, 13th March, in the fullness of age, Mr. John Smith, the venerable President of the Board of Trustees of the college from the time of its corporation, surrendered his trust at the behest of the Great Disposer, and lay down to his long sleep. It would ill become us to let this mournful event pass unnoticed, but it would be out of keeping with the nature and purpose of this meeting to dwell upon it at length. Nor is it necessary. For, besides the tributes to his memory already put on record, the sterling qualities of his vigorous manhood—his great force of character, indomitable will, clearness of vision and tireless energy—were well known to all in this presence. If it were otherwise, their best proof and most fit memorial are seen around us in this college and its history.

ALUMNI HALL.

The child of our ardent hopes and tender regard, Alumni Hall, continues but "the fabric of a vision." It is as yet only "such stuff as dreams are made of." Your committee who have the matter in charge are not neglecting it. They have pushed it with as much persistency as seemed advisable. On 1st December, 1891, they sent an urgent appeal for aid to every alumnus and to many other friends of the college. This was followed, on 3d May, 1892, by another from Dr. Lewis. The responses were not encouraging, but we shall not be easily frightened. I announce for the committee that they intend to get the money and build the hall. If there are any in this company who have not subscribed, they may as well do it at once and be done with it, for there is no

escape. We shall wrestle with them, and will not let them go until they bless us.

The amount subscribed prior to this commencement was about \$1,500. Today's contributions swell it to \$2,200. The building cannot be built for less than \$5,000, and will not be begun until at least \$3,000 are available.

THE END NOT YET.

In conclusion, my patient friends, I congratulate you most heartily on the evidences of substantial progress, both in accomplished results and elevation of aims, exhibited in our first quarter-century. But, however gratifying the review, it must not blind us to the fact that our race is not yet thoroughly harmonized in feeling, exalted in purpose, or convergent in effort, and the contest with himself—with physical obstruction, elementary perversion, and moral dissonance—is still before us and within us. The work of our college, and of all educational forces must still proceed, and we must bear our portion. Through effort and vicissitude, through aspiration and stern resolve, through the flashes of electric genius and the slow approaches of prosaic calculation, if need be, through reproach and obloquy, the humane and the Christian must patiently toil on, until at length, with bent frames and beaded brows, they may attain the summit of the Mount of Vision, and thence view with exulting gladness the glories of the second Eden.

#### The Sphere of Thought.

HERE is in man a two-fold nature which reveals his alliance at once with the base and the noble.

Take but a cursory glance and the physical man fills you with disgust at his similarity to the animal; consider his faculties and endowments

and you marvel at his approach to the divine. In matter how like a beast! In mind how like a God!

It is mind that sits enthroned in the noblest of God's creatures as the regent swaying the scepter of thought o'er the world of action. 'Tis mind that reveals to man the grand possibilities of life and proclaims it more than a mere existence. And 'tis mind that radiates from itself as center in the great sphere of thought to warm and to brighten where'er its rays fall till all life glows with the exercise of a thousand beauties disclosed, and a thousand forces revealed. And then 'tis mind turning the full light of its powers in upon itself that gives man a true conception of life and his relation to its Author.

Thought, as the child of the mind is an ever present factor in the voluntary performance of every act and the accomplishment of every object. Space is not an item in its action, and time is but a minimum. One moment it may be employed in studying the delicate structure of the flower in your hand and the next in speculating concerning the movement of the most distant planet, and the transition immeasurably short. The contiguous and the remote are alike within the scope of its all-embracing grasp.

As to the result of a power so wonderful, I ask what has it not done and what may it not do? What barriers have been sufficient to check its way, or what force can stem its mighty current? Is there anything in the great world of invention and progress that has not had thought as its origin and its guiding power.

All that man has become is due to a healthy and vigorous exercise of the power of thought and all his grand possibilities lie folded in the same magic

power. There is a philosopher's stone within the grasp of everyone of you and you have but to stretch forth your hand to become master of its arts. To crown your manhood you have been endowed with a power limited in extent only by the strength of your will, a faculty more potent from every force expended. Behold its undisputed sovereignty in the lives of those men who have made history by their greatness. See it as beams in its radiance and beauty on the brow of the poet, the philosopher or the statesman. See its all-pervading presence in the lives and acts of those whom the world has honored as great and noble. Consider it as an indispensable requisite to all true worth and merit and then tell me what would man be without it?

The life of the man who has developed his power of thought is as far above that of the thoughtless as the light of the sun excels that of the moon. He drinks from the fountain of truth and breathes in an atmosphere of purity and virtue, that course through his being and proclaim to him his manhood. He walks forth under the clear sky of Heaven and Nature reveals to him a myriad beauties and speaks to him in countless voices unseen and unheard by others. He observes, reasons, and classifies, and in reverence his thought reverts to him who is the Author of it all, in wonder at the contemplation of a power omnipotent. It is to him as though his every sense is magnified and the outer world is ever giving him new ideas and new thoughts. Such a man is never lonely, for in contemplation with self, in silent meditation, there is a field of thought both rich and productive.

As an index to character, thought is truer than action. Tell me a man's acts and they are incomplete without his

motives, tell me his words and they may be prompted by duplicity or deceit; but tell me his thoughts, and you tell me his character.

Then arouse and lay claim to that power which is yours by birth-right. Exert those rights inherent in your nature as a man, and demonstrate your claim to the title.

A machine may talk but only a mind can think.

Why exert your puny, misguided efforts when a sleeping giant may be aroused to do your bidding at the touch of your finger? Check that ceaseless current of trivial thought that is forever sweeping through your mind, and direct but the one half of its energies intelligently and logically, and wonders will be accomplished. Train your mind to think, to compare, to originate, and you fall heir to riches incomparable.

Clothe that thought in words, enforce it with all the eloquence of your conviction of its truth, and you may sway the multitude at will. Let it speak forth in your actions, and you erect a monument more enduring than time.

Beware of the impure thought dropped into the soil of the mind for its fruit is evil. Beware of those dark rings which would obscure your sphere of thought, but let it be clear and transparent as purity itself, that the rays from the Sun of truth and virtue may pierce to that centre of thought, to light and guide its every action.

'93.

And whatever you lend, let it be your money, and not your name. Money you may get again, and, if not, you may contrive to do without it; name once lost you cannot get again; and if you contrive to do without it, you had better never have been born.—*Bulwer Lytton.*



#### Y. W. C. A. Notes.

IN order to increase interest in our work and that first impressions should be pleasing, we gave a reception to the new students on the first of October.

We had quite an interesting programme, in which Dr. Ward favored us with an interesting address, after which the numbers on the programme were filled by various members of our association.

Every one seemed pleased with the result of our efforts, and rounds of applause followed each number.

Among those who participated were: Miss Boulden, who sang very sweetly, "Good-night;" Miss Redmond recited. Miss Barnes played an instrumental solo, "Old Oaken Bucket," with variations.

At the conclusion of our programme, our President, Miss Pollitt, invited us to refreshments.

Several members of the faculty encouraged us very much by their presence on the occasion, and when the time came all adjourned, after having spent a very enjoyable evening.

We will add, in conclusion, that the usual interest manifested seems to have died out, for the meetings are not attended as well as usual.

Pray for us that God may revive the work among us and that much good may be accomplished in our midst during the coming season.

#### Y. M. C. A.

ON October 9th Messrs. Litsinger and Revelle addressed the two Christian Associations, making a report of their summer's missionary work in New York. The meeting had been looked

forward to by all, and proved of unusual interest.

Our delegates were stationed at St. Bartholemew's, said to be the largest rescue mission in the world. The building, which is a handsome one, was erected by Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt at a cost of \$300,000, and is admirably suited to the work for which it was built. Under the directorship of Col. Hadley, who is himself a reformed drunkard, it has done a great and noble work in rescuing drunken and fallen men. Our delegates have definite knowledge of having two hundred and sixty-four conversions, although there may have been more. We have reason to thank God for what they were enabled to do.

A new committee to take full charge of the study of the Bible has been made this year. One class, with O. D. McKeever as leader, has already been organized and is now in successful operation.

A knowledge of the Bible is indispensable to all who wish to do any active Christian work. Our association has always found it difficult to keep the Bible class in existence after they have been started. We hope for better results in that line this year.

Thus far a deep and increasing spirituality has seemed to pervade the Wednesday evening prayer meetings. While the joint meetings on Sunday afternoon are most important and profitable, yet we think a firmer hold is obtained upon the boys in the Wednesday services than any other. But while our work appears to be progressing so very favorably, there is one thing which most of us lack. We who are Christians should do more "personal work" among our associates. Bible study and "personal work" sound the keynote to all successful Christian effort. Let us, through God's help, do better.



### EXCHANGES.

The first exchange to greet us this year was our old friend, *The Methodist Protestant*. This paper is possessing itself with new power, and under the able editorship of its new editor, Rev. F. T. Tagg, a true friend of the church he represents and one alive to its every interest, is wielding a great influence for good. We notice in one of its issues a short article from the pen of Mrs. Eugenia F. St. John, who, it will be remembered by our students, was one of the ministerial delegates to the last general conference of the M. P. Church, held here last May, before which body she made the much-commented speech in defence of her right to be given a vote in the councils of the conference.

*The Dickinsonian*, in its October number, hardly comes up to the standard which it has established for itself in the past. Articles of real merit, which have been a distinguishing feature of our esteemed exchange, seem to have been crowded out and in their place substituted the petty gossip attendant upon college life. We are not censuring, but really complimenting our esteemed friend, when we say that we miss, in its last issue, that which has heretofore commanded the attention of the whole college fraternity. Come now, let us have your old-time thoughtful and vigorous literary communications.

One of the brightest and freshest exchanges on our list is *The Midland*, an exchange which hails all the way from

Kansas. The chief attraction of its October issue is the sketch of a trip over the Rockies. This is written in such a pleasing manner that it cannot fail to attract the attention of those who are after the best. We extend to our sister exchange the heartiest well wishes of our MONTHLY.

The student of political science will find some excellent food for thoughtful digestion in the current number of *The Trinity Archive*. The article in mention is on the standing armies of Europe. The author takes a decided stand on this question, and declares standing armies to be absolutely useless, and a great drawback to the progress of the scientific thought or trend of the age. He furthermore declares that Christianity and arbitration should settle all international disputes. Another pleasing feature of the *Archive* is the number of very carefully written editorials which it presents in this issue.

*The Harvard Monthly* for this month contains an article entitled, "Six years of voluntary chapel." This production is very ably written, and we would commend it to the thoughtful reader as something which, in some instances, carries with it the force of irresistible logic. Although we would not take the decided stand the author has taken, yet, in the main, we agree with him. He argues that chapel attendance in our colleges should not be made compulsory, and that religion can hold its own among the competing interests of the time, from the fact that the hearts of young men are naturally receptive to religion. We think the system of voluntary attendance upon chapel would do very well in an institution like Harvard, but in institutions where the majority of students are boys just entering man-

hood, chapel attendance should be required.

*Our Dumb Animals* for October contains some very readable matter. This paper is published under the auspices of the American Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and is doing a great work in its field. We wish it the greatest success.

### College Notes.

HERE are in this country nearly nine hundred papers conducted solely by colleges and other institutions of learning.

The head professors at the new University of Chicago will each receive \$7000 a year.

A fund of \$25,000. is being raised by the students of the University of Illinois to erect a Y. M. C. A. building.

Mr. F. H. Root, President of the Board of Trustees, of Syracuse University, has bequeathed to that institution \$50,000. to endow a chair of mathematics.

The University of Paris has 9,215 students, and the University of Vienna 6,220.

The faculty of Chicago University, is undecided about admitting Greek letter fraternities into the new school. This question may occasion serious difficulty, as many of the students are already members of fraternities and one half the members of the faculty were connected with these societies in their college days. The result will be awaited with interest by the college world.—

*Heidelberg Argus.*

At the University of London, a young Scotch girl of only twenty years of age, carried off the honors against 1600 students.—*Exchange.*

The campus of Leland Stanford University, is said to contain 70,000 acres with a drive-way, 17 miles long.

It is a fact worthy of note to young men, that no inveterate smoker for the last fifty years has graduated with first honors from Harvard.—*Exchange.*

The tuition charged at Chicago University is \$25. per term. The university opened with over 800 students and 100 instructors.

Wm. Astor has subscribed \$1,000,000 toward the endowment of a negro university at Oklahoma.

In order to erect a gymnasium building, the students of Oberlin have decided to run a hotel at the World's Fair. Perhaps a good idea.

Seven hundred and sixteen courses of lectures are offered to the students at the University of Berlin.

Harry A. Garfield, son of the lamented President Garfield, has been added to the faculty of Western Reserve University.

The average expenses of the students at Yale, last year were: Freshmen, \$786.96; Sophomores, \$831.34; Juniors, \$883.11; Seniors, \$919.70. The largest expense reported was \$2,908.



Columbus Day.

It is common with thousands of schools and millions of school children all over the country, we devoted ourselves on Friday, the 21st, to an appropriate observance of the 400th anniversary

of the discovery of our Continent.

The exercises in the college auditorium were fittingly opened with prayer, and the entire school sang with a true ring of patriotic fervor our National Hymn—America.

President Lewis then introduced Professor Wright, who with characteristic grace of gesture and force of diction, delivered the address of the occasion, "Columbus and his Discovery." Avoiding on the one hand the slanders of his critics, and, on the other, the eulogies of his admirers, Professor Wright chose the middle course and gave a conservative historical estimate of the character of Columbus and the value of his discovery.

Recitations and music of a patriotic character were next in order; and it is not too much to say that every feature of the program was worthy of the occasion that called it forth.

The recitations were given by Misses Barnes and Hill, and Messrs. Roe, Baker, Kues and Wilson; the Glee Club sang "Let the Hills and Vales Resound," and the school joined with them in singing to the inspiring tune of "Maryland My Maryland," an ode written for the occasion by Professor Wright. The text of this admirable poem, we reproduce entire:

SONG.—AIR: "Maryland, My Maryland."

We come to celebrate thy birth  
Columbia, Columbia:  
We come to hail thee Queen of earth,  
Columbia, Columbia,  
The wreath we place upon thy brow,  
Is woven with a solid vow  
To hold thee ever dear as now  
Columbia, Columbia.

Columbus is the magic name  
Columbia, Columbia,  
That links us with the world and fame,  
Columbia, Columbia,  
What reck's he how proud man deride?  
What cares he for the rolling tide?  
His faith transcends all else beside;  
Columbia, Columbia.

The dauntless hero westward turns,  
Columbia, Columbia,  
His soul with inspiration burns,  
Columbia, Columbia,  
The daylight bursts upon the world,  
Darkness and doubt are backward hurled,  
Castile's proud banner is unfurled;  
Columbia, Columbia.

O glorious land of promise rare!  
Columbia, Columbia,  
O heritage surpassing fair!  
Columbia, Columbia,  
O matchless soul to whom 'twas given  
To see the chains of darkness riven  
To bring earth nearer unto heaven,  
Columbia, Columbia.

PROF. C. T. WRIGHT.

The most enjoyable musical feature of the program and the one received with the greatest enthusiasm, was the closing number—the medley of National Airs arranged by Professor Rinehart, and played by the College Orchestra. Beginning with the grand and stately Russian Hymn, it included within its scope the familiar strains of "Yankee Doodle," "God Save the Queen," the "Austrian Hymn," "the Campbells are Coming," "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "The Marseillaise," and reached a magnificent conclusion with the air so dear to every American heart, "The Star Spangled Banner."

This finished the morning's program and the school then repaired in a body to the front of the main building, when at a given signal, a handsome flag was flung to the breeze and was greeted with an appropriate salute and pledge of allegiance.

The sacred part of the program was held at night and consisted of an Historical Bee, conducted by Professor Reese, and engaged in by representatives from the Webster, Browning and Philomathean Societies. After a spirited and interesting contest, the prize was awarded the Philomatheans, four of their contestants remaining out of twenty when all from the other societies had been retired.

After the Bee, quite a creditable display of fireworks was sent off from the terrace in front of the college; and the day closed with what was, I doubt not, to the gentlemen at least, the most delightful feature of the entire celebration—an opportunity to talk to the ladies.

### Personals.

PROFESSOR McDaniel had the pleasure of a visit from his bright little nephew, Master Clarence Lowe, on October 15th.

Miss Katie Smith entertained her friend, Mrs. Merrick, nee Miss Lida Benson, at the college last week.

Misses Clare Vannort and Pauline Barnes, '94, paid a short trip to Baltimore several days ago.

Dr. Wilson, of Washington, made a short visit to the college two weeks ago.

The class of '93 in company with Misses Owings and Rinehart, passed a very pleasant day at Pen Mar, October 1. The day was a source of enjoyment to all and will long be remembered by the class of '93.

Miss Edna Tagg, '93, spent a few days with her parents in Baltimore this week.

Miss Lena Parker, '96, paid a short visit to friends in Baltimore, Saturday and Sunday of last week.

Miss Hoffman, '95, was called home the 28th inst., on account of the extreme illness of her uncle.

Mr. T. C. Galbreath, '95, visited friends in Baltimore, on the 14th of October.

Messrs. H. E. Gilbert, '93, and D. W. Lewis, '93, spent October 12 and 13 at Walkersville and Frederick.

Mr. H. P. Grow, '93, spent a week at his home, in Frederick, while the fair was in progress.

Mr. N. O. Gibson, '96, has been compelled to return to his home at Oxford, Md., suffering with a severe case of erysipelas. Mr. McKeever accompanied him to Baltimore. We hope he will soon be able to resume his college duties.

Messrs. H. L. Roe, '94, and R. A. Sellman, '95, visited the Frederick Fair.

"Our Schooldays."

Girls our schooldays are the brightest  
Fairest days that we shall see;  
Let us make them useful to us,  
As a girl's schooldays should be.

Let us spend no idle moments  
But make use of each hour  
Till the bud of knowledge, ripe'ning,  
Bursts into a full blown flower.

Not that we should study alway,  
But combine our fun and work  
Always for "inspection" ready,  
Never recitations shirk.

While the study hour is lasting,  
Never sneak out from your room,  
If a teacher should be passing  
You, schoolmate, would hear your doom.

But enough of this, my lecture,  
Say not "Practice what you preach."  
Have fun—but beware of having  
More than fifty demerits each!

J. M. T. '94.

Locals.

—A formula not found in Chemistry—  
H. P. C. O. D.

—Miss Thurman informed us she had  
sent her slippers to the dentist's to be  
mended.

—"Say Lill, who do you think is the  
best singer in the Glee Club?" Lill.  
"Litsinger of course."

—Miss R. coming down the path said  
to Miss W. "Grace what is a cork  
squeezer?" Miss W. "A nut cracker."

—Miss W—r, '95, before going home  
one Friday afternoon, remarked, that if  
the Irving Society did not soon close  
she would draw her last (Gal)breath.

—Miss P—, '94. "Oh girls, I *Sigh*  
only to *Stray* away."

—Miss B—, '95. "Nan, your bangs  
are too long." Miss S—, '94. "Well  
when I go to B. I'm going to get the  
dress-maker to cut them."

—Miss B—, '94, said she did not  
know when George Washington dis-  
covered America.

—Dew Dr(o)p while smiling at Mr.  
W—, informed her companions that  
Columbus discovered America in 1492  
and was born in 1607.

—Miss B—, '93 said to Miss A—, '93.  
"Bess, I'm going to curl your bangs for  
you some day." Miss A—, "Never  
mind I don't care how I look this year."

—In German class, "Miss E, give the  
principle parts of "Waschen." Miss E,  
"Watson?" "Yes." While Miss E,  
is dead in thought, Miss T, answers  
"Watson, Mike, ge Graham."

—"Belle, Cuffs is looking; why don't  
you smile?" Belle, "I'm not going to  
do it; he can't see me; love is blind."

—Several have suggested that Misses  
W—n and W—h go in partnership with  
their Butler and Baker.

*Mr. W—n of '93,*  
*In seeing home the charming Miss E,*  
*Knowing not Queenstown's thoroughfare,*  
*Ended in getting lost somewhere.*

—Miss L—, '93, was bidding good-bye  
to the girls on the path, pretending she  
was going to Frederick. Miss B—, '93,  
called after her, "Ethel, think of us  
when you pass Pen-Mar."

—Mr. F—n, '95: "Oh, I had such a  
dream last night, Ed!"

Ed, '95: "What did you dream, my  
boy?"

F—n, '95: I dreamed I had a mous-  
tache just like yours, and I was *so*  
happy! But when I awakened I went  
to the glass, but it had all gone."  
Poor Fergy!

—Prof.: "What, Mr. S., is the sign  
of the rainbow?"

S—: "That the rain-storm's over, sir."

—Where did Depfer go to supper on the night of October 14, 1892?

—Prof.; "Mr. Sm—h, what is Lum-bago?"

Sm—h: "Rheumatism in the lumber regions."

—Prof.: "Mr. Zepp, give the principal parts of the verb *to be* in Latin."

Zepp: "To be, — — to be; oh, to be!"

—Prof.: "All wrong; all wrong!"

Stevens (musingly): "All wrong! all wrong! *Pathar* wrong too?"

—Ferguson says that he and Erdman are going to recite a quartette.

—What was all that racket about the other night?

—One of the Juniors is authority for the statement, that the right name of Dakota is *Alakota*.

—While the Professor was explaining the Sunday-school lesson, Dep—r meekly inquired if they had railroads during the time of the Apostles.

—I. F. Smith on being asked what vessels were engaged in the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor, replied, after deep thought, that he really didn't know.

—Mr. D—en, '97, says he would like to join the Adams express company.

—Although K—s, '94, is a Republican yet he has a great regard for the name of Thurman.

—Mr. B—k—r on hearing the account of the Trojan war, was especially anxious about the fate of Helen.

—Whoever heard of an Onion and a Lemen having a fancy for each other, yet we have proof of the existence of that strange attachment.

—Prof.—Mr. Wilson give me the principal parts of a verb like *beisen*.

Tug.—Price(n), pries, geprissen.

—Matrimony: '94 is coming into line.

—Keyworth:—(admiring the fireworks) "Oh, Fatty, how enhancing."

—Prof. of Astronomy—"Mr. McKeever how long does it take the light from the sun to reach the earth?"

McKeever—(after scratching his head vigorously) *fourteen* years.

—It is a revelation to hear some of the discussions at the male junior table. The immortal "Rip" Collins no longer brings forth his overwhelming arguments, yet such momentous questions as the force bill, racing, tariff reform, card-playing, boxing, the "tertium quid," and all questions of ancient, mediæval or modern times are settled with quickness and despatch. Truly, the junior mind is fearfully and wonderfully made. How the strap can retain its equilibrium we cannot understand.

—It is amusing to watch Litsinger get a smile in the dining-hall. Gradually his lips begin to separate till even his little side-boards, forgetting for an instant the gravity of their position, shake in ecstacies. After a period of five minutes things slowly return to their natural position.

—Prof. of Latin (after "Doc." Nelson had translated a long sentence): "Now, Mr. Nelson, tell us what that means."

Doc.: "Prof., I haven't the slightest idea."

—*Wanted Immediately*—A *billy-goat* for center rush on the foot-ball team. None but experienced hands need apply. Signed, Man. Foot-ball team.

—G—: "Won't one of you ladies please smile at me?"

—Hallow-E'en plus 6 = 50 each.

—Zepp is fortunate: he has at last secured a pony (Horsey).

—F—e, '94. "Just look at that *drove* of black birds!"

—*Caesar* says if no one will smile at him, he will look in the glass and smile at himself.

—Prof:—"Mr. Mills, who was Livius Drusus?" Mills, '95:—"Why, er—he was one of those old Roman fellows, was'nt he?"

—Hess:—"Stone, what do you pump that organ for?" Stone:—"To put wind in it, Yacob."

—"What nourishing food those smiles must be. Which Fisher receives continually; For he quits the table and goes where he can, With least annoyance, smile at Miss B—an.

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P.M.	A M	A M	LEAVE. ARRIVE.	A M	P M	P M	P M
11 55	5 45		.....CHERRY RUN.....	8 55	1 45	8 45	
11 58	5 48		.....BIG POOL.....	8 52	1 42	8 42	
12 12	6 01		.....CLEAR SPRING.....	8 39	1 30	8 27	
12 18	6 07		.....CHARLTON.....	8 33	1 24	8 20	
12 28	6 17		.....WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.	8 23	1 14	8 09	
12 40	6 30		AR. HAGERSTOWN. LE	8 05	1 00	7 55	
	1 45	6 45	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR		12 32	8 00	
* 4 15	2 00	7 02	LE. HAGERSTOWN. AR	7 30	12 15	7 45	
	2 17	7 20	.....CHEWSVILLE.....		11 59	7 31	
4 34	2 25	7 27	.....SMITHSBURG.....		11 51	7 24	
4 38	2 35	7 36	.....EDGEMONT.....	7 05	11 45	7 18	
	2 53	7 50	AR. ....HIGHFIELD. LE	6 53	11 28	7 05	
	2 53	7 50	LE. ....HIGHFIELD. AR	6 50	11 25	7 02	
	3 22	8 17	.....FAIRFIELD.....	6 22	10 56	6 33	
	3 22	8 17	.....ORRTANNA.....	6 11	10 45	6 22	
	3 22	8 17	.....GETTYSBURG.....	5 55	10 27	6 06	
	4 33	9 30	AR. ....HANOVER. LE		9 48	5 25	
	2 53	7 50	LE. ....HIGHFIELD. AR	6 53	11 28	7 05	
4 50	2 55	7 52	.....BLUE RIDGE.....	6 52	11 23	7 01	
5 10	3 20	8 16	.....MECHANICSTOWN.....	6 25	10 51	6 34	
	3 30	8 26	.....ROCKY RIDGE.....		10 38	6 23	
5 30	3 44	8 37	.....BRUCEVILLE.....		10 26	6 13	
5 37	3 55	8 45	.....UNION BRIDGE.....	6 00	10 16	6 04	
	3 59	8 49	.....LINWOOD.....	5 53	10 03	5 53	
5 44	4 05	8 55	.....NEW WINDSOR.....	5 40	9 44	5 35	
5 57	4 23	9 11	.....WESTMINSTER.....	5 11	9 01	4 57	
6 29	5 00	9 44	.....GLYNDON.....		8 25	4 26	
	5 31	10 08	.....ARLINGTON.....	4 30	8 00	4 05	
7 10	5 53	10 31	.....BALTIMORE.....				
P M	P M	A M	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	A M	A M	P M	P M
	8 15	6 45	.....WASHINGTON.....		6 36	2 30	
		9 55	.....PHILADELPHIA.....	12 03	3 50	1 30	
		12 30	.....NEW YORK.....	9 00	12 15	11 00	
P.M.	A M	P.M.	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	P M	A M	A M	P M

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5 05		5 45	.....CHERRY RUN.....	8 55			
		6 00	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR		3 20	6 25	
6 43	11 10	6 35	LE. HAGERSTOWN. AR	8 05	3 05	5 10	
7 20	11 45	7 05	.....EDGEMONT.....	7 28	2 30	4 33	
7 38	12 02	7 30	.....WAYNESBORO.....	7 10	2 13	4 16	
8 17	12 39	8 07	.....CHAMBERSBURG.....	6 36	1 39	3 42	
8 45	1 06	8 35	AR. ....SHIPENSB'G. LE	6 00	1 09	3 10	

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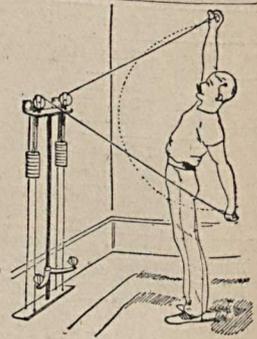
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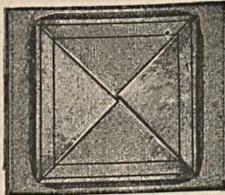
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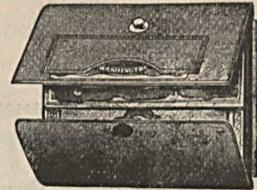
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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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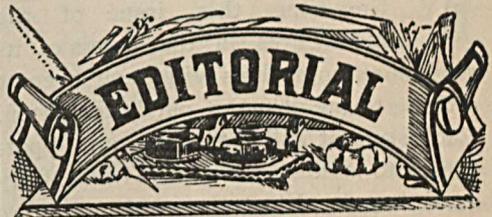
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The Editors solicit communications and items of interest to the college from the students and Alumni. To secure prompt attention, address all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.

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**E**XCELLENCE can come only to those who by diligent application perform the duties devolving upon them. Many people come under our notice who rely almost entirely upon the assistance of others in the performance of their duties. We acknowledge that there is a certain amount of aid necessary in all lines of work, but while help is being sought from one's associates, it should be remembered that there is a quality of independence to be cultivated.

Those who depend solely on others for their success, especially in the field of education, will not only make slow progress in their work, but will lose the energy and power to be gained by self-reliance.

Some people estimate the kindness of their friends in proportion to the amount of help which can be obtained from them, but this is a very poor estimate, for those who endeavor to teach us lessons of self-reliance are the ones who help us most to reach the positions of influence and eminence. The knowledge acquired by our own honest and unaided efforts will always

be ours and will become a part of us, but what is imparted to us by others will be much less beneficial to us. And although it is often much easier to get some one else to perform our tasks for us, yet we should consider self-help the best to be sought and should remember the old maxim, that "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

**B**Y the time this issue of the MONTHLY is in the hands of its readers examinations will have become a thing of the past and partly forgotten. Each student will have had an opportunity to make up his mind more fully as to how he likes the new method of examining. We are so apt to condemn a new thing simply because it is different from what we have been used to. This predetermined prejudice against a new thing is a positive hindrance to progress.

Each student will also have had an opportunity to find out whether he is honest or not, to test the matter as to whether he would rather go through by honest work with an unsullied character and a clear conscience, or cheat himself, his classmates and his teacher, for the sake of a little ease or a higher mark than he deserves.

**T**HAT comet. What a contrary thing it was. It was scheduled for the earth Sunday night, November 27th. Some said the expected callisian could not occur. Some said it was likely to occur. Some say it did occur Wednesday night, November 23rd, with disastrous result to the comet. Some say it did not occur and the comet is seeking other regions in a somewhat hurrying manner. But the comet was independent and did as she pleased in spite of what people said or would say.

One astronomer seems to think the

cause of so much error and variety of opinion was due to a lack of knowledge. After all, is not this a point on which all may agree, not leaving out the Georgia negro, who declared that he would not take another drink until Monday following the time of the expected wreck?

**F**OOT-BALL, at the present time undoubtedly ranks far above baseball among college games. Practically it is now the college game. An institution of learning which does not have a "crack" foot-ball team is considered by some to be only a second-rate affair.

While the development of the physical man should go hand in hand with the training of the higher powers of the mind, yet, we think, a point has been reached in the colleges and universities of our country when a decided halt should be called upon the time occupied in athletics and foot-ball.

When a college becomes known first and primarily as having in the number of its students eleven men who can play foot-ball better than any other eleven men of any other college, we claim that its reputation is by no means the most enviable. It stands to reason that a person who is either practicing or playing foot-ball or traveling on playing expeditions two-thirds of his time, cannot give the time to his studies which they rightly demand. While foot-ball players in our large colleges may be required to attend a definite number of recitations or lectures, yet it nevertheless remains true that they do not give proper attention to their studies.

The first purpose of every college should be the training and development of the mental faculties. When this is overshadowed by a too-great interest in foot-ball and other athletic sports, the

true spirit of the educational institution is destroyed. Foot-ball, like many other things, is very good in its place, but when it becomes the principal factor in college life, we claim that it has trespassed its proper limit.

We are heartily in favor of foot-ball, but only so far as it does not interfere with a student's studies. Let us have a college rivalry of intellectual rather than of physical powers.

FROM the time when we first begin to read we begin to cultivate a taste for reading, and as we grow older, the desire for books, good or bad, according as we have acquired a taste for good or bad reading, becomes stronger and stronger, and a library becomes a necessity rather than a luxury.

One can scarcely realize the influence books exert over a man's life; indeed, we may say, you can judge a man more truly by the books and papers that he reads than by the company he keeps, because his companions may be given him by chance, but the books he reads are the result of his own voluntary action. Carlyle has said: "I say of all the priesthoods, aristocracies—governing classes extant in the world—there is no class comparable for importance to the priesthood of the writers of books."

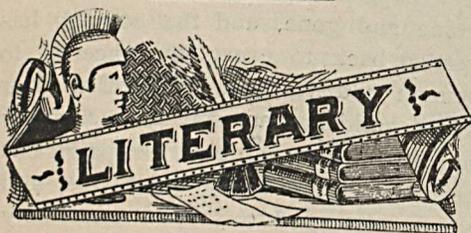
The temptation to corrupt reading seems unusually strongest at the period when the education of the schoolroom is about ended. But the test of final usefulness is at the time when we leave school. If while at school we have acquired a taste for good literature all will be well, but if, on the other hand, our reading has been only of a frivolous, sentimental character, we will have little inclination to try to attain that which is ennobling and enriching to our charac-

ters. It is a curious fact that so few in middle age cultivate new intellectual tastes.

It is then of the utmost importance that we cultivate a taste for good literature while we are students, and all should take advantage of every opportunity offered for using the college library.

SINCE the last appearance of our paper the presidential election has come and gone, and the country has settled back to every-day concerns, to remain undisturbed until another four years shall have passed away. On every hand we hear that this campaign has been an exceptionally quiet one, and we are also glad to say, an extremely thoughtful one. But there is a particular feature of this election to which we would like to call attention. It has never, to our knowledge, played an important part in any campaign heretofore, and we consider its appearance in this one, as an event of no small consequence. The feature referred to is the introduction of politics into our colleges and universities. Scarcely a day passed that we did not see in the newspapers an account of a mass-meeting held in the interests of one of the leading parties by the students of some educational institution. In a great number of instances, students traveled long distances and went to no little trouble in order to go home and vote. This manifestation of political interest and enthusiasm among the college men of our country can not be regarded otherwise than as an event of the greatest moment. These very students are the men who, in the future, will fill the offices and direct the affairs of government. It is of the highest importance, then, that they receive practical instruction in the

management and nature of our political affairs, and not be left to derive their knowledge of American politics from text-books. Moreover, the effect upon the politics themselves, we think, will be to purify them and raise their moral tone. The ultimate effect upon the country, as a whole, can not be estimated and we hope to see the college element grow in importance until it is a principal factor in our campaigns.



### The Death of a Day.

BY CHARLES T. WRIGHT.

The sky is ablaze with a wondrous glow  
Of blending crimson and gold,  
Whose glories, thrown back by the columned  
clouds,

A matchless beauty unfold.

The sun, from his poise in the zenith blaze,  
Like a conqueror seeking rest,  
With a burning breath and a blinding glare,  
Has swept to his home in the west.

The glowing gates, whose golden bars  
Divide the night from the day,  
As if by the touch of invisible springs,  
Swing back from the flaming way.

The dazzling form of the day-god's car  
In a flood of light glides through,  
While a thousand beams from the radiant  
wheels

Flash back the day's adieu.

A few pale stars that have reached the gates  
'Ere they close for the coming night,  
By the mellowed light of the sun's last rays  
Pass in and are lost from sight.

But higher up in the spangled dome  
Expands the milky-way;  
And far across night's jeweled arch  
The glittering star-beams play.

With a graceful sweep of her gorgeous robe  
The sky droops all around;  
And tenderly kisses the dewy tears  
That rest on the dark'ning ground.

There's a changing flush on the day's fair face,  
There's a deep'ning hue in the sky;  
There's a solemn hush in the sultry air  
As a sobbing moan goes by.

The day is catching his last faint sigh,  
As it falls from the zephyr's wings;  
While the pitying night-wind fans his face  
With the cooling breath she brings.

The deep'ning shadows are gathering 'round,  
To curtain his dying bed,  
While the fleecy cloud-forms tenderly fall  
And cover the face of the dead.

The softened beams of the rising moon  
Play 'round the snowy pall,  
And the sky, like a mourner bowed with grief,  
Bends lovingly over all.

The last bright flush of the twilight fades—  
The sentinel stars come forth  
From the burning zone of the sun-god's home,  
And the ice-girt pole of the north.

Like martial sentinels, silent and slow,  
In their moon-silvered beats on high,  
With a stately sweep and a steady gleam,  
They move through the studded sky.

From their star-paved paths in the firmament,  
These tireless watchers keep  
Their sacred vigils over the day  
That lies in its endless sleep.

As the wasting sands of the glass of time  
Are dropping out one by one,  
They number the shadowy years that flit  
Across the face of the sun.

Yet all these hours that come and go,  
These years that pass away,  
When gathered in Eternity  
Will make one deathless day.

### The Foundations of Knowledge.

EVERY material object in the universe, it matters not with what kingdom it may be classified, must have some source of support, or must look to some antecedent object, as having influenced it to a great extent in the evolution of its present form and con-

ditions. The white marble shaft as it points steadily aloft, glowing with the perpendicular rays of the summer's mid-day sun, or reflecting the oblique silvery beams of the winter's cold moon, stands throughout every season upon a mighty pedestal which has been carefully laid for the support of the massive structure. The analogy by no means fails in the realm of the intellect.

The past has its lessons, the future its hope. Day after day, dating from a period which is beyond man's power of calculation, the earth has uninterruptedly continued her series of axial revolutions, measuring off the successive periods upon the great dial of time. She has seen mutations of no ordinary character enacted in the sublime drama of human existence. The curtain has been rung up at times upon individuals and upon nations that have played so important a part in the developments of history, and they have for the moment glittered with all the resplendent radiance of the noonday glare. It has fallen and new actors have appeared upon the stage to win for awhile the popular applause and then pass off forever, to make room for their successors in this impressive play. Thus has this mighty drama progressed from the advent of man; so it will continue till the curtain has fallen upon the closing scene. There is an impressive and awful solemnity in the thought of the evanescent character of even the greatest of the human family. Man is a transient being. Even those who have won greatest renown, who have accomplished the most magnificent achievements, and who have been most vociferously applauded by their fellow-men, have been forced to yield up the vantage ground to successors. Astronomers inform us that the earth in certain portions of its

orbit crosses the path of myriads of meteorites in their journey through space, and that, overpowering them one after another by the force of gravity, it draws many of them to itself, and that, flashing for a moment like a luminous star, owing to the resistance of our atmosphere, they fall across the firmament, are put out in darkness and are seen no more, while the remaining members of this flock are left to continue their journey and weep, as it were, over their lost companions—a figure only too typical of the human career. It is not from so frail a standpoint as the mortality of the race, however, that we wish to draw our conclusions, but from its doings and attainments—that ineffaceable record of the history of the past.

There is undoubtedly a most powerful and significant influence exerted upon the achievements of the present by the accomplishments of the past. What man has done acts as an incentive ever to spur the present generation onward to the attainment of results of a still greater magnitude. The ever-vigilant eye and vigorous intellect of the patient inquirer of the nineteenth century soon discovers in the rubbish of the past much that may be of service in extending the bounds and widening the domains of philosophy and science. Relying upon the past alone as a basis, strides, the most gigantic, are rapidly being made in every department of thought by the scholar of to-day. The mathematician is confronted with certain problems in which a base-line is absolutely essential in order to make the required computations, which, like the foundation to the granite structure, must be perfect if he expects it to stand the tests to which it must be subjected. In like manner the artist, the scientist,

the philosopher and the leaders in every department of thought, all must have certain tenets upon which to base their conclusions.

In the most casual review of the records of the past, we can not fail to perceive the prevalence of error in the results that have been obtained. Scientists have patiently plodded on only to see the results of the application of a life-time overthrown in a moment by some antagonizing theory. The cords of thought have at times been unstrung and the arrow of research has fallen wide of its mark. Periods have even existed whose leading characteristic was a stagnation of all thought, when superstition ran rife, when intelligence was scoffed at, and when science was unknown. The depressing shadow of the "Dark Ages" has left its tarnish upon the world, its blur upon civilization and its blot upon history. The dark clouds of ignorance and superstition, however, have again been dispelled by the penetrating rays of an advancing refinement, but only after leaving their imprint which he may read who will.

In turning the leaves of history, the statesman of the nineteenth century sees mapped out before him the policies and systems of the great nations of antiquity. He sees wherein these principles have been of service and what they have availed for the purposes of government. He is made acquainted with the brilliant records of the world's great kingdoms as they have excelled all competitors, and has seen them rise steadily to the heights of fame and renown, commanding the admiration, and compelling the homage of their more feeble contemporaries. A little further on and the pages of history itself, which, as Gibbon has said, is "little more than the register of the crimes, follies and mis-

fortunes of mankind," begin to be tinged with a more sombre hue. No longer do the dynasties and empires which had glittered so incessantly with such an effulgent radiance, command his attention. A process of decay, inactive but unmistakable, has for centuries been undermining their very foundations. A rival appears in the background, claiming the sceptre as its own. The fickle and wavering populace have transferred their admiration, and are welcoming the new in its prosperity, and decrying the old in its adversity. Thus the wheels of time move steadily onward. History is but a phonograph of the ages, in which the thoughts and exploits of both nations and individuals are again repeated to the modern listeners. Thus it is upon the ruins of the past that the modern statesman builds the hopes of the present. The knowledge of the various elements as to which he is in doubt, and their general effect upon the stability of his structure is a most estimable inheritance. The experiences of the past is the safety of the present. "Experience takes dreadfully high school-wages, but he teaches like no other."

Science, religion, philosophy, and the arts,—all depend to a great extent upon the by-gone ages for the extent to which their theories have been formulated, and the practical applications of them carried. No longer content with coasting along the shores of skepticism and doubt, the inquirer has pushed forth to the deeper waters upon the wide ocean of experiment and free thought, and, like the Genoese navigator of the fifteenth century, has been rewarded with discoveries far surpassing the hopes of the most sanguine of dreamers. The victories of the past, however, but dimly foreshadow the conquests of the future.

With the facilities of the present generation unheard of results must follow in every department of research. The chemist of to-day possesses the advantage of all scientists of the past. The discoveries of the mathematicians of all ages may easily become the common property of all by a simple application of the formulas and principles involved. What it took Kepler a lifetime to decipher the average school boy now masters in a few days at most. The laws for which scientists have sacrificed their lives come into our full possession with comparatively no exertion upon the part of ourselves. With such a foundation we may naturally expect strides the most rapid and colossal.

No such thing exists within the range of the intellect as an independence of thought. Every expressed sentiment, whether verbal or written, is directly influenced by the occasion and the environments. In every course of reasoning certain grounds must be admitted in order to reach a definite result. The instructor of geometry starts with his axioms, the logician with his premises, the grammarian with his rules. According to the metaphysician even the first intelligent acts of the mind are begun with knowledge.

To attempt to conjecture as to the results which we may expect even before the close of the present decade at best would be a mass of fruitless and inane suppositions, devoid of all consistency whatever, and as far from the real truth as the hypotheses of certain sensational amateurs with reference to the recent appearance of an astronomical body. The nineteenth century has far outstripped its predecessor in every department of knowledge, and we may safely predict still greater things for its successor.

\* \* \*

### Silence.

WHAT is silence?

Is it music brought from the spheres as if a thought having taken wings did slowly and majestically wend its way thro' the regions far from us near to the dark blue sky?

No, 'tis a sigh that has found embodiment, and breaking free from its deep somnolence did come on through space and with gentle and tender bearings go floating up the firmament. Learn thou this, oh noisy creatures of earth, that in silence we are better enabled to pursue the eternal comedy of human nature, or see thro' the great and mighty plans of God.

Some narrow hearts there are that know not the depth of this great gift—Silence—who pass through life with only laughing nonsense and senseless babble, but there *are* those who give themselves to *work* for man; in silence to raise up the lost; to gather the orphaned babes and teach them, pityingly until they forget they are of the noisy race of man, but doing as God has bidden them, letting not their right hand see what their left hand doeth, or doing all in silence.

"The *sea* brings spirits of its solitude, with wings folded about the music of its lyre," but mankind ever err by their talk; silence in all brings honor; and plain truth is hurt not helped by many words.

It is so vast that it makes the soul forever more acquainted with its God. There are times for all things, for laughter and gloom, talk and silence, and *we, like* inscrutable nature should obey this law.

God has said that for every idle word that is spoken we will have to give an account, and when we have given this subject thought do we not conclude that

it would be better to maintain silence than to speak thoughtlessly and thus injure one who no doubt has been our best friend? "Oh, many a shaft at random sent, finds a mark that the archer little meant; and many a word that is idly spoken may wound a heart already broken."

By this we do not mean that man should go through life silently and sullenly, but that there should be a time for silent thought and meditation, for "The heart feels most when the lips speak not."

Some of our greatest men have been the most silent, those who have written the most powerful essays, novels and the most beautiful poems; for instance look at Oliver Goldsmith. He is said to have had fits of deep silence, almost bordering on gloom. Look also at Pope and at our own Whittier.

Let us then try to emulate their example and take life not altogether as a farce, but as an interesting drama, in which we all have a part which must be learned, before it is spoken.

Is not the most refreshing part of our life during the night when all things are silent? Day has her sounds but night has her silence, sweet sleep comes to ease us and rest us though brought softly but the angel comes; the earth seems to hold her breath, the tired mind after a few moans and tosses seems to sleep; "Speech forgets her words, silent as painted notes are notes of birds." A single sound as the cry of the owl or whipporwill, or the chirp of the cricket makes the silence more solemn or more deep.

Even the stars seem to obey the general rule and move noiselessly through the dome of the heavens, in reverent review. No wonder Earth is awed and seems to stand still to watch, for,

"Thro' the blue and awful silence creeps, as line on line of suns, and planets wheel and march and shine around the throne of the majesty twine."

O. B., '95.

#### What We Borrow from Macbeth.

"MACBETH," says Gervinus, "has ever been regarded and criticised with special preference among Shakespeare's works; our own Schiller has translated it, Schlegel has spoken of it with enthusiasm and Drake calls it the most sublime and impressive drama which the world has ever beheld.

If perhaps no other play of Shakespeare's can vie with Hamlet in philosophical insight into the nature and worth of the various powers at work in human nature; none with Henry the Fourth in fresh delight in a vast and active career; none with Othello in profoundness of design and careful carrying out of the characters, none with King Lear in the power of contending passions, none with Cymbeline in the importance of moral principle, Macbeth in like manner stands forth uniquely preeminent in the splendors of poetic and picturesque diction and in the living representation of persons, time and places."

It is our purpose then to cull from it some of those thoughts, so beautifully expressed, that have been used time and again to round up more poetically a period of more practical prose—some of those nice sentiments we have so often found convenient. when our own thoughts have left us in destitution—some of those expressions that have been so well put into form that they come to us as words and become common property.

The locale of this tragedy is the highlands of Scotland, which are noted for

the potent system of superstition and witchcraft by which they are pervaded. Of this system the Weird Sisters form a prominent part, and they are the first characters we meet in the play. Having met in one of their mysterious orgies and gone through with their more mysterious performances, they are about to disband—and just at this point we find the oft-repeated interrogation,

“When shall we three meet again?”

Of these, more anon. At this time Scotland was at war with one of its enemies, and by their valiant conduct Macbeth and Banquo have crowned King Duncan's troops with victory. On their return home they met the Weird Sisters again gathered together, who hail Macbeth as Thane of Candor—a new title to him and then as one who “shall be king hereafter.” The latter being still more surprising; but scarcely is their prediction uttered ere a messenger arrives from the king, announcing the bestowal of the rank and title of Thane of Candor, the same having been transferred from its recent possessor on account of treachery and treason.

Macbeth at once assured of the verity of the witches' prophesy, is filled with great rejoicing and immediately dispatches a messenger with haste to convey the news to Lady Macbeth, that she may participate in his new-born rapture. And no sooner does she receive the tidings than we see those lightning flashes which presage such terrible issues. Instantly a sneering Mephistopheles seizes this opportunity to link a soul to despair, transforms the powerful agencies in the hands of a woman from the development of the pure and holy, to agencies of degradation and destruction by showing how the consummation of the prediction may be hastened.

She, we are sorry to say, approves of his plans, but she apprehends Macbeth's nature is too full of

“The milk of human kindness”

to take this short cut to the throne.

Duncan comes to pass the night with Macbeth,—this she believes to be the opportunity offered for the execution of her matured designs. Then in the most diabolical utterances she invokes, Mrs. Goodwin says, “the evil fire that would crisp to blackness all the smiling verdure of her inner life,” she calls upon the spirits of darkness to unsex her, to turn her heart to stone, drug her conscience and fill her with direst cruelty.

She communicates her intention to her husband and at once bids him

“Look like the innocent flower  
But be the serpent under it.”

And well does she practice the words of her own wisdom; bearing in her bosom the deadliest venom, but in her face the guileless innocence of unsuspecting childhood, she receives her royal guest with courtesy, high-born dignity and grace, and addresses him in silvery tones of welcome. But though she was perfectly prepared to act her part, Macbeth was not; he was a soldier and would rather meet his foe in the open field, than like a coward stab him in the dark and in his sleep; but not even was the one whose life he aimed at now his foe, therefore he said,

“I have no spear  
To prick the sides of my intent,”

but in this he was mistaken—for when he told Lady Macbeth, he was about to abandon the business, she brings into use her reserve weapon—scorn, with sting more penetrating and as deadly as a scorpion, and infuses the deadly virus so adroitly that he feels his love for her,

his honor in the keeping of his word and even his soldierly courage urge him to the accomplishment of the heinous crime. Says she,

"Would'st thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem  
Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would?*"

With ingenious sophistry she confronts his scruples and tells him in passionate words how she would rather be an innocent babe from her breast than be a coward, and assures him of success with such confident expressions as

"But screw your courage to the sticking place  
And we'll not fail."

Thus impelled, he rushes in desperation to the deed, and murders King Duncan while he sleeps; and no sooner is the deed done than he repents it. He looks at the blood-stains and shudders, he grows more and more frenzied—he takes himself to his couch but there is no rest for such guilty hands. Then in his impassioned fervor, he utters the familiar but most beautiful tribute to sleep in the language—

"Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second  
course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast?"

Lady Macbeth endeavors to quell his overwhelming agitation by gentle solicitude or her bright and lively conversation, but failing thus to detract him, she again has recourse to her trusted reserve, and well does it succeed, when she exclaims,

"My hands are of your color; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white."

Here they are interrupted by the arrival of Mac Duff and Lenox, Thanes of Scotland, who have come to see their master. Asking to be shown to him they

apologize for the trouble it will cause, but Macbeth politely replies,

"The labour we delight in physics pain."

King Duncan being now murdered, Macbeth had now reached the Himalayas of his ambition—He was King, Candor, Glamis, all—as the weired woman had promised. It only remained for him to strengthen himself in his position by disposing of those who were more immediate to the throne. Banquo is the greatest object of his fear, and determined to oppose fate to the last extremity, he readily concocts a scheme to rid himself of him. He gives a banquet in honor of his coronation, to which having invited Banquo he hires murderers to kill him on the way there

We can imagine the scene in the dining-hall of the palace—the table laded with rich viands and the distinguished guests merry with the joy of such an occasion.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,"

says Macbeth by way of introduction to the feast. Presently he begins to feign deep regret at Banquo's absence, and wonders what can detain him—but presently he sees him in his appointed place at the table, shaking his gory locks at him—delirium has seized him. The Queen tries to screen his ravings and by whispers of scorn to call him back to his senses, but her attempts this time are futile and she precipitately breaks up the feast, bidding the astonished lords

"Stand not upon the order of your going  
But go at once."

Macbeth at length restored to reason determines to consult the Weird Sisters the next day, and while in their cavern again the ghost of Banquo appears and irrepressibly as ever, will not down at his bidding. There also comes another

apparition, telling him to beware Macduff. Whereupon, although he thought he had removed the last obstacle to his happiness, to

“Make assurance doubly sure,”

he resolves to murder Macduff; showing how insatiate is the dagger when once it has tasted blood. Macduff hearing of his resolution flees to England;—there unexpectedly before the King’s palace he meets Malcolm, who we remember came thither immediately after the murder of Duncan. They converse upon all that has transpired—and Malcolm is lead into a general denunciation of mankind, but is checked by the thought,

“Angels are bright, though the brightest fell.”

While they are still engaged in conversation Rosse comes up and informs Macduff how terribly Macbeth has treated his wife and child when he found his bird had flown, and them unprotected, and Malcolm burning with ire urges him to revenge, telling to let this act

“Be the whetstone of thy sword.”

And to cheer him in his distress as much as he can he adds

“The night is long that never finds a day.”

During all this time the nation sobs and groans under a frantic tyranny and the clouds of retribution are gathering thick and fast, to be discharged with unrelenting violence first of all upon Lady Macbeth. Though at first she was heartlessly cruel, time and opportunity to think come as corroding rust to the armor she has donned. A strange influence comes upon her—a sickness that alarms the King—a malady that defies a physician. Fear of discovery like a vulture thrusts its beak into her heart and feeds upon her vitals. Yet

she commands her lips and no syllable of remorse or repentance ever consciously escape. “Only when sleep has drugged the warder of the brain and left her for a time unguarded, do we behold the inner scourgings of conscience and know the galling retribution visited upon her; and we have tidings of her but once more, and that is when her death is announced just before the decisive battle as presaging her husband’s doom. She is one of the few women who have carved their names with a dagger on the heights of literature, and remain as woful examples to others.

Malcolm and Macduff come in from England to wreak vengeance on the tyrant. He begins to realize his situation and sick at heart he says :

“My way of life has fall’n into  
The sear, the yellow leaf.”

And to increase his despair the doctor comes in bringing the sad report of Lady Macbeth’s delirium, then how eloquently does he put the appeal,

“Can’st thou minister to a mind diseased  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raise out the written troubles of the brain  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous  
Stuff that weighs upon it?”

But with all he relies upon the promise of the Weird Sisters, that no sin shall ever have power over him, and resolves to fight to the last extremity. He sees the English advancing, and contemplating their vast numbers, we can hear him exclaim,

“The cry is, ‘Still they come!’”

However, the witches’ prophecy fails in the last and Macbeth’s head is severed from his shoulders, by him to whom, if to any one, it properly belonged to kill him—Macduff.

W. R.

### Autumn Days.

THE history of the year pursued through its changing seasons is that of an individual, whose career is marked by a progressive course from its beginning to its termination. Spring is the season of hope, energy and rapid increase, Summer resembles perfect manhood and is the season of steady warmth and unremitting vigor, Autumn which while it bestows the rich products of maturity and is ever hastening to decline, and it has been compared to that period when man, mellowed by age yields the most valuable fruits of experience and wisdom, but exhibits daily increasing symptoms of decay.

It is the autumn days or the evening of life that I wish to consider as the most eventful period in the history of the year. It is at this period that the promises of spring are fulfilled, and human industry beholds with triumph the rich products of its toil.

The grave loses its horrors; but before they are entirely lost an additional beauty presents itself from the gradual decay which loosens the withering leaf and gilds the autumnal landscape with a temporary splendor, superior to the verdure of spring, or luxuriance of summer. So with man, he never reaches full perfection until his autumn. Autumn is the summing of every virtue, is the time when man gathers together and stores away his knowledge for the hoary old age to come. But there are some who never reach true manhood, who do not take advantage of the spring and summer, their autumn days are of little importance. Only those that indulge in regular and good habits, have ideas and aims in life and make this the most important period.

Spring and summer must come before autumn and if we do not sow we cannot

expect to reap. Watch the reapers of to-day. It is now that are gathered in rich and bountiful harvests the wealth of grain and fruit and the products of the never-ceasing, ever-vigilant toiler. Through the sultry days of spring and summer, unwearied he plants and sows until at last he reaps what he has sown, a harvest whose true value is estimated only by the cost of labor. No man has ever reached true eminence without exertion. Excellency comes only after toil and perseverance. Shakespeare succeeded by his superior intellect in claiming the attention of a world, but not without a zealous ardor and ambition did the inventive brain work out its wonderful effects and labor has made him what he is. Some of us wonder why it is that the lives of our most eminent men are only of great importance in the winter of their lives but this does not make autumn less important, for it was too as well as the others a season of preparation. Our words and actions to be fair need time. Emerson says, "What sounds more pleasant than the whetting of the scythe in the pleasant morning of June; and what more lonesome and sad than the mower's scythe when it is too late in to make hay?"

So many words and promises even are only words of conversation; but behold the decided man, it matters not how avaricious or unprincipled he is, the difficulties of life know him and give up the contest with him. By the time manhood in its autumn, is decided and has reached his greatness he has position and influence and knows how to use them for the real good of society, but these depend upon his former days. The great and successful men of history are made great by having faith, self-reliance and by taking advantage

of the spring and summer of their lives. The boy is but a shepherd, but he hears from his countrymen of the champion of their enemies, and he is inspired and with his heart of faith attempts to lay the champion in the dust. Next he is a military leader and next, during his autumn days, the King of his country. A Washington, a Cromwell, the founders and law-givers and defenders of the rights of men are made by the same law. These men did not shrink despairingly within the range of their poor abilities, but in their heart of faith embraced their aims and went forth, on and on to do that for which they were made. Man becomes what we term the "iron man" in the autumn of his life, the firm determined man and yet however stern he is generally the most permanent and useful man. They sum at night what they have done by day, "dress and undress their souls," mark the growth and decay of it. With autumn there comes a feeling of sadness, for we begin to realize that the winter of old age is not far distant. Sadness, did I say? No,—the happiest period of life when the old man first entering upon his closing days finds himself blest with innumerable gifts, the rewards of his early life. Let us then rather store away that which may endure, meekness, lowliness, purity, sincerity and cheerfulness, these shall last until at last, when the form is bowed, the eye dimmed and all else have passed away, may cheer us on a brighter shore. Or as Longfellow says:

"O what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed and days well spent!  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent  
teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting place without a tear."

E. S. L., '93.



### Y. W. C. A. Notes.

HERE seems to be nothing very encouraging which we can report of our recent prayer-meetings. We had hoped to begin this year of Christian work and make it the most profitable one since our association has been formed, but the interest which is necessary to make our efforts successful is lacking.

The members of our association should make it their special duty to attend every meeting; if they do not, then they are not loyal disciples of Christ.

Can we expect to accomplish a good work if only a half dozen or more girls join us in our prayer-meetings?

Surely it is not possible that our association can prosper unless we have the earnest co-operation of every member. By staying away you neglect Christian opportunities and make the responsibility of the one who is at its head much greater than it otherwise would be.

There are girls among us who are *always* present at the joint meetings who *never* attend a meeting among ourselves. Now, I deem it as important, yes, even more so, for us to take an interest in the latter.

If you wish to labor for Christ here is the broad field where you must labor to produce a rich harvest. There is not one in our midst who cannot do something even though it be a kind word spoken at the proper time and moment, which may take deep root, spring up and bear much fruit. No matter how much you feel your inability for such

work, every effort you put forth will serve to give you greater strength for another time, for the hill will never be climbed if we never take the first step upwards.

Cannot something be done to stimulate you to action, and induce you to become more zealous in this great movement for God and the right?

Give us your presence and assistance, neglect no opportunities which once passed can never be recalled, and forget not that "each of us shall be remembered by the work we have done."

C. E. P., '93.

#### Y. M. C. A. Notes.

THE Week of Prayer was observed by a special service each day, the subjects prepared by the International Committee being used. The meetings were good and tolerably well attended. A considerable degree of interest was manifested; but the definite results hoped for were not accomplished. What is the matter, boys? are we not exerting the influence we should? are we not doing the personal work we should?

But we are thankful that two of our members took a stand for the right.

Our new room for prayer service and general meetings is still in course of preparation. It is hoped that it will be ready for use soon after the Christmas holidays. This, with the reading room attached, we hope, will give an impetus to the work and lend additional attraction to the association. But we should not depend upon these to do our work. Reading rooms and prayer-meeting rooms cannot do the work that men should do.

No man who needs a monument ever ought to have one.—*Hawthorne.*



#### Exchanges.

THE *Baltimore City College Journal* can hardly be ranked as a college journal, since its reading matter is almost entirely foreign to that which is expected of a journal, published under the auspices of an institution of learning, and by students, from whom we would expect a publication, composed of literary merit of the highest order. Under its new management, and in its new dress, it flaunts itself before the public, more as a "sporting" medium than as a literary magazine. Surely then there is nothing in its pages, to warrant its assumption of calling itself a *college journal*.

*The College World* contains in its issue of October 15, a very readable article on Hypnotism and Suggestion. Another important feature of this exchange, is the number of excellent editorials which it always contains.

*The College Student*, along with several other of the college journals of the land, has added to its attractions an original story from the pen of one of the students of the college which it represents. We think this an excellent idea, and the current story, Ruth Burton, is one of interest not only to the patrons and friends of this particular journal, but to the outside college world at large. Will not some of the gifted of our own college, use their pens, in giving us a conception from their minds, in the shape of a character sketch or a story of some kind, even if it should shock some of our sensitive readers by bordering some-

what on the novel? We congratulate our esteemed exchange, that it has among its contributors, one who can use his pen in tracing so fine a conception of the mind.

In our last month's exchange notes, we referred to *Our Dumb Animals*, as being published under the auspices of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Instead of *Our Dumb Animals*, it should have been *Our Animal Friends*. Thanks to the President of the Society for notifying us of our error.

*The St. John's Collegian* hardly approaches what we think a college paper should be. The November issue contains some very readable articles, which indeed show considerable thought. But we would suggest that the word "gouge" is hardly elegant enough a word to head an article of some literary merit. The October issue of this exchange contains scarcely a redeemable feature, the entire issue being made up of expressions of genuine "slang," which, may to a depraved taste, seem to be funny, but which to the thoughtful mind are not funny at all, and only show a low state of intellectual activity, among its contributors.

We notice in a late issue of *The College Rambler*, a very thoughtfully-prepared article on The English Bible: Its Study as a Classic in College, in which the author urges that the Bible be made a classic, and that it be added to the college curriculum. The author claims for this Book "a place of first importance, for, like some 'indestructible vessel riding stormy seas' it comes to us across a score of centuries laden with knowledge of supreme interest." The arguments are so clearly and cleverly put that they can but receive the attention of the careful reader.

### College Notes.

OLD gold has been adopted by the University of Chicago as the University color.

Recitations at Oberlin are prefaced by prayer and singing.

A new song has been written at Yale, to be sung at foot-ball games.

Five thousand college men participated in the Columbian Celebration at New York City.

It is said that the new telescope for Chicago University, will not be completed until the fall of '95.

In Europe, the 94 Universities have 1723 more professors and 41,814 more students than the 360 Universities of the United States.

Yale, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Dartmouth and the Universities of Michigan and Minnesota, are the only American Universities possessing Y. M. C. A. buildings.

At Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., there are two students whose Christian names are Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant. They room together.—*Exchange*.

Johns Hopkins University is well represented in the faculty of Chicago University. Sixteen graduates are members of the faculty and nine will engage in research as fellows.

Another old custom was abolished at Yale on Wednesday, September 28. When the Sophomores and Freshmen, each about 250 strong, had lined up for the annual "rush," they were informed that the faculty had forbidden the custom for the future, and the "rush" was given up. Cornell, U of M., and other leading colleges have already given up the semi-barbarous custom. The students at Princeton have been requested to

discontinue it. But at Columbia it took place despite the admonitions of the Faculty and the Freshmen were victorious. At Syracuse University, the Sophomores were victorious.—*Exchange.*

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

Considering the fact that co-education had its birth not more than twenty-five years ago, it has grown wonderfully. To-day out of 350 colleges in the United States, more than 250 are co-educational, and there are 40,000 co-educational abroad in the land. Brown and Tufts have fallen into line.—*Exchange.*

At Barre, Mass., a game of croquet was played recently by three Russell brothers: Dr. Wm. L. the oldest living graduate of Harvard, who is almost 93; James, of Lowell, aged 85 and George, of Worcester, aged 83.

The first college paper ever printed in the United States, came into existence at Dartmouth College, with Daniel Webster, Editor-in-chief.

Life is rather a state of embryo, a preparation for life; a man is not completely born until he has passed through death.—*Franklin.*

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—*Bulwer Lytton.*



**Athletics.**

OUR base-ball nine gave us the first proof of its strength by defeating the Belmont team of Baltimore, on Columbus Day, by a score of 8 to 4. The great feature of the game was Sellman's wonderful pitching. He distinguished himself by striking out 22 men. The playing done by the entire nine was certainly very creditable, and exceeded our expectations. It was generally thought that the Belmonts would pay us back for their defeat last commencement and great was the satisfaction on beating them a second time. The batteries were Davis and Coggins for the Belmonts, while Sellman and Leas upheld W. M. C.

Below we give the score of the game referred to above.

BELMONT.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Herman, c. f.	.....	0	0	2	0	0
Coggins, c.	.....	2	1	10	2	1
Davis, p.	.....	1	1	1	2	0
Cassard, 1st b.	.....	0	0	8	1	3
Corning, 2d b.	.....	1	1	0	1	3
Gatchell, l. f.	.....	0	1	1	0	0
Owens, 3d b.	.....	0	0	2	2	1
Miller, s. s.	.....	0	0	0	3	1
Levering, r. f.	.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	.....	4	4	24	9	9
W. M. C.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Miller, 3d b.	.....	2	1	1	0	0
Story, r. f.	.....	0	0	0	0	0
Sellmann, p.	.....	0	0	1	4	0
Lewis, s. s.	.....	2	1	0	0	1
Stull, l. f.	.....	2	1	0	0	0
Mills, 2d b.	.....	0	1	2	0	1
Gilbert, 1st b.	.....	0	0	6	1	0
Pennington, r. f.	.....	1	1	0	0	0
Leas, c.	.....	1	0	17	4	1
Totals	.....	8	5	27	9	3

Home run—Davis. Two-base hits—Pennington and Corning. Left on bases, W. M. C. 3, Belmont 4. Struck out, by Sellman 20, by Davis 10. Base on balls, by Sellman 2. Stolen bases—Coggins, Gatchell (2), Miller (Belmont), Miller (W. M. C.) (3), Story, Lewis (2), Stull (3). Umpire, Mr. Cain.

A game of foot-ball was played here on November , between the home team and City College team of Baltimore, resulting in a tie score, 10-10. The two teams lined up as follows:

Erdman.....	Left End.....	Tallar
McLucas.....	Left Tackle....	Armstrong
Ferguson.....	Left Guard.....	Robertson
Schlincke.....	Centre.....	Zohlar
Revelle.....	Right Guard.....	Gill
Leas.....	Right Tackle.....	Scharf
Zepp.....	Right End.....	Stevens
Watson (capt.).....	Quarter.....	Gunnewell
Gilbert.....	Left Half.....	Wilson
Sellman.....	Right Half.....	Sands
Lewis.....	Full Back.....	West

Touch downs for Western Maryland, Gilbert 2. Goal kicked for Western Maryland, Lewis 1.

Touch downs for City College, West 2. Goal kicked for City College, Stevens 1.

Umpire, Mr. Powell. Referee, Mr. Cain.



#### Alumni News.

THE Alumna Editor notes the entrance into the University of Chicago of J. B. Whaley, '89. Mr. Whaley will take History for his major and Hebrew as one of his minor studies.

Married on Oct. 12th, in Layfayette Avenue M. P. Church, Rev. Frank T. Benson '84, to Miss Fannie E. Murray, daughter of Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D.

Miss Grace Phillips '92, will spend the winter at her home in Laurel, Delaware.

Mr. A. F. Smith '92, is chief manager of the Frostburg Bureau of the Evening and Sunday Times of Cumberland. We are told he finds a pleasant diversion from his arduous newspaper duties, in teaching a school three nights of the week.

Mr. Alonzo L. Miles, '83, of Cambridge, Md., was one of the Electors-at-Large on the Democratic ticket. We extend to him our congratulations.

Mr. W. Irving Mace, '90, has opened an office in Cambridge, Md., for the practice of law. THE MONTHLY extends its best wishes.

#### Quondam.

MISS BESSIE VANDYKE, '89-'91, formerly of Wye Mills, Md., is now residing in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Bessie Clift, '89-'92, expects to spend the winter at her home, Sassafras, Md.

Miss Annie Thomas, '88-'90, has lately sailed for Germany, where she will spend several months, principally for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. Mazie Ridgely Hood, '89-'91, is going to spend the winter in Quebec, Canada.

Master Russell Smith, who was last year a student at Levine Hall, visited his friend Master Caleb O'Conner, at the college on the 22nd and 23rd.

Miss Ella Swisher, '91-'92, is spending the winter at her home at Rockford Harrison county, W. Va.

#### Personals.

MISSSES COCHRAN and Norris spent November 18-22 at their homes in Baltimore, Md.

Miss J. Clare Vannort, '94, has been compelled to remain at her home in Chestertown, Md., until after Christmas on account of illness.

Miss Dora Price, '96, received a visit from her sister, Miss Lettye Price, of Middletown, Del., during the holiday at Thanksgiving.

Misses Elliott and Tagg were called home November 7 on account of the death of their grandfather, Mr. William Dever. They have since returned to resume their work.

Miss Daisy Welby, of Easton, Md., and Miss Alice McDaniel, of St. Michael's, Md., were the guests of Professor McDaniel at the College, Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. F. S. Cain, '94, was called away from school November 1 to attend the funeral of his grandfather, and also on November 26 to attend the funeral of his uncle.

Professor Simpson analyzed some spring water for a gentleman who was led to suspect that arsenic had been placed in the spring. It was found that the dry weather had so concentrated the mineral in the water as to give rise to the suspicion, but no poison was found.



#### Resolutions.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His allwise providence, to remove by death our former associate and brother in Christ, Rev. W. F. Ohrum, the pastor of Grace Methodist

Protestant Church, Greensboro, N. C., whose genial disposition, kind words of friendship and counsel, Christ-like spirit in his associations with us, earnest desire to save souls, and whose record as a pastor made him honored and loved by all as a fellow student and pastor, therefore,

*Be it resolved*, That we the ministerial students of Western Maryland College and Westminster Theological Seminary, while we bow in meek submission to the Divine will, do hereby express the deep sorrow which we feel from the loss of so dear a friend and brother;

*Be it resolved*, That we do hereby offer our sympathy to the bereaved family in this sad affliction;

*Be it resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased brother, and the *Methodist Protestant, Daily Workman*, of Greensboro, N. C., and THE COLLEGE MONTHLY, for publication.

J. T. WARD,  
C. P. NOWLIN,  
T. M. JOHNSON,  
E. C. MAKOSKY  
GEO. W. HINES,  
T. PLUMMER REVELLE,  
*Committee.*

#### The Irving Anniversary.

A LARGE and appreciate audience welcomed the appearance of the of the Irvings upon the College stage on Thanksgiving evening, November 24, 1892. The occasion was the celebration of the Society's twenty-sixth anniversary and well was the opportunity of winning fresh laurels improved. As suggestive of the national holiday, the background of the stage was festooned with the stars and stripes, while the insignia of the Society were displayed

on every hand. With very justifiable pride the Merrill Wreath won in the oratorical contest at the last commencement was given a very prominent place.

Mr. T. Clyde Routson had the honor to preside and opened the program with a neat and fitting three-minute speech. In conclusion he introduced Mr. S. Butler Grimes, who offered one of the attractions of the evening—a flute solo. His selection was a Romanza from Terschak and his excellent performance won for him a hearty encore. His piano accompaniment was played with skill and good taste by Miss Annie Shriver, of Westminster. The anniversary oration subject was "The Hum of Industry," and the orator was Mr. A. J. Long. As the representative in oratory Mr. Long reflected great credit upon his Society and the audience considered his part of the program a success.

Music by the orchestra formed an intermission before the recitation of "The Light from Over the Range," given by Mr. A. Norman Ward. This was by no means an easy selection to render, requiring the impersonation of two parts widely differing, and an unusual amount of elocutionary ability; but Mr. Ward showed that he had made a very thorough study of the piece and had mastered its difficulties. A well-set tableau, "Anthony Offering the Crown to Caesar," closed Part I of the program.

Part II consisted of the comedy-drama, "Under a Cloud," by Charles Townsend. This was a very happy selection, so well suited for the purposes for which it was used. It was not too long; it was lightened by a pleasant vim of humor; the plot was interesting and the parts were well sustained throughout. E. C. Godwin as "the

keen detective;" H. S. Leas as "the wealthy merchant;" E. D. Stone as "the wide-awake reporter of the *Morning Breeze*;" D. E. Wilson as "the pious fraud," and H. G. Grow, both as "the manly young fellow" and "the tramp," are all deserving of great compliment. Miss Annie Shriver and Miss Lottie Moore, of Westminster, very efficiently took the characters of "the merchant's daughter" and "her friend."

Immediately after the closing scene, the curtain rose and the Irving received on the stage the congratulations of their many friends.

#### Impromptu Entertainment.

On the Saturday after examinations, the students were agreeably surprised by receiving, at supper, an invitation to be present, in the Auditorium, at an entertainment to be given that evening by the T. A. T.

As it was the regular time for parlor night, the invitation was altogether unexpected and was therefore a greater surprise. Promptly on the ringing of the bell, a few minutes past six, everyone assembled in the Auditorium. When the curtain rose to the time of ta-ra-ra, we beheld twelve gorgeously attired young ladies, whose fair features were more or less concealed by an application of burnt cork. They had the appearance of a veritable negro minstrel company, and even the never-lacking endmen, or rather women, were present.

The program was opened by the calling of the roll, which was done by an individual bearing the pleasing name of Chloe Hayseed. After this important ceremony, a "So Low" by Miss Snowdrop Washington followed, which apparently delighted the audience, judging from the hearty applause. A "speekin" by Topsy Turvy, was also

received with considerable appreciation. The tableau which followed was certainly an original production, and the three young ladies in the fore-ground gave a practical illustration of the "Men You" which came next on the program. In this piece some excellent hits were made and were greatly appreciated by the audience. The instrumental solo and the quartette which followed were laughable features of the performance. The entertainment closed with the prelude by the "Orkestry," and as the curtain fell for the last time the performers were treated with a regular storm of applause and laughter.

Everybody was greatly entertained during the hour which the performance lasted, and all of the young ladies taking part were highly praised. We wish to notice especially the manner in which the two young ladies who filled the places of "bones" and "tamborine," took their parts. Their imitation of the negro was inimitable and their song and dance parts were especially pleasing.

As a whole the entertainment was a very unique and pleasing performance, and our only regret is that it was so short, but parlor-night following immediately afterward partly atoned for that. We heartily thank the members of the T. A. T. for the entertainment they afforded us and hope to have another opportunity of meeting them in a similar manner in the future.

#### Locals.

Hurrah for the class of '94!  
Which keeps all the Seniors in such an uproar.  
For the date of the supper they'd all like to  
know,  
But alas for those Seniors, they can't find out  
though.

Hurrah for the class of '94!  
Which has of knowledge, oh such a store.

And when this class no more shall be,  
Who'll take its place at W. M. C.?

'94.

—A question relative to Political Economy, "What are the advantages and disadvantages of *strikes*?"

—Miss B., '93, (studying Astronomy),  
"What is on the interior of the earth?"  
Miss M. E., '93, "We are?"

—Miss E—t, '94, "Edna, have you a white veil?"

Edna, "Yes."

Miss E., "What color is it?"

—After the teacher had procured a large German dictionary for Miss L—, '93, the latter going to one of her classmates said, "Bess, how do you use this?"

—A member of the Senior Class exclaimed, after the toils of examination week were ended, "Oh, girls, I am 'tireder' than I have been for some-time!"

—Miss Harper, '94, having broken her glasses, was asked if she could see. "Everything is blurred," she said, "and I can't even tell the boys across the dining-room."

—Miss B—, '93, says she is anxious to rise early to do a sunset in pastel.

—Room-mate, "Helen, Morality states that 'The conscience implies *Will*.'"

Helen, "Well, mine does not, for it is my heart that employs Will."

—Miss Wimbrough is now very sorry that she did not enter Freshman instead of Sophomore Class, but since that step is too late to be retraced, she has decided to take a post-graduate course.

—Miss H. W., '93, (after one of her habitual long silences, is said to have exclaimed),

"Ah, 'tis true!  
I want but little here below,  
But want that little *Long*."

—Mr. McKeever did not attend the grand Democratic parade down town, but is said to have been seen on that night, sitting in his room assiduously writing a certain young lady's name all over his tablet. Otto, hearken to the voice of prophecy! *Thy fate is sealed.*

—It is amusing to hear Bibb Mills introduce his friends on Parlor nights. Under the embarrassment of the moment, Bibb entirely forgets all names, but after a painful season, manages to struggle through by calling the young lady *Mister* and the young man *Miss*.

—Professor, "May I look into the dictionary to see how to spell a dozen words?"

—D—p—r, not satisfied with a pony, attempted to ride a horse fully grown during the examinations, but was thrown so violently that he will not attempt such a feat again.

—It must have been a long wedding march that Depfer played while in Baltimore, for it took him a whole week to play it.

—Gal—h, '95, speaking of the condition of his health the other day, said, "O, I am Weller than I was yesterday."

The young King of Siam has been asked to send something to the World's Fair. He may answer: "Take me, just as Siam."

—Dryden in attempting to translate the sentence, "Caesar oppidum galliae obsedit," exclaimed, "Boys now I have it! Caesar had a gall."

—Allgood has applied, and thus the position of centre rush has been filled; an advantage, you see of advertising in THE MONTHLY.

—The Seminary students have an *onion* for each meal.

—Why did Stevens cut off his moustache? Ask of the committee.

—Alas! he is gone—the pony.

—Mr. Stone says he is going to carry his shoe to the blacksmith shop and have it mended.

—H. Tull—"Professor, did you catch anybody ponying during examinations?"

Professor—"We don't tell everything we see."

—Livingston—"Say, Dryden, do you know one thing?"

Dryden—"What's that?"

Livingston—"Why, if that comet should strike the earth, it would wash all the land into the ocean."

—Davis wants to know how much a *free* lunch costs in Baltimore. Won't some one please tell him?

—Mr. Forsythe, '94, in speaking of a certain thing, remarked: "It is simply mag(gy)nificent."

—Since the organization of the T. A. T. the price of burnt cork has gone up.

—Mr. Long, '94, regrets that the athletic contest did not include a foot-race among its other events, as he is anxious to make a trial of his speed. That's right; go it, Shorty.

—Mr. Tull—"Professor, if it wasn't for volcanoes we would have lots of *equators*, wouldn't we?"

"Oh! I don't know!"

—For Sale—New and entirely automatic mouse trap. Warranted to clean the mice out of any room in three days. Noiseless and sure in its action and does not occupy any space. For further information apply at Room No. 25, Ward Hall.

—Anyone in need of quinine will find it to his advantage to apply to Livingstone. Office, first Freshman table, and office hours from 6 to 6.30 o'clock P. M.

—Wanted; By the Foot-Ball Team, a substitute for centre rush while Schlincke is *rushing* elsewhere.

—Jenkins to Allgood, who has been disturbing his (Allgood's) peaceful slumbers by writing a loud letter: "I wish you had a writing-type."

—Stocksdale—"Prof., do you want us to *answer* these questions?" After a pleasant smile had flitted across the Professor's face, and the class had rid themselves of the contagious grin, S— was informed that the questions were to be answered.

—Stone, '96 (to waiter)—"What do we get next?"

Waiter.—"Get up."

—There is a certain lady in the Senior Class, who evidently is a disciple of Woman's Rights. Had she a will of her own, it is presumed that she would be a *Baker*.

—Don't you admire Stone's moustache? Its just out.

—Fisher, to the annoyance of all the Third Hall boys, persists in playing on his violin immediately after dinner: "Her bright smile haunts me still."

Stone's poetry! Blank verse!

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Schedule in effect October 20th, 1892.

Read Downward.				STATIONS.	Read Upward.								
P.M.	A	M	A	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	A	M	P	M	P	M		
	11	55	5	45	.....CHERRY RUN.....	8	55	1	45	8	45		
	11	58	5	48	.....BIG POOL.....	8	52	1	42	8	42		
	12	12	6	01	.....CLEAR SPRING.....	8	39	1	30	8	27		
	12	18	6	07	.....CHARLTON.....	8	33	1	24	8	20		
	12	28	6	17	WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.	8	23	1	14	8	09		
	12	40	6	30	AR. HAGERSTOWN. LE	8	05	1	00	7	55		
			1	45	6	45	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR			12	32	8	00
*4	15	2	00	7	02	LE. HAGERSTOWN. AR	7	30	12	15	7	45	
			2	17	7	20	.....CHEWSVILLE.....			11	59	7	31
	4	34	2	25	7	27	.....SMITHSBURG.....			11	51	7	24
	4	38	2	35	7	36	.....EDGEMONT.....	7	05	11	45	7	18
			2	53	7	50	AR. HIGHFIELD. LE	6	53	11	28	7	05
			2	53	7	50	LE. HIGHFIELD. AR	6	50	11	25	7	02
			3	22	8	17	.....FAIRFIELD.....	6	22	10	56	6	33
			3	32	8	27	.....ORRTANNA.....	6	11	10	45	6	22
			3	52	8	47	.....GETTYSBURG.....	5	55	10	27	6	06
			4	33	9	30	AR. HANOVER. LE			9	48	5	25
			2	53	7	50	LE. HIGHFIELD. AR	6	53	11	28	7	05
	4	50	2	55	7	52	.....BLUE RIDGE.....	6	52	11	23	7	01
5	10	3	20	8	16	.....MECHANICSTOWN.....	6	25	10	51	6	34	
			3	30	8	26	.....ROCKY RIDGE.....			10	38	6	23
5	30	3	44	8	37	.....BRUCEVILLE.....			10	26	6	13	
5	37	3	55	8	45	.....UNION BRIDGE.....	6	00	10	16	6	04	
			3	59	8	49	.....LINWOOD.....			10	09	5	58
5	44	4	05	8	55	.....NEW WINDSOR.....	5	53	10	03	5	53	
5	57	4	23	9	11	.....WESTMINSTER.....	5	40	9	44	5	35	
6	29	5	00	9	44	.....GLYNDON.....	5	11	9	01	4	57	
			5	31	10	08	.....ARLINGTON.....			8	25	4	26
7	10	5	53	10	31	.....BALTIMORE.....	*4	30	8	00	4	05	
P	M	P	M	A	M	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	A	M	A	M	P	M
8	15	6	45	12	20	.....WASHINGTON.....			6	36	2	30	
			9	55	1	00	.....PHILADELPHIA.....	12	03	3	50	1	30
			12	30	3	20	.....NEW YORK.....	9	00	12	15	11	00

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P	M	A	M	A	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	A	M	P	M	P	M	
5	05				5	45	.....CHERRY RUN.....	8	55				
					6	00	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR			3	20	6	25
6	43	11	10	6	35	LE. HAGERSTOWN. AR	8	05	3	05	5	10	
7	20	11	45	7	05	.....EDGEMONT.....	7	28	2	30	4	33	
7	38	12	02	7	30	.....WAYNESBORO.....	7	10	2	13	4	16	
8	17	12	39	8	07	.....CHAMBERSBURG.....	6	36	1	39	3	42	
8	45	1	06	8	35	AR. SHIPPENSB'G. LE	6	05	1	09	3	10	

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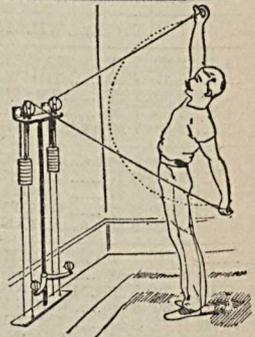
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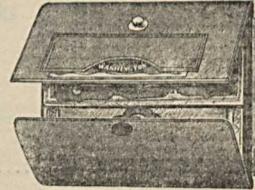
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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

VOL. VI.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JANUARY, 1893.

No. 4

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

*Published by the Browning, Philomathean, Irving  
and Webster Literary Societies.*

A. NORMAN WARD, '95, Editor-in-Chief.

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ALA B. JONES, '94.

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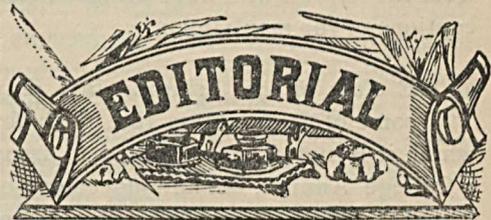
Advertising Rates can be obtained of the Business Manager, upon application.

The Editors solicit communications and items of interest to the college from the students and Alumni. To secure prompt attention, address all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.

To avoid confusion and delay, notification of change of address should be immediately sent to the Business Manager.

All matter intended for publication must reach the office of the MONTHLY by the fifteenth of the month preceding the one in which the matter is to appear.

*Entered at the Postoffice at Westminster as  
second class matter.*



ONE of the current evils of college life is the so-called wit, for which many students are locally famous. When a joke comes unpremeditated, and is born of the moment, then it brings with it that which charms away the brain worry, and elevates, not only the one from whom it comes, but also the one who is keen enough to discern the witticism, and imparts a glow of whole-souled geniality to any one having a proper appreciation of the humorous, no matter where it is found. But when the joke, born of some funny magazine, comes creeping out from the brain of one to whom life is only a huge joke and announces its coming by some peculiar smile or twitching of some facial muscle on the part of the joker, the beauty of the joke is lost, and the smile which might have flitted across the face of the hearer, is lost in the expression of partial disgust which plainly shows his appreciation.

We would not decry a laugh, but let it be a hearty one, not "the hollow laugh which speaks the vacant mind," and let it be built upon that which is

manly and virtuous, rather than that which is unmanly and vile. The power to laugh, as well as to cry, were both given for a good purpose. The man who realizes the benefaction of the Creator in the bestowment of this gift, and shuns, as he would something that would rob him of his manhood, the low joke or unkind jest, is the man who deserves the title of man, and one apart from his fellows who have different conceptions of the manly man.

THE class of '93, bringing into play some of the business like push for which it is noted, has decided to issue a College Annual, an announcement of which is made elsewhere in this issue. The class is to be heartily congratulated upon this move in the right direction and should the venture prove to be a success, and we have no doubt that it will be, Western Maryland College will be placed by the side of our enterprising sister colleges who every year issue an Annual. We would express the hope that the old students of our school, who all have kind memories of old W. M. C., and are interested in her future success, will, by their subscriptions, aid in this very laudable enterprise. Success to the venture!

ONE of the things for which our College is noted, and of which her students are justly proud, is the very interesting course of lectures which are delivered before the students during the winter term of the scholastic year. We are not boastful, but we venture the assertion that no college in the land, of equal standing, has such an interesting and profitable course of lectures to offer its students. The coming course promises to be even of greater interest than last year's. The thoughtful student ap-

preciating what has been done for him, will avail himself of the advantages of these lectures, and get from them much mind-enriching food. The first lecture of the course was delivered in the College Auditorium, Thursday evening, January 12th. The lecturer was Rev. Q. L. Morrow, who very interestingly described a trip through Palestine. An important feature was the number of very realistic stereopticon views, which were used in illustrating the lecture.

SOME-ONE has said that "books are light-houses erected on the sea of time." As in the physical man there are two opposites each contending for the mastery of the body, so outside of the body there are two forces seeking control over the mind. In the conflict these forces, born of the mind, become part of the mind. There is no good but which has its evil seeking to crush it. There is no evil seeking the destruction of heaven endowed powers, but which has its good fighting for its control. Let one secure complete mastery, the other is easily held in check.

Nowhere is this more evident or true than in the taste which one acquires for good or bad reading. Once let a man cultivate a taste for the good, the beautiful in the solid contributions which have been made to our literature, and the mind is turned into the proper channel, and goes on in its quest seeking a yet higher level. Let a man get a taste for light reading, the expression which his life might have given to the good that is born in him, is entirely lost, and the mind seeking permanent gratification finds only a temporary pleasure in the highly-wrought plot of the sensational novel in which he may seek the satisfying of that taste which he has acquired for himself. Let the young mind such

as is found in our schools and colleges seeking permanent tastes, beware of the flash-light literature which he may rashly think will guide him to a proper appreciation of the life he should live and the object for which he is given existence. Steer clear of that loose, trashy, sensational literature which can be purchased for a dime, but which when purchased, digested, and has become a part of the life of the reader—for everything we read becomes part of us—takes from you that which no amount of wealth can reclaim. There is more to be derived from one page from Emerson, than from all the Duchess' mind ever conceived or her pen ever wrought. There is more beauty in Dickens than there is to be found in all the Nick Carter's or Cab. Collier's silly nonsense or flashy sensationalism. There is more good to lift you up than there is bad to drag you down. There is more mercy to reclaim, to ennoble, than there is sin to deface, to destroy. There is more of the beautiful to build you up to the standard of the one beautiful, perfect character, than there is of the opposite to lead you away from the one ideal set before the world. From this boundless wealth of good things, choose those which shall enable you to be free men, and not the servants of a low ideal. Shun as you would a serpent, that literature which not only dwarfs the possibilities of the mind, but deadens the very soul itself. Become a student of that literature which comes from the hearts of the world's good and great men and is dropped from God himself.

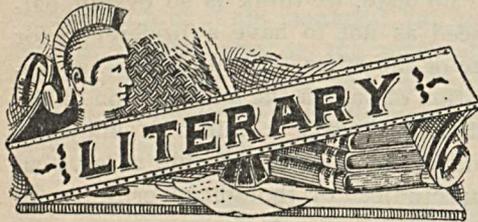
AMONG many students there is a strange lack of appreciation of the pretty. Why this is, we do not know. That there is remains a lamentable fact. Some men who prefer to be students of

good literature, disclaim any liking whatever for poetry, and see no beauty in the fine conceptions of the genuine poet. They say they prefer the rugged facts, which lie before them in the cold prose of the period. That is but natural, for no taste, we think is so evenly balanced as not to have a preference for one or the other. But to lose all appreciation of one, in the appreciation of the other, be-speaks a mind so unevenly balanced as not to be able to give an unprejudiced or thoughtful criticism of either. In our opinion, no man can be a thoughtful student of prose or master a complete style, without entering in with the poet, into the secrets of nature, which have a charm for him, and only reveal their true beauty to him.

Poetry and prose, to the well balanced mind, are inseparably connected, although they may not bring the same appreciation. A well rounded reader or thinker has a place for both, and will so cultivate his taste, that he will not be satisfied unless he can properly enjoy both. A reader of prose alone, gets into that way of thinking or doing that he learns to do without the sentimental, and loses part of the very spice of life. On the other hand the poetry enthusiast, in confining his reading to poetry alone, reaches a state no less deplorable.

If you have no taste for poetry, don't tell this fact to even your best friend, but cultivate as much as is in your power, a love for the beautiful thoughts coming from heaven-inspired souls. Alas for that soul which sees only floating vapor in the summer clouds, and only a heap of earth and rock in the rugged mountains standing out in silent grandeur against the evening sky. Alas for that man, who, standing on the ocean beach listening to the sound of the waves as they break at his feet, can feel nothing

of the emotion which filled the soul of Byron when he wrote his "Apostrophe to the Ocean," or of Tennyson, when from his heart he poured forth that exquisite song, "Break, Break, Break."



### Is it a Dream?

*Written for the Democratic Advocate*

BY C. T. W.

Is life in truth an empty dream,  
A shadowy, vague, half conscious thought,  
A painful night-mare of the mind,  
All *seeming* real, all *being* naught?

A something brief, yet undefined,  
A misty, shadowed, changing spell;  
Imagination's mystic realm,  
All filled with sense, yet all unreal?

Ah! is it true that all is naught?  
That fancy makes the whole of life?  
Does nothing pierce this land of dream,  
Revealing there its sleepless strife?

Do dreaming skeptics ask for proof  
That nature's forms are all her own?  
Think they all matter and all sense  
But phantasies of mind alone?

Ah! would ye call, ye doubting ones,  
That life a dream where nothing *sleeps*?  
Where beaming *joy* or sunless *woe*  
O'er human face unceasing sweeps?

Dream they who pressed 'neath care's dull  
weight  
Are struggling in life's conflict stern?  
Wish they who feel life's share of grief  
Of its *reality* to learn?

Ah! 'tis no vision of the mind,  
This state of mingled light and shade;  
Man is its witness, ask of him  
What finds he here that dreams have made?

No dream unreal the gush of mirth;  
No *fancy* moulds the glist'ning tear;  
No *formless* heart throbs for a friend;  
No *spectral* face is blanched with fear.

When some life's sands with ceaseless beat  
Have dropped to earth and found a tomb;  
When gazing down into its depth  
We see its inmates wrapped in gloom,

'Tis then we feel no dream enwraps  
Our sense within its mystic veil,  
That o'er our heads and 'neath our feet  
Heaven and earth say, "Life is real!"

*Western Maryland College.*

### An Ivy Leaf.

BY T. F. R.

Only an ivy leaf, frail, fragile ivy leaf,  
Symbol of constancy, badge of the true;  
Poor clinging ivy leaf, green, faithful  
ivy leaf,

Emblem of friendship,—I send it to you.  
When the nude winter roars hoarsely  
and bitterly

Closer the ivy clings, changeless it's hue,  
So may our friendship, mid storms of  
adversity,

Like the clear ivy leaf, ever be true.

*Only an ivy leaf, frail, fragile ivy leaf,  
Symbol of constancy, badge of the true;  
Poor clinging ivy leaf, green, faithful ivy leaf,  
Emblem of friendship.—I send it to you.*

Flowers are symbols of love warm and  
passionate,

Fairest in summer mid sunshine and dew,  
But at the chilling breath of sad Novem-  
ber winds,

Only a few are left—only a few!

Dead lies the faithless rose, dead in her  
thorny pride,

Thinned are her petals and faded her hue;  
Still clings the ivy clear, still mounting  
heavenward,

Patiently, faithful, unchanging and true.

*Only an ivy leaf, frail, fragile ivy leaf,  
Symbol of constancy, badge of the true;  
Poor clinging ivy leaf, green, faithful ivy leaf,  
Emblem of friendship.—I send it to you.*

### The Old Violin.

**F**INDING the days in the city growing unpleasantly warm, I had decided to accept a most pressing invitation from a friend of my early youth, to spend a few months at her beautiful home in the country. I was at first loth to do so, as my music was at this time occupying the largest portion of my time and attention, and to give up the study of it for two long months, meant much loss in improvement. But finally, considering the fact that health was a very necessary element in every kind of study, I decided to accept, and forthwith soon found myself comfortably ensconced in my friend's house, and feeling quite at home. I had taken my violin along, and it was my custom after the fatigues and excitements of the day, to gather the family on the little piazza, and they all being extremely fond of music, to pass the twilight hours in the pursuance of my favorite pastime.

One evening, returning from a rather late visit down town, I was surprised at the appearance of a visitor, a young girl, who on being introduced greeted me in a quiet, rather shy fashion, and forthwith retired to a seat in a distant corner of the porch. Something in her appearance interested me, and being somewhat a student of human nature, I endeavored to examine her more closely through the deepening gloom of the twilight. But the voice of my hostess interrupted my observations.

"We have been waiting for you," she said. "Daisy wishes to hear you play."

Always flattered by any attention to my music, and ever ready to accommodate lovers of it, I took my violin and after a few moment's reflection as to what I should play, began.

The deep grey of the twilight was

darkening into the gloom of night. All nature seemed at rest, and only the confused buzzing of the insects and the occasional tinkle of some distant cow-bell broke the stillness of the summer night. The strains of my violin fell with lingering sweetness on the soft air, and I felt the inspiration of the music filling my soul, and guiding my bow in its strokes across the strings. I played on, unconscious of all save the instrument in my hands, and as the last strains died away, involuntarily I turned my eyes as if by magnetic influence in the direction of the girl. She had changed her seat, and was now quite close to me, while a single ray from the sitting-room lamp which had just been lighted, fell across her upturned face. I paused, astonished, as I watched her, for in that face there was something which struck an answering chord in my own soul and I felt a thrill permeating my whole being. But only for an instant. Soon I became conscious of my immediate surroundings, and with a sigh, laid down my violin. But the face of the girl haunted me. Surely there was music in that soul. Latent it might be, but still there, and the surety of this prompted me to ask the question:

"Do you play?" and I closely watched her face and its changing expression.

The eyes that before had a dreamy, far-away look, took new fire and expression, while the mouth with its drooping corners broadened into a smile, as she answered:

"A little."

I handed her my instrument.

"No, no," she said, "I cannot play on that," and without another word she left the porch, and swiftly crossed the lawn. I was somewhat astonished, and looked askance at my hostess.

"Daisy never plays except on her

own instrument," she explained. "She lives only across the way and has gone to get it now. It is a beautiful one left her by her mother, and she prizes it very highly."

Anxiously I awaited, and after a brief interval, the girl returned carrying in her hands a large violin. At first glance it would seem too large to be managed, but as she gently placed it beneath her chin, and tenderly drew the bow across the strings, no doubt was left in my mind as to her ability to handle it. There was a tenderness, almost a reverence in her touch, as if she prized it above all else. It was quite dark by this time, and at my solicitation, our party left the porch and took up our quarters in the sitting-room. It was light here and I had full opportunity to examine my prodigy, as it now pleased me to call her. She had taken her stand in the middle of the room, with her violin under her chin, ready to begin playing, and in this position showed to full advantage the willowy grace of her figure. She was tall and slender, and her face with its dreamy expression was framed in a soft halo of dusky brown hair, while there was in her whole make-up a magnetism indescribable.

By this time she had begun to play, and I listened astonished. Yes, I had been right. Her whole soul was overflowing with music, but her execution showed untrained, untutored efforts. Her music was not difficult, on the contrary very simple, but every note told a story. When she finished, I was silent; I could not express what I felt.

As it was now growing late our visitor took her departure, and I, feeling worn out with the fatigues of the day, begged leave to retire. As I lay in my room, striving to win sleep, I could not banish

from my thoughts the memory of the girl. I determined to see her again and if possible to learn something of the life of one who had so deeply interested me. Could not something be done for her? Surely one possessing such talent should not be left thus. I determined to make an experiment. With these resolutions I fell asleep.

The next morning I sought my hostess after breakfast as she was removing the dishes, and taking a low rocking chair in the dining-room, solicited conversation.

"Who is that girl, Sally?" I asked. "The one who was here last night?"

"Daisy Raymond, you mean?" she queried. "Oh, she's rather unfortunate. Why do you ask?"

"Not idle curiosity I assure you. I have taken great interest in the girl, for I find in her a nature kindred to my own, only capable of greater achievements, and I sighed as I spoke.

My hostess was silent for a few minutes. She carefully brushed the crumbs from the table-cloth and placed thereon her basket of mending. Then she drew up her chair, and having threaded her needle, began her work. I waited impatiently.

"Why are you silent?" I asked again, and this time she paused to reply.

"So you are interested in her," she said, rocking softly and bending over her work. "And I for one can echo your sentiments. Shall I tell you her story?"

"I was sure she had one," I answered quickly. "Yes, do."

A slight pause followed. Some part of my hostess's work required particular attention, and she bent over it intently. When she raised her eyes to look into mine, they were full of tears.

"It's a sad story," she began, as she

wiped the tears away, "but a common one. Her father was a wealthy Southern gentleman, her mother a professional violinist. Both were extremely fond of music and of each other. Daisy is an only child, and when only an infant, her mother died, with her last breath bequeathing to her little daughter the violin you saw last night, and promising that her spirit would ever linger near it. To the daughter was given none of the passionate love which had been so freely lavished upon the mother. She has lived all the sixteen years of her life, unloved, alone, sending her soul over the strings of the instrument her mother loved. Since the day of his wife's death, no strain of music has reached the father's ear. In the days before, it had been his joy, his delight, and it is said that many of the words of his courtship were embodied in musical strains. I doubt if he knows that Daisy plays. She dares not do so when he is near."

We were both silent for a time, and then I recovered myself.

"Does she receive visitors?" I asked, rising from my chair.

"Certainly. Do you intend to call?" with a slight elevation of her eyebrows.

"Probably," I answered with a smile, and rather suddenly left the room.

My purpose was clearly defined. I was interested in the most sensitive part of my nature, and I longed for some one to whom I might confide my musical aspirations, and find an answering response. Also sympathy found a very prominent place in my character, and my heart was deeply touched by the sad story of the girl. Many such thoughts filled my mind, as with violin in hand I wended my way to the home of the Raymonds.

As I said before, it was only just opposite the home of my friend, and had

been one of the few houses in the little village which had at first interested me. It was set far back from the road, and seemed completely embedded in a luxuriant growth of trees. There was an utter lack of anything like order about the place, but the picturesque confusion was far from repulsive. No one was visible, and as I slowly made my way up the neglected walk, my courage almost failed me, but the violin under my arm and the remembrance of last night's music, impelled me to give a timid pull at the ancient bell.

The interior of the house exactly agreed with my expectations. It was roomy and quaint, and the lofty ceilings and deep window seats made it a desirable dwelling place. But an air of desolation seemed to brood over everything, and I found myself wondering from whence it came, when I was startled from my reverie by the entrance of the girl.

Instantly the whole of my interest became centered in herself. Long and enjoyable was our conversation,—at least to me,—and when at last I arose to go, I had the promise for much of her society during the remaining weeks of my stay, and in turn was to give her a few lessons on our favorite instrument.

Our anticipations were realized, and as the long summer days passed blissfully and quickly away, the tie of friendship which had been formed between Daisy Raymond and myself, became stronger each moment. We were together almost constantly, and one evening as we were sitting in the grey twilight, each holding our beloved instrument, I suddenly asked her to play for me. This was not the first time I had asked the same favor during the past week, for the time was rapidly approaching when my presence would be required

in the city and my young friend would be left alone. I could not help but see that the thought grieved her. That same sad, dreamy expression was yet in her eyes, but I had seen her face take new animation at my approach, and that tender, drooping mouth broaden into a smile when I spoke. She had improved rapidly under my instruction, and as I listened to-night I was fully convinced of her wonderful genius which needed only a field in which to display itself. The music was soft and sweet, some tender plaintive melody, and as she played I forgot for a moment our surroundings, and we two seemed to speak to each other over the violin strings. When she finished my eyes were full of tears.

"Daisy," I cried impulsively, "What most would you wish in life? You can bring all to your feet."

The face changed till its glorified expression left it, as she softly answered:

"My father's love."

I arose softly and went to her. I placed my arms around her neck and together we wept. After a short interval a bright thought struck me, and I raised my head.

"Daisy, my dear, you can accomplish your desire. Such music as yours he cannot resist. "Have you ever played for him?"

She shook her head.

"No, no," she answered; "no other music can touch him but mamma's," and she heaved a deep sigh.

A half-formed purpose arose in my mind, which seemed just then an inspiration. From what I had heard of Daisy's father, I could not doubt that he possessed a mind capable of appreciating her rare genius. Surely his heart, though hardened by sorrow, could not fail to reciprocate her affection, if only

he could be made to notice it. My purpose was resolved.

\* \* \* \* \*

The autumn was rapidly approaching. Already the leaves had begun to dress themselves in their brightest colors. The evening was warm, and a gentle breeze was wafted in at an open window. In the twilight gloom of the Raymond household sat the master and father deep in gloomy meditation. Sixteen years ago to-night he had sat in this same room and borne the greatest grief that fate had allotted to him. Now the past was again before him, and again he heard the sweet strains of his wife's violin, breathing their message of love and trust. The present was forgotten, a pleasant reverie had seized him, and he did not notice the entrance of his daughter. She was gentle and dreamy as ever, and one glance at the violin in her hand revealed her purpose.

Gliding softly to the window at his side, she raised the instrument and began to play. The man did not start or seem at all surprised;—the music seemed simply a continuation of his reverie. For some moments he sat thus, then as if by some magnetic influence, he turned and saw his daughter.

The music had worked its charm. To his softened heart the memory of his dead wife appeared in the form of his daughter, and impelled by the momentary inspiration, he opened his arms and took in them both Daisy and the violin. At this moment the moon, which had just risen, sent one ray through the open window, and touched with loving tenderness the bowed heads of both father and daughter.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a few days I returned to the city, but it was with pleasant memories of those I left behind, and a solemn prom-

ise to return again the ensuing summer and spend my time at the Raymonds'.

Need I say I accepted?

My visit certainly was pleasant and will ever remain in my recollection, and with it indissolubly linked, the memory of the old violin. '93

### Lessons in Words.

BY PROF. JAMES W. REESE.

MAN could not speak if he did not think, but if he were not also a social being he would not need to speak. It is conceivable that he might do his thinking, in a very limited way, all by himself and without the desire or the necessity of making his thought intelligible to others. But the moment two human beings came in contact this desire or the necessity arose, and grew more and more imperative with increased companionship, and the consequent development of the social instinct. Hence at the very beginning of human society there came into use, by means of organs already formed and by virtue of faculties already implanted, articulate or vocal sounds uttered for the expression of human thoughts and emotions. And these sounds are what we call *words*. In directing your attention, then, for a little while, to some of the lessons to be learned from words, I do not feel at all bound to apologize as tho' I were about to deal with something aloof from current interests or to act as your leader in an invasion of the domain of the philologist or the antiquarian. If a Roman dramatist, 2,000 years ago, could elicit the applause of his audience by the famous line: "I am a human being, and I consider nothing which relates to man as foreign to myself," surely we who are "the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of

time," to whom expanding knowledge should bring widened sympathies, must feel a deep interest in that without which we could think only imperfectly, if at all; in that by means of which we hold communion one with another; in that which alone makes the past intelligible to the present; in that which alone will make the acquisitions of the present available to the future; in that which Wordsworth calls "the incarnation of thought;" in the *word* on which as on a coin, humanity has stamped its superscription and which it has made the circulating medium in the world of ideas and emotions. It is as impossible to have a clear understanding of language without a knowledge of words, as it is to have an understanding of human nature without an acquaintance with men and women. Language is made up of words, filling their several stations and performing their various duties, just as the human race is composed of individuals, engaged in their several avocations and professions. More than this, as every man, no matter how humble his birth and uneventful his career, has a genealogy, traceable or untraceable, and a biography, written or unwritten, so every word is born, grows, often has kinship with other words, is subject to reverses of fortune, and, thus, like man, it's inventor, has, also, a career and a history. Of course we cannot trace back the lineage of all words any more than we can find a genealogical tree or bush for every man, but it happens, now and then, that there is, in our own day, the need of a new vocable for a new thing, and thus we are privileged to be present at the *birth* of a word. The mechanical and scientific inventions so characteristic of our age have created a demand for new terms, and so *telegraph*, *telephone*, and *phonograph*, with adjec-

tives, verbs, adverbs and other nouns derived from them, take their places in our vocabulary on an equal footing with words which have been there for a thousand years. Another verb—*to boycott*—has been recently added to our language, because no existing word could express with precision the kind of coercive measures employed by the Irish Home-rulers against an English landowner, and although it will be applied to many acts not connected, in origin or purpose, with Ireland, it will remain forever on the pages of the Dictionary as a memorial of the relations existing between England and Ireland at the close of the 19th century. Now here is a case in which we can see two very interesting things, first, the *birth* of a word, that is, just when, where, why and how it came into being, and secondly, the perpetuation, by means of that word, of a bit of history which might otherwise have passed speedily from the memory of mankind. A word born as *boycott* can have no descendants, but kinship binds many familiar words together into family groups which can trace their origin back to some verb used in England long before the Norman conquest. And these words are often so variously written and with such apparently different meaning, that the services of etymology must be called in to explain their relationship, and discover their common ancestor. The words *stock* and *stocks*, for example, are used in a great many senses. There is the *stock* of a tree, *stock* meaning family or race, *stock* in trade, bank *stock*, the *stock* of a gun, a *stock* for the neck, the village *stocks* as a place of punishment, the *stocks* in a ship-yard, and the *stock*-dove. These words diverge widely from one another, but, as Horne Tooke was the first to prove, they all have one central mean-

ing which, as Trench says, "grasps and knits them all together." The idea which is common to every word of this group is the idea of being *fixed* or *stuck*, and they are all parts of the old verb "*to stick*." Thus, the "stock" of a tree is *stuck* in the ground, and by an easy metaphor, we apply the word to a family, as that from which it grows, as the branches do from a tree. The "stock" in trade is the *fixed* sum of money or goods; bank, or other "stock," is that in which money is *stuck* or *fixed*, because not the capital can be drawn out but only the interest, and, sometimes not even that; the "stock" of a gun is that in which the barrel is *stuck*; a "stock" was a remarkable article of dress in which our grandfathers used *to stick* their necks; in the village "stocks" the hands and legs of the criminal were *stuck*; on the "stocks," too, a ship is *stuck* while building; and the "stock"-dove owes its name to the belief that it was the *stock* of the domestic pigeon. To this same family belong, also, the words "stake" and "stakes." A "stake" is something *stuck* in a hedge, fence or elsewhere, while "stakes" are the deposit, paid down or *fixed* to await the event of a contest or some unsettled question.

I said awhile ago that words, like men, are subject to reverses of fortune. This is seen in the members of the family group we have just been examining. They have a common and honorable ancestry, but they differ in respectability; for morally and socially, the separation is a wide one between an honest family "stock" liberally provided with good bank-"stock" and the degraded occupant of the village "stocks." This last word suggests the village *constable*. Few persons who watch this humble but useful functionary serving a warrant, suspects that the word which designates his office

was born and cradled in a palace. The *comes stabuli*, constable, count of the stable or master of the horse, was originally, in France and England, a dignity of the highest rank under the King, invested with the command of the army, and the authority to regulate all matters connected with chivalry. But on the other hand a word of humble and commonplace origin may gain in course of time a position of the highest rank. Of this, the word *martyr* is a striking example. At first it meant only a witness, but when, in the Te Deum, we say "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee," how much more than this do we mean! for the first Christian who sealed his testimony to the truth with his life's blood stamped the word with a new and higher meaning, and gave it a solemn dignity revered by men and approved by the King of Kings. These two words, *constable* and *martyr*, come to us, one from the Latin, the other from the Greek, but they have been so effectually naturalized that no speaker of English ever thinks of them as foreigners. They, may, accordingly, serve as examples of the general rule, which, as Professor Hadley states it, is that the foreign words that have come into our language do not stand by themselves as a distinct and independent class: that they are Anglicized, subject to English laws and analogies and thus assimilated to the older denizens of the language. These words may serve, also, as illustrations of the fact that when names for new objects, ideas and relations are required, our language can rarely supply them from roots or elements originally belonging to it, but must have recourse to the classic tongues, especially to the Latin.

Thus English is a composite language, Saxon in its grammar and in the essen-

tials of its vocabulary, but with contributions from the Greek in the proportion of five and from the Latin in the proportion of thirty to the hundred words. Hence it is evident that there are many thousands of words in daily use among us whose origin and primary meaning could never be discovered from any elements now existing in the English language. The accurate study of English must be, therefore, a study, not so much of roots, as of separate words, and he has the best understanding of English who has the fullest knowledge of the history of the words which compose it.

Now, how far can this knowledge be imparted in our public schools where most of the pupils and many of the teachers are unacquainted with the languages from which our vocabulary is derived? Not very far, I admit, yet far enough to interest, to benefit and, more than all, to stimulate the learner by the discovery that the word in which he and his master are dealing are not mere arbitrary signs, like the  $x$  and  $y$  of his Algebra, but that they are instinct with the thought and passion, the poetry and history of former men and distant times. If the teacher has even a modicum of Latin at his command, he is already, in some degree, equipped for the pleasant work of initiating his classes into the mysteries which lie hid in words; if unfortunately he has no Latin he will still be able to qualify himself for a fair amount of instruction in etymology by the use of proper aids. First of all, let him provide himself with a good Dictionary—Webster's or the Century—and make it a daily duty to study the derivation and primary meaning of two or three common, every-day words. I promise him many a pleasant surprise. It would be well for him, at the same time, to make himself acquainted with

the following books: Trench "On the Study of Words"; "English Past and Present"; "Glossary of English Words;" Swinton's "Rambles among Words"; Gilman's "Short Stories from the Dictionary"; Garland's "Philosophy of Words" and "The Fortunes of Words," and, especially, Whitney's "Language and the Study of Language." I feel confident that the teacher who follows these suggestions will not only make large additions to his store of information, but will, also, find it a pleasure to share them with his pupils. A good word to begin with in imparting lessons from words in school is the word *school* itself. It is a Greek word and originally meant *leisure*, and it acquired its present meaning because, as the author of *Ecclesiasticus* happily expresses it, "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of *leisure*, and he that hath little business shall become wise." *Academy* takes us back, at once, more than two thousand years to the time when Plato taught his scholars in the grove of Academus, while Academus, again, belongs to the prehistoric ages and figures in the adventures of Helen, Theseus, Castor and Pollux. The word *salary*, I am sure, is an interesting one to an audience of teachers. It is derived from *sal*, the Latin for salt, and *salarium* or salary was, at first, salt money, then money for the expenses of a journey, and finally wages in general. If the pay of teachers is so small, sometimes, that it scarcely secures them salt enough, their saucy pupils often have too much, for *saucy* has the same derivation as salary, being the Anglicized form of the Latin word *salsus*, salted. An explanation of the words which compose our calendar cannot fail to enlist the attention of a bright boy or girl. It will be to them a revelation (which,

by the way, is only an *unveiling*,) to learn how Roman Emperors, gods and numerals are embalmed in the names of our months and how every day in the week reminds the scholar that our ancestors, the Norsemen, worshipped Woden and Thor. But the word *month* itself carries the imagination far away to the Aryan ancestors of both Romans and Norsemen, and tells us of a remote past and a primitive people who had not yet learned to reckon time by the year but only by the waxing and waning of the *moon*, for month is from moon and moon comes from a Sanskrit root—*ma*—signifying "to measure" and originally meant "the measurer." To the Romans, however, the moon—*luna*—was "the shining one," and the derivative *lunatic* perpetuates the belief once prevalent that there is a close connection between insanity and the phases of the moon. The teacher can impart useful lessons and arouse eager attention by explaining the names of the text-books he is using. The *Atlas*, for example, preserves the memory of the demigod who bore the heavens on his shoulders and lent his name to the Atlantic ocean. Then the word *book* tells, by its derivation from *boc*, the Anglo-Saxon for a beech-tree, how our Teutonic forefathers wrote on beechen boards: the *style*, again, in which a book is written recalls the sharp-pointed metal *stylus* used by the Romans for writing on their waxen tablets and which the modern Roman has changed to the *stiletto* of the assassin. This *last* word, as if by the magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights," carries us off to the distant Orient and reveals the existence in Persia during the eleventh and twelfth centuries of a secret political society whose members, intoxicated with *hashish*, spread terror among their enemies by the practice of secret murder. Hence

they were called *Hashashin*, and this name corrupted into *Assassins* by the crusaders and introduced into Europe, is now applied to all who slay their foes by stealth. To add to the illustrations already given for the purpose of showing how the knowledge recommended by this address may be best imparted would be both unnecessary and tiresome. I shall therefore close by hinting that there is an immense field for investigation and discovery in Christian and surnames, and that the roll of your school, if thoroughly worked, will furnish much unexpected information. To show that surnames, for instance, like other words, have their vicissitudes, I shall present you with an illustration borrowed from Dr. Frederick Kapp's "History of German Immigration into the United States." In the last century there arrived in Pennsylvania a German farmer named Feuerstein. This name his American neighbors told him was too Dutch and urged him to translate it into the corresponding English word and so he called himself Flint. A few years later Flint moved westward and settled among Germans who, in their ignorance of the English language took the English word Flint for the German word Flinte and thereupon advised him to change it into its supposed English equivalent. Flint learning that Flinte was synonymous with fowling-piece, gun, musket, now adopted Musket as his family name. Feuerstein—Flint—Flinte—Musket, in the course of years, emigrated into another county where his neighbors, struck with his extraordinary name, prevailed upon him to alter it into Gun. His boy, when grown up, strongly disapproved of the paternal name; objected no doubt to being known as a son of a gun; and supposing it to be a corruption of John, he changed it into

Johnson and secured it forever from further alteration by transmitting it to his son Andrew, who became seventeenth President of the United States.



### Y. W. C. A. Notes.

AS we watch the old year going out and the new year coming in, a feeling of both joy and sorrow comes o'er us; joy because we have our little association of Christian workers who have been faithful in their religious duties, and who have not been ashamed to work for God and the Right. Yet when we look back over our past year, how sad it makes us feel to think of the number in our midst who have not joined us, but have held aloof from all such religious exercises; and undoubtedly exerted an influence perhaps unconsciously, to such an extent as to cause others to forget Him whom they made a solemn vow to ever acknowledge.

Nothing is more commendable in young ladies or gentlemen than to see them developing a true Christian character, a character that can withstand the snares of the world and not be swayed by them.

In an institution like this each one of us is influenced more or less by those with whom we associate, but let us resist those things which may prove detrimental to our character.

Since we have been holding our meetings after supper instead of in the afternoon as it was formerly the custom to do, we have a larger number present every evening and an interest has been manifested which we trust may become

more intense as the days, weeks, and months go by.

With the beginning of the year new officers will be elected to serve in the place of those now holding office. We invoke God's blessing upon them, to instruct them in their work, to give them the courage which is required to make *their* efforts prove beneficial to *themselves* and those with whom they have daily intercourse.

### Y. M. C. A. Notes.

**P**ERHAPS no one else so fully realizes as the student himself the benefit he derives from a Christian organization in the institution at which he is educated. The saying that a college or university course tends to dwarf the spiritual man, if neglected, is hackneyed; but the truth it expresses is of vital importance to every student and to every parent of a student. While a young man may spend four years in college and go away a strange man spiritually as well as intellectually, it is also possible for him to go away a weaker man spiritually and a stronger man intellectually.

Of course it is an abnormal development when a student increases intellectually and decreases spiritually, and one he may prevent in every case. The question is not whether he *can* but whether he *will* prevent this spiritual dwarfing, and whether he *will* depends in many instances upon how easy it is. And how easy it is depends in large measure upon whether there is a Y. M. C. A. or a similar Christian organization in the institution which he attends.

If it is true that college students rule the world, the value of the Y. M. C. A. in colleges is incalculable. It is a God-send to the modern student. True a

Christian Faculty and Christian association among students do much toward instilling Christian principles; but the Y. M. C. A. pushes the work into fields not covered by these.

But we digress. Let the student who has experienced and the teacher who has observed the influence of the Association in colleges testify to its value. We are to write "notes."

Messrs. A. Norman Ward and Charlton B. Strayer have been elected to attend the State Convention at Wilmington, Del., January 19th—22nd. The Convention promises to be a very excellent one; and we expect great things on the return of our delegates.

Before this issue of the MONTHLY is in the hands of its readers we will have enjoyed a visit from a Johns Hopkins delegation. We also expect much profit from this. One of the Delegation, Mr. Maltbie, has visited us before; and we know what to expect. Another is a young Japanese whom we welcome heartily.

Boys, let's get into our new room, arouse ourselves, shake off our lethargy, unite our forces, exert ourselves, receive the Holy Spirit, and do some good work before the year closes!



### Exchanges.

**T**HE *Oak Leaf* is on our table, and as usual calls for a careful reading. We notice under the head of Communications, a letter from a graduate of that institution, who has been for several years past a student of Western Maryland College. Although our friend tries not to disclose his identity, yet no

difficulty is encountered in determining the author. Our friend's identity, like a city that is set on a hill, cannot be hid, and we have no difficulty in charging this contribution to our much beloved seminarian. We are aware of what we are saying when we say that Oak Ridge Institute has been honored by sending such a graduate from her halls; but Western Maryland now claims him, and in honoring him, the institution does honor to itself.

*The Kee Mar College Journal*, for its December, or holiday number, contains many things of real merit. Its pages are brim-full of spicy and interesting sketches, and the issue, as a whole, compares favorably with any Kee Mar has published. Success to our fair sisters in journalism.

The following exquisite little poem, we copy from the *N. C. University Magazine*:

## RESPONSE.

A breath,  
Vague, tender, trembling as the summer star  
That through the dim azure, heralds from afar  
The long day's death.

A glance  
Shy as the startled fawn, that fleeting, turns  
Glowing, as when, through folded rose leaves,  
burns  
The sun-god's lance.

A word,  
That spoken, floods with crimson cheek and  
throat,  
And thrilling falls, as if some wild bird's note  
The faint air stirred.

'Tis all;  
And yet 'tis Life, 'tis Love! Within my arms  
She trembling lies, and all Love's vague alarms  
In soft tears fall."

The *Heidelberg Argus*, for its leading feature in its December number, contains a very ably written article on Physical Culture as a factor in Greek civilization. The author has given the subject careful attention and study, and the thoughtful student will do well to read this article.



## Alumni News.

## MATRIMONIAL.

ALL the female portion of classes '71, '72, '75 and '77, have changed their names.

A much larger per cent of the ladies of the Alumni are married than of their sterner brothers.

None of the boys of '89, '90, '91, '92 and '85, have yet become brave (or rich) enough to allow Cupid to blind their eyes to the delights of celibacy. We are not prepared to say how long hence the same may be said of the fairer portions of '88, '91 and '92.

On October 12th, at Lafayette Avenue M. P. Church, Baltimore, by her father, Rev. J. F. Murray, D. D., Miss Frances Elizabeth Murray to Rev. F. T. Benson, '84, of Elizabeth City, N. J.

Miss Drucilla Ballard, '76, was married at her home, Westover, Md., on December 7th, to Mr. James A. Gordy, of New York.

Of the male portion of the Alumni, the ministry feels least able to be alone.

At two recent marriages in Westminster, Mrs. Mary Rinehart White, '79, presided at the organ, and T. Edward Reese, '89, was an usher. There are various ways of helping the good work along.

## ECHOES FROM THE PAST.

Whaley and Reese, '89, Harper and Mace, '90, Crockett and James, '91, and Johnson and Smith, '92, each has served as Editor-in-chief of the MONTHLY.

Drs. Todd and Somers, '81, were the first editors of the *Irving Gazette*.

L. R. Meekins, '82, a brilliant journalist and writer, once edited and published at college, unaided, a daily paper during commencement week.

The editors of *The College Portfolio*, during its six months of publication, were Messrs. Coombs and Wilson, and Misses Hill, Mourer, Wilson and Richards, all of '87.

Misses Hill and Mourer, '87, and Misses Richards and Stevens, '86, took post graduate courses at their Alma Mater. Miss Jessie Smiley, '83, pursued, after graduation, a course at Dickinson; and Miss Lease of the same class is now at Johns Hopkins.

E. L. Gies, '82, graduated from the National Law University in 1891, nearly four years after his marriage.

The first Alumni banquet was given in 1889, President H. L. Elderdice, '82, presiding and delivering an address.

Miss Anna R. Yingling, '71, deceased, read before the Alumni Association in 1886 one of the best essays ever delivered on College Hill.

Rev. F. T. Benson, '84, was President, Historian, Secretary, Treasurer and Valedictorian, of '84. But the maids of his class were more fortunate than were those of '79.

The female portion of '89, were the first lady graduates of whom a four year's course was required for graduation. Three years had previously been the duration of the course.

The class of '75 numbered two men besides its lady members, Miss Ida Armstrong who, however, had to go beyond class bounds to find a *Prettyman*. Prof. Devilbiss was President of the class and Dr. Lewis Historian, the two belonging to rival Literary Societies. The latter must have considered the former rather fendish, judging from his leaving off the latter portion of his name in writing up his history.

Classmates must get to know each other better than they do other folks—W. M. C. history does not record a marriage between them.

'86 did not erect a tomb (?) stone to its memory, but instead, gave a contribution towards the erection of Ward Hall. All classes since have placed a brass tablet, or shield, upon the walls of the Smith Hall Auditorium; it is to be hoped that future classes will not indulge in too lavish expenditure in the purchase of their shields, a contribution to the Alumni Hall fund or for the material aid of the College being much more sensible.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

P. B. Hopper, '74, and Miss Retta Dodd, '87, are leaders in the social world of Centreville, Md.

The elevation of Col. Henry Page to the Chief Judgeship left J. W. Miles, '78, without a law partner. The latter in the Congressional Convention held in Easton last September, received, for many ballots, fifteen of the thirty votes of the Convention, for Judge Page's successor in Congress. A coincidence of the Convention was that one of the principal leaders of the opposition to Mr. Miles was P. B. Hopper, '74, at the head of Queen Anne's Delegation. B. Frank Crouse, '73, was a prominent figure in the Democratic Congressional Convention of the Second Maryland District last summer, it being he who, at the head of Carroll's Delegation, broke the deadlock in the Convention and cast his county's vote for J. F. C. Talbott, now Congressman-elect.

Prof. J. B. Whaley, '89, is taking the Historical and Hebrew courses in the University of Chicago. He thinks it is destined to be the greatest seat of learning in the world.

Judge Isaac C. Baile, who recently died in Westminster, was the father of Edward S. Baile, '80, and one of the most prominent members of the Board of Trustees.

Mrs. Mary Shriver Sheahan, the sister

of Frank W. Shriver, '73, died the 30th of last October.

Mrs. M. Virginia Starr *Norment*, '77, Dr. R. B. *Norment*, '76, L. L. *Billing-slea*, '76, and Harry F. *Baughman*, '83, were among those who spent the recent holidays in Westminster. W. M. *Weller*, '89, also recently paid his old college town a visit.

Good reports have reached us from Western Maryland's men in the Johns Hopkins. Ward, '90, James, '91, and Jones and Whealton, '92, are of the number.

Miss Kate C. Jackson, '92, is making a successful teacher in Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss C. C. Coghill of the same class, is engaged in the same profession in her native State of North Carolina.

The Alumna Editor does not read all the papers published in this country, and so cannot be expected to publish everything of importance that happened to each individual graduate. Every Alumnus should consider it a duty to every other Alumnus to send an account or note of everything of importance that happened in their life to the Alumna Editor for publication in this column. For instance, we heard cards were out for the marriage of one of the lady members of '86, but that is all we have heard and so doubtless nine tenths of the Alumni will remain in ignorance that Miss— is anything but Miss—. Send items along to the Alumna Editor.



### Browning Anniversary.

**B**ROWNING Society on the night of Dec. 20, treated her friends as she always does, to an entertainment of genuine originality and merit.

The opening chorus—Wagner's Whirl

and Twirl—gave the Society an opportunity to utilize the vocal talent of a host of young members and the number was well rendered. Miss Crouse in her official capacity extended a pleasant and graceful President's Greeting to those who had come to witness Browning's 25th anniversary. An instrumental duet by Misses Shriver and Shaw was well rendered and much enjoyed. "Daleth," the anniversary essay by Miss E. Reese was a finished and scholarly production.

The next feature of the program was a Christmas comedy—Santa Claus' Wooing—presented by the young people of the Society, and was one of the most enjoyable numbers of the evening. The plot, if a brief outline may be permitted, represents Old Mother Goose (Miss Janie Woodward) surrounded by her numerous young ones, receiving as suitors for her hand first the Man in the Moon and next dear old St. Nicholas himself.

At the coming of the first wooer, the children led by little Jack Horner (a part excellently sustained by Master Denton Gehr) enter a most decided protest against a step-father, who is reported to live on green cheese alone, and the unfortunate Man in the Moon unable to reconcile the little ones retreats in disgrace. The merry jingle of sleigh bells at this moment announces the coming of another suitor and behold there steps upon the stage Master Pearre Wantz clad like a veritable Santa Claus. By a free-handed distribution of candies and sweets and the bestowal of an appropriate present on each of Mother Goose's many responsibilities, he becomes such an enthusiastic favorite that when he proposes not Mother Goose alone but all her progeny receive him with open arms.

Miss Belle Cochran more than sustained her reputation as an elocutionist by an effective rendition of *Perdito*, a difficult and impassioned recitation.

Miss Blanche Wilson as Medora and Mr. D. E. Wilson as the Corsair, presented in a most artistic manner a brief scene from Byron, which closed with a striking and beautiful tableau.

A very charming bit of impersonation followed, given by Miss Lillie Woodward with the assistance of Misses Liggett and Gehr. In the quaint costumes of our grandmothers, these three young ladies showed how stately must have been the minuet as danced by "graceful men and maidens of long ago."

The evening closed with an extravaganza—The Venerated Savage—in which all the parts were well taken, and a plot full of humor sustained in a characteristic manner by each of the participants. The cast was as follows:

Lou Dayton, a Chicago Belle...	Belle Cochran
Madge Dayton, { her younger sister	{ Edna Norris
Dick Majendie, { cousin to the sisters	{ D. E. Wilson
The Duchess of Diddlesex...	Bessie Anderson
Lady Fanny, { her daughter, a silent young person.	{ Blanche Wilson
Lord Algernon Penryhn, { her son, a still more silent young person.	{ Charlton Strayer
Place, London.	

The orchestra played in quite good style several numbers but we feel sure we voice a widely prevalent opinion when we say that in so confined a space a band is rarely thoroughly enjoyed.

#### In-Door Athletics.

THE first of the contests of the Athletic Association took place in the gymnasium, December 10, 7.30 P. M. The program was introduced by some writhing snake movements in club-swinging by the Juniors and Seniors. The contest then began which was to be decided in the following manner: The first in any event received ten points; the second, seven; the third, three.

The first event was the push-up. Mr. Gilbert did this 18 times, securing first place; Whealton and Watson tied for second, each getting 7 points.

The running broad jump was won by Graham Watson, covering 16 feet, 3 inches. Gilbert, second; Lewis, third.

The high dive came next. To do the high dive, one must jump from the floor and dive over a rope, then alight on the hands and turn a sommersault. It is pretty when done gracefully but looks dangerous when done awkwardly. Dorsey Lewis cleaved the rope at 5 feet, 11 inches, getting first place; Watson came second; Gilbert, third.

Dorsey Lewis again led in the high kick, making the leather rattle at the height of 8 feet. Sellman got second place and Watson third. This finished the first part of the contest.

The potato race was very funny and exciting and caused a great deal of applause. It was won by C. Zepp.

The standing broad jump was then won by D. Lewis, making 9 feet, 6 inches. Gilbert and Watson tied for second place.

Lewis scored ten more points by getting first place in the high jump, going over the rope at 5 feet, 2 inches. Gilbert and Watson again tied, each getting seven points.

W. Whealton showed his muscle in the pull-up, doing it 24 times, breaking the college record. Gilbert came second, Watson third.

The high vault closed the evening's contest. It was won by Gilbert, 6 feet; Watson second.

The entertainment was due to the Athletic Association of the College, which offered two prizes, a gold medal as first honor and a pair of ebonized Indian clubs as second. It was quite remarkable that Gilbert and Watson

tied in several events and then made the same number of points in the contest, each scoring fifty-one points. Lewis came second, making forty-three points. The Association had another medal made, so that both Gilbert and Watson wear laurels.

After the entertainment the Directors gave the contestants a supper.

### Sunday School Entertainment.

*Second* ON Sunday evening, December 18th, the College Sunday School held its Christmas entertainment in the Auditorium. A number of the students had gone home for the holidays, but a large part of the school still remained, and these, with the friends of the College from Westminster, made up quite a large and appreciative audience.

The march of the entire school to the time of the beautiful song, "The March of the Magi," was a very pretty opening feature. The entire entertainment was exceedingly interesting and reflected much credit upon the Superintendent, Professor McDaniel, the other members of the Faculty as teachers, and in fact the entire school, all of whom contributed to the success of the evening. While all did well, some special features must be noted: The recitation of Mr. Baker was most effectively rendered with clear enunciation and rich expression. The "Christmas Messenger," represented by twelve young ladies, dressed in white and each bearing the emblem of her mission, was elaborate in design but well sustained and very effective. "Adown the Ages," solo and chorus, with Mr. Kues as soloist, was well sung and thoroughly enjoyed. "Santa on a Strike," by Miss Mayfield Wright, was bright and amusing. The quartette by Messrs. Nelson, Watson, Strayer and Stone of the Glee Club, was

a beautiful song skilfully sung. One of the most impressive features of the entertainment was "The Dawning Morn," a combination of dialogue and music. The speakers, Messrs. Johnson, Makosky and Clayton, of the Seminary, represented the three wise men who were looking for the coming of the Messiah, when suddenly they behold the brightness of the sky, and hear sweet strains of music in the air, and recognize these, at last, as heralds of the coming dawn and the promised Savior. The music was furnished by the College choir, and as the soft, far-off notes broke in upon the colloquy of the wise men it was both solemn and impressive. The song of Miss Gunkel, addressed to the three wise men in the scene, was tender and beautiful and very sweetly sung.

Space will not permit us to dwell further upon the individual features of this anniversary, but we must not fail to mention the decoration of the stage. Large banners, bearing Scriptural mottoes, made up the background, while all around was twined evergreen in profusion. In front was erected a large and symmetrical pyramid of living plants and flowers, among which brightly burned tall candles, giving to the entire scene additional brilliancy and beauty.

### College Annual.

WESTERN Maryland College no longer intends to remain excluded from the large number of institutions which, every year are represented by what is most generally designated as the "College Annual."

The Class of '93 have decided to inaugurate the movement by publishing the first edition of the "Western Maryland College Annual," in the Spring of 1893. It will be handsomely bound and

printed in book-form, similar in many respects to those of other colleges, and it will contain interesting matter pertaining to the College and its surroundings and to the different Collegiate Classes. This feature will undoubtedly make it equally attractive to the alumni, the friends and patrons of the College, and will furnish them with an excellent souvenir.

The edition will be limited, and sold at the nominal price of \$1.25, post-paid. All persons desiring a copy will please send their subscription at an early date to  
 THE BUSINESS MANAGER,  
 College Annual,  
 Westminster, Md.

### Locals.

Ere long the wind will whistle,  
 But let us still be gay,  
 For it cannot whistle "Comrades,"  
 Or Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

—*Washington Star.*

—Have the monthlies come yet?  
 "Oh, I don't know."

—Dryden arrived Tuesday, having been sent in care of Adam's Express Company. Slight damages were noticed, and for this the company will be promptly sued. There is no doubt but that the suit will be won.

—Why was the *Onion* so restless the other night and absent-minded at breakfast?

—Ching: "I am going back to China next year."

Tyre: "They won't let you, for you have cut off your wig."

—Coming—Ching's whiskers.

—Galbreath, '95, in one of his moments of absent-mindedness: "Say, Vicar of Wakefield and Oliver Goldsmith are both written by the same person, aren't they?"

—Here is something which ought not to be read by the young ladies:

If she had to stand on her head.  
 We knew she'd get at it some how  
 This poem she's already read.  
 And we wager ten cents to a farthing  
 If she gets the least kind of a show.  
 But you bet she'll get at it some way.  
 It's something she ought not to know:  
 If there's anything a woman writes  
 —*Grove City Collegian.*

### A QUESTION.

If a mile is shorter than a smile,  
 And a kiss is good for a miss,  
 And a miss is as good as a mile,  
 Is a smile then more than a kiss?

—*Ex.*

—S. Wells: "Dryden, what time is it when the clock strikes fourteen?"  
 Dryden: "Time to get it fixed."

—Mills, '95: "Fisher, your girl doesn't need a pocketbook, she has a purse (Percy)."

—Wanted: Four snow-shovels at the Seminary. Anything better than barrel-staves will do. Schlincke, Onion, Clayton and McKoskey.

—Who trimmed the '92 shield so prettily for the Browning entertainment?

—"Hurry up, girls; we are going to have ginger-bread for supper," said Miss C., '95, to her mates. The waiters served *hash*.

—A room in Rear Hall boasts a Park(er) and the Jordan.

—It was said of Macauley that he was an incessant talker, but we have among our students one whose ability in that direction eclipses even that of England's illustrious historian and essayist. Born and reared on the romantic Isle of C—, the subject of our sketch has naturally acquired the talkativeness of the "old

tars" and fishermen who regaled his young ears with their wonderful tales. We cannot blame him if he is precocious, we cannot censure him if he does not have *side-boards* at an age when other boys are scarcely out of their short pants, we can find no fault with him if he combs his hair like the famous pianist, Paderewski, and we will, in a spirit of generosity, even pass over without censure his soul-harrowing *cornet practising*, but, oh, we do object when he is forever "boring" us to death with his ceaseless talk.

Even "from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same" you will find him unrelentlessly "boring" some innocent Seniors.

When he has exhausted himself on his Senior comrade, he marches over to Ward Hall, and there displays his powers before the eyes of the unsuspecting and wonder-struck Juniors, Sophs., or Freshmen.

It is almost needless to mention his name for we are sure the reader has recognized him ere this. But, O friend, allow us to make an appeal to you, not only for the happiness of your friends, but also for your own good. Cease, O cease, this meaningless clatter, and let us have a few brilliant flashes of *silence*.

—Girls, as a general rule, are not good confidants. They are too fond of repeating somebody else's confidence to their best friend *confidentially*. But in the case of our MONTHLY's editors an entirely new phase of genuine character appears. Things told them in confidence invariably appear in the MONTHLY's next issue. Students, beware!

—Can any one explain why Miss Dixon has been singing continually since her return, "Come, my Love," etc.?

—Miss P—e, '96: "Girls, I like to paint very well, and I especially like to paint landscapes. I guess it must be because there are so many Mills in them."

—"How sad it is that Baltimore and Buckeystown are not in the same direction!" exclaimed two young ladies Wednesday morning, December 21st.

—Miss H—ll, '93, says she is still in favor of the Sweet William as the national flower, and we think she is not alone in this. Ask Miss W—h, '93, what she thinks.

—Miss P—r, '94, while walking on the porch next to the auditorium, "Oh! come on A—; we don't want to stay here long, for it's too cold, you know the sun (son) doesn't smile on us here."

Miss C—, '95: "Helen, I would wear those violets if they were not your class colors."

Miss W—, '93: "Wont you join our class?"

Miss C—: "Indeed I would if I could."

—Several ladies of '95 request that Mr. Ferguson be shown the difference between a squirrel and a rat.

—Miss E—, '93: "Grace, have you a *Will?*"

Miss R—, '95: "Yes—a little one."

—Miss A. H—, '94, after stepping on a match, said: "I have made *one* strike."

—Professor: "Miss N—, from what does 'circumsteterant' come?"

Miss N—, '95: "Circum stone."

—Mrs. W—: "Almira, isn't it a pity to catch the poor little mouse by the neck?"

Almira: "Why don't you catch it by the tail then?"

—A friend said to Miss C—, '95, after she received a certain letter: "Bell, how did it strike you?"

Miss C—: "Not at all; I was struck before I received it."

—Ala, somebody is awfully good-looking when you are close to him."

Miss J—, '94: "Indeed, he is good-lookinger."

—Miss W—, in answer to a question about the fair down town: "It was so crowded I couldn't get my breath." (Then to explain it): "Because he wasn't there."

—Miss R—, '94, was asked if she knew her French lesson. She answered: "Of course; it is about Will."

—Miss W—, '95, taking a seat by her friend in the Auditorium, said: "Lill, see that radiator over there? that is where he sits."

Evidently she had marked the place.

—Miss E. J—, '95, informs us that Caesar was born on the 44th of March and died in the year 12.

—Miss B—n, '95, goes around the building singing "Little Fisher maiden" until the girls agree to buy her a new song, if she will learn it.

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Schedule in effect October 20th, 1892.

Read Downward.		STATIONS.		Read Upward.			
P.M.	A M	A M	LEAVE. ARRIVE.	A	M	P	M
	11 55	5 45	.....CHERRY RUN.....	8 55	1 45	8 45	
	11 58	5 48	.....BIG POOL.....	8 52	1 42	8 42	
	12 12	6 01	.....CLEAR SPRING.....	8 39	1 30	8 27	
	12 18	6 07	.....CHARLTON.....	8 33	1 24	8 20	
	12 28	6 17	.....WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.,	8 23	1 14	8 09	
	12 40	6 30	AR. HAGERSTOWN LE	8 05	1 00	7 55	
	1 45	6 45	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR	.....	12 32	8 00	
*4 15	2 00	7 02	LE. HAGERSTOWN AR	7 30	12 15	7 45	
.....	2 17	7 20	.....CHEWSVILLE.....	.....	11 59	7 31	
4 34	2 25	7 27	.....SMITHSBURG.....	.....	11 51	7 24	
4 38	2 35	7 36	.....EDGEMONT.....	7 05	11 45	7 18	
.....	2 53	7 50	AR. HIGHFIELD LE	6 53	11 28	7 05	
.....	2 53	7 50	LE. HIGHFIELD AR	6 50	11 25	7 02	
.....	3 22	8 17	.....FAIRFIELD.....	6 22	10 56	6 33	
.....	3 32	8 27	.....ORRTANNA.....	6 11	10 45	6 22	
.....	3 52	8 47	.....GETTYSBURG.....	5 55	10 27	6 06	
.....	4 33	9 30	AR. HANOVER LE	.....	9 48	5 25	
.....	2 53	7 50	LE. HIGHFIELD AR	6 53	11 28	7 05	
4 50	2 55	7 52	.....BLUE RIDGE.....	6 52	11 23	7 01	
5 10	3 20	8 16	.....MECHANICSTOWN.....	6 25	10 51	6 34	
.....	3 30	8 26	.....ROCKY RIDGE.....	.....	10 38	6 23	
5 30	3 44	8 37	.....BRUCEVILLE.....	.....	10 26	6 13	
5 37	3 55	8 45	.....UNION BRIDGE.....	6 00	10 16	6 04	
.....	3 59	8 49	.....LINWOOD.....	.....	10 09	5 58	
5 44	4 05	8 55	.....NEW WINDSOR.....	5 53	10 03	5 53	
5 57	4 23	9 11	.....WESTMINSTER.....	5 40	9 44	5 35	
6 29	5 00	9 44	.....GLYNDON.....	5 11	9 01	4 57	
.....	5 31	10 08	.....ARLINGTON.....	.....	8 25	4 26	
7 10	5 53	10 31	.....BALTIMORE.....	*4 30	8 00	4 05	
P M	P.M.	A M	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	A M	A M	P M	
.....	8 15	6 45	.....WASHINGTON.....	.....	6 36	2 30	
.....	9 55	1 00	.....PHILADELPHIA.....	12 03	3 50	1 30	
.....	12 30	3 20	.....NEW YORK.....	9 00	12 15	11 00	
P.M.	A M	P.M.	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	P M	A M	A M	

**BALTIMORE AND CUMBERLAND VALLEY R. R.**

P M	A M	A M	LEAVE. ARRIVE.	A M	P M	P M
5 05		5 45	.....CHERRY RUN.....	8 55		
		6 00	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR		3 20	6 25
6 43	11 10	6 35	LE. HAGERSTOWN AR	8 05	3 05	5 10
7 20	11 45	7 05	.....EDGEMONT.....	7 28	2 30	4 33
7 38	12 02	7 30	.....WAYNESBORO.....	7 10	2 13	4 16
8 17	12 39	8 07	.....CHAMBERSBURG.....	6 34	1 33	3 42
8 45	1 06	8 35	AR. SHIPPENSB'G LE	6 04	1 09	3 10

Train arriving at Cherry Run 8.45 P.M. runs through to Hancock, arriving 9.10 P.M., and leaves Hancock 5.20 A.M., arriving Cherry Run 5.45 A.M.

Additional train leaves Cherry Run at 5.05 P.M., arriving at Hagerstown 5.55 P.M. stopping at intermediate stations.

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Leave Emmitsburg for Rocky Ridge at 7.50 and 9.55 A.M., and 2.50 and 5.40 P.M.

Leave Bruceville for Frederick at 10.32 A.M., and 5.02 and 7.20 P.M.

Leave Bruceville for Taneytown, Littlestown, York, Wrightsville and Columbia at 9.58 A.M. and 3.45 P.M.

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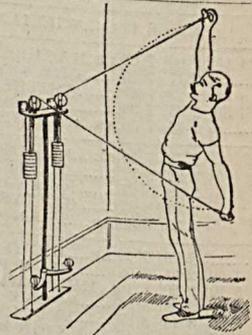
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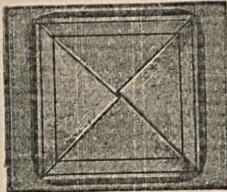
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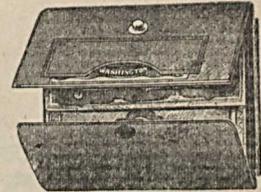
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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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No. 5

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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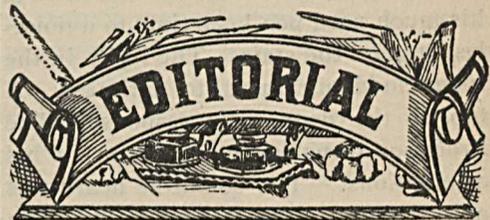
Advertising Rates can be obtained of the Business Manager, upon application.

The Editors solicit communications and items of interest to the college from the students and Alumni. To secure prompt attention, address all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.

To avoid confusion and delay, notification of change of address should be immediately sent to the Business Manager.

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THE Editor-in-Chief, owing to sickness and absence, desires to thank Mr. T. M. Johnson for his very valuable services rendered him in making up the form of the present issue.

WITH this issue the present staff retires from the broad field of journalism to the honest rest accorded those who have toiled and waited. That we have toiled may not be known or even suspected, but the fact that we have we leave to our successors to verify. That we have waited is above all suspicion or conjecture, and has been attested by the series of questions which have been thrown at us from all sides, in every conceivable form, from the elegantly-wrought interrogation of the Senior down to the studied query of the Prep., by many who have very materially assisted to the bourne to which all nature is tending, in asking us concerning the health of the paper, and if *we* thought it possible that it would *ever* come. To many we have preserved an ominous silence, and have allowed the mutations of *time* to answer all such questions. "Better late than never" is

an old saying, worthy, perhaps, of acceptance in the present case. That the MONTHLY has been *late* we frankly acknowledge. That it has been our fault we heartily deny. We have only kind words for the many who have overlooked this, and have placed the fault to its proper credit.

The night slowly passes along, and is far spent, but the patient editor is still scratching away. The last scratches of his much-used pen keep time to a noiseless step on the stair. The light in the room suddenly turns to darkness. A tap at the door. No response. The Professor turns away, mistaken in his calculations. The sound he heard was only the sighing of the wind; the light he saw was only the moon's reflection on the window pane. The sounds of retreating footsteps dies away in the distance, and is entirely lost. Then the moon, which has been under a cloud for awhile, throws again its light against the pane, and the wind begins its dreary moaning. The editor hurriedly writes his *finale*, and one more chapter has been added to the history of human endeavor. The pen falls to the desk, and its last shadow is made as the light from the past-midnight lamp falls athwart the page. The moon long since has gone to rest. The wind has sighed itself to sleep. The tired writer, with head bowed to the desk before him, has been ushered into dreamland. The same step is heard on the stair. The same knock at the door. The same response as before. The door is burst open, and the Professor sees a sight which he will long remember. Taking up the pen which has done its work, the sympathetic instructor adds to what has been written just a few words, then turns the light down and out, and leaves the sleeper to his rest. What he wrote: *Requiescat in pace.*

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of our country have so many distinguished men died in so short a time. Following one upon another in rapid succession come the deaths of General Butler, that unique and piquantly original genius; Ex-President Hayes, the man much-loved and much-abused, yet silencing even his bitterest enemies by the quiet course of his honest manhood, and the true dignity of his life in the administration of the affairs of the Government while President, and since his retirement to private life, in the help rendered fallen humanity in trying to raise the convict up to the consciousness of being a man; Phillips Brooks, America's greatest preacher, a person representing the highest type of imperial manhood; Justice Lamar, a man of great legal learning, and an ornament to the Supreme Bench, and James G. Blaine, the most conspicuous figure in American politics for the past thirty years, and a man most signally loved and honored by his fellows. A born leader of men, and representing large ideas—not always contained in the political creed of his party or of his time—he raised America's citizenship and statesmanship, and placed his name by the side of America's most illustrious citizens, and inscribed his name and fame on the roll of honor which shall be handed down to future generations, which, removed from the political issues that gave this man birth, shall give him the honor his manhood deserved and judge his worth with unbiased judgment.

ON THE DEATH of Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Massachusetts, and of the Episcopal church, the pulpit loses one of its greatest lights, the church one of its ablest defenders, and the

nation its greatest preacher. The story of this great life is easily told, for his changes were few. He was born in Boston in 1835, and spent his youth in that city and at Andover, where he attended a private school. At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard College, graduating from that institution in 1855. He taught for a while, and having decided to enter the ministry, entered the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria, Va., where he spent some of the most pleasant years of his life while preparing himself for the great work of his life. His first call was to the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia, remaining there three years. From the Church of the Advent he went to the Holy Trinity Church of the same city. Here he remained seven years. From thence he was called to Trinity Church, Boston, where he remained until his elevation to the Bishopric in 1891. In the capacity of Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts he continued until his death, a few weeks since.

Such are the mutations of this great and good man. We doubt if the history of the church can show a man more alive to the necessities of the day in which he lived, or more consecrated to the great work of the Church in holding up the standard of the One perfect man. He had a great conception of life, threw his whole energy into the work in which he was engaged, and looked to the near future for vast accomplishments in the work of subduing the world for his Master, whom he loved so well. Just a short while before his death he said to a friend: "I want to live; the next twenty years present the most glorious opportunities for work and results which the Church has ever had in this country." Feeling this, he bent every power of his being to his work, doing more than

even his strong constitution could stand. His arduous labor no doubt hastened his death. Although deprived by death of seeing the great conquests that are to be made in the next generation, yet the influence of his life upon the young men who are to meet the future, will remain with them, and be a power for good.

Others may have excelled him in brilliancy of thought and surpassed him in grandeur of eloquence, for he made no pretension of being deeply read in the science of theology, nor was his eloquence after the manner of the schools; but he stands out clear and defined as an expounder of the truth as it was revealed to him, and an orator whose style of oratory was peculiar to himself. His art was not learned, nor was his manner borrowed. One of the chief peculiarities of his speech was his rapidity of utterance, often speaking at the rate of three hundred words a minute. Once started he made no stops until he had concluded. He seemed conscious of his message, and had not time to deliver it. He was aware that souls were in his presence waiting to feel the power of his message and to know more of the Christ he loved. Although he might never again meet them in this world, yet he must face them in another, and so he felt that every sermon must be his best, and every talk the effort of his life, and his words leaped forth in all their terrible energy, and fraught with the intense passion of a great soul. With utter disregard for rules, he simply poured forth words, hot, burning, and penetrating the very soul of his most obdurate hearer. Yet, notwithstanding his rapid utterance, each word was in its right place, and his articulation was such that the attentive hearer could

follow him with perfect ease. His modulation was even throughout, there being no perceptible rise in his voice from the first to the last of his discourse. He is said to have been the only American preacher who could be distinctly heard in all parts of the great English cathedral.

It was our privilege to have heard Brooks several times during the Protestant Episcopal Convention held in Baltimore, a few months since. The impressions received will always remain with us. We were conscious of being in the presence of a king among men. His message was to us, and the heavens seemed opened, and something seemed to fall upon us like the benediction that follows prayer. Self was forgotten and we longed to know the Christ man as the speaker before us knew him. The message was not of the world nor was it found in books. It came from above, and the speaker seemed so charged with the love of God, and so filled with his great message that every soul in his presence was struck with the almost divine majesty of the man, and, in a measure, entered with him into the very presence of the Most High. The charm of Whitfield over his hearers was such that men often were so carried away by the thunders of his eloquence as to make the wildest declarations for the right, but which, when rubbed up against the world, were as the "crackling of thorns under a pot." Brooks made no such impression. The impression made by his words was such as to cling to you, no matter where you go, and would meet you in the calmest moments of worldly speculation. Some men's words thrill you with their flashing power, and fill your mind with the most exalted thought for the time being, like one standing on the top of the highest peak

of the Alps, and gazing out upon one of those splendid Alpine sunrises, has his mind exalted high above the baser passions of life, and claims kinship with the Eternal. The finite becomes lost in the Infinite, and the company of men is distasteful. It seems to him then that sin has no charm for him, and his struggles are forever ended. But remove him to the valley below, where he is shut off from the splendid vision and where he cannot feel the breath of that delightful atmosphere fanning his brow. He forgets entirely his exaltation, and his life is governed by the same passions as before, and his mind revels in the same worldly pleasures, as if he had never known what it was to be lifted from self to a "purer air and a broader view." Not so in hearing Brooks. During the magical spell of his speech you are lifted from self and enjoy supreme exaltation; but when the spell has passed away and you meet the same old sins that confronted you before, there is something that remains with you that struggles with you to beat back the powers of darkness that would encompass you, and will not let you rest free while there remains an unmanly principle in your nature, or anything that keeps you from walking in the footsteps of the Ideal of the world.

A great thinker, yet Brooks was more. A peerless orator, yet that was not all. Splendid as were his gifts of mind, comprehensiveness of thought, and hot, burning eloquence, yet behind all these was the *man*. Back of these gifts stood the character of the man, silent, heroic. Men loved him and followed him, not so much for these varied and splendid gifts as that the moving impulse of his simple, majestic life was the great heart beating in sympathy for his fellow-man. In loving his fellow, he loved God the

more. In fallen man he saw the image of his Creator, and considered no labor too great if he could work upon the lives of men and start them anew. He especially loved young men, and spent his life in trying to reach them. The young men heard him, and will take up the work begun by him and carry it forward in the spirit with which he imbued it, to the consummation he so earnestly and fervently desired.

The place Brooks made for himself will remain unquestioned. He may have lacked the studied poise of Beecher, but he excelled him in steadiness of purpose. He had not the pleasing rhythm of Talmage, but far surpassed him in depth of thought and earnest presentation of the truths of the Gospel. He had not the terseness of Spurgeon, but his meaning was generally clear. He stands out alone, the greatest of his class. The impress he made upon his day and generation cannot be reckoned. The greatest eulogy that can be pronounced upon him is: *He was a man.* His words would have been as sounding brass if behind the profession there had not been the pure life. His was a life without the stains that have soiled some of our great men, and his greatest crime was that his soul was too large, and his creed too broad to be hemmed in by the narrow walls of a single denomination. Himself an ardent Episcopalian, yet he had a boundless love for all God's children, and had no faith in a man's Christianity that saw no further than his own ecclesiastical pen. Let the young man, who today stands with his face turned toward the future, examine closely the character and life of this great man. Let him have no mean, narrow conception of life, but go out, as Brooks went, with faith in God, faith in humanity and faith in the future. With

the prayer on his lips that was the daily supplication of Brooks: "Hold Thou me up and I shall not fall," his life shall be not without good, and fragrant with honest toil and endeavor.



### The Unheeded Word.

BY CHAS. T. WRIGHT.

I whispered a word in the morning,  
It fell on a heedless ear,  
And the sound of my voice seemed wasted  
When no one waited to hear.

For the beauty that comes with the dawning,  
The glow of the earth and the sky;  
The splendor that gathered o'er them  
Filled heart, and ear, and eye.

No room in the world's bright fancy  
Was found for a warning call,  
No place in its heaving bosom  
Where a cautious word might fall.

The tender light of the morning  
Grew into the noontide glare,  
And the fevered throng seemed fainting  
For a breath of the cooling air.

Again, with an earnest longing,  
I spoke to the rushing crowd  
That swept like the winds sweep by me  
When the tempest thunders loud.

I was caught in the surging current,  
Like a ship that is ocean-tossed,  
And my words, like leaves in a whirlwind,  
Were torn from my lips and lost.

The world was too busy to listen,  
Though an *angel's* voice might speak,  
Or the startled air should tremble  
With a *demon's* fearful shriek.

Impelled by the burning passions  
That sway the human soul,  
Each man was crowding his fellows  
In the race for the gleaming goal.

The strong and the weak together  
 Were striving for glory or gain ;  
 The weak went down in the struggle  
 With a touching cry of pain.

But the pitiless shout of the victors  
 Drowned every moan with its swell,  
 While a wave from oblivion's ocean  
 Swept over the place where they fell.

"O when," I cried to heaven,  
 "Will this terrible conflict end?  
 When will these human passions  
 No more in hate contend?"

"When will this mad ambition,  
 That rules with a tyrant's rod,  
 Be curbed by the voice of conscience,  
 And yield to the law of God?"

When, lo! while yet I waited  
 To hear some power reply,  
 The sun had passed its zenith  
 And the day had begun to die.

The shadows had grown to the eastward,  
 The twilight's flush was low,  
 And the dazzling gleam of the noonday  
 Had lost its blinding glow.

Once more through the gath'ring shadows  
 I spoke—and my words found rest!  
 For the pulse of the world had slackened,  
 And *reason* reigned in its breast.

The silence was bringing reflection,  
 The darkness was freighted with dread  
 Lest the night be too short for repentance,  
 And the dawning bring only the dead.

The pride and the pomp of the morning  
 Had vanished away like the breath ;  
 The boast and the glory of noonday  
 Shrank back from the menace of death.

Too late to gather the harvest  
 When the autumn leaves are cast,  
 Too late to sow for the summer  
 When seeding time has passed.

Too long to despise correction  
 Till passion binds the soul,  
 Too long to scorn death's vision  
 Till its knell begins to toll.

Too mad to defy the power  
 That giveth the years away,  
 And garners up the ages  
 To swell the eternal day.

When all man's wasted moments  
 From out his riven tomb,  
 Will seal his condemnation  
 And justify his doom.

*Western Maryland College.*

### The Magneto-Electric Lights in the Northern Sky.

ONE quiet, beautiful evening last spring a quick pull at the door-bell arrested my attention, and I was informed by a friend that flame after flame of shimmering light was mounting higher and higher toward the zenith, until the very heavens seemed to be on fire. On going out I could see why it was that Aristotle had spoken of red beams of light in the heavens like flying torches and billows of fire; or that Seneca had written about the blazing sky wherein gleaming flashes of lightning caused by violent winds had taken possession of the cloudless air in the upper regions. It was the auroral exhibition of many tinted light waves in all their indescribable beauty. The north pole was hemmed in on all sides by concentric arcs of reddish white light. Colored rays shooting forth in all directions would interlace and intertwine until they appeared to be woven into one fluttering band of color. Then all at once we would have a sea of fire, with rays leaping forward and upward toward the zenith to begin anew the wondrous play.

Do you ask the cause of the aurora? Until recently, in the minds of many there has been the greatest vagueness as to the origin of these phenomena; and even now the explanations are not put forward with entire satisfaction. The atmosphere does not all times contain the same amount of electricity. When the air is full of electricity, that is surcharged, then the excess is turned to

another form of energy, as light or heat. It is a little like the phenomena of cloud-forming. When the atmosphere is at the dew point, saturated with moisture, then the excess will be condensed to fog or cloud. That is, the invisible vapor becomes visible water particles.

But you say, How does it happen that the air becomes surcharged with electricity on a clear night or day? It has been shown that ether, which fills all space and is the medium through which the light comes from the sun to the earth at the rate of 185,000 miles per second, is also the medium of magnetism, and that magnetic rays come to the earth from the sun with the same velocity. Now, when these magnetic rays strike the resisting medium of the upper dry atmosphere, they are changed from magnetic energy to electric energy. When the air is already full of electricity, the excess is turned to light. And this makes the aurora.

But why does not this radiant magnetic energy reach the earth? It does reach the earth; but since the lower stratum of air contains much vapor and as this moisture is a good conductor of electricity, it follows that the energy passes through this part of the air as electricity and not as light. The electric current will pass on the good conducting wire without making much heat or light, but when it reaches the non-conducting carbon it becomes the electric light. Thus, while the energy is passing through the upper dry air, a bad conductor, like the carbon, it makes the aurora, and this really extends to the earth, affecting the needle, but the visible portion ceases at the point where the moisture is sufficient to conduct the energy in an invisible state. This space is from a few feet up to an elevation of several miles.

Auroras most frequently appear between the sixteenth and seventeenth degrees of north latitude. In oval form they surround the geographical and magnetic pole, which is found on Boothia Peninsula, Iceland, Kara Sea, Siberia and Greenland. Occasionally these lights are observed as far south as Florida and Texas.

It is maintained with much evidence of truth, that the northern lights hold an intimate relation to the changes of terrestrial magnetism as indicated by the oscillation of the needle.

S. SIMPSON.

### Should the World's Fair be Closed on Sunday.

FOURTY million people, two thirds of the population of the United States, have declared themselves *against* Sunday opening. Twenty millions or less have declared themselves in *favor* of Sunday opening.

Has there ever before, on any question whatever, been an expression of public opinion equal to this? The sovereign will of the people, cannot and must not be overlooked in a government like our own. When we reflect that the forty million is composed of the moral, law-abiding, Christian element of our society, its will becomes doubly imperative.

The supporters of Sunday opening hold up as the object of their claims the "much-abused" working man. "Close the Exposition on the Sabbath," they say, "and you deprive the working class the privilege of visiting and seeing it."

We claim, on the other hand, that by opening the Fair on the Sabbath, you will operate directly against the working class of people. Let it be borne in mind, also, that the working class includes every self-supporting person. No one

will deny that the example of Sunday opening will tend largely to the *absolute secularization* of the Sabbath in the United States. Thus, you rob the working man of that most precious boon,—the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship.

Looking at their arguments in another light, it would apply only to those living in Chicago or its immediate vicinity. Certainly, a person living at any great distance could not visit the Exposition and return to his home again on Sunday alone. It would require several days, to say the least. Again, there is no workingman in the United States who cannot, at some time during the progress of the Exposition, obtain a holiday on some other day than the Sabbath.

Shall, then, the sixty million of our land sacrifice the sacredness of our Sabbath, merely because a few thousand workmen in Chicago will be inconvenienced by closing the Fair on Sunday? The argument is absurd.

The picture of a "quiet opening," which has been drawn by the supporters of the measure, is very attractive, but it is even more impossible than attractive. They claim that the machinery will be stopped, that "merchandizing" will be suspended, that each employee at the Exposition will be given one day a week for rest and recreation, and that great religious services will be held at the Fair.

The machinery of the Electricity and Manufacturers' buildings, of Machinery Hall and some other of the large buildings might possibly be stopped, but everything would proceed as usual in the numerous smaller buildings. The steamboats, railway trains, vehicles, shows, restaurants, bands of music, etc., will go on even more briskly than usual for Sunday would become the *gala* day of the week.

The suspension of merchandising would practically be impossible. Certain it is that foreign dealers and exhibitors would demand the privilege of selling on Sunday, if the Exposition were kept open. Competition would soon compel home exhibitors to do the same. From a business point of view, it would be very impracticable to give each employee one day of rest every week, if the Fair were kept open on Sundays. Competant substitutes could not be secured to fill their places.

The Board of Directors said nothing about holding divine service, until Congress had voted that the Fair should be closed. When people go to such exhibitions it is for the purpose of "seeing the sights" and not of attending religious services. Moreover, they would hardly pay to enter the Fair grounds in order to attend religious services, when there are numerous churches in Chicago to which they might go at no cost. Any attempts at divine worship would also be completely overshadowed by the great secular exhibition. The proposal to hold religious services is merely a miserable "makeshift" on the part of the Board of Directors.

The Directory look at the matter with an eye to making more money, taking no consideration of the moral side of the question. Remove the prospect of profits by Sunday opening, and the Directory would immediately cease their opposition.

Can the United States, as a Christian nation, afford to desecrate its Sabbath merely for a few paltry dollars? The seventh day of the week was ordained by God himself, as a day of rest, and woe to the nation which slights its proper observance.

France, thinking herself wiser than God, appointed every tenth day as a day

of rest and of pleasure. Every one knows the result of its Godless action.

America would dishonor the 'Columbus who discovered it, the Washington who defended it, and the Lincoln who preserved it,' should she take such a course.

The Columbian Exposition will be the grandest exhibition of material progress and improvement in the history of man. The influence which it will exert upon the future history of the world and especially upon the United States cannot be overestimated. Its moral influences will be shaped, to a great extent, according as it is or is not open on Sunday.

This moral influence is of the most vital importance. Were the gates open on Sunday its example would soon be followed by the thousands of fairs and exhibitions which are being constantly held throughout the country. Nor would it stop there. Gradually the Sunday laws in our great cities would become lax, and our Sabbath would be changed from a day of worship into a day of business traffic and commerce. Radiating from these central points, this Sabbath breaking influence would spread like an epidemic over the whole land.

In the Columbian Exposition the United States will be put to the test before all the nations of Christendom. She will blast forever her standing as a Christian nation if she opens her exposition on Sabbath. If she keeps it closed, her character as a representative Christian nation will be increased an hundred fold. The majority of our population the Christian, law-abiding element demand that its gates shall be closed on Sunday. A minority of the lawless, money-making class favor its opening.

At the last session of Congress, petitions, (signed by forty millions of people as estimated by Senator Hawley) were sent to that body asking them to

to appropriate \$5,000,000 to the Exposition *under the condition that it should be closed on Sundays.* That this is a great question is shown by the interest manifested in it throughout the whole country. We have shown that a "quiet" opening is impossible. Moreover, popular sentiment does not ask for a "quiet" opening, but demands that the Fair shall be *entirely closed* on Sunday.

Let the United States give to the world the greatest Exposition ever witnessed, but above all let her show to other nations that she is a government which respects the will of her people, which reverences her God and observes the holy sanctity of the Christian Sabbath.

C. B. STRAYER, '93.

#### Should the World's Fair be Closed on Sunday.

WHEN we consider this question seriously, almost the first thought which is suggested to our minds is: Has public opinion upon this subject changed? It almost seems to us as if it had.

About a year ago most of the great newspapers advocated the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday, and Congress was deluged with lengthy petitions desiring legislation in favor of that view. Now, however, we notice many arguments published in the papers and magazines, urging the advisability of Sunday opening, and there are even some clergymen who hold that the opening of the World's Fair gates on the Sabbath would be best, not only from a worldly, but also from a religious standpoint. We do not intend to discuss this question at any length, however, but just to advance a few arguments for the negative.

Much light is thrown upon the problem by the character of the Exposition. What is it? Is it an idle and frivolous

place of amusement? A dangerous or simply an entertaining exhibition? No, it is an exhibit of industries, of human progress, of commerce, of merchandise, of institutions of learning, of arts, of brains, of intellectual and moral development, of philanthropy and of the advancement made in charity and religion. It shows us the complex nature and power of man, and turns our thoughts to the great Source of wisdom and greatness.

Some of those opposed to Sunday opening have declared that they would not visit a fair on week days, which was kept open on Sunday. Such a statement almost leads us to believe that it was made unthinkingly, for the men who made it often do things which contradict it. They would not attend a fair on week-days, which is open on Sunday, but they will read a newspaper on six days of the week, which is also published on the seventh. They will go down to the railroad depot on Monday morning and take a train which had to run all day Sunday to get there, and then even become indignant if it is not on time to the very minute. In view of such facts, is it not absurd to make such a positive declaration as the above?

Think of Chicago, that great city with its vast foreign population, its churches, exchanges, saloons, markets, theatres and homes. Think also who it is that wants the exposition closed on Sunday. It has been claimed as an argument for the closing of the fair that our own people throughout the Union are in favor of it. Now anyone knows that this statement is far from being strictly true. Witness the petitions recently sent to Congress requesting the contrary, and witness, also, the debate before the Board of Managers of the Exposition, in which the negative side of this question was victorious. It is true that good

men and women and certain ministers declare for Sunday closing; but, strange as it may seem, so also do the liquor dealers of Chicago. This fact, alone, is sufficient to open ones eyes. Whatsoever may be your theory, if the bad elements of the community endorse it with perfect unanimity, then there is something questionable about it. On the other hand, there is no unanimity among the best men of the land. Leaders of organizations and of thought, like Bishop Potter of New York, Cardinal Gibbons and many others, believe in opening the Fair on Sundays under rational restrictions.

By many persons, it is believed that the men employed by the railroads would be deprived of their regular Sunday holiday, if the World's Fair should be opened on the Sabbath. The most convincing argument against this view, is the attitude of the railroad men themselves, upon this question. When the matter was under discussion, a few weeks ago, before the board of managers, petitions were received from every organization of railroad men,—with the single exception of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers—protesting against Sunday closing. The men are required to work on Sunday, in any case, and their attitude in the affair conclusively shows that they will not, in any wise, be injured or imposed upon by Sunday opening.

One great question which confronts the advocates of the opposite side of this problem is, what will the throng of strangers in Chicago do on Sunday, if the exposition be closed? Where will they go? What diversion will they seek? They most assuredly will not be content to loiter idly about, all day. Many, of course, will go to church, but just as many will not. If the Fair is

closed, yet the grog shops, and dives of all descriptions will be running in full blast—for Chicago is not one of the cities with rigid laws concerning the observance of the Sabbath. With such a state of affairs existing, we can readily imagine what the result would be, and the problem resolves itself into this simple query: which would produce the most evil, to open the Fair on Sunday, or to close it and suffer the multitude of visitors to go to the saloons and gambling hells and such places for amusement?

If the character of the exposition was only that of an ordinary, frivolous place of amusement, there might be some grounds for closing it on Sunday, but, it is not only an industrial, but a moral and religious education in itself. Who ought to share in it? The top and bottom of society. Not alone the man whose struggle for bread, fills six days of toil, but every grade of human society and the preacher who has spoken on Sunday morning, the word of God can find no safer place for his feet, than the grounds of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday afternoon. The exposition is its own justification. Let us remember we are living under the new dispensation when it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath, and turn to this question not in prejudice and spite and superstition, but with level heads in calm discussion.

E. C. G. '94.

#### Universal Freedom.

**T**HERE is a standard of right and wrong in every period of time. What was right in the Ancient era will not compare favorably with the present. The realities of the Mediaeval age are things of the past, and the ideal of perfection is the demand of the modern age.

The state of virtue and happiness has been, and always will be, the state of freedom and improvement; then it is right for all lovers of freedom to break every fetter that tends to bind humanity in bondage and servitude; to be possessed of that bold and progressive spirit which lays hold upon all the forces of nature, unfurls the flag of freedom in every clime, and contributes to the progress and development of a true civilization.

Some, in their optimistic view, idly dream away the fleeting moments, while millions of souls are being oppressed crying unto mankind for help! help that will give them freedom.

It is not the dyspeptic pessimist, who does not read history and deliberately trample on facts, that will tell you of the low types of humanity now in existence. Nature, to a certain extent, is responsible for the present existence, but not nature alone; it is the haughty, proud, conceited man that overlooks the degraded fellow-beings and fails to scatter abroad the seeds of happiness coming from freedom.

Facts bring to our mind a people who take no newspaper, read no books, and know nothing of the great world around them; children of sad little faces, born of want and privation, the family huddle around an open fire, the snow drifts into their huts, the little ones cover their naked limbs with warm ashes to keep from freezing; those that are stronger live until winter passes and summer brings temporary relief, while the weaker ones die. Then life goes on just as before, "no better, no worse."

We ask ourselves the question, What is the cause of this suffering? and readily the answer suggests itself to us, that nature has been partial in dealing with humanity, and has placed some in

countries to be oppressed and driven as beasts, while in other countries man is free.

Admitting it to be so, then we have a right to see that man is treated as man. To give him the hand of assistance and to lift him from the miry depths of serfdom to that of liberty and freedom.

The earth is one dwelling-place. Man is the possessor. The Author of existence in his wisdom has made man's relation to man, as brother to brother. When we remember that there is but one Great Father and we are his children, we are immediately impressed with the obligation to see that every child gets justice. By the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man this is our duty.

Hieracles well expresses the truth when he says, "Each one of us is a centre circumscribed by many concentric circles." From ourselves the first circle extends, comprising parents, wife, and children; the next concentric circle comprises relations; then fellow citizens, and lastly the human race.

The very principle of love, which is the noblest of all virtues, instills within us the fact that the world is one brotherhood. And it will always hold up in flaming letters the genealogy of man, reaching to the one Great Father, and that all his children shall regard each other as brothers.

And furthermore, there is a moral command resting upon each one of us to give our fellow-beings freedom. The Author of the universe made the country, not only ours, but every country. And we are one; then, for this reason, it is right for those countries enjoying freedom to establish liberty and freedom in every inferior country.

The Macedonian cry is still coming from Russia, Asia, Africa, and other deep-burdened countries; the cry is for

freedom,—freedom of speech, freedom of action, and freedom in government. Rome has perished, but the scenes which were enacted in the arena in the Julian age, are still enacted in many countries, with the greatest cruelty and barbarity to mankind, by the tyrants of modern times. Countries have their Czars, possessing the ferocity of wild beasts towards their subjects. And, there are many whose very government foundations are decayed and stained by cruelties resulting therefrom. The nineteenth century has been and is an age of reason and practical sense, in which the rights of man are at once proclaimed in America by the United States, and in Europe by France. It is an age, the culmination of which will occur in the twentieth century and proclaim to all the earth the brotherhood of man.

We may be patriots to our country, but patriotism is a passion of human nature which comes from the community in which we live. Take away the community and there is no patriotism. Then why not let the patriotism be the result of the world, and have such brotherly love for humanity as to have world-wide patriotic zeal?

When a deed is done for freedom, there runs a thrill of prophetic joy through the broad earth's breast, and the slave, wherever he sleeps, feels his soul within him climb to the awful verge of manhood.

Intercourse is the soul of progress. It is the intercourse of countries, nations, races and people that comes from freedom, which gives progress and advancement to mankind. Freedom to every man is progress in the whole family of the earth.

There is a name in American history which shall ever shine as one of the brilliant lights of the universe. It was

he, the saviour of our country, who signed the documents of freedom to the slaves of the South, thus fulfilling one of the Divine laws and making an onward movement for progress in the human race. And so it is throughout the world; when any country gives freedom to its individuals, that very moment it moves one step forward in the progress of the human family.

Individual liberty of to-day is radically different from the ancient conception of freedom that lay at the foundation of the Greek and Roman republic, and later of the free cities of Italy. Theirs was a liberty of class, clan or nation, not the individual; he existed for the government. The idea that the government exists for the individual is modern.

By what men have done, we can learn what men can do. Great deeds have been accomplished in the past; so must great deeds be worked for, hoped for, and died for in the future, ever keeping in mind the past, that there is but:

"One God, one law, and one element,  
And one far off Divine event  
To which the whole creation moves."

By the use of steam and electricity, the hearts of nations have been made to throb in unison. Isolation, the mother of barbarism, is becoming impossible. The mysteries of Africa are being solved. South America is being quickened, and new life is again springing up into the once deadened Asia. The warm breath of the nineteenth century is breathing a living soul into her very existence.

And when the tree of Liberty and Freedom is rooted in every soil, spreading abroad its branches of peace and happiness to every man, people, nation and country, then the whole world will

be but one confederate brotherhood, planting our flag only to make the advance onward and upward of all humanity.  
W. R. R. '95.



### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

OUR association has lately elected new officers, and we are pleased to note the increased interest being manifested in the prayer meetings and general work of the association.

We are gratified to see so many present at the meetings and it cannot be doubted for a moment, that those who attend will be benefited, and will also encourage and aid others by their presence. We can only hope that the interest may continue, and that each one will feel responsible for the future success of the association.

The Y. W. C. A. have been very urgently requested by the International Committee of Young Women's Christian Association to have a photograph taken of the association's room and of the members, to be exhibited at the World's Fair. Our association have voted to grant the request and will at the earliest possible date forward the picture.

Our Y. W. C. A. is well known over the state as a college organization, and, we should try to make it worthier, by our aid of the reputation it has attained.

### Y. M. C. A. Notes.

WHAT this Hill needs is a revival of religion that will stir our dead souls, and remain with us. Human

nature is a strange mixture. Under the inspiration of a revival our hearts are stirred, and we are willing to do anything for our Master. But time moves apace, and the revival becomes a thing of the past. So, in many instances, does our religion. Might we not ask ourselves the question, "Is it religion, or the lack of it?" Life hangs on the calm moments of honest inquiry, and not on the spasmodic experiences that are sometimes ours. The ship makes but little headway during the storm. The depth of the ocean is not measured from the topmost wave, when the sea is lashed into fury, but when the waters are at rest, and the level can be found. Our lives are not measured by our loudest professions, but by our gentler deeds. As the wave dashing mountain high only reveals the true beauty of the calm when it follows the storm, so in the true Christian's life, those moments of supreme exaltation only show the beauty of the inner life of the Christian when they come upon the soundings of the every day life. What we want is a clear out-spoken life, an earnest, all pervading religious experience, with as many mountain tops as we can climb, but with no valleys where our religion is entirely hid from the world.

If our religion cannot send a thrill through the heart of our unconverted friend, then we had better examine it. A steadfast, honest life, holding to the faith which shall make us free indeed, that lifts our souls from the base to the pure, and makes us turn from the unkind jest and impure action, as we would turn from something that would slay the innocence of our lives, is the life that tells upon our friend. Let us look to our lives, not only for the sake of those with whom we come in contact, but for the sake of any manhood to which we might aspire.

There are boys on this Hill, who are groping blindly for the light, and we give them none. There are souls to be saved, that *must* be saved, and we are doing nothing for them. Let us arouse from our lethargy. "If there is any health in us, let us impart it to our fellows. Let us forget self, and lose our indifference. Let our aim be: "Him first, Him midst, Him last, Him forever."

A. N. W. '95.



#### Exchanges.

WE ARE GLAD to note in the columns of the *Baltimore Sun*, a few weeks back, that an effort is being made by the students of the Baltimore City College to improve the make-up of the *Baltimore City College Journal*. The WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE MONTHLY, through its \* \* \* Editors, sends greetings and wishes success to the laborious work attendant upon this venture.

*The Seminary Student*, of Union Theological Seminary, is literally laden with valuable information and mature thought, well expressed. The contributors are not boys, but men of learning, hence the copies of the *Student* for the year would make a valuable bound volume if it continues as it has begun. We call the attention of our Theological students to this periodical, as we think it will be of special benefit to them. We wish for the *Student*, the first copy of which was published last October, a long and useful career.

The *Hiram College Advance*, Hiram,

Ohio, for February 1, is before us. We found ourselves very much interested in the information on first page "Concerning Oxford Student Life." "The Day of Prayer for Colleges" is well worth reading. The pages of the *Advantage* are bright and well filled. The MONTHLY thinks, however, that this exchange would be improved by a more careful arrangement of the matter under appropriate headings. This refers to parts of the paper only.

The December issue of *The Souvenir*, Moshos, Mo., has a very valuable article, "To Clarence and Amanda." The February issue contains a number of articles on live subjects, such as concern the present. "Do We Hurry too Much" is the product of a thoughtful though perhaps youthful mind. The vivid sketch of "Rolfe's Rock" is very interesting. "Lucky and Unlucky Days" is well worth reading, but we think "Superstition" would be a more appropriate subject. *The Souvenir* is a faithful and welcome exchange. This journal has its Editor-in-Chief in the person of a lady, which is not objectionable; but the Business Manager is a man.

The January issue of our old friend, the *Delaware College Review*, is on our table. We congratulate the *Review* on being able to increase its size from a sixteen to a twenty-page paper. The Literary Department is well and creditably filled by the students. "There Should Be No More War" is a thoughtful and well-written article, sound in doctrine. We cannot agree, however, with the author of "Thoughts on Education" in every particular. With him we believe a student should follow the bent of his mind in selecting a course of study, but not until after he has acquired a general education. We can-

not think that "each parent should map out for his child the course which he by several years of close communication thinks him most adapted to;" because some parents haven't sufficient education to do this; because some children hate a branch, for which, as men, they have an enthusiastic fondness; because no student should be developed one-sided.

*The Cony Student* for January comes from its wintry home bright and cheerful. "Cushnoc" is of special local interest, but is also of general interest because of its literary merit and because of the sentiment capable of touching any heart. Who cannot make the following his own:

"As the children love their mother,  
Clinging to her for protection;  
So we love our home and city,  
Love her streams and shady woodlands,  
Love her steep and winding hillsides;  
As the sunshine in the summer,  
As the fleecy clouds in winter,  
Love her sweet, delicious meadows,  
Love her birds and their sweet singing,  
Love the very air that clothes us."

"There is some talk as to whether the school can afford a paper such as the *Student*," but there should not be. Certainly editors so loyal to the school and so faithful in editorial work will receive the support of the other students and of the graduates.

#### College Notes.

THE suggestion to eliminate the ancient classics from the curriculum is not popular at Cambridge University as shown by a vote in the Senate of that institution of 525 to 185 to retain Greek.

Cornell University has received a gift from ex-President Andrew D. White of his private library of 40,000 volumes.

A certain lord spent 70,000 pounds or \$350,000 per annum in Oxford. It is not at all uncommon for a young man to spend three or four thousand pounds while there. Still a student can get along comfortably with 100 pounds per term of eight weeks.—*Ex.*

The Chicago University is to have the largest telescope in the United States. Its cost will be \$500,000 contributed by Charles Yerkes.

On March 15th there will be a debate between Yale and Princeton on the subject, "Resolved that the peaceful annexation of Canada will be beneficial to the the United States." Yale will take the Negative; there will be no judges, and the debate will take place at Princeton.

In March the Missionary Committee of the Cornell Christian Association will commence the publication of the *Cornell Volunteer*, a monthly magazine of 32 pages in which will appear reports from volunteers in the field and other important information. This will be an important addition to college journalism.

An effort is being made at Princeton by the students and faculty of that institution to put a stop to cheating on examinations. The faculty propose to put each man on his honor, to exercise no oversight and to have each at the end of his paper to sign a pledge that he has neither given nor received assistance. The students also favor this method, and propose to hoot out of the room, any one who attempts to cheat. Certainly it is time for a reformation along this line among the colleges of our land. What college will be the next to take this step forward.

It is said that seventy per cent. of the students of Amherst College are professing Christians.

Mr. Moody proposes to enlarge his Ladies' Training School at Northfield. In order to increase the number and usefulness of trained Christian workers, he will admit twenty-five students at reduced rates and ten free of charge. The twenty-five are to be selected by Christian Endeavor Societies.

Yale is greatly agitated over the question whether any one outside the undergraduate department will be permitted to take part in athletics.

The United States has 21,000 public schools, taught by 334,000 teachers, attended by 12,500,000 pupils, and costing annually \$119,000,000. We have 536 colleges and universities, 253 medical, law, and theological schools, and the general sentiment on the subject of education may be gauged by the fact that within the past eighteen years nearly \$110,000,000 have been given by private individuals of wealth for the establishment of schools of various kinds.

There is but one dark spot in this bright picture of the educational condition of our country. In spite of all that has been done by the states and federal government for education, there are nearly 5,000,000 of people, 13.4 per cent. of the entire population, unable to read, and about 6,250,000 or 17 per cent., unable to read or write.—*Ex.*

Joseph Frances, the inventor of the life-car used on our coast in saving people from wrecks, has presented the National Museum, at Washington, with the medal given him by Congress. It is of gold, and cost \$6,000. There is also in the Museum his original life-car, which saved 591 lives from the wreck of the "Ayshire" on the New Jersey coast in 1847. Mr. Frances is ninety-two years of age.—*Ex.*



**Athletic Notes.**

THE students are doing some solid work in the gymnasium under the direction of Prof. Watson who proposes to give a series of monthly exhibitions by the students, beginning March 4th and continuing until the end of the year. A record will be kept and the one making the highest average will receive a gold medal at commencement known as the "director's medal." This method of contest evidently has some advantage over a single trial for honors. It is hoped that the boys will co-operate heartily in this movement that the greatest good may come to all.

The second and last indoor athletic contest proper will take place on the first Saturday after the mid-term examinations. This will be under the management of the Athletic Association—all the members who wish, taking part. To make this a success thorough work should be done from this on and as large a number should take part as possible.

A committee has been appointed to arrange for an entertainment the proceeds of which will go towards meeting the expenses of the Base Ball Team for the coming season.

We have some excellent material for the coming base ball season, then why not have as good a team as the best of our neighboring colleges? We can do this. Will we do it? Why certainly. Our boys are not lacking in college pride, nor do we think they are lacking in base ball ambition proper for a college student to have.



**Lectures.**

THE second of the series of winter lectures was delivered on January 19th, by Rev. T. B. Appleget, ex-President of the New Jersey Conference. His subject was "Rail-roading." Having had several years of experience in "rail-roading" himself, Mr. Appleget was able to give a very instructive lecture.

On Tuesday evening, January 24, Miss Edith Motter, of Baltimore, a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory and Physical Culture, delivered a lecture on Physical Culture at the College, before the students and quite a large number of town people. In connection with her lecture she gave an exhibition of various movements taught by the Emerson system. Miss Motter, who is a teacher of the subject, has succeeded in obtaining a class in Westminster.

On the following Thursday, Rev. B. F. Benson, of Seaford, Del., and formerly Vice-President of the College, lectured to the students on "The Supremacy of the Word Character." "Truth, right and duty," he said, "form the trinity of character." The lecture was an excellent one and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

A musical recital was given on February 2nd, in place of the regular lecture. We give the program below:

1. Cagliostro Waltzes..... Strauss,  
MISS KINNEY AND MISS BLANCHE DAVIS.
2. Katie..... Bischoff,  
MISS EDNA BOULDEN.
3. Album Leaf..... Kirchner,  
MISS MADGE SHAW.

- 4. Ave Maria.....Schubert,  
MRS. LIGGET.
- 5. Barcarolle.....Bennett,  
MISS KINNEY.
- 6. Serenade (Duet).....Schubert,  
MRS. LIGGET AND MISS PAULINE BARNES.
- 7. Polka and Galop Rubenstein,  
(From Bal Costume)  
PROF. RINEHART AND MISS KINNEY.

On February 9th, Dr. Lewis lectured before the students and a select audience from town, on Honolulu and the impressions received by him when he visited the Hawaiian Islands. He said the United States had a perfect right to annex the islands, if they wished to be annexed, since the Hawaiians owe their present state of civilization to the missionaries sent out to them from our country. Whether we *desired* to annex them, he said, was another question. The speaker then spoke of the customs of the Hawaiians before they were Christianized, of their language, their dress, the tropical beauty of the Islands, etc., in a very entertaining manner.

LECTURES.

Rev. F. T. Tagg, editor of the Methodist Protestant gave an interesting lecture on February 16, on "American Antiquities." He exhibited several relics of the mound builders which he himself had found in a mound in Wisconsin several years ago.

A Striking Incident.

ONE bright morning a brave student of W. M. C. took a stroll down the road. When quite a distance from his *Alma Mater* the sky became overcast, the thunders crashed and the rain began to pour down in torrents. The poor student sought a place of safety, but in vain. At last, as a last resource, he took refuge in a hollow log which lay

by the wayside, and which afforded him shelter from the rain.

After a time the rain ceased and old Sol reappeared and all was bright and happy once more, but our friend in the log found to his great alarm that the rain had swollen the log and the opening was not capacious enough to allow him to exit. Great beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead and his frame trembled. He tried to introduce himself to the outer world, but in vain. Then he shouted and yelled, but all to no purpose.

Seeing that he was destined to die in this out-of-the-way place, he began meditating over his past life and thinking over the weaknesses and meannesses of which he had been guilty. Among other things, he remembered that he had not subscribed to the COLLEGE MONTHLY but had borrowed his roommate's, and then he felt so small that without any difficulty he crawled from the log.

Locals.

—M—E—E—O—U—W—

—Miss N., '95, says that concerning certain flowers she yet has a *will* of her own.

—Stone, '95—"Say, Fergy, how strange is it that one often admires a person who does not have a pretty face?"

Ferguson—"Yes; you know beauty is only skin deep."

Stone—"Then, let's skin ourselves?"

—Can any of the '95 young ladies tell us why Stone fancies "he sees a shadow on the floor?"

—We would like to inform Miss C., '95, that there is some difference between *Doctor* and *Dorsey*, although he may some day become an M. D. (my dear.)

—What made Kues empty those currants out of his pocket the other day down town ?

—Fisher, being asked if he was going to the oyster supper, said with a quiver in his voice : “ Did *she* go ? ”

—Two phrenologists were recently fined for practicing their art. “ Rip ” says it is a good thing he quit when he did.

—Anyone desiring to see a living *skeleton* or a substantial *shadow* can do so by calling at rooms 22 and 26, Ward Hall.

Professor—“ Mr. Forsythe, what celebrated *German* poet is mentioned in this letter ? ”

Forsythe—“ Shakespeare. ” (Kues told him.)

—Shaw—“ Fatty, I bet I can beat you asleep. ”

Sellman (seriously)—“ All right. Whistle when you are asleep to let me know. ”

—Professor—“ Mr. Eckard, what was the Latin name of the Rhine ? ”

Eckard—“ Bingen. ”

Mr. B. Mills, '95—“ What does graceful mean ? ”

Mr. W. Mills—“ Oh, I don't know. Full of *Grace*, I suppose, like I am. ”

—Professor—“ Mr. Cain, when was Carlyle born ? ”

Cain—“ Why—er—I think in 1759. No it wasn't 17 ; I mean in—er—19 ”—  
(Class immediately collapses.)

—Why did Kues try to unlock the door of the recitation-room with his latch-key ? It wasn't 2 A. M. either.

—Mr. Leas and Miss Redmond while in Baltimore, went up Fulton avenue, enquiring for the Rev. Mr. Tagg. We

are left to draw our own conclusions. Mr. G., '94, and Miss J., '94, were *engaged* in a similar pursuit.

Miss A., '93—“ Ala, how would you like to live in Dakota ? ”

Miss J., '94—“ I will not have to ; he is coming East. ”

—Miss A., '93, said to Dr. Reese in answer to his question if she would like to hear Socrates' speech. “ Don't read it in the Latin, but in the English, Doctor, please. ”

—Miss Earhart—“ Oh ! girls, just look at Bessie Anderson's face, it is as red as scarlet ! ”

—Miss B. C., '95, remarked while going to physics—“ Well, I expect an electric shock ; have expected one ever since I have been studying physics, but have only received a jar. ”

—Why do all the Junior young ladies go to Miss P—r for advice in regard to matters concerning the future ? Because she has great For (sythe) sight.

—Who can tell why Miss B—n, '95, took a looking glass down to dinner not long ago.

—Miss H—r, '94, ever since her return after the Christmas Holidays, has been on a Hunt(er) for a Rob(ber).

—Lost.—One cane seated rocking chair, finder will be well rewarded by returning the same to the president of '94.

Found.—Chair answering to the above description in a room on Celestial Hall. Owner will please reclaim his property.

—Miss D—y, '93, says, she rode ten miles with her father and almost froze to death, but after riding thirty-five miles with some one else on the same day, she declares she was not at

all cold. Of course we all know the difference of feeling, which was by no means due to the change of temperature.

—Stolen sweets are always sweeter.  
Stolen kisses much completer,  
Stolen smiles are nice in chapel,  
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

—Mr. M, was not down to breakfast one morning and Miss P, made this remark, "Pass me my napkin please, I guess I'll have to use it, since my Bibb is'nt here."

—The local editor wishes to apologize for the local upon one of the students from C—in the January issue of the MONTHLY. He wishes to assure the gentleman and the readers of the MONTHLY that by no means was an insult intended.

—Recently, Mr. Zepp entered the room of one of the editors of the Senior Class Annals and said, "Will you please let me see one of them *Class Animals?*"

#### ALOHA.

—The Freshmen have begun preparations for the burning of their effigy, and when the Sophs are near them, boldly declare that soon they will *cast off* the lamb and *assume* the lion.

—The following are two poetic extracts from the Mills' Bill of the Senior Class:

"While sailing o'er the sea,  
I met a heathen Chinese."

"As he walked o'er the mead,  
He was treed."

—A typographical error was made in giving the price of the Senior Class Annals in the last MONTHLY. The price is \$1.25 post *unpaid* instead of post prepaid

—The Juniors had a Kickapoo Show on the fourth floor and part of the

Faculty was a very interested spectator pronouncing it a very fine impromptu.

—Makosky says that he has "*ear-lets*" in his shoes.

—There is a *Keen* fellow at the Seminary.

Professor—"What gender is *her?*"  
Keen—"Masculine."

—Depher contemplates going to sea, and is trying to enlist a SAYLOR to accompany him.

—Stevens, when informed that there was no local on him, remarked that he was not as popular as he used to be.

—Allgood, when asked why he carried with him a Roman history, informed the inquirer that he was preparing his Senior oration, and all orations have to contain a little of ancient history, science and biography.

—Clayton sustained the reputation of a Methodist preacher by trying to eat SEVEN CHICKENS for one meal.

—Depher is preparing to be a *parson* and his girl is already a *Parson*, but what is the matter with Allgood?

—Most preachers are opposed to *porter*, but Hines has a fondness for this name.

—When Allgood returned from Baltimore on his second trip, wearing "high-water" pants, the question was raised whether he cut them off to pay the balance due on his board bill.

—Tyre has the appearance of being a delicate boy, but he is trying to get *Stout*.

—Butler, soaring away in a flight of eloquence, said: "As the *oak* twines around the *vine*." Moral: Do not fly too high with wax wings, lest the sun melt them, and you fall.

—J. L. Ward is trying to find Jericho River on the map.

—Hines is under the impression that blackberry wine is made from *prunes*.

Luther Zimmerman—

Bad, bader, badest.  
Good, Gooder, Goodest.

### Adam and Eve and that Apple.

THE STORY COMPLETELY TOLD, BUT WHO CAN READ IT?

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16.

And yet the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82—total 163.

Wrong again: What could be clearer than, if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893?

If Eve 811st and Adam 812, would not the total be 1623?

I believe the following to be a fair solution: Eve 814 Adam, Adam 8124 Eve—total 8,938.

Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve—total 82,056. We think this, however, not a sufficient quantity. For though we admit that Eve 814 Adam, Adam if he 8,81242 keep Eve company—total 8,82056.

All wrong. Eve, when she 81812 many, and probably she felt sorry for it, but her companion in order to relieve her grief, 812. Therefore, when Adam 8181424ofy Eve's depressed spirits. Hence both ate 81,896864 apples.

—Selected.

### Personals.

MISS CLUTZ had her sister, Mrs. Smith, to spend a few days with her at the College.

Professor C. T. Wright left the College on Friday, the 3rd, to give an evening reading at Perryman's, Harford county, Md.

Miss Norris left the College on Friday, the 3rd, to celebrate her birthday at her home in Baltimore.

Miss Tagg went to Baltimore on Friday, January 28, "and returned Saturday, 29."

Mr. W. G. Baker '94, went home on February 14th, to attend the wedding of his brother, Mr. John H. Baker.

Messrs. Strayer and Wilson were in Baltimore on the 7th instant, attending to business concerning the publication of the '93 Class Annals.

Mr. A. N. Ward, Editor-in-Chief of the MONTHLY, was compelled to go home on account of ill-health. The date of his return is uncertain.

Messrs. T. P. Revell and H. E. Gilbert visited Frederick on the 4th inst.

Mr. Frank W. Story, '95, went home on account of sickness.

Mr. D. E. Wilson, '93, paid a visit to Uniontown, going home with his cousin, Mr. T. C. Routson.

Messrs. C. H. Kues and W. G. Baker, of '94, were in Baltimore on February 4th, on class business.

Mr. E. F. Warwick was visited by his brother on February the 12th. Mr. Warwick has returned home on account of ill-health.

Messrs. J. E. Allgood and W. O. Livingston spent February the 17th and 18th in Baltimore. While there they heard the famous evangelist, Mr. Moody.

**Friday Afternoon.**

*February 17th, 1893.*

**SENIOR ESSAYS AND ORATIONS.**

- ESSAY.
- Flattery.....Miss J. Reese.
- ORATION.
- Ever-Changing.....Mr. Revelle.
- ESSAY.
- The Interpreters.....Miss Shipley.
- ORATION.
- Bimetalism.....Mr. Routson.
- CALISTHENICS.
- Male Sophomores and Freshmen.
- ESSAY.
- What Experience Taught.....Miss Tagg.
- ORATION.
- A Safeguard to Just Government..Mr. Smith.
- ESSAY.
- Power of Thought.....Miss Thomas.
- ORATION.
- The England of Victoria.....Mr. Wilson

*February 24th, 1893.*

**JUNIOR THEMES.**

- How to Read.....Miss Frizell
- Our Heroes.....Miss Jones.
- The Two Educations.....Miss Light.
- MUSIC.
- Work versus Genius.....Miss Loyle
- Ambition versus Patriotism.....Miss Pfeiffer.
- The Tyranny of Fashion.....Miss Smith.

*Musical Staff.*

Misses Crouse, Pfeiffer, Weller, Gunkle.

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- Corresponding Secretary.....W. R. Revelle
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- Librarian.....F. D. Posey
- Mineralogist.....C. E. Davis
- Auditors.....
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  - { F. S. Cain.
  - { J. B. Mills.

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- Orator.....R. C. Ferguson
- Essayist.....A. N. Ward
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- Sups. of Social Meetings.....
  - { Lillie Hull
  - { Pauline Barnes
- Press Work.....Edna Tagg
- Sup. of White Ribbon Herald  
and Blade.....Mamie Elliott

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*Schedule in effect October 20th, 1892.*

Read Downward.		STATIONS.		Read Upward.	
P.M.	A M	A M	LEAVE. ARRIVE.	A M	P M
11 55	5 45	.....	CHERRY RUN.....	8 55	1 45
11 58	5 48	.....	BIG POOL.....	8 52	1 42
12 12	6 01	.....	CLEAR SPRING.....	8 59	1 30
12 18	6 07	.....	CHARLTON.....	8 33	1 24
12 28	6 17	.....	WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.,	8 23	1 14
12 40	6 30	.....	AR. HAGERSTOWN..LE	8 05	1 00
.....	1 45	6 45	LE. WILLIAMSP'T..AR	.....	12 32
*4 15	2 00	7 02	LE. HAGERSTOWN..AR	7 30	12 15
.....	2 17	7 20	..... CHEWSVILLE .....	.....	11 59
4 34	2 25	7 27	..... SMITHSBURG .....	.....	11 51
4 38	2 35	7 36	..... EDGEMONT .....	7 05	11 45
.....	2 53	7 50	AR..... HIGHFIELD..LE	6 53	11 28
.....	2 53	7 50	LE..... HIGHFIELD.....AR	6 50	11 25
.....	3 22	8 17	..... FAIRFIELD .....	6 22	10 56
.....	3 32	8 27	..... ORRTANNA .....	6 11	10 45
.....	3 52	8 47	..... GETTYSBURG .....	5 55	10 27
.....	4 33	9 30	AR..... HANOVER ..LE	.....	9 48
.....	2 53	7 50	LE..... HIGHFIELD.....AR	6 53	11 28
4 50	2 55	7 52	..... BLUE RIDGE .....	6 52	11 23
5 10	3 20	8 16	..... MECHANICSTOWN..	6 25	10 51
.....	3 30	8 26	..... ROCKY RIDGE .....	.....	10 38
5 30	3 44	8 57	..... BRUCEVILLE .....	6 00	10 16
5 37	3 55	8 45	..... UNION BRIDGE .....	.....	10 09
.....	3 59	8 49	..... LINWOOD .....	5 53	10 03
5 44	4 05	8 55	..... NEW WINDSOR .....	5 40	9 44
5 57	4 23	9 11	..... WESTMINSTER .....	5 11	9 01
6 29	5 00	9 44	..... GLYNDON .....	.....	8 25
.....	5 31	10 08	..... ARLINGTON .....	*4 30	8 00
7 10	5 53	10 31	..... BALTIMORE .....	.....	8 00
P M	P M	A M	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	A M	A M
8 15	6 45	12 20	..... WASHINGTON .....	.....	6 36
.....	9 55	1 00	..... PHILADELPHIA .....	12 03	3 50
.....	12 30	3 20	..... NEW YORK .....	9 00	12 15
P.M.	A M	P.M.	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	P M	A M

**BALTIMORE AND CUMBERLAND VALLEY R. R.**

P M	A M	A M	LEAVE. ARRIVE.	A M	P M
5 05	5 45	.....	CHERRY RUN.....	8 55	.....
.....	6 00	.....	LE. WILLIAMSP'T..AR	.....	3 20
6 43	11 10	6 35	LE. HAGERSTOWN..AR	8 05	3 05
7 20	11 45	7 05	..... EDGEMONT .....	7 28	2 30
7 38	12 02	7 30	..... WAYNESBORO .....	7 10	2 13
8 17	12 39	8 07	..... CHAMBERSBURG .....	6 36	1 39
8 45	1 06	8 35	AR..... SHIPPENSB'G...LE	6 05	1 09

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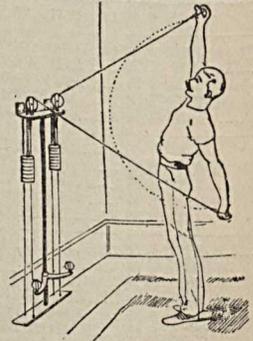
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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

VOL. VI.

WESTMINSTER, MD., MARCH, 1893.

No. 6

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

*Published by the Browning, Philomathean, Irving  
and Webster Literary Societies.*

WM. H. LITSINGER, '93, Editor-in-Chief.

### EDITORS:

J. MAY THURMAN, '94.

EDNA NORRIS, '95.

REBA SMITH, '94.

W. A. WHEALTON, '93.

T. C. GALBREATH, '95.

L. IRVING POLLITT, '89, Alumna Editor.

T. CLYDE ROUTSON, '93, Business Manager.  
ELLIS CROUSE, '93, Ass't Business Manager.

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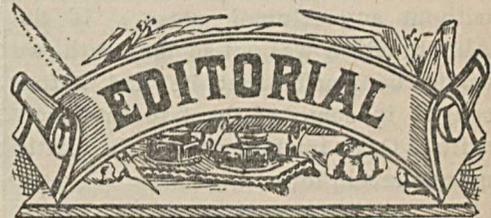
Advertising Rates can be obtained of the Business Manager, upon application.

The Editors solicit communications and items of interest to the college from the students and Alumni. To secure prompt attention, address all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.

To avoid confusion and delay, notification of change of address should be immediately sent to the Business Manager.

All matter intended for publication must reach the office of the MONTHLY by the fifteenth of the month preceding the one in which the matter is to appear.

*Entered at the Postoffice at Westminster as  
second class matter.*



THE editors in whose hands this issue of the MONTHLY finds itself, feel very much out of place in their new capacity. Being at first almost entirely without experience, we have learned in a very short time that there is much to be learned. And as new editors have always done, we feel obliged to ask our readers not to be too exacting at first; and to promise for the MONTHLY the very best work our experience and ability can afford.

The present high standing of the MONTHLY is due only to the tireless energies of its former editors, who spared neither time nor labor to make it a live college journal. This fact makes us conscious of a still greater responsibility, and notwithstanding the fact that we put forth our best efforts, this present standing (not to mention improvements) can be maintained only by the hearty co-operation of all who are interested in our college and the success of its worthy enterprises.

If former students and members of the Alumni as well as those here now will remember their college paper and send it literary articles and news items,

much would be added to its interest and success. Let us urge therefore upon all whether students now or not, *whether on the staff or not*, to give us their hearty support, that our work might be as one, for the one high purpose.

**W**E REGRET very much having to go to press on this the second issue of the MONTHLY that has appeared without any Alumni notes. If the Alumni editor was not so far south, we would be fearful that he had gotten caught in some of the late big snow drifts. Can't imagine what is the matter unless he's in love.

**M**ESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY are so well known that an attempt at a description of them or their work would be a seeming waste of space. But it having been the privilege of the writer to attend their wonderful meetings in Baltimore lately, some *few* personal observations will not be out of place.

The large Cyclorama building had been fitted up for the evangelists. It seated six thousand people, and was invariably filled whether the meetings were for men or women alone, or for both.

On entering the building one could but note the quiet with which the vast throng assembled and the respectful attention on the part of all, after having taken their seats. Hardly a whisper, uncalled for, could be heard, from the time the choir of four hundred began to sing the first hymn until the close of the service.

Mr. Moody, when he entered, at once became entire master of the situation; taking in at a glance, it seemed, the whole audience. He appeared to know just what to do, and did it; swaying that immense throng at his will.

The singing of Sankey was a feature we shall never forget. Several old Gospel hymns were sung by him with new meaning and new force.

Moody's practicability is the secret of his power and success. His sermons are characterized by this; they are couched in the simplest language, the sentences short and pointed, and the whole very interesting as they deal entirely with every-day life. One cannot fail to be impressed with what he says, and he follows up his sermon by speaking personally to as many of the audience as he can on the subject of Christianity.

They are certainly wonderful men and do a wonderful amount of good.

**O**CASIONALLY there comes under our notice an unappreciative reader of that greatest character-sketchers and novelists, Dickens.

Have you truly read Dickens and yet not admired him? To us, his worshipers, such a thing seems highly improbable. His simple, easy style, minute definition of character, perfection of plot, grouping together of scene and circumstances, would seem to catch the ear of even the most careless reader.

There is much that is called reading, which is really not reading. Not to read intelligently is not to read at all, and he who would enjoy a book, must first determine to find out its enjoyable parts.

The long, tedious beginning in Dickens' books becomes really the most important part of the story. In this every character is brought forth. Every quality, vice and virtue clearly defined. Here all the personages assemble and in their different garbs are ready to enact their different parts.

Having thus become thoroughly acquainted with them, there remains

nothing save pleasure and intense interest for us as we watch them form and unravel their plot.

The beautiful "Little Nell," the simple "Little Dot" and then in contrast the crafty, villainous Juilp and the grasping "Scourge" are all proof of the author's exquisite skill.

It is said that his characters became a part of him. His creations of mind were to him realities. While writing the death of "Little Nell" he bitterly bemoaned her loss as if she had been his own child. Concerning which he writes: "I am for the time, nearly dead with work and grief for the loss of my child."

He sank deep into his work of character-sketching. There is much through his writings of subjective thought and a deep moral is entwined through the whole story.

When you read Dickens look not for active plot, brilliant display of scene and circumstance, romantic deeds of nobles and ladies, but find nobility of character and know that out of the lowliest heart comes often the noblest deed.

**E**XAMINATIONS, those "bug-bears" in our college life will, by the time this MONTHLY is out, be on us again, affording each one of our students an opportunity to show his true colors. For notwithstanding the vigilance of the professors there must be some opportunity for cheating without fear of being caught.

We note with great pleasure the strong spirit of opposition to unfair examinations, manifested by the students of Princeton College. Some months ago the faculty, at the request of the students body, decided not to watch the men during examinations but to

throw each one on his honor in the matter by having them sign a pledge, some such as follows: "I hereby pledge my honor as a gentleman that I have neither given or received help in this examination." The plan worked admirably it appeared, but soon it was discovered that several men had signed the pledge after having received help. A mass meeting of the students was called immediately, in which the expressed sentiment was strongly opposed to the offenders, and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter.

Lately the committee has reported four men guilty and recommended—in as much as these are the first offences under the new rules the men be dealt with leniently; that they be given the alternative of applying for re-examination, or, of having their names presented for expulsion. It further recommends that in the future, cases of dishonesty be dealt with immediately, and that the punishment be expulsion. Such steps, by the students, express in a most forcible manner their appreciation of the faculty's action, and also their determination to crush the detestable practice out of use in their school.

If the mass of influential students of some of our other colleges would take the same stand, there would be less cause for complaint of men obtaining honors that by right do not belong to them.

**T**HE New York *Weekly Mail and Express* proposes to call the first day of the week *Sunday* instead of *Sunday*, as it is now universally styled, and gives as some of its reasons the following:

It should be called *Sunday* in honor of Him in whose remembrance the day is celebrated. The origin of "Sunday"

is Phoenician, that being the day set apart to the worship of the Sun.

The "change philologically and etymologically amounts to only a part of one vowel—making *u* into *o*—and yet morally, the change from Sun to Son is the change from heathenism to Christianity."

We think the stand well taken, and as the paper suggests no good reason can be urged against the proposition.

Furthermore, Congress has just now determined, in the face of an almost irresistible opposition, to sustain the American Sabbath and to cause the World's Fair to be closed on that day. Therefore, this being a most appropriate time, and as an emphasis to the noblest action in the management of the great Columbian Exposition, we think the change, which *signifies so much*, should be made now.

IT has been nearly seventy-one years since the famous Monroe Doctrine has been passed, that "the American Continents were henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

When our beloved country took that decided stand it was practically in its infancy, and now when it has grown strong and powerful why should it retract. The Hawaiian annexation question certainly bears, to a very great degree, upon this doctrine. Undoubtedly the Sandwich Islands are in the American half of the Pacific, almost due west of San Francisco, and surely our government should not hesitate about annexing these islands.

Can any reason be given why England should be colonizing and adding the islands, right on our very shores, to her now extended domain? The government of the United States has but to say

*hands off* and most undoubtedly her rights will be respected. Of course there are two sides to the question and the annexation of these islands may cause other small island kingdoms to revolt and bring discord and anarchy in their realms. But most certainly the petition presented by the Americans in this kingdom is worthy of due consideration by the authorities at the National Capitol.



#### A Triumph of the Century.

THIS century's achievements furnish a theme for constant praise. Its inventions are lauded in every production, from the composition of the country school-boy to the polished thesis of the college graduate, from the scanty notes of the village editor to the elaborate editorials of the world's journalist, from the patriotic outbursts of the youthful debater to the brilliant eloquence of the nation's orator.

Its explorers have laid bare the heart of Africa to civilization. In no century have men approached so near to the poles, or delved so far into the interior of the earth, or ascended so near the surface of our atmosphere.

It has not been without its revolutions. Despotism has vanished at the approach of Republicanism. Nation after Nation has been plucked from the cruel clutch of tyranny and now flourishes under liberty's benignant reign. Slavery and many other institutions that feed upon cruelty are fast being consigned to the everlasting past.

These inventions and discoveries and revolutions, are mighty and glorious triumphs. But there is another far eclipsing these in grandeur. A great partition wall has been overthrown. A prejudice, fostered for centuries, has been overcome. The crown of God's creation is in this century enthroned as queen of her rightful domain.

The history of woman in the past is indeed varied, but scarcely has it ever varied from a kind of slavery, in that she has enjoyed no rights independent of man's narrow ideas; and of caste, in that her moral and mental equality has always been questioned. To the barbarian she has been a slave and beast of burden. The Hindoo has many asylums for old and decrepit animals, but not a single institution for the well-being of woman. Not only has she rarely been promoted in the conceited civilization of the East, but her very existence was a heinous crime whose penalty she must pay in the bitterest cruelties. In Roman law she was entirely dependent. The wife was the purchased property of her husband, and like a slave, acquired only for his benefit, never was she granted any privileges except by a presumption of her mental weakness. Even in England, the source of modern intellect and civilization—where the Christian religion bloomed afresh, and which seems the historic centre of the modern world, some of its most costly sanctuaries are monuments of injustice to her who should have an equal share in the *control* of justice. Among its cathedrals there is one specially interesting, beautifully situated, towering grandly above the neighboring edifices and the interior splendid in ornament and architecture—an ideal place for worship. But its aisles were too sacred for women to

tread. The holy of holies excluded the Jew on hardly severer penalty than did these shrines our English mothers. For their devotions there was on the edge of the premises a less costly affair. A "Gallilee cathedral, for the outcast—Gentiles—women." With the same dependence on a Supreme Being, the same human needs, and worshipping the same God, the father entered the huge and glittering halls, while the mother entered walls far less inviting.

But, in spite of all inappreciation, woman has proved herself even superior since with liberty crushed and ability underrated, she has attained her true position in the world.

By her, home-life with all its sacredness and its beneficence to society has been kept untainted. Her ungrateful lord has declared that within its circles, her influence and energy shall be forever imprisoned. But this decree has come to naught. Her aid is deemed indispensable to every religious organization. She has entered the business world, and proving the ability, she commands the liberty of self support and independence. Her presence today graces every worthy place of business. The professions hold open doors to her approach. Law disavows any principles too intricate for her to grasp. The lovers of chastity in diction may well rejoice, that our court room, today the place of slouchy carelessness on the part of spectators and of cruel and slanderous prating on the part of lawyers, will soon be characterized by that purity of speech and dignity of deportment that should mark the tribunal of an age like this.

As a teacher, both religious and secular, her competency is no longer questioned. And nothing speaks better for our future than that our youth are brought into constant touch with her refined conception of life.

In medicine, for many reasons the noblest of professions, her short career has been a success in America and has proved a God-send to millions in less favored lands.

But the part she has played as a reformer has given her the key to all these doors that seemed forever bolted by jealousy and selfish ignorance.

And it tints her character with a more peculiar beauty that, in the face of discouragement and opposition, her love for humanity drew from her such exertions as have resulted in her present undreamed-of attainments.

Who has done so much to rid our country of the greatest evil the world has ever seen—an evil annually stealing a human soul from seventy thousand home circles; bringing disgrace and a thousand evils upon twice as many more; causing three-fourths of our poverty, four-fifths of our crimes; filling our jails with half their inmates, and stamping its image upon five hundred thousand of our citizens as drunkards; claiming the future of thirteen per cent. of America's sons for the same; having an army of two hundred thousand in active service; wrenching from the masses twelve hundred millions every year—six times the annual expense of the civil war.

It is woman's untiring effort that has brought these facts to light. She has aroused anew the Christian clergy, exposing this evil to the Gospel light as it never has been before.

She has placed twelve million temperance text-books into the hands of American children.

No less than ten million within the past twenty-five years have petitioned our Congress to look fairly into the saloon question.

Under woman's fostering care has grown one of the greatest organizations in the world—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

In its generous motive, well-chosen plans and phenomenal growth it is indeed woman's crowning achievement. "In it she has gathered every element of progress from past centuries and moulded them into one common whole"—the valor, the spirit, the intellectuality, the resistance to tyranny, and the practical business sense of our own century—such is the make-up of a movement that has encircled the globe.

It is a union, in that the ideas, experiences and desires blend into *one* effort. It is a temperance union in that the one effort is to regenerate society; a Christian temperance union, in that the gentleness, universal love and patient sacrifice in the face of ingratitude, that characterize this movement, were embodied only in the divine personage, Christ.

Will the movement succeed? Will the saloon be wiped from existence? Will society be redeemed? In answering, let me ask what else can we hope from an organization whose members daily invoke divine guidance and heaven's benedictions upon their efforts?

Finally, as to her future we need not fear the suffrage question, that she may usurp the positions of honor in the state and nation; for, like noble Esther, her very promotion she will sacrifice for the welfare of humanity, and whatever may be her attainment, let us ever recognize her true empire as "moulding, moving and swaying the fallen yet God-breathed mind, lifting earth-crushed hearts to hope and heaven."

J. S. W. '92.

### Our Political Obligations.

ALL questions of obligations are two-fold in their character, dealing with the rightness and oughtness of human motives and actions; in the first, judgement; in the last, conscience. In considering the latter, which most properly should be examined first, to determine the greatest of man is affirmed by conscience and most excellently designated by the word *ought*, and this term as employed in philosophical science and by the best thinkers of the age, is absolute and immutable.

One great reasoner has rendered this most clear in a characteristic passage "If you please, sum up the globes as so much silver, and the suns as so much gold, and cast the hosts of heaven as diamonds on a necklace into one scale, and if there is not in it any part of the word *ought*, if *ought* is absent in one scale and present in the other, up will go your scale laden with the universe as a crackling scroll is carried aloft in a conflagration ascending towards the stars.

But obligation also includes a choice of actions, and must be ascertained by judgement. Rightness concerns external acts only. Now the responsibilities for the rightness of our deeds is as supreme as the choice of ends, if the judgement is truly followed all means concentrate to correct and enlighten it. Ought the Hindoo cast into the sacred river the helpless child? The ought trampling out the emotion of a mother's feeling and love, is a spectacle rivalling in sublimity, the most sublime ever portrayed. But is the act right? In the name of all humanity and the God who created it, I answer "Thou shalt not kill."

The mind should therefore be carefully cultivated and the conscience

trained, that it may pass judgement and discriminate between ought and right intelligently. The responsibility, then, of the student and his obligations, are great in proportion to his enlightenment, and a consideration of them in their many phrases is a noble theme for the deepest thought.

As students we are all too greatly inclined to withdraw into the solitude of our chambers and there evolve ourselves in a halo of thought and antiquity, forget that we are living factors, not only of the world, but of a nation; that you and I are not only men, but citizens of a republic; that our influences must be real and active, that we have a mission no other can fulfill. Then in this influence there is truly as "nobility of great men;" then in this mission "'Tis noble to be good."

By some marvelous assimilative power we have received into our land millions of foreigners, not only without political training, but whose entire atmosphere of political thought has been deadened by despotic tyranny and hopeless poverty. This ceaseless tide of immigration has left us with an uneducated mass of people, in a condition well calculated to appall even the most courageous. Must they not be politically educated?

Now, if ever in our history is there a demand for the working student in the arena of politics. Now is the time when he may assume the highest duties of scholarship, and bestow happiness upon his nation and the world.

There are within our country two classes of politicians. One comprehends the thoughtful and prudent, the other, those who ignorantly preach the doctrine which brought misery and bloodshed to France, and make a republican form of government, seem but a vision of Utopia,

To this latter class of enthusiasts do we owe such extremes as the instructions of representatives by mass meetings of citizens; if the election of party leaders without the necessary qualifications and biased by the platform which they represent, may to our disgrace often chosen to be but political mouth piece of unthinking constituents.

The great works of Hamilton and Clay, of Webster and Jay shows the way and calls for emulators of them. It calls the student to leave the comfort of his study and drive, abashed from their seats these pretenders who have usurped the high places in our governmental affairs.

Then would we learn the true nature and function of government. Then should we cease to see campaigns call forth only streams of abuse, personal and general; we should see parties with measures, not men alone.

In all countries under a representative form of government there are necessarily two political parties, differing as to the proper policy to be pursued in the conduct of affairs. One part, if unchecked, would lead to despotism, and the another to anarchy. Good men belong to both and believe in both. In America the Democratic and Republican parties are the two great powers.

From these contesting forces in the political arena has arisen a third party. Many intelligent men detaching themselves from the two former, conceived and originated the idea of the Prohibition party. Here lies a grand field, open to the temperate, energetic and right-thinking student. Upon him devolves the duty of perpetuating the name and principles of this party, and dispelling the dark mists of intemperance and vice hanging heavily over the American

nation, and of demonstrating that in a national prohibition government and a united prohibition people is not as some would declare—an utter impossibility. Here, at least, it is the obligation of the student to make manifest that "the pen is mightier than the sword." But I do not wish to be misunderstood as upholding all the theories embraced in the Prohibition platform. I do not desire to be confounded with that most absurd of all parties, "The Farmer's Alliance," or as advocating all the measure of the Republican and Democratic parties. But it is in just these misdirected lines that I maintain the great power and influence of the scholar is wanted. He must remove from the minds of the masses the beautiful theoretic but practically delusive and impossible ideas which pervade and distract the otherwise brilliant intellects of the party leaders. Students are needed who can wield the editorial pen, and address millions "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn." We must have the the political speaker of the day represented by scholars who shall teach the true principle of government. We must have party leaders who will not vie with each other in defiling the character of their opponents, but who will present issues to our judgments.

The great stumbling blocks in our way have been questions to be decided by the aid of political economy. Questions concerning free trade, protection, socialism and the much talked of labor problem. People fail to perceive "that questions of this character must be viewed without passion or prejudice." We are struggling with these problems to-day and upon this solution depends our immediate prosperity, if not our ultimate life or death.

It is the student who must dispel and correct these wrong ideas. He must

take the platform not to conceal issues in phrases beautifully adorned by words and figures which mean nothing, but to show by reason and experience that "honesty is the best policy." It is he who must convince America's citizens that Utopia is but a dream of the imagination and a practical impossibility.

Those of us, then, who have had the advantages of an education should remember this spoken on the centennial anniversary of our independence: "Let us take heed to our ways and resolve that the great heritage we have received shall be handed down through the advancing generations, the home of liberty, the abode of justice, which holds the moral elements of the world together, and of faith in God, which binds that world to His throne."

#### An Ephemeral Fashion—Byron.

**F**OR an author's works to live and be read with pleasure and profit, there must be a cosmopolitan character about them. There must be something not restricted to one age or nation, but having a universal application.

If Shakespeare or even the Bible were not cosmopolitan, if they did not employ the common thoughts of every human being, perhaps long ago even they would have sunk beneath the waters of oblivion.

A violin with one string makes no music although it may produce a sweet sound, so a poet who writes only of himself or of one particular age or nation may sing very sweetly, still the great heart of all humanity is left untouched and at last he will pass away entirely or continue to please only the few. When this narrowness is also accompanied with a spirit contrary to the onward progress of the world, contrary to the world's ideals, the author must die and

his fame be blotted, so it is with Byron.

That Byron's genius was great cannot be denied. That he said many sublime things in a sublime way is true. But still there is something lacking. The interest of his characters is an artificial one.

One reads his productions with interest not because of the characters presented, but in spite of the characters it is the sublime energy with which he describes them that catches the attention and holds it absorbed.

But still there is a sameness about this energy that wearies. The plot of one piece is generally the plot of all. It is the same thing done perhaps in a slightly different way. It is Byron's thoughts and Byron's feelings that he describes. This would be all right if Byron's thoughts and feelings were not different from those of other people; but they were. His ideals were different, his judgment of the way in which life should be lived was different. He would be a *King Arthur* in the nineteenth century, and finds himself as much out of place as a Yankee in *King Arthur's* court.

This is all wrong. The world is becoming more practical every day. The theme of the orator is no longer liberty but finance; pining dames and gallant knights, have given place to busy damsels and hard working youths, who dig and delve for the wherewithall. For an author to live he must embody the actual life of the world, he must be practical, sympathetic, real not visionary, morose and prosing. This, Byron was not and sooner or later he will be laid aside as one who once was, but now is not.

Many beautiful things he said, many sublime and tender things, yet his inspiration, his heart, was wrong, his ideals were wrong and thus his fashion can be but ephemeral.

EDNA NORRIS, '95.

### Home Rule for Ireland.

THE Irish nation has been more outrageously abused than any other nation of modern times. The past three centuries has been but a series of unsuccessful struggles for liberty. The Home Rule Bill, the crowning life-work of England's peerless Statesman, William E. Gladstone, offers to Ireland a broad, substantial and enduring basis for national self-government.

What right has England to govern Ireland, more than Ireland has to rule England? Does the mere fact that one nation is stronger than another give the stronger a *right* to control the weaker? If so, why should not Russia, Germany, France, England and the United States take within their powerful clutches all the smaller governments of the earth? No, it would be the rankest injustice for them to pursue such a course. *Might* does not make *right*. There are many other important grounds of consideration. England has no more right to rule Ireland as she has been doing than France has to annex Spain, or the United States to assume a protectorate over Brazil.

If Ireland were continually warring against England and menacing her welfare, England would have a perfect right to rule over her. But Ireland is neither doing this now, nor has she ever done so.

Again, if the Irish people had voluntarily sought the protection of Great Britain, there could, of course, be no ground for complaint. Never have they done this, either, but, on the contrary, have ever been striving for self-government.

So, I say, no nation has a just right to rule another unless for the purpose of protecting her own interests, or unless a weaker power has sought the protection

of her strong arm. England has no more right to govern Ireland than a burly, brutish man has to dominate over the life of an innocent young child.

The very fact that the Irish, as a people, are so widely different from the English, seems to argue strongly for a national self-government. Two peoples of widely diversified characteristics cannot be justly ruled by one central government, no more than one man can at the same time serve two masters. The Irish have sprung from the Celtic branch of the Aryan stem, while the English trace their origin to the Teutonic branch. The thoughts, aspirations and desires which fill the true Irish heart find no answering echo in the mind or heart of an Englishman. How, then, can England rule Ireland justly when she does not know her needs? No nation under the sun is able to make laws to suit the needs of Ireland but Ireland herself.

Great Britain tried to make the laws and levy the taxes for the government of the thirteen colonies, but our forefathers soon found out that taxation without representation could not be endured. Ireland, indeed, has a few representatives in the imperial Parliament, but such a mere handful are they compared to the large English constituency, that no law relating to Ireland can be passed, unless it brings increased wealth into the already well-filled coffers of the mother-government. Then, has not Ireland a right to demand that she make her own laws and assess her own taxes? Why should her resources be drained to appease the insatiate greed of England, while she gets nothing in return?

Perhaps the greatest argument in favor of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill is that England has made an absolute and

unqualified failure of the present system of Irish rule. When English landlords own three-fourths of Irish soil, grinding down their tenants with rents equal to the value of the land itself, what incentive can there be to improvement? "Give a man secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will transform it into a garden; give him a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will convert it into a desert. \* \* \* \* The magic of property turns sand into gold." No wonder, then, that thousands driven almost to the point of starvation, emigrate every year to our own free land. No wonder, then, that commerce diminishes, that trade languishes, that factories shut down their furnaces, that agriculture grows worse instead of better, that education is at its lowest ebb, and that Ireland becomes poorer every day of her existence. Give Ireland a chance. Certainly she can do no worse for herself than England has already done for her.

We would not for an instant favor the establishment of a Catholic government for Ireland. Long ago the death-note of Popish temporal power sounded throughout the nations of Christendom. The state should be entirely separate from the church, whether Catholic or Protestant. The Home Rule Bill forbids the making of any law by the Irish Parliament regarding the establishment or endowment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise of religious belief. No state should legislate regarding the religion of its subjects, for every man has the God-given right to worship as his conscience directs, so long as that worship does not interfere with the well-being of his fellow-man.

Three-fourths of the population of Ireland are Roman Catholics, but this does not detract one iota from their right of self-government: Bare justice,

itself, demands it for them. There burns in every man's breast an unquenchable desire for liberty "A flame which imprisonment cannot stifle, time cannot dim, death cannot extinguish." The Irish were not always a subject-nation.

Three hundred years of English oppression has only served to infinitely heighten their native love of freedom. You might as well strive to dam the flow of a rapid river as to suppress the love of freedom. It bursts through every obstacle in its way, gaining new force by its temporary suspension of power.

Grant to Ireland the liberties which the home rule bill offers, and we predict for her a glorious future. Its inauguration will witness the dawning day of a greater and happier era for the down-trodden Emerald Isle, an era which will place her in the foremost rank among the great nations of the world.

REVARTS, '93.



#### Y. M. C. A. Notes.

THE interest in the Students' Volunteer Meetings is increasing.

We have cause for much gratitude in the recent reports from our own mission field in Japan. Many conversions are reported—some of them men and women of no mean influence.

With this welcome news there comes a forceful appeal for men and means. The chief demand is for a man to take charge of our school in Japan.

That man *may* be among the College Alumni—prospective or those gone out. Our prayer should be that the Holy Ghost may find him out and influence

him to accept the call! And our ears and hearts should be responsive to any call to us for service or money.

Thus far, our Association room has served both Associations. A new room is now being fitted up for the Y. M. C. A. Its furnishing has been done by the College—the students, members of the Faculty and some outside friends.

For the contributions we are deeply grateful. The interest betrayed by a contribution from one who is not directly connected with the Association here is very encouraging. We also feel especially obligated to the members of the Faculty, who contributed without a single exception—and liberally, too.

On the first floor of the Y. M. C. A. Hall is a reading-room, which is to be supplied with standard journals and periodicals—religious and secular. The extent of the supply will be increased proportionally to the financial prosperity of the Association—and its continued financial remembrance by its many friends.

Having entered upon a new official term, with our new room, our new resolves, and a renewed consecrated effort, surely this term will be one of unprecedented prosperity. Great is the work to be performed. Faithful is He who has promised to bless us. Who can afford to stand in the way of his blessing—to prevent it?

#### Y. W. C. A. Notes.

AS WE go on from day to day in our college life, we are always finding something to occupy our time and attention; the routine of our daily studies, our society interests; the Thursday and Sunday night lectures, and our prayer-meetings. Let us not neglect these. Here indeed is a wide field for work worthy of our best efforts.

We are very glad to report a general interest on the parts of most of the girls, we believe that many of them are earnest in their desire to do good; but there are still some who are indifferent to the cause, a thing that should not be, and that should be a subject of prayer for every true Christian girl in college.

There is one thing you can all do, girls, and that is encourage us by your presence. Don't stay away from the meetings through fear that you will be called on to take part in the services. And you who are active members, try to impress it on others that when one becomes a little accustomed to taking an active part it becomes not only an easy task, but a pleasure to do whatever you are asked to do. You may think you can't do anything, but remember we are not judged by what we seem to accomplish, but by the sincerity and earnestness of our endeavors to do what we can.

#### Bible Class.

WING to the apparent lack of interest in our Friday evening prayer-meetings, Dr. Lewis proposed that we have a Bible Class instead of prayer-meeting every Friday afternoon.

Committees from the ladies and gentlemen were appointed to solicit members, and succeeded in enlisting all the ladies and quite a number of the gentlemen. We had our first meeting Feb. 24th. Dr. Lewis having failed to secure the services of a leader from abroad took charge, suggesting as a lesson, the first eight verses of the book Daniel, and gave us a very interesting and instructive explanation. I am sure we all will profit greatly by spending our Friday evenings in this way, and hope we shall always have a large attendance.

We heartily extend thanks to Dr. Lewis for his kindness.

### Saturday Meetings.

OF the many meetings held on College Hill, the most entertaining and instructive is that which is held on Saturday morning in the Chapel of the Seminary. It is composed of the theological students. They meet to discuss and to hear discussed the practical part of religion; that is, the part with which they will have to deal as preachers. The meetings are under the direction of Dr. Lewis. In order to give an idea of the nature of the meetings, the following are some of the themes that have been taken up for consideration: "How to give a Bible Study," "The Study of Prayer" and, also, the Church Discipline. Dr. Lewis thought it would be instructive to get views on "the nature, faults, and how to remedy faults of public prayers" of a number of our ministers. They all responded. Three Saturday mornings were spent in hearing the reading of the replies. Great benefit will be derived from those papers; for they gave the experiences of men who have been over the road, and know the stumbling place. At the present time the students are occupied in the study of the Discipline of our Church. Great interest is taken in this study, especially by those who expect to enter the ministry soon.

Honesty is the best policy; but he who acts on that principal, is not an honest man.—*Whately.*

A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*



### Exchanges.

THE METHODIST PROTESTANT comes to us regularly every week, brim full of good things. The last issue contains the third of a series of articles on "High Criticism," by G. W. Ward, of the class of '90, W. M. C.

Among our exchanges there are none, for its size, better gotten up than the *Geneva Cabinet*. The winning oration in the inter-state (Pa.) contest, entitled "The Devine in Politics," published in the *Cabinet's* last issue, is an exceptionally good paper. The author of the oration is Mr. W. H. Cox, '93.

The study of the English Bible is coming more and more into favor in our Colleges. The February number of the *Mealersburg College Monthly* contains a very well written editorial on the Bible.

We are glad to note in another column the organization of a large class for Bible study in our own college.

We greet with pleasure, No. 1, Vol. II of the *Amulet*, and extend congratulations on the successful termination of its first year, and this most promising start into the second.

Among its well written literary articles, we notice two by members of the alumni; one of these, on the saying of the street arab when giving his Sunday school teacher an orange, "Its been squiz some, but there's more in it yet," is especially good.

The *Amulet* also publishes a clipping from an exchange on "Some plain Truths

for Young Men," which we would be glad to copy, did space permit.

The *Iowa Wesleyan*, in a little article headed "Model Business Men," expresses its appreciation of the hearty co-operation of the town people, in any worthy enterprise the college might institute. It is a graceful and proper thing for the journal to thus recognize the town's help. For it is undoubtedly due to this assistance that the college has been able to carry out many of its enterprises, accounts of which fill up much of the space in the journal; and it is no less proper for the town people, in lending their aid, to thereby express their appreciation of advantages coming to them from having a school of higher learning in their midst.

If some of our Eastern college towns would arouse themselves to the same important fact, great would be the benefit to all concerned.

The *Georgetown College Journal*, in its February issue, criticises in a very nice way the MONTHLY. For which the MONTHLY is certainly under many obligations; as it no doubt required quite an effort for the *Journal* to deign even to mention us. It is consoling to note, however, that several other college papers stand in the same relation to the *Journal*; for most of its Exchange column is taken up in just such criticisms.

Too bad that we are all so far behind the times, and it is all on account of that antique "Local Column." The MONTHLY hopes however to be up with the times, like the *Journal*, after awhile and feels sure that "Mr. Philomathean" and "Mr. Browning," "could they come back to earth," then they, would be delighted with a college paper published in their names, which is not of sufficient literary merit to sustain itself without filling half its pages with advertisements.

### College Notes.

JOHNS Hopkins has a larger number of graduate students than Harvard.

The late Justice Lamar was a graduate of Emory College, in Georgia. His class was 1846.

It is said that the World's Fair will need from 12,000 to 15,000 guides, who are to be chosen from college students.

Twenty-two, of the one hundred and twenty-five graduate students at Yale, are women.

The Chicago University is to have a \$200,000 gymnasium. A. A. Stagg, the gymnasium director, is also president of the 'Varsity Y. M. C. A., which has ninety-one charter members.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given another million dollars to the Chicago University. This makes \$7,000,000 the university is said now to possess.

Harvard is also a lucky number. She has received between two and four million dollars, lately, from a wealthy northern merchant.

The Yale and Harvard Unions will debate the following question this spring: *Resolved*, That the time has now come when the policy of protection in the United States should be abandoned.

Hon. S. B. Dole, who has been made temporary President of the Hawaiian Government, graduated at Williams in 1867.

A parliament has been organized by the students of Wellesley, and they are discussing the Home Rule and other momentous English questions of the day.

There are 10,603 living alumni of the University of Michigan, or nearly twice as many as that of any other college. Harvard has 5,593; Yale, 4,618.

Mr. P. D. Armour, of Chicago, has given \$250,000 to found a Technical and Industrial School in that city. He has also given an endowment of \$1,400,000.

Thirty-seven governors, eight United States senators and thirty-one college presidents have been educated at Washington College, Va.

The University of Pa. enrolls students from every state and territory in the Union, besides twenty-eight foreign countries.

Two hundred and four, of the three hundred and sixty-five colleges in the United States, are co-educational.—*Ex.*

The oldest college periodical in America, is the Yale Literary Magazine. It began its fifty-eight volume last October.

In Boston University the faculty have voted to permit work on the college paper to count as hours of work in the course, allowing seven hours per week to the chief editor and two hours to each of his assistants.

In the United States every two-hundredth man takes a collegiate course; in England, every five-hundredth man; in Scotland, every six-hundredth, and in Germany every two-hundredth and thirteenth.—*Ex.*



OUR athletic column has been neglected in the last several issues, but as the season is approaching when we can once more indulge in out-door sports, we can say a few words in regard to the arrangements being made for the coming season, both in and out of doors.

We have not had the privilege of practicing in the gymnasium since the holidays, on account of the severe weather, and unless there is a change in the temperature very soon we fear our records will not be up to their usual high standard. Our Constitution calls for three contests a year to be given by members of the Association; but our gymnasium director has made arrangements for monthly contests to be given in which any one, whether members of the Association or not, can participate. At the close of the year the person scoring the highest number of points will receive a gold medal, which will be known as the Director's Prize. This is done for the purpose of exciting a greater interest among the boys for in-door athletics, and at the same time giving every one a chance to take part. The boys, we think, appreciate this move of our Director, and we hope they will show their appreciation by taking part in these contests. The first one will be given on March 4.

We are just now in a dilemma trying to find some way by which we can raise some money, as the Association is trying to furnish the base-ball team with new suits. There are so many entertainments now in preparation it has been decided that we would not be justified in getting up a separate one for the Athletic Association alone, but if we could combine with some other club, this would lessen the number of entertainments, but we fear it would not increase the number of dollars. However, nothing definite has been reached, but before another month has passed we hope all will be settled, even the money.

The manager of the Base-ball team has made up the team for the coming season and has also arranged for several games, the first of which will be played

with the Pennsylvania College, April 16.

A committee, some time since, was appointed by the president of the Association to select college colors. At the next meeting they reported that *olive green* and *old gold* had been selected and submitted to the faculty and obtained its approval. The College then adopted *old gold* and *olive green* as our College colors.

By the time we are ready to report again we hope that our base-ball team may be at work, practicing for the coming season when we are expecting a better record than that of the last few years, to be made by Western Maryland team.

T. C. G.



#### Quondam.

MISS NELLIE DALE, '90-'92, spent a week with her friend and classmate, Miss J. Clara Vannort, at her home, in Chestertown, Md., going from there to her relations in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Eva L. Barnes, '90-'91, was married to Mr. Algenon J. Nelson, February 22, at Parksley, Va. THE MONTHLY extends congratulations and best wishes.

Mr. F. M. Phillips, '88-'91, has moved from his former home in Laurel, Del., to West Point, Va.

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty.—*Franklin.*



#### The Junior Banquet.

HERE are many things in the collegiate life which caused one to look back on it with joy and wish, he were again an active member within the walls of his *alma mater*; pleasures that leave their fond memories to linger with him long after he has passed out from his college into active life and no doubt he often exclaims make me a student again just for to-night.

Of the many pleasant events the Junior Banquet is second to none, bringing the upper classes together and strengthening the ties of friendship as no other can do. It was with much pleasure therefore that the members of '93 penned their acceptance to the neatly engraved invitation of '94 to its banquet which was given on February the 10th.

On the evening above mentioned the gentlemen of '93 repaired to the college parlor to await the coming of those dearer to them than all others; we had not waited long ere the room was filled with the happy faces of our girls: after greetings had been exchanged we ascended the steps leading to the library where we were received with, stately dignity, by Miss Hill and Mr. Baker, Hostess and President of '94, each was presented with part of a quotation, the other part having been given to the one who was to be his partner for the evening. The arrangement was unique and for a time caused considerable anxiety, as the gentleman would seek the other half of his quota-

tion, hoping to find it in the possession of some certain one and going to that one after all others. It was an admirable picture as the manly forms mingled with the pretty faces, the pen fails at description and words are inadequate; of the ladies no one has expressed it so well as he who could but fail to do them justice.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye  
In every gesture dignity and love."

Having found our partners we followed our host and hostess to the banquet hall, where we found that the pleasure of '93 had alone been considered. The room was prettily draped with '93's colors and all had been arranged with a view to our happiness. The supper, as it was served in the various courses, proved itself worthy of the occasion and was heartily enjoyed by all, as the evening passed mid the pleasant chating and loving messages transmitted from heart to heart through the love-lit mediums. And now all voices are hushed, all faces are turned in one direction, as Mr. Baker, in behalf of his class, with a most eloquent speech, toasts '93. Our President, Mr. Litsinger, responded in words no less eloquent

These were followed by Mr. Kues of '94 toasting our Alma Mater, calling a response from him who is worthy of all esteem—our President, Dr. Lewis. In the order named, Messrs. Godwin, Long and Cain, of '94, toasted "Our Ladies," "Our Societies," "Our Unknown Future;" Messrs. Wilson and Nelson replying to the two former.

This pleasant event was no exception to the rule which puts an end to all earthly pleasures. So after having bade our host and hostess good-night we withdrew, realizing that parting was indeed a sweet sorrow.

The banquet was a grand success, there being manifested a spirit of love and good-will. '94 is to be congratulated on her achievements from which her banquet has taken no glory.

'93.

### The Webster Anniversary Entertainment.

THE DATE assigned to the Webster Society for its anniversary was Washington's Birthday, so on the nearest available time to that day, the night of the 21st, the Society gave its 22nd yearly entertainment. The seating capacity of the Auditorium was fully tested by the large audience present. A number of Webster's alumni were among spectators, rejoicing no doubt in the evident prosperity of their well-loved association and possibly recalling the time when they themselves did something in that line.

President T. P. Revelle, in a speech of some length welcomed the Society's friends to the 22nd anniversary. He spoke in high terms of the Webster's present literary standing, and predicted for her still better things. Mr. Graham Watson favored the audience, in inimitable style, with a vocal solo, entitled, "Duffy's Mistakes." He appeared in Irish makeup and without doubt, gave the song an Emerald Island flavor of indisputable genuineness. The audience was so well pleased that the singer was recalled, when he sang another song, also humorous.

In the tableaux, "The Fatal Stroke" and "Its Tragic Results," embodying the most interesting features of the well known story of George's father, George and the hatchet. The Father of his Country was personated by Master Caleb O'Conner and the father of the Father of his Country by Mr. J. W. Smith. When

the second revealed George in the clutches of his incensed parent and about to receive a spanking, the applause was uproarious. "The Free Man," was the subject of Mr. H. E. Gilbert's able and interesting Anniversary Oration. Mr. Gilbert handled his theme with unusual address and ability and commanded the close attention of his hearers. Following the oration was another tableau representing Washington at Valley Forge. Mr. P. R. Fisher, impersonating Washington.

This concluded the first part of the program. The second half was devoted to what might be called the *piece de resistance*, it being, indeed, the most elaborate, and, to the majority of the audience, the most interesting part of the entertainment. We refer to the drama, "Rio Grande," an affective piece of modern dramatic work, contrasting with each other the humorous and serious elements in a manner that was most agreeable and entertaining. The cast was as follows:

Jose Segura, "A Wealthy Spanish American,"  
C. B. STRAYER.  
Colonel Lawton, Commanding the Garrison,"  
W. H. LITSINGER.  
Captain Paul Wybert....."A Junior Officer,"  
W. G. BAKER.  
Judge Biggs....."An Enthusiastic Citizen,"  
O. D. MCKEEVER.  
Lieutenant Cadwallader, "A Holiday Soldier,"  
C. H. KUES.  
Johnnie Bangs... "A Dime Novel Desperado,"  
G. U. STULL.  
Corporal Casey....."An Old Veteran,"  
GRAHAM WATSON.  
Retta, "Segura's Niece, in Love with Paul,"  
MISS JANIE THOMAS.  
Sophia, "Lawton's Daughter betrot'd to Paul."  
MISS LOTTIE MOORE.  
Mamie, "Johnnie's Sister, a 19th Century Belle,"  
MISS ETHEL REESE.  
Mrs. Biggs..... "The Judge's Guiding Star,"  
C. L. QUEEN.

Mr. Strayer's part was one not only difficult to carry out, but in some respects disagreeable, in the sense that the "heavy villain" is always odious to a

very sympathetic audience. His personation was, however, faithful and effective. Mr. Litsinger and Mr. Baker made manly and handsome-looking United States officers, and deserve praise for the fine manner in which they sustained their parts. Mr. McKeever as Judge Biggs and Mr. Queen as his wife represented a large part of the humorous element of the play. They were simply side-splitting. But if this much can be said of Messrs. McKeever and Queen, where will we find words to tell how funny Mr. Kues was as the "dude Lieutenant!" He was the funniest character we have ever seen on the college stage. Three young ladies, Misses Thomas, Moore and Reese, who so kindly assisted the society in the rendition of this drama, were strikingly effective and true to nature in their impersonations of Retta, Sophia and Mamie. Miss Thomas' efforts at times seemed to rise even above the realm of the amateur, an excellence the audience was quick to perceive. Mr. Stull made a very typical "Dime Novel Desperado," and Mr. Watson's "Corporal Casey" was a genuine product of the land of the shillalah. The Websters are to be warmly congratulated upon this excellent and admirable entertainment.

WHITCOMB.

### Sunday Evening Lectures.

Another winter has come, bringing with it its wind, rain and snow, making everything gloomy and dismal.

Dr. Lewis, in his fine course of lectures on Spiritual and Physical Strength, has dispelled the monotony of the Sunday evenings and made it a real pleasure for all to attend them.

Dr. Lewis handles his subjects in a very pleasing manner, always presenting thoughts to the minds of the students

which sink deep down into the heart never to be forgotten.

A change has been introduced in the course, in this manner: Dr. Hering first lectures on the physical functions of some organ of the body, after which Dr. Lewis compares what has been said with the spiritual functions of the same organ. So far they have discussed the eye and the ear, the spiritual with the physical properties.

The students and friends of the College expect to spend many pleasant evenings listening to the carefully prepared lectures of our President.

We would not forget the choir, who have furnished us with such pretty music. At each service they render two special selections, and lead the general singing, in which every one joins. We are looking for much success.

#### Thursday Lectures.

Mrs. M. A. Newell, of Baltimore, lectured on February 23, upon "The Works of Washington Irving and Jas Fennimore Cooper." After treating the literary career of each in an interesting manner, she discussed analytically the style of their writings and several of their most important works. She also read short selections from Irving's History of New York and also from Cooper's Last of the Mohicans.

Mrs. Newell has quite a reputation as a lecturer, and during the winter has been delivering a course of lectures on "American Literature," in Baltimore.

Thursday, March 2, a musical took the place of the regular lecture.

#### Resolutions.

WHEREAS, God, the great Master of our lives, has entered the home of our beloved schoolmate, Mr. E. Horsey, and taken the soul of his dear mother; and,

WHEREAS, By the death of Mrs. Horsey our schoolmate has lost a kind and loving mother, to whom he looked for guidance and counsel; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we, students of the Western Maryland College and Members of Webster Literary Society, sympathize with our fellow-Webster in this, his great affliction; and be it further

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Horsey, recorded in the minutes of our Society, and inserted in the COLLEGE MONTHLY

W. H. LITSINGER,

O. D. MCKEEVER,

J. W. SMITH,

Committee.

#### Locals.

—"Suc-cess."

—Cyclone.

—Rhamphorynchus.

—Who ate Miss Wilson's pie?

—Where did Smith '93 see "Snakes?"

—Latest thing out—Miss Bohanan's tooth.

—Sellman says his father owns a *steel* mine?

—Miss A—, '95, says her heart is *miles* away.

"How long, O Catiline, will you *monkey* with our patience?" Roe.

—Miss W—y, '94, recently sent down town for lemons to make orange ice.

—Miss T—, '93, informs us that she has been *growing* ever since the Junior Supper.

—We have lately discovered that Miss G—kle's heart has turned to "Stone."

—Miss D—, '96, says that on a certain Friday evening her heart was all *covered* up.

—Why the girls do not like foot-ball—because it is against the rules to tackle 'round the neck.

—And who was disappointed at the concert given at the Lutheran Church, on March 2?

—Ask Miss Earhart to tell you about Carlyle "coming around."

—Allgood has commenced to write his graduating oration. Rather early, isn't it?

—Miss Hill (at the dinner table): "Oh, John, please don't take the dish away."

—Miss Lewis wishes some one to give her a *perscription* for making bread.

—Miss Dixon:—"Wasn't the entertainment grand?"

Miss Harper:—"Yes, it was *Rio Grande*."

—Miss C—n, '95, of late heartily endorse(y)s all statements made by her friends.

—Miss P—, '96, on being suddenly aroused from slumber, exclaimed: "Where's my Bibb?"

—Who, among the dwellers of "Celestial Hall," have a weakness for "Sandwiches" and "Catsup?"

—Miss P—'94: That's a Marquise ring, isn't it?

Miss J—'94: What kind of a stone's that?

—Miss Smith says she does not intend using anything but parsin (parson) ponies.

—"Oh, please pardon me," says the courteous Miss Pollitt, as she brushes against the finely dressed model in Mr. Kann's store.

—Did the Juniors have any breakfast on the morning after their class supper? Ask the sophomores.

—Miss H—, '93: "Pauline, are you on the staff?"

Miss B—, '94: "Yes."

Miss H—"Why, you are not!"

Miss B—"Well, my better half is; so it's just the same!"

#### A CHEMICAL DITTY.

The Ichthyosaurus lived of yore,  
In the region of Timbuctoo,  
When the water was H<sub>2</sub> SO<sub>4</sub>  
And the air was Co<sub>2</sub>. —Ex.

—Depfer is considering the idea of taking a special course in navigation; he is especially struck on the "Saylor."

—Murray, the other day, made the astounding statement that Cæsar had written many "contemporaries."

#### WHAT IT WAS.

What is that wild, unearthly sound  
That seems as 'twere creation's knell?  
It is the college boys. They've found  
A new and most heartrending yell. —Ex.

—Revelle, '95, in the wee still hours of night is heard softly to sigh, "Oh, how bitter, to love a girl and then not —."

—Was the "black look" that colored Dorsey's eye from Miss C—, '95, or Miss P—, '94?

—Prof. (dictating Latin composition) —"Tell me slave, where is that horse?" Startled Freshman—"It's under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it." —Ex.

—Prof.:—Miss Adams, where was the first French Republic established?

Miss A.—No answer.

Prof.:—It was just 300 years after the discovery of America.

Miss A. (after a long silence)—Indeed, I don't know.

—Deep railroad cuts answer the same purpose as tunnels now-a-days; it need not be dark, either. At least, so say the skaters.

—Miss W—'93: Prof. L—has made that statement four times.

Miss E—'93: About what?

Miss W—'93: Oh, that if he had a specimen of the first life that ever existed on the globe he could get a million dollars for it.

Miss E.—But there wasn't any first life!

—An exchange says: "This is how Goethe's name is pronounced by the Soph. German Class:

Ga-o-thy.

Gath-y.

Go-a-ty.

Gut-ty.

Go-a-tee.

Our Seniors have no trouble with the name, since their historian has taught them to invariably pronounce it Gerty.

—P—n, '95 has, of late, been acting very strangely at the table. He will nudge the fellow who is so fortunate (?) as to sit next to him, and after several moments of deep, incomprehensible thought, will ask him to "pass a few of those rice," or a "piece of beans and a slice of slaw," finally coming to the conclusion that "*Penny* wants a cracker."

#### Personals.

MISS Edith Earhart, '94, spent a few days last month at her home, Hagerstown, Md.

Mrs. F. E. Baukhages and Master Bailey Bates paid a flying visit to Miss Baukhages on the 22nd.

Mrs. C. R. Hull of Baltimore, spent February 22nd with her daughter.

Miss Bohaman was agreeably surprised by a visit from her parents, Feb. 24th.

Miss Bessie Lemen visited her parents in Williamsport, Md.

Miss Mamie Elliott spent several days in Baltimore after the 22nd.

Mr. G. E. Day who is attending the Maryland College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore, visited the college on 21st of February.

Mr. L. A. Shipley, '91, of Daniel, Md. came up to the college for the Webster anniversary, February 21st.

Miss Bessie Clift, '89-92, of Sassafras, Md., visited college on Feb. 23rd, and remained several days with the family of Rev. Mr. Melvin in town.

Miss Edith Tull of Fairmount, Md., paid a visit to her brother Mr. Harry C. Tull, at the college February 25th.

Mr. T. C. Routson spent several days in Baltimore lately in the interest of the MONTHLY.

Miss Wilson Strayer and her brothers at college were favored with a visit from their parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Strayer of Buckeystown, Md., February 21.

Mr. W. H. Litsinger went to Baltimore February 22nd to hear Moody and Sankey, and to attend to some interests of the MONTHLY.

Miss J. Pauline Barnes and Mr. Caleb O'Connor attended the inauguration.

Mr. Horsey was called home March 3rd, on account of the death of his mother.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—*Swift*.

### The Cyclone.

On Sunday night, February 19th, the College was visited with a serious disaster. A very strong wind storm swept over this section of country during the night, and in it a comparatively narrow but very strong whirlwind struck the College buildings. Almost the entire tin roof of Smith Hall, immediately over some of the ladies dormitories, was taken off, and together with some heavy timbers deposited on the front campus.

The ladies were of course very much frightened, some of them making very narrow escapes from serious injury by falling bricks and plaster. No one was hurt, however, and soon all were comfortably in their beds, which had been placed in the library, society halls, etc.

The damage to the College was considerable, amounting, it is said, to over a thousand dollars. A large force of men set to work immediately to make repairs, which they did in a few days. The old tin being replaced by a slate roof, like that on all the other buildings; and within two weeks everything had settled down to the regular routine.

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Schedule in effect October 20th, 1892

Read Downward.			STATIONS.	Read Upward.		
P.M.	A M	A M	LEAVE. ARRIVE.	A M P M P M	P M	P M
11 55	5 45		.....CHERRY RUN.....	8 55	1 45	8 45
11 58	5 48		.....BIG POOL.....	8 52	1 42	8 42
12 12	6 01		.....CLEAR SPRING.....	8 39	1 30	8 27
12 18	6 07		.....CHARLTON.....	8 33	1 24	8 20
12 28	6 17		WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.	8 23	1 14	8 09
12 40	6 30		AR. HAGERSTOWN, LE	8 05	1 00	7 55
	1 45	6 45	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR		12 32	8 00
*4 15	2 00	7 02	LE. HAGERSTOWN, AR	7 30	12 15	7 45
	2 17	7 20	.....CHEWSVILLE.....		11 59	7 31
4 34	2 25	7 27	.....SMITHSBURG.....		11 51	7 24
4 38	2 35	7 33	.....EDGEMONT.....	7 05	11 45	7 18
	2 53	7 50	AR.....HIGHFIELD.. LE	6 53	11 28	7 05
	2 53	7 50	LE.....HIGHFIELD....AR	6 50	11 25	7 02
	3 22	8 17	.....FAIRFIELD.....	6 22	10 56	6 33
	3 32	8 27	.....ORRTANNA.....	6 11	10 45	6 22
	3 52	8 47	.....GETTYSBURG.....	5 55	10 27	6 06
	4 33	9 30	AR.....HANOVER... LE		9 48	5 25
	2 53	7 50	LE.....HIGHFIELD....AR	6 53	11 28	7 05
4 50	2 55	7 52	.....BLUE RIDGE.....	6 52	11 23	7 01
5 10	3 20	8 16	.....MECHANICSTOWN..	6 25	10 51	6 34
	3 30	8 26	.....ROCKY RIDGE.....		10 38	6 23
5 30	3 44	8 37	.....BRUCEVILLE.....		10 26	6 13
5 37	3 55	8 45	.....UNION BRIDGE.....	6 00	10 16	6 04
	3 59	8 49	.....LINWOOD.....		10 09	5 58
5 44	4 05	8 55	.....NEW WINDSOR.....	5 53	10 03	5 53
5 57	4 23	9 11	.....WESTMINSTER.....	5 40	9 44	5 35
6 29	5 00	9 44	.....GLYNDON.....	5 11	9 01	4 57
	5 31	10 08	.....ARLINGTON.....		8 25	4 26
7 10	5 53	10 31	.....BALTIMORE.....	*4 30	8 00	4 05
P M	P.M.	A M	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	A M A M P M	P M	P M
8 15	6 45	12 20	.....WASHINGTON.....		6 36	2 30
	9 55	1 00	.....PHILADELPHIA.....	12 03	3 50	1 30
	12 30	3 20	.....NEW YORK.....	9 00	12 15	11 00
P.M.	A M	P.M.	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	P M A M A M	A M	A M

**BALTIMORE AND CUMBERLAND VALLEY R. R.**

P M	A M	A M	LEAVE. ARRIVE.	A M P M P M	P M	P M
5 05		5 45	.....CHERRY RUN.....	8 55		
		6 00	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR		3 20	6 25
6 43	11 10	6 35	LE. HAGERSTOWN AR	8 05	3 05	5 10
7 20	11 45	7 05	.....EDGEMONT.....	7 28	2 30	4 33
7 38	12 02	7 30	.....WAYNESBORO.....	7 10	2 13	4 16
8 17	12 39	8 07	.....CHAMBERSBURG...	6 36	1 39	3 42
8 45	1 06	8 35	AR.....SHIPPENSB'G...LE	6 01	1 09	3 10

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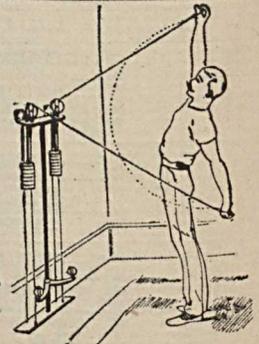
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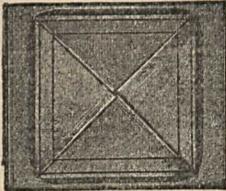
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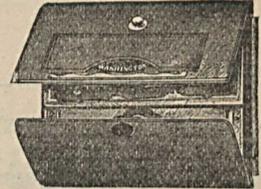
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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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No. 7.

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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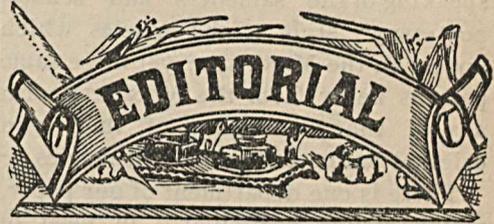
Advertising Rates can be obtained of the Business Manager, upon application.

The Editors solicit communications and items of interest to the college from the students and Alumni. To secure prompt attention, address all literary contributions to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.

To avoid confusion and delay, notification of change of address should be immediately sent to the Business Manager.

All matter intended for publication must reach the office of the MONTHLY by the last Saturday of the month preceding the one in which the matter is to appear.

*Entered at the Postoffice at Westminster as  
second class matter.*



MR. LITSINGER having resigned the position of Editor-in-chief of the MONTHLY, taking effect after the issue of the March number, the present incumbent was elected to fill the vacancy. We lift our hat and make our most profound bow to the critical, exacting and most unfeeling public:

While we hope to make several improvements in the general "make up" of the paper before the close of the scholastic year, we make no promises, but will let the changes, if they are effected, speak for themselves.

What is the object of a College Monthly is a question that might well be asked. Some appear to think that it is simply a medium through which the staff can display their writings before the public. Not so, however. A college journal should aim to express the thoughts and opinions of the *entire body of students*, and not merely of the editors or of any particular class. Just in proportion as it fails to express the views of the student-body, does a college journal subvert the prime object of its existence.

The students of WESTERN MARYLAND

as a majority, throw the entire work and responsibility upon the staff of editors. Often it requires the most consummate skill to "drum up" an article from among the students. The editors cannot be expected to do all the work nor would it be fair to monopolize all the benefits to be derived from such work.

We have several times heard persons speaking of the "sameness" and "school-boy-essay" style of the articles which appear in the MONTHLY; yet these same persons never favor the MONTHLY with any of the productions of their own original brains and exuberant fancies.

There is one department of our paper, which stands particularly in need of development. Poetical productions, both of a serious and humorous character but especially the humorous, are constantly gaining more attention in college journals. We desire more poems from the students. Show your poetical talent through the columns of the MONTHLY. Show that you are willing to support, and to co-operate with us for the success of the MONTHLY, by sending in contributions to its various departments.

NOW that the warm weather is coming on, and out-door sports are becoming the order of the day, we wish to say a word in regard to tennis. Tennis has been played here at college probably for the past ten years, but never has there been a public tournament either among the students, or between our own and some other college.

Tennis is not as popular as foot-ball and base-ball, but we are sure that if a tournament were arranged to take place during commencement week, that greater interest would be manifested by those who play now. Let the manager of tennis consider what can be done in that line.

A LIBRARY is universally acknowledged as a necessary accessory to every well-regulated college. Equally important, we think, is a reading room. So far as we know there has never been a good reading room in the history of this College, certainly not during the past few years. Two years ago, it is true, several monthly magazines were placed upon the shelves of the College library, but that does not constitute a reading room.

Since the regular College course does not include the careful perusal of newspapers, magazines and reviews, the majority of the students pass over such reading entirely. Very few students can afford to take them themselves.

It is very necessary that one should keep up with the daily happenings of the world, for the purpose of conversing intelligently, if no other. We have noticed several times when students have shown ignorance upon common topics of the day in their conversation, simply because we have no reading room where they can post themselves on such points. We do not advocate the careful study of newspapers, for a newspaper is important principally from the standpoint of furnishing news, and not from the literary merit of its columns.

As to the magazines and reviews, none can deny their importance to the student. Every month they contain excellent editorials and reviews which bear directly on his class work.

The same thing might be said with equal truth in reference to the newspaper.

We know of colleges far below our own, which have well-filled reading rooms: in fact nearly every club or organization in the land has a reading room.

We think that such a room, supplied

with the requisite and desirable newspapers, reviews, etc., could be furnished here for at least the sum of \$100 a year. Such a movement would fill a long-felt need and desire of the students, and the results accruing from it would more than compensate for the expenditure.

THE petition sent to Congress last month on the subject of a Road Department at Washington, and a comprehensive exhibit of Roads, their construction and maintenance, at the World's Fair, is we think, a question, national in its import.

It is an acknowledged fact that the roads of the United States make a deplorable comparison with those of many smaller nations. One reason why our roads are so bad is due to the rapidity with which the country has been settled.

Our system of rail-roads is probably the best in the world, and while they have received so much attention, wagon roads have been almost entirely neglected. Our wagon roads should be the very best, because we have more interstate commerce than any other country on the globe.

Good roads help the farmer directly, and thus either directly or indirectly advances the interests of every other business and every other class of people.

Congress appropriates millions of dollars for river and harbor improvement. Why should she not spend some of this on road improvement, which is equally as necessary and important.

Nor do we think the establishment of a road department would necessitate the appointment of an additional cabinet officer, which is an objection raised by some. Others think that the matter of road improvement belongs properly to

the individual states, but as the question is of national importance, the national government should take it in hand.

In many sections of the country, the roads are poor, solely because the parties having the care of them do not understand the art of their proper construction and maintenance.

A road department if established would provide men who understood thoroughly the art of road-making, and who would spend their entire time in promoting a knowledge of the art throughout the entire country.

Congress should take some decided action upon the matter. The amount of money needed to run such a department is not worth considering when compared to the benefits which would result thereby.

THE College Annual to be published by the Senior Class, which was mentioned several issues back, is still "booming." All the matter has been placed in the hands of Guggenheimer, Weil & Co., of Baltimore, who have contracted to print the book.

The book will be ready for distribution by the last week in May. All Alumni and friends of the College are solicited to give this their support by sending in their subscriptions. "Send them in early to avoid the rush." The price, as stated before, is \$1.25 post unpaid.

D. R. LEWIS delivered the last of the Sunday evening lectures on March 28th. The lectures this year have been fewer in number than in previous years, but all have been most interesting and practical. We have gained from them many thoughts which will follow us through life.

MANY are the outside matters which tend to draw the college student from his books. Athletics, society work, glee clubs, Y. M. C. A. work, college monthlies, annuals, and hosts of other minor things are constantly demanding a major part of the student's time.

The cry of the world to-day is for practical men, men who are able to cope with the practical affairs of life. The days of theorizing are of the past, and the popular clamor is for the practical and useful in everything.

The cry has even reached our educational institutions, and there the line is sharply drawn between the so-called "book-worm," and the man who neglects his books for the practical "out-side work."

Yes, the world needs practical men who can apply their knowledge to the complications of life. This out-side work gives the student just such practical knowledge which seems so necessary; but it does this too often by depriving him of the training which systematic study of text books will give him.

The object of a college course is not to fill the student's mind with a heterogeneous mass of knowledge as you would saturate a sponge with water. The great object is the disciplining of the mind, to make it the obedient servant of the will. This can only be accomplished by systematic study. The student who has trained his mind so that he can grapple with any subject at any time, whatever may be his outward surroundings, has won for himself a priceless treasure.

Many students engage actively in "outside work," letting their studies go by with only desultory notice, while they ease their minds by persuading themselves that the practical knowledge

which they are gaining will be of more value to them than anything they could get from their books.

We would not derogate the value of "outside work" to the student. Undoubtedly it will serve him in good stead after he graduates. The objection is that when a student spends so much time on "outside" work, he cannot give his text books the attention which they require.

If the student does not acquire a trained intellect through systematic study while at college, ten to one he never will acquire it. On the other hand practical knowledge can be acquired after he has left college and come in contact with men and affairs of the world.

We do not advocate that a student should abandon his "outside work," by any means. But give the first place to your books and let these other matters be only of secondary consideration.

### LINES

TO A LITTLE LOCUST TREE ON THE CAMPUS.

Oh locust tree, dear locust tree,  
All young and tender tho' thou art,  
Thou hast a lesson taught to me  
That never shall depart.

When wintry winds blew fierce and wild,  
Thou uncomplaining bravedst the blast,  
And waited patiently and mild  
Till winter's storms were past.

And in the vernal days of spring  
How beautiful thy leaves appear!  
Prosperity to thee can bring  
No pride from year to year.

Engrafted in a barren ground  
Where peeps of herbage scarce a blade,  
Cheerfully thou throwest round  
On all a grateful shade.

So may I, when misfortune's storm  
Makes futile every cherished hope,  
Rememb'ring thy unbending form,  
With sorrows learn to cope.

And too, may I, dear locust tree,  
When most cast down by adverse fate,  
Forget myself in sympathy  
With others' wretched state.

T. F. R., April, 1893.



### Individualism vs. Socialism.

SOCIALISM as advocated by the oppressed and discontented serfs of France, in the 14th century, has ever been a subject of spirited controversy and severe criticism among those who are especially interested in our country's welfare; but the recent prominence given to this subject by the political party styling themselves the "People's Party," and having for its platform some of the essential elements of Socialism, bring it again before the minds of the American people as one of the political issues of the day.

Shall the control of industrial matters be invested in the state? Shall it be the office of the state to organize the workmen of America, to determine their wages, and to regulate society by placing each individual, by reason of his circumstances, on the same social equality with his neighbor? The socialist tired and worn-out with his hard day's labor, dejected through fancied grievances, chafing at his social bands, eagerly responds in the affirmative. In his sleep he dreams of freedom! Dreams of the time when all men shall be equal, when the haughty domineering spirit of the rich shall be abolished. At his labor he looks eagerly forward to the time when he and his beloved fellow-laborers shall lay aside the yoke of tyranny forever.

His countenance is illumined with hope. A soft look steals over his stern

features. The happy tears well from his eyes. The hours pass unheeded. He has left his labors in the dreary past and lives in the happy future, when peace and prosperity reign supreme throughout the land.

Such conceptions were but a beautiful, happy dream, a joyous glance into impossibilities, the perfect realization of which would be contrary to all the established laws which govern human society, laws which govern very nature itself.

"Is there any reason, they ask, why such an ideal government cannot exist?" It has always been the policy of the United States and, in fact, all great nations in important matters to consider primarily its own welfare, to consider what benefits and what injures, and with this in view are its political movements regulated, and whether or not its actions benefit other nations is considered of no consequence whatever. What can be predicated of the mass may also be predicated of the individual. The theoretical or ideal man is considered to act with the welfare of his fellow-man the prime motive. The practical or real man acts with his own personal welfare, his prime consideration. This, as an inherent principle in man, will continue to govern his action as long as the world shall last. It was according to this same principle that socialism was first agitated, and for this, socialism in its strictest sense, cannot long remain an institution of a well regulated government.

The constant effort of individuals striving for preëminence over the weak, united with the propensity of some men to sink below the common level, counteract all efforts put forth for its efficiency and permanency. It has, in a modified form, been ineffectually tried by the

Romans, the Greeks, the Jews. It needs no further demonstration.

There have always been and always will be, two distinct classes. The one represented by the capitalist and the other by the laborer. Years ago almost, at the beginning of creation, one man by reason of his inherent qualities gained preeminence, in a worldly standpoint, over another. And since that time, he has always used that advantage in a way conducive to his own pleasure, and the rest of mankind are according to views, mere instruments or tools to secure that end.

After these two distinct classes were formed, whenever the employee became dissatisfied with the employer's terms, he immediately drew his wages and according to the privilege of free competition, sought other employment. The employer was compelled to seek another workman. A little later large bodies of men struck when they became dissatisfied, then waited for the employer to agree to their terms. Still later the strike included the preventing of other men taking the strikers' places. For this purpose moral suasion, fraternal appeals, violence, intimidation and even blood-shed itself were repeatedly resorted to by the strikers, but with comparatively no success.

One more stage of industrial development brought us to present conditions. The capitalists ever on the alert, observing that the strikers had banded themselves together for their mutual protection, immediately became organized themselves. And it is by means of this organization, and according to all the established laws of right and wrong that have ever been made to govern any nation, that they are and ever will be able to protect their own interests.

And thus it has ever been since the

lapse and decadence of the feudal system of serfdom in Europe; the wage system has thrown the workman absolutely upon his own resources. He is no longer entitled as under the feudal system to a place,—a home, such as it was—with the lord of the manor. With no capital but his health, skill, and muscular endurance, he became a dependent, who was also compelled to be the artificer of his own fortune. And as such, any eminence or success of whatever kind, whether political, social or financial, and even the very essentials of life itself must necessarily be the result of individual action.

### Our Today.

IN TURNING over the pages of the book of life, we observe that it is divided into three great divisions; the Past, the Present, and the Future. We can only trace the secrets of the Past upon the pages grown yellow with age, the Future is not disclosed to us, but the Present is distinctly written upon the pages allotted it. Around this last division all our interest centres, for therein is contained the history of the time in which we move and have our existence.

What a vast field for study is found here, one which cannot even be mastered by the most intelligent minds in a lifetime. And yet this history is constantly undergoing a process of change, new rules and amendments are added as man by his inventive mind sees need of them. Progress and improvement mark every page of it, it is full of the wonderful achievements of man. Never in the annals of history was the world in a more prosperous condition than at the present time. It is alive with the genius and activity of intelligent men

and women; he who has no ambition or aim, who cares only to drink in the pleasures of social life, which often prove as delusive as the visions seen by weary travellers in a desert land, must seek a place elsewhere; this busy, active country has no room for him.

To-day man has reached an eminence which has never been reached before by mortal being. He has borne down and trampled under foot the banners of ignorance and superstition, while those of knowledge and Christianity have been erected.

By his deep insight into science new truths are frequently being revealed, which only men of educated minds could fathom. Astronomers by their close observation of the heavens can foretell future events; geologists have traced the formation of the earth to its very causes, while metaphysicians have unfolded many of the mysteries connected with the existing self.

Of the numerous inventions made in the last century, I scarcely need speak, for every one knows their value and importance; but how many of our forefathers ever dreamed of seeing the power of steam alone whirling a train of cars across our continent, or of a people sitting down at night to read by an electric light!

Perhaps these two agencies are the most useful known, they run our commerce, control our manufactures, and by means of the telegraph bring all parts of the world into close communication.

Did you ever think of the immense business carried on in one of our large cities, of the ceaseless hurrying and scurrying, of how by the division of labor everything seems to move on like clock-work, each man seeming to be adapted to his work and his work adapted to him?

No longer can men complain of the few advantages or opportunities offered to them, there are enough various occupations to engage the labor of every one and it rests with him whether he makes use of them or not. But we do not wish to give all the honor and praise to the male sex, since the doors of professional life have been opened to women and she is filling her place as well as man, she has proven herself equal to him in mental abilities and has taken just as high degrees.

Years ago it was thought a very improper thing for a woman to manifest any interest in anything except home-life and environments, that man must wield the sceptre alone, but fortunately that idea no longer prevails, except perhaps in the minds of those who are prejudiced, and refuse to listen to the opinions of others who are not so narrow-minded in their views.

In religious work she has surely been successful as she seems to possess a power which men do not, of reaching the deeper nature of human beings.

Especially in foreign missions does she take lead, her efforts in evangelizing this great world have not been a failure, neither is there a limit to the progress she is making. By degrees she is rising and assuming an independence, and no one can deny that she is doing it with modesty and grace, without seeming to be deserving of having bestowed upon her, the term "masculine."

The men or women who fulfill their missions in life according to the best of their ability and with the assurance of their conscience that they are acting in the right, need have no fear of the criticisms which the world may pass upon them. The little things, the every day occurrences determine our character by a gradual process, just as the touches

made by a sculptor upon a piece of marble may seem insignificant, yet in the course of time result in transforming it into a beautiful statue. Youth is the time to build our character, upon what we are making it to-day depends what is shall be in the future. The boys and girls of the present are those who shall succeed the elders soon to fall out of the line, and therefore it is the more important that both their minds and bodies be well developed for the great responsibility hanging over them, for as surely as our tomorrow rests upon our today and our future upon our present, so surely does the prosperity of the future of our country depend upon its present young men and women.

C. E. P. '93

### A Spring Fragment.

BY PAUL MOORE STRAYER.

One day, the wood inclined our willing steps,  
And in its shady dells, we held commune  
With naiades, nymphs, and all the fairy sprite  
Who in these trysting shadows rendezvous.  
To guide us one consents, and to our eyes  
Reveals the beauties of her woodland haunts,  
Without compare.

A crooning brook plies winding toward the sea:  
Here jagged stones its way oppose, and here,  
Smooth, shallow, sands it rushes o'er, as if  
In haste again to brave the rocks below.

This past, a knotty log across, enter  
We next a path within the wood seclude.

Neath trees o'erlapped like sable wings of  
night,

By babbling spring that ne'er has seen the sun,  
'Twixt frowning rocks like guardians of the  
shades,

We follow on.

Thence into lighter groves,

With grass still bent, still moving boughs,  
swept by

The flowing robes of nature, as she passed  
Down the flowery aisles, fresh blossomed in  
The sunshine of her presence, The violet  
smiles.

Arbutus, modest flower, that hides its head  
Beneath the ugly leaves, aroma sheds  
Like incense sweet to heaven.

'Tis mating time,  
And each pair twittering love seems nigh to  
burst

For joy. A squirrel chatters in an oak.  
Shy rabbits flee before yet, curious, turn  
To see who thus invades their virgin home.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Wantonly leads on our guide, her clinging  
Curving robe moved by the gentle zephyrs as  
she floats before.

### Success.

THE measure of success is in the event. Intelligence, fitness, ability, perseverance are elements of success; and all these may be present and play their proper parts, but it is the ulterior events and those over which the actor may have no control which bring him the meed of praise and glory, or allow him to slumber in obscurity. Columbus the thoughtful man, the skillful sailor, enterprising, prudent, persevering, resolute, living at a time when the spirit of adventure was rife, bred to a vocation best suited to accomplish his purpose, owes not to these his present fame. All things conspired to win him renown, and renown has he won, but not for his ear are the plaudits, not for his eye are the pageants glorifying his name. He knew not, nor his contemporaries, the full significance of his discoveries. Nor would these have occupied the place they hold in the world's history without the sequence of events which he indeed made possible, but over which his power to forward or retard was naught. If other adventurers had not followed him, if his exploits had not been supplemented by other voyagers, only less bold and hardy than he, if his lot had not been cast among the most enlightened and progressive nations of Europe,

his name would now be as obscure as the almost nameless Northman whose vessel's prow grazed the inhospitable sands of Labrador and New England. A motive the most ignoble, *sacra fames auri*, as Virgil names it, impelled many a bold adventurer to seek the new land beyond the dark Atlantic, where he dreamed untold wealth awaited him. These often failing in their purpose were unconsciously contributing to the renown of Columbus.

If this were all, if no conquest and occupation had followed, if no wealth had flowed to Spain, his success as far as it was under his control, would have been just what it is, but the estimate which posterity would have formed would have been an humble one. But with the settlement and growth of the new lands his fame and glory were enhanced. His success became marked in proportion to the rise in importance of the states planted in America, till, at last, four hundred years after his little vessel touched the shores of an obscure island, an out-post of the wonderful world lying just beyond, it is deemed worthy to be measured by the most exalted standards. He takes his place with the greatest of the sons of men. In the august procession of historic worthies—soldiers, statesmen, philosophers, heroes, and benefactors, he occupies a foremost place, his name is blazoned, his fame is heralded, his memory extolled by the civilized world, and his success is commensurate with America's greatness.

Other instances of the truth of the observation that the measure of success is in the event are not wanting. Wellington won the battle of Waterloo. His campaign against France's great captain was a success, but the fullness of that success was read only in the changed history of Europe. Through the smoke

of conflict Wellington did not see it, but Napoleon on far St. Helena saw it with vision unobscured.

Washington and his compatriots resigned their arms and took their places among peaceful citizens, scarcely daring to hope that their apparent success was a reality. The confirmation came with time, and subsequent events measured its importance.

A successful invention may revolutionize a world after the cunning hand and inventive brain have turned to dust. Shakespeare succeeded by his plays, in filling his theatre and providing for himself a livelihood. How paltry his success when estimated by such a standard. Not a theatre full of people for a few nights, but a world of people for all time are his auditors. Not money for the play-wright's pocket, but intellectual food for the minds of thousands yet unborn is what his genius furnishes and these are the measures of his success.

Prudence, then, bids us wait to form our judgments. We see dimly the present; the future is concealed, and in the future lie hidden the events which shall discriminate success and failure.

'93.

### The Crank.

A certain lecturer, as he appeared before a large audience one evening was introduced somewhat as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me pleasure to say that we will now be favored with a lecture on "Fools," by one ——— of the most widely and favorably known speakers of the day.

The introduction was complete and highly commendatory; but as the title of this article may be somewhat ambiguous and to prejudiced minds rather

unpleasantly suggestive we wish it to be distinctly understood by all readers, that the following remarks are not to be considered as in any degree, self-eulogistic or autobiographical but as a calm and dispassionate disquisition on that large and much abused class of humanity, the crank.

As we turned the cranks of our mind in carefully considering this momentous subject, and memory's kaleidoscopic pictures passed swiftly before our gaze, we were astonished to find there illustrations so numerous and forcible. Indeed so many and varied are the daily impressions coming under our immediate observation, and well illustrative of our subject, that should we confine the discussion to college life, and college life to Western Maryland, we should yet despair of giving any approach to an adequate representation in any paper shorter than a sermon. But other and better reasons, in which selfishness is rampant and temerity unknown effectually prohibit us from the indulgence of anything approaching personalities, so that you my friend, whose mighty brain writhes in agony under its massive weight of phrenological lore, and you whose exuberant fancy bubbles forth in metrical effusions cumbrous with sentiment and sparkling with beauty, may rest calmly and peacefully secure beneath the very port-holes of danger, while the scathing fire of heated sarcasm, piercing an atmosphere pregnant with vindictive epithets lights up with one lurid glare the misty clouds of speech and then falls harmlessly about you. Or, in common parlance, be well assured that you are not in it.

And yet the revelations of experience and memory impress us not only with the adverse and ridiculous side of crankdom, but also with much that is good

and noble and well worth our emulation. When, in order that we may determine whence it cometh, we pay deference to the venerable Webster, and trace the word "crank" in its etymological derivation and signification, we find that its first and most fundamental meaning is that of a bending or turning. So that a "crank" in the most literal sense of the term, is simply something bent or turned. But, when we look for its application to observe whither it goeth, we discover many and grievous discrepancies. Applied to poetry, the beautiful bending or turning of thought and expression is not termed a "crank," but appears in the vain and deceitful guise of a "trope." But compensation is made in the eyes of the *Vulgus Populus* by applying the unpleasant term to the obscure but brilliant author instead of his productions. And thus we shall see, although under the garb of a misnomer, one of the best and most beneficial uses of the crank. Strip language of its tropes, rob poetry of its ornament, and silence would indeed become golden. But 'tis with the application of the term to a certain unhappy class of mankind that we are most concerned. And in this sense we maintain that to be called a crank is not without its redeeming features. It is simply the evidence of a strong individuality, the outgrowth of a marked and prominent personality, that severs the crank from the common herd of mankind and places him on a vantage ground, where he may resist the tyrannical rule of custom and public opinion. All honor to the man who can stand firmly and steadfastly on his own convictions of right in the midst of the stream of public sentiment, while his weaker neighbors are whirling by in the powerful current.

What virtue is there in doing what

any one else would do? What honor for the parasite agreeing with everybody for the sake of popularity? Better *one man* if his ideas are somewhat erratic on certain lines, than a *dozen mere fawning slaves*, bowing and cringing to every public whim.

And the crank is not one whose every faculty is twisted and distorted out of its proper channel, but one who has a particular faculty abnormally developed. Josiah Allen's wife in her popular works beautifully and forcibly expresses her idea of cranks while she exhorts us to "Megumness," and even the venerable and highly revered dramatist, Terence cannot refrain from taking a hand in the discussion and remarks, probably less beautifully, but just as forcibly, "Nam id arbitror adprime in vita esse utile, ut *ne quid nimis*." The "Megumness" and the "*ne quid nimis*" are parallel expressions and might well be used interchangeably. But even Samantha may be wrong and we may well take exception to the old Latin author and defend our position that cranks *are* "in vita adprime utile." But 'tis useless to prolong a discussion whose issue is already settled in every unprejudiced mind. True indeed is it that too much of even a good thing is good for nothing. A smile is pleasant, so they say, but when it spreads until it becomes a laugh, one halts between two opinions, undecided as to whether it owes its origin to the sublime or the ridiculous.

Truly has it been said that the cranks are the powers that move the world. They are men imbued with one idea, fired with one transcendent thought, eclipsing all minor and less important matters and inciting its possessor on to the accomplishment of the one prime object of his life. History furnishes many and striking examples. Paganini,

the great violinist, played on but one string, alleging that life was too short to attain perfection on more than one. Moody, Talmage, Spurgeon, Brooks, and Sam Jones all furnish good examples of personal eccentricities and their powerful influence.

Edison's inventive schemes might well be styled the wildest and most absurd fancies of an over-heated brain; but he steadily pursues his object until it is accomplished.

The fertile fields of science are especially adapted for the development of the crank. We behold him wrestling with the great problem of evolution; establishing his descent from the monkey, troubling his brain with the obscure question of "where he came from," but never tackling the more practical ones of "what he came for," and "where he is going to."

We deny any descent from the monkey tribe, but we do not strenuously object to such a lineage if it is affirmed that we have *ascended* from that particular Mammalian class. Of course, it is understood that we take this stand for ourselves only; we cannot turn the cranks of other minds nor the minds of the other cranks, and if they see evidence of their *descent* we cannot object.

In conclusion, let us deal gently with the possessor of a bent faculty when we find him in our midst, patiently enduring his weaknesses while we acknowledge his virtues.

The brightest crowns that are worn in heaven have been tried and smelted and polished and glorified through the furnace of tribulation.—*Chapin*.

Literary culture is mental horticulture; it joins beauty to utility and gives fertility, harmony and completeness to the mind of its possessor.— \* \*



### Opening Y. M. C. A. Rooms.

THE dedication of a Young Men's Christian Association Hall, on Sunday, March 12, 1893, marked a new era in Christian work, and we trust in Christian life, at Western Maryland College. Dr. Lewis, the President of the College, said at the beginning of the opening service that this was at least a partial realization of what he has desired and looked forward to for some time—namely, a building apart from the other College buildings for the sole use of Christian work. Heretofore we have had a neatly-finished and suitably furnished room for the joint use of the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A., but now we rejoice that we have a building we can call our own.

As stated in the last issue of THE MONTHLY, there is a room on the first floor to be fitted up for a reading-room. The second floor will be used for weekly devotional and prayer-meetings. This room is of sufficient size to accommodate all, yet not so large that an ordinary crowd will lose itself. The beautiful Brussels carpet, the easy opera chairs, the neat organ of oak finish, the similarly-finished cane-bottom platform chairs make the room especially attractive. The committee, composed of W. H. Litsinger, J. S. Williams, T. C. Galbreath, W. G. Baker and C. E. Dryden, assisted by Dr. Lewis, displayed considerable taste in selecting and matching the furniture. This, and the activity manifested in raising funds, which were contributed mainly by the students and

members of the Faculty, the lady teachers taking special interest, place us under obligations to members of the committee.

At 4:30 P. M. the students, teachers and a few visitors assembled in the new room. The exercises were opened with a chorus by the College Glee Club, after which the the congregation joined in singing "Sing with grace to the Lord." Dr. Ward led in prayer. Revs. A. D. Melvin and P. H. Miller each read a passage of Scripture. A solo by H. E. Nelson and chorus by the Glee Club, also several songs by the College Choir and congregation added considerably to the interest of the programme.

When Dr. Lewis had made some suitable remarks of encouragement and had expressed his gratification at the advancement we are making, Dr. Reese delivered the address of the occasion. To announce that Dr. Reese is to speak to the students of Western Maryland College is to announce that they will have a treat, and this occasion was not an exception.

The Doctor spoke of the greatness of the Y. M. C. A. movement. It is great because it is an association. It was born when the Church was working by creeds, each denomination working independently of and sometimes at variance with other denominations. The Association disregards all creeds, all denominationalism, and works for that unity for which Christ prayed, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

It is a great movement, too, because of its name—Christian. Everything in

the moral world is Christo—centric just as in the physical world everything is heliocentric.

Great because composed of young men who think little of the past and value the present only so far as it affords vantage ground for the future. In their gushing enthusiasm and hopeful desires, they have formed a crusade, not to rescue the tomb of a dead Christ, but to win souls for a living Christ.

One could hardly listen to this encouraging address without a sense of gratitude that he is a young man and connected with the Young Men's Christian Association, and without resolving to be a better young man and more active in the Master's work.

Dr. Lewis then formally dedicated the Hall to the use for which it was built.

After singing the Doxology we retired to our rooms rejoicing that a good work had been done, and hoping that a still greater will yet be done—namely, the conversion of souls. To this end let us pray and work.

#### Y. W. C. A. Notes.

AS THE TIME seems to be passing away so rapidly, so soon will the Summer days be here and our school year closed; observing this fact we should try to do our best work in our Y. W. C. A.; passing the remainder of the year in striving to awaken the spirit of interest which sometimes becomes dormant within us, in order to leave our Association with good impressions, knowing that something has been accomplished for the Master's sake, in whose name we meet together. There is much to encourage us just at this time, since we have the sole occupancy of the room which has formerly been used by both Associations for prayer-meeting exercises, and as some improve-

ments are to be made in our room, by all means we should improve our souls to make them correspond with the improvements in it.

The warm Spring days are now here and the enticements which they have for drawing us out upon the porch or down the path after a day of close confinement within our rooms, are known to us all. Certainly we like to enjoy these pleasures and should make use of every opportunity for refreshing and invigorating ourselves, but cannot we give up this pleasure for *one-half hour once a week* and attend the prayer-meetings? While it is necessary to renew the physical strength it is just as necessary to revive the spiritual strength, otherwise the soul becomes stupid and dull, and loses its activity, its power of exercising itself.

We are glad to see more of our girls leading the meetings. It requires an extra amount of courage to lead a meeting the first time, but because you think you cannot make as good a speech as some one else might make, don't be discouraged after the first attempt, but rejoice that you have made a beginning. It is not always what you say but the sincerity of your speech which produces the deepest impression upon your listeners. "Our personal example in all our intercourse with girls will do much to lead them to see the beauty of Christ," says a writer to the *Evangel*; "our lives should be different from those of unchristian girls so that they may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus."

Keep pure hearts and clear consciences, be *honest* and *upright* at all times, no matter what may influence you to be otherwise, for there is "One who watcheth your living" and knoweth every secret of your heart.



### Exchanges.

WE think that a spirit of generous criticism is perfectly permissible and even desirable in the exchange column of a college journal. We intend to pursue such a course whenever we see any call for it among our exchanges. The trite remark that others can see and tell of our faults better than we ourselves, scarcely needs repeating.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Canvassing Agents' Obstacles" is the subject of a rather long but very well-written article in the *Gettysburg College Monthly* of March. The author argues that it will pay any college student who wishes to gain a better knowledge of men and affairs to devote several vacations to this business. That the college graduate too often leaves his Alma Mater extremely deficient in practical knowledge is a fact only too true.

We also notice that a counter movement to the *Monthly* has been instituted in the establishment of a new monthly, called the *College Mercury* by nine of the students. If the new venture succeeds Gettysburg should be proud of having two representatives in the journalistic field.

We see in the March issue of the *College Reflector* something entirely new to us in college journalism. We refer to biographical sketches of seven members of their senior class. While six pages are given to these biographies, they only have one article in their literary department. We think it would

have been in much better taste if the writers of the sketches had taken as their subjects some prominent alumni of their college who have risen to fame in the outside world.

While the history of a student's college career may be very interesting in its place, a college journal should fill its space with matter which is more purely literary in its character. However, if the *Reflector* has done this mainly to offer some variety to the ordinary routine of their literary articles, and if not repeated too often, we would not consider it such a bad innovation.

The *Campus*, while lamenting the brevity of their Alumni notes, gives this as its very good reason: "We don't know and have no means of finding out what the old students are doing." It then appeals to the Alumni to furnish items about themselves, and closes as follows:

"Unless you do this we shall have to take the matter in charge and make up our own alumni notes. Taking the lists of the various classes we shall proceed to record the death of all those whose names do not appear on our subscription list. Those who subscribe and do not pay will be spoken of as in serious financial embarrassment, while the alumnus who reads the *Campus* and pays for it, will be mentioned as the proud father of a pair of twins." Such an inducement cannot fail to elicit a speedy response.

According to merit the *Carolinian* ranks among the first of our exchanges this month. "Katerina" is an ingenious story told in a skillful manner and pleasing style. Original stories are gaining a just popularity in all college journals.

The *Trinity Archive* says in one of its editorials that "the greatest and proba-

bly the only objection to the World's Fair is the fact that it opens the ports of the United States for the transmission of Asiatic cholera." While there is some danger, yet we do not anticipate as much as the writer of the editorial would have us believe.

If the visitors to the Fair were to consist of the ordinary immigrant class there might indeed be very great cause for apprehension, but in reality, they will be from the upper stratum of European society. Yet, even this being so, it is by no means an impossibility for the germ to reach our shores.

None of our large cities are kept as they should be, and the fact that there is danger, should arouse them thoroughly to the necessity of better regulated sanitary systems. *The Archive* is one of our best exchanges.

*The Texas University* is a well-balanced journal. All of its editorials show thought and careful preparation. We were rather surprised that a university as large as the Texas University was just considering the publication of a College Annual.

#### College Notes.

IN A SPEECH to the students at Yale recently, Chauncey M. Depew made the characteristic remark, "What made the class of '53 so famous is that half its members went into journalism and praised the other half.

A Methodist University will probably be located at Kansas City, Kansas. The citizens have subscribed 65 acres of land and \$125,000 towards it.

The *Cosmopolitan* offers to pay the expenses of one thousand students at the various colleges and universities of this country and Europe, in return for work securing subscribers for that magazine.

The students of the University of Kansas have organized a Moot Senate. They recently passed a bill for the opening the World's Fair on Sunday.

Although this is the first year that women have been admitted to Yale University 22 of the 125 graduate students are women. It will not be at all surprising to see, in a few years, the number of women graduates equal to that of men.

The Educational Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition will be in the south gallery of the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts building. The space assigned to it amounts to 175,000 square feet. According to the *Chicago Herald*, each State will receive a definite amount of space for its public school exhibit.

The Southern Student's Summer School, which was to have been held this year at Knoxville, as last summer will be deferred until 1894. The reason of this is that many college delegations which would have attended the school have already been made up to visit the World's Fair.

The time which will be most popular with such parties is the very time at which the Summer School should have been held, so that the gentlemen in charge of the conference have deemed it advisable to postpone it until the summer of '94.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—*Dr. S. Johnson.*

Let not the emphasis of hospitality be in bed and board; but let truth and love and honor and courtesy flow in all thy deeds.—*Emerson.*



## Notes.

WE cannot help but notice the increased interest being taken in indoor athletics under the new arrangements of our Director, which were mentioned in a previous issue. At the last Contest Exhibition for March, a great number took part whose general averages were very good. The first part of the program was a lecture on "The Respiratory Organs," by D. F. Shipley, M. D., and right here we would mention the series of "Health Talks," one of which is given at each contest exhibition, by certain physicians of Westminster; J. W. Hering, M. D., having delivered the first one on "The Digestive Organs." The contest was next in order in which the following events were tried—running high kick, pull up, three standing broad jumps, and a game of basket ball. This game was played between the Sophomore class and the rest of the school. Each player on the winning side was to be credited with three points, but the score being a tie neither side was benefited. The result, in points, of the contest was as follows: D. W. Lewis, 17; W. P. Mills, 16; G. Watson 11; H. E. Gilbert, 10; C. M. Zepp, 10; W. Sellman, 8; L. Zimmerman, 7; E. Zimmerman, 6; C. W. Erdman, 1; A. Wells, 1. These points, added to their previous records, and to those which will be made before the close of the year will decide who shall receive the prize.

Base ball is once more coming into prominence. Our teams are taking every

advantage of the weather, and have succeeded in doing some very good practicing. The base ball manager has made out the following team—Manager, H. S. Leas, c.; Captain, W. Sellman, p.; T. C. Galbreath, 1st b.; H. E. Gilbert, 2d b.; F. H. Miller, 3d b.; D. W. Lewis, s. s.; G. U. Stull, l. f.; F. W. Story, c. f.; E. B. Pennington, r. f.; Ferguson, Green and Forsythe, substitutes. Games are to be played with the University of Vermont, April 6, on home grounds—Pennsylvania College, April 19, on home grounds—Mt. St. Mary's, April 22, at Emmitsburg—Maryland Agricultural College, May 13, on home grounds—Washington College, May 20, at Chestertown—Uniontown, May 27, on home grounds—Washington College, June 10, on home grounds. This series of games will have been commenced by the time for our next report, which we hope will be of victories won.

T. C. G. '95.



## Alumni News.

SINCE the record in the MONTHLY of the death of Miss Mamie M. McKinstry, '79, in December, 1890, the angel Death has passed by the doors of the Alumni. We are now called upon to announce the death, in Mackintosh, Fla., on March 17th, of Mrs. Alice Fenby Gist, '73. Mrs. Gist was the wife of W. M. Gist, '82, and sister of Frank P. Fenby, '83, with whom we mourn; for the ties that bind Alumni together were formed in the happiest and best years of this life.

Of the nine who graduated in the class of seventy-three, four will answer no more to the Alumna roll-call. This is the largest percentage of deaths that has occurred in any class.

At a banquet sometime ago in Centreville, J. F. Harper, '90, responded to the toast, "The Bar;" and Olin Bryan, husband of Mrs. Anna Dodd *Bryan*, '89, replied to "Our Guests."

Whenever an Alumnus descants to us about the felicity of bachelor life we immediately sharpen our editorial pencil preparatory to giving the MONTHLY's readers a matrimonial item.

Something over a year ago Postmaster F. McBrown, '85, of Brunswick, Ga., told us he was the happiest single man under southern skies. He was married on February 14th to Miss Ellie May Flanders, of New York. And so "Mc." became the first benedict in his class.

Mr. Alexander Dodd, who was married on November 17th to Miss Minnie E. Stevens, '86, is a cousin to Miss Retta Dodd, '87.

Dr. R. M. Price, father of J. F. Harper, '90, is a candidate for senatorial honors in Queen Anne's. His party couldn't make a better selection. And notwithstanding there is one other prominent candidate in the field, we have heard slanderers whispering that it is a question of a still more *dual* nature that is giving to the above named Harper a feeling of "vague unrest."

We are glad to learn that the health of Miss Laura B. Taylor, '89, which has prevented her from teaching since November, has sufficiently improved to enable her to begin a course in type-writing and short-hand.

Bennett and Mowbray, '86, and Cross, '90, are Western Maryland's representa-

tives in the Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church. For the coming year Mr. Mowbray will go to Bennet Memorial, Baltimore; Mr. Bennett will fill the pulpit at Oxford station; while Mr. Cross is to be associate pastor on West River Circuit.

A. L. Miles, '83, is prominently spoken of for the United States District Attorneyship of Maryland. He has the unanimous endorsement of the bench and bar of the first Judicial Circuit. Mr. Miles was Collector for the port of Crisfield under the first Cleveland Administration, one of the leaders in the last Legislature, and an elector-at-large on the Presidential ticket last fall—all this before reaching the age of thirty. The Alumni Association claimed him for its President in '88-'89.

President Diffenbaugh, '74, and John H. Cunningham, '85, attended the meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association, recently in session in Boston.

"Rev. C. S. Arnett received a severe pounding Wednesday night, but, although somewhat overcome, he thinks he is not seriously hurt. The people of Sharptown irrespective of church relationship went to the parsonage, took possession, but on leaving they left the parson's family smiling on the gift of many of the good and substantial things of life." *Salisbury Advertiser*.

Mr. Arnett is of the class '74, and is one of the Alumni whom success has followed in his work of the ministry.

Rev. A. P. Prettyman, husband of Mrs. Ida Armstrong *Prettyman*, '75, was returned to Delaware City by the Wilmington M. E. Conference, recently in session in Middletown, Del.

Weller, '89, has gone to Yale. Always a clear and vigorous thinker, we predict success for him in his work.

Echoes from the Pacific coast say that Wilson, '87, is getting handsomer—this was *not* wafted on the breezes by the gentleman himself.

One or two of our Republican Alumni friends are becoming unhappy — and quite a number of our Democratic brethren will one of these days be sadder and wiser men.

The Alumna Editor regrets to have had no news of the Association in the February and March issues. He was neither "in love" nor "snowbound;" but was silent because of illness and other causes.



**Philomathean Anniversary.**

ON THURSDAY, March 30th, the Philomathean Society celebrated its eleventh anniversary, their's being the last society entertainment of the year. Several of the churches down town were holding Lenten services at the same time, and the Auditorium was only partially filled. We give the program below, which was finely rendered throughout.

- President's Address.....M. Edna Tagg.
- TOWER SCENE, *Il Trovatore*.
- Leonora.....Edna Boulden
- Flute Obligato.....Mr. B. S. Grime
- Anniversary Essay.....Marguerite Pfeiffer
- DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.
- Tennyson*.
- Helen of Troy .....Ethel Lewis

- Iphigenia.....Leila Reisler
- Cleopatra.....Maude Brewington
- Jeptha's Daughter.....Ala Jones
- Fair Rosamond.....Gertrude Veasey
- Joan d' Arc.....May Thurman
- Eleanor of Castile.....Nannye Sparks

**BROKEN HEARTS.**

*Cast.*

- Prince Florian.....W. H. Litsinger
- Mousta.....D. E. Wilson
- Lady Hilda.....Pauline Barnes
- Lady Vavir.....Helen Wimbrough
- Lady Melusine.....Anna Hill
- Lady Amanthis.....Lucy Redmond

The President's address, by Miss Tagg, was principally a description of the regular weekly meetings of the Society and the work which they are doing, treated in a manner entirely different from the usual stereotyped form of such addresses.

The essay, by Miss Pfeiffer, upon the "Evolution of She," was also a pleasing diversion from the ordinary essay, representing the college girl in the various stages of development, from the verdant, home-sick Freshy up to the lofty and sublime heights of the Senior.

Miss Boulden, as Leonora, in the Tower Scene, *Il Trovatore*, only heightened her reputation as one of the leading vocalists of the College. The subdued chant of female voices in the distance, was one of the most effective features of the program.

In the "Dream of Fair Women," each one suited perfectly the character which they represented, both in personal appearance and in their acting. The costumes were all rich and the tableau at its conclusion, was especially beautiful.

In the drama of "Broken Hearts" all the parts were well taken. Mr. Litsinger, as usual, was the unfortunate object of both Lady Hilda's and Lady Vavir's affection. His endeavors to

extricate himself from Cupid's toils after the magic veil was stolen from him were quite amusing. In the end, however, Lady Hilda won him. Mr. D. E. Wilson represented a distorted and ugly old man, and his repeated declarations that he would make as good a lover as anyone if it were only *dark*, was the source of a great deal of merriment. Miss Barnes, among the female characters, deserves special mention. Her acting was original and realistic. Miss Wimbrough, of course, supported her part finely. The characters of Lady Melusine and Amanthis, while not so prominent as the others, were supported with characteristic excellence. This closed one of the best and most successful anniversaries in the history of the Philomathean Society.

#### Thursday Evening Lectures.

ON March 9th, owing to the non-appearance of our lecturer, we were deprived of the usual Thursday evening enjoyment.

There was a departure from the regular lectures on March 16 and Miss Beulah Gilbert, assistant teacher in elocution at the Woman's College, Baltimore, favored us with several choice selections, which she recited in a very effective way and won all the audience by her sweet voice and graceful gestures.

These were interspersed by well executed piano selections rendered by Prof. Rinehart and Miss Kinney, and a vocal solo by Mrs. Liggett.

The program was pronounced a success by all, and there was universal regret when the last piece had been given.

Education gives power; hence it is a blessing or a curse, according to how we use it.

\* \* \*

#### Personals.

FROM March 6 to 11, Prof. Black was honored with a visit from his sister, Miss Mamie Black, of Lynchburg, Va.

Miss Belle Cochran paid a short visit, from March 2 to 6, inclusive, to her home in Baltimore, and during her stay attended the inauguration.

Miss Veasey in company with Miss O. Rinehart, visited Baltimore March 13, and while there heard the famous Paderewski.

Mr. Webster Elliott, of Centreville, Md., paid a visit to his sister, Miss Mamie Elliott, at the College March 30.

Miss Imogene Caulk, '91, made a visit to her Alma Mater, March 30.

Miss Katie Reisler visited her sister, at the College, March 30.

Mr. A. F. Smith, '92, paid his Alma Mater a visit March 9-11.

Messrs. Jones, '92, and Whealton, '92, who are now attending the J. H. U., were present at the Philomathean entertainment, March 31. Mr. Caton, '92, of the University of Maryland, was present at the same occasion.

Mr. F. C. Pearre, '89-'92, now taking a course at St. John's, paid us a flying visit, March 31.

Miss Ola Martin, '90-'92, paid a short visit to the College during the Easter holidays.

Miss Bessie Van Dyke, '89-'92, visited the College to attend the anniversary of Philomathean.

Messrs. Thos. R. Woodford and Ed. C. Lowe, of Centreville, visited Mr. Watson at the College, on March 30, and were present at the Philomathean anniversary.

Rev. L. R. Randall was present at the Society anniversary on the 30th.

The death recently of Mrs. Mazie Ridgely-Hood was one of peculiar sadness. As a student at W. M. C. and as a member of the class of '93, she was loved and admired by all. She had been married but a little over a year, and just as she was budding into perfect womanhood, death snatched her from all those she held so dear. While she fully expected to be present at the Commencement exercises of her old class, in June, she was summoned by angel voices to a commencement in the Land above the skies, far grander and holier than any commencement of earth, one which will last through all eternity. All who were acquainted with her, know how pure and sweet was her disposition. The MONTHLY voices the sentiment of all the students when it expresses its heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family.

**Glee Club and Athletic Entertainment.**

ON SATURDAY evening March 11th, the Glee Club of W. M. C. rendered in a most excellent manner, the following programme in Odd Fellows Hall; and thus increased its already enviable reputation:

**PROGRAMME.**

- Chorus.....Glee Club  
"Hark, the Merry Drum"—Krugl.
- Chorus.....Glee Club  
"Stars of the Summer Night."
- Vocal Solo.....C. H. Kues  
"Answer"—Robyn.
- "Farewell Marguerite"—Boardman.
- Chorus.....Glee Club  
"Longing"—Price.
- Guitar Duet....Prof. Black and D. E. Wilson  
"Sebastopol"—Wurrall.
- Trio.....Stone, Nelson and Kues  
"Maiden Fair"—Hayden.
- Chorus.....Glee Club  
"Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground"—Foster.
- Vocal Solo.....Graham Watson  
"Afterwards."
- Chorus.....Glee Club  
"Medley"—Selected.

**GLEE CLUB.**

*First Tenor.*  
C. H. Kues, Leader,  
E. D. Stone.

*Second Tenor.*  
W. M. Black,  
J. C. Green,  
H. O. Keen.

*First Bass.*  
W. H. Litsinger,  
C. B. Strayer.

*Second Bass.*  
H. E. Gilbert,  
H. E. Nelson,  
T. P. Revelle.

The rendition of the solos needs no other comment than to say they were sung by Kues and Watson. In the trio Kues and Stone kept the audience in a constant roar of laughter as they sang to the "Maiden Fair," the one by earnest singing and by provoking the other to antics so amusing and so peculiar to himself; while Nelson sang as earnestly but with a different object in view. To say the duet by Professor Black and Wilson was finely rendered, but feebly expresses what the audience expressed by a rousing encore. The choruses were all good and highly appreciated; but "Hark, the Merry Drum," "Stars of the Summer Night," and the "Medley," are worthy of *special* mention and can be spoken of only in terms of praise.

When the last piece was finished and the audience had failed by enthusiastic applause to bring the Club out again, the Athletic Association played a short drama; which was also, by common consent and by words of praise, put down as an entire success.

**Locals.**

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."  
A youth from West Virginia,  
From the mountain-hills, way back,  
Came down to Western Maryland  
Where the students called him, "Mac."  
From thence, a maid came also.  
At home, he could not leave her,  
Though ever since he met the lass  
She called him, "Mr. McKeever."  
It took but a short time, at college,  
By the letters and smiles, oh! ho!  
When his love was reciprocated,  
And she called him then, "Otto."  
But they say another fellow,  
Who was very good at tennis,  
Came in and won "Mac's sweetheart,  
And now his name is "DENNIS."

—Prof.—Miss Lewis, give me an example of metaphor.

Miss L.—Why—er—*ponying girls*.

—She says she knows by *intuition* when “Billy Lit” looks at her and always catches the smile.

—“Belle, Dorsey has a slight *stoop* in the shoulders.”

“O, don’t you know, he *stoops* to conquer.”

—Miss Whaley wants to know if March 26th was Palm Sunday, *in the Catholic Church*.

—Professor of Geology—Miss Lewis, when did the horse come into existence?

Miss L.—(after several minutes deep thought) Oh I know, it was in 1800.

Examination days are come,  
The saddest of the year,  
The lessons hooked, the zips we’ve got,  
Now make us quake with fear.

—Some one please tell Mr. Stocksdale whether or not his eyelashes are pretty.

—Why does Miss A—, ’95, pronounce t-u-l-l-e *Tull*?

—Some one having remarked that Mr. W. Revelle smiled at the girls in alphabetical order, Miss Jordan was heard to whisper despairingly, “Oh when will my turn come?”

—’95—Oh dear, my marks are not nearly so good as they were last term.

’94—Oh well, if it were not for P. R. F. they would have been better.

’95—Yes, and I believe after all I had rather have P. R. F. than good marks.

—Miss S. W., ’94, went down town recently; entered a stationery store and dreamily asked the expectant clerk to “please show her some *Saxony linen tooth-brushes*.” Evidently her mind needs a *doctor’s* attention.

—When one of her classmates asked Miss J., ’95, whether she was going to pony during examination, she immediately answered. “How can I—when my Horse (y) is not here.”

—We overheard the simple conversation as she pinned the pretty carnation on his coat. She—Oh, sugar!

He—Do you always say that?

—Miss A—, ’93, (in alarm)—O, look at that boy, he has an *encyclopaedia*! I guess he’s going to *ride* it—We looked—but the boy had a *bicycle*.

—“The *horse* was developed,” says Miss Dorsey, “from the Eohippus at the beginning of the Tertiary and reached perfection in the Equus; thus we have the perfect *bird*.”

—“Carlyle dwells upon the death of his most intimate friend with a great deal of *pathetic*.”—Cf. Mr. Baker’s examination paper.

He took her out for an ice-cream treat,  
His pretty blue-eyed Sal,  
But fainted when he read the sign,  
“Cream, ninety cents a *gal*.”—*Ex*.

—“Doc” Nelson’s cat has kittens.

—WANTED—Information as to the whereabouts of one, “Pedie” White of class of ’92, supposed to have entered the ministry.

N. P. T. ’92.

G. I. B. ’91.

J. F. H. ’90.

—Noah was the first pitcher on record. He pitched the ark within and without. The game was called on account of rain.—*Ex*.

—“Tobacco weakens the *will*,” Miss Pfeiffer—I hope *he* does’nt use it.

—“What color are *butter-cups*?” Will some one please tell Miss Wimbrough?

—Miss Elliott wishes the girls to tell her something about *sentimental rock*.

—“Lizzie, do you like to study about Normand(y).” I like to think about *him*.

EXAMINATION WEEK.

Who was it that on book intent,  
For a Latin verb did look,  
But found when half an hour she'd spent,  
She'd perused a German book?

—*A Senior.*

Who was it that sat on the floor,  
With the lamp turned low at her side,  
Studying French with a quilt o'er the door,  
The light from the teacher to hide?

—*A Junior.*

Who was it that one evening did spy  
A mouse in the corner at play,  
And to get it into a trap did try,  
While her books neglected lay?

—*A Sophomore.*

Who was it that so new at the art,  
Her first pony fed and tried,  
But when the pony gave a start,  
Went to her room and cried?

—*A Freshman.*

—When the question was asked, “Who was the second emperor of France?” why was Miss E——, '93, so prompt to respond—Louis Napoleon?

—Miss Jones—She was a Hebrew woman, wasn't she?

Miss Gunkle—Well, that's a Roman woman.

Miss Jones—Of course not.

Miss Gunkle—Well, where was she from?

—After Professor in Physics had been explaining very exhaustively the wave theory of sound, Mr. Sellman broke the gravity of the explanation by asking: “Professor, do smiles travel in waves similar to those of sound?”

—Stevens, on examining a Browning badge worn by Stull, inquired: “Does that stand for B. L. Stull?”

O, what are these college strikes,  
With their wondrous loves and likes?  
How many of them still will last  
When their college days are past?

—Strayer, '95, speaking of arrangements made at the Y. W. C. A. hall, said—“They have taken a piano up in the girls' Y. M. C. A. hall.”

—Davis—What is a China woman?  
Dryden—A Neptune.

—Warning—Ladies beware of Shorty Long, for he says that he is the lady killer of '94.

—Professor—“Mr. Smith, who wrote ‘Pilgrim's Progress?’”

Smith, '95—“Wasn't it Corn—I mean Bunyan?”

—Dryden said the other day, “Respect the dead, although they be alive.”

—We noticed Erdman several days ago wending his way down town carrying a very large bundle, about a yard in length. On inquiring what it was we found that he had one of his shoes and was on his way to the shoemaker's. He made two trips, the combined load being too large to carry with ease.

—Zepp (on entering a warm room)—“My, I don't see how you can stay in here. I couldn't remain here two minutes. I want my room *elevated*.”

LOVE LETTERS.

How easily they burn; and yet they cost  
Thought deep as life, that even now, methinks,  
Might struggle 'gainst destruction, though the  
links

Of past and present long ago were lost.  
Ah, records of a time when fiercely tost  
From hopes to fears, from rapture to the brinks  
Of doubt and pain, the lover soars or sinks,  
Calm now long since! What then was prized  
the most  
Of life's rich flavors dead! Quick hearts de-  
voured

By quicker, cheaper flames,—to ashes turned  
The glory of the precious past, deflowered  
Of all the ideal charms therein inurned,  
Of all the entrancing Spring therein em-  
bowered

Gone, gone! Alas, how easily they burned.

C. P. CRANCH.—*Ex.*

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Schedule in effect October 20th, 1892.

Read Downward.		STATIONS.		Read Upward.	
P.M.	A M	A M	LEAVE. ARRIVE.	A M	P M
	11 55	5 45	.....CHERRY RUN.....	8 55	1 45
	11 58	5 48	.....BIG POOL.....	8 52	1 42
	12 12	6 01	.....CLEAR SPRING.....	8 39	1 30
	12 18	6 07	.....CHARLTON.....	8 33	1 24
	12 28	6 17	.....WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.	8 23	1 14
	12 40	6 30	.....AR. HAGERSTOWN..LE	8 05	1 00
	1 45	6 45	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR	12 32	8 00
*4 15	2 00	7 02	LE. HAGERSTOWN. AR	7 30	12 15
.....	2 17	7 20	.....CHEWSVILLE .....	11 59	7 31
4 34	2 25	7 27	.....SMITHSBURG .....	11 51	7 24
4 38	2 35	7 36	.....EDGEMONT.....	7 05	11 45
.....	2 53	7 50	AR. ....HIGHFIELD..LE	6 53	11 28
	2 53	7 50	LE. ....HIGHFIELD...AR	6 50	11 25
	3 22	8 17	.....FAIRFIELD .....	6 22	10 56
	3 32	8 27	.....ORRTANNA .....	6 11	10 45
	3 52	8 47	.....GETTYSBURG .....	5 55	10 27
	4 33	9 30	AR. ....HANOVER ..LE	9 48	5 25
	2 53	7 50	LE. ....HIGHFIELD...AR	6 53	11 28
4 50	2 55	7 52	.....BLUE RIDGE .....	6 52	11 23
5 10	3 20	8 18	.....MECHANICSTOWN .....	6 25	10 51
	3 30	8 26	.....ROCKY RIDGE .....	10 38	6 23
	3 44	8 37	.....BRUCEVILLE .....	10 26	6 13
5 30	3 55	8 45	.....UNION BRIDGE .....	6 00	10 16
5 37	3 55	8 49	.....LINWOOD .....	10 09	5 58
	3 59	8 55	.....NEW WINDSOR .....	5 53	10 03
5 44	4 05	9 11	.....WESTMINSTER.....	5 40	9 44
5 57	4 23	9 11	.....GLYNDON.....	5 11	9 01
6 29	5 00	9 44	.....ARLINGTON.....	8 25	4 26
.....	5 31	10 08	.....BALTIMORE.....	4 30	8 00
7 10	5 53	10 31	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	A M	A M
P M	P.M.	A M	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	A M	P M
	8 15	6 45	.....WASHINGTON .....	6 36	2 30
.....	9 55	1 00	.....PHILADELPHIA .....	12 03	3 50
.....	12 30	3 20	.....NEW YORK.....	9 00	12 15
P.M.	A M	P.M.	ARRIVE. LEAVE.	P M	A M

**BALTIMORE AND CUMBERLAND VALLEY R. R.**

P M	A M	A M	LEAVE. ARRIVE.	A M	P M	P M
5 05		5 45	.....CHERRY RUN.....	8 55		
		6 00	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR		3 20	6 25
6 43	11 10	6 35	LE. HAGERSTOWN. AR	8 05	3 05	5 10
7 20	11 45	7 05	.....EDGEMONT .....	7 28	2 30	4 33
7 38	12 02	7 30	.....WAYNESBORO .....	7 10	2 13	4 16
8 17	12 39	8 07	.....CHAMBERSBURG .....	6 38	1 39	3 42
8 45	1 06	8 35	AR. ....SHIPPENSB'G...LE	6 01	1 09	3 10

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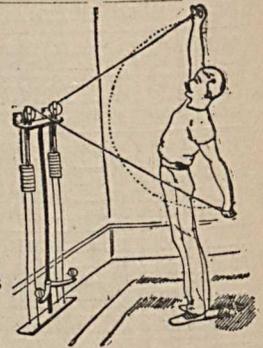
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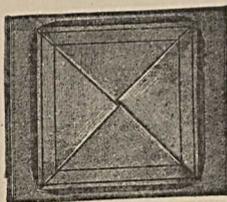
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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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WE are glad to give below an article by Professor Whaley, of the class of '89 and an ex-member of the faculty of the Theological Seminary. The majority of the readers of the MONTHLY are acquainted with Professor Whaley, and we are sure they will read with no little pleasure the article concerning the university which he is now attending.

### The University of Chicago.

FIVE years ago the university, about which I am asked to write, had scarcely found its place on paper.

To-day the greater part of it has no more tangible form than the drawings of the architect, yet the present working basis is sufficient to give the University of Chicago a respectable standing among the institutions of the country, and, if we interpret the signs correctly, a bright prospect of taking foremost rank among the institutions of the world.

The rise of any great seat of learning is always interesting to follow, and in the case before us it will not be difficult, for its history is as yet the "History of First Things."

The great universities of Europe, such as Cambridge and Oxford, in England; the University of Edinburgh, in Scotland; Leipzig and Heidelberg, in Germany, have reached their high rank by the slow growth of centuries. It would indeed be a hard task to read out of the centuries of their existence the separate causes that have led up to what we find them to-day. In our own country it has taken Yale and Harvard more than two hundred years to gain their present size. Such old-time methods of founding a university have come to an end. The Johns Hopkins and the University of Chicago represent the modern method of founding a university.

It is sufficient to say that the gift of Jno. D. Rockefeller, of \$3,600,000, made possible the first step towards founding the university. Other gifts, amounting in all to more than \$7,000,000, have assured its continuance and growth. Among the contributors are Marshall Field, who has given a tract of land valued at \$125,000 and \$100,000 toward the million raised by the citizens of Chicago. Mr. Silas Cobb has erected the Cobb Lecture Hall at the cost of \$150,000. Mr. George C. Warker has given \$135,000 for a museum. Mr. Martin A. Ryerson has equipped a physical laboratory at a cost of \$287,000. Mr. Sidney Kent, a chemical laboratory costing \$200,000. Mr. Wm. B. Ogden has left \$500,000 for the founding of the Ogden Scientific School. Perhaps the most interesting and important of all the gifts is that of the great telescope, by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes.

A word as to the organization of the university. The university is organized into four distinct divisions: the University proper; the University Extension division; the University Libraries and Museums; the University Press. The

University proper includes the graduate school, professional schools (divinity, law, medicine, engineering, pedagogy, fine arts and music), colleges and academies. The Extension division is devoted entirely to work done outside the university. This work is carried on by a separate organized faculty.

In connection with this work there are regular traveling libraries, consisting of such books as may be required for the study of any given course. The University Press has charge of all publications and purchase of books. A very interesting part of the work under the supervision of the university is that done by the Academies. The Academies are known as affiliated schools. They are situated in this State and adjoining States. The object of these affiliations is an endeavor on the part of the university to solve the problem of how to insure efficient and adequate instruction in the preparatory schools. This idea of bringing the academy into touch with a larger institution is not altogether a new one.

We know that Exeter and Andover have had more or less allegiance to some one of the New England colleges. But the actual incorporation of the academy is a movement entirely new.

I do not know of a more important movement for the world of higher education than the missionary spirit that has taken form in the extension movement and in the affiliation of preparatory schools.

I should like to raise the question of the right of an institution to confine its work to the few who are able to be numbered among its students. What would we think of the teacher of Bible truth who refused to proclaim the truths he had found except within the walls of his own church or school. There is truth

outside the Bible which the world needs. If there are truths of science, history and literature that the mass of the people need, who, I ask, are so well fitted to popularize it as the professors in our colleges?

The MONTHLY could arrange for a series of very interesting articles on this subject from men who are engaged in educational work.

The grounds of the university cover nearly twenty-four acres. The buildings already erected on the grounds are Cobb Hall, Kent Chemical Laboratory, Foster Hall, Ryerson Physical Laboratory, Hilly Hall, Warker Museum, Beecher Hall, the Woman's Hall, Graduate and Divinity Dormitories and Snell Hall. The Yerkes Observatory, for scientific reasons, is to be located at Lake Geneva. The style of the buildings is English Gothic. The exterior of the walls is of dark blue Bedford stone. The interior is faced with pressed brick of selected colors. The roofs are of red flat roofing tile, with ornamented crests and ridges. All the buildings are heated with steam and are to be lighted with electricity.

Most conspicuous among the general regulations is the abolishment of the summer vacation. The year is divided into four quarters, beginning respectively on the first day of October, January, April and July, and continue twelve weeks, thus leaving a recess of one week between the close of one quarter and the opening of the next. By this plan both students and professors can select any part of the year as their vacation. The great advantage of this arrangement is the opportunity it will afford for teachers to spend their vacations in more extended study. I predict that the summer quarter will prove to be an answer to a long-felt need. It

will be omitted this summer, but after this will be a regular part of the university year.

Another experiment under the head of Regulations is the plan to confine the students' work to two or three subjects—one major and one minor, or three minors—and to pursue these for not less than six weeks, but the same subject, major or minor, may continue through two or more summer terms.

"This seems but a way of legitimizing cramming." The foregoing statement does seem to have some truth in it, and we can only answer it by waiting to see the result of the system.

Its advocates think they have in it an important contribution, and for that reason we should welcome it at least for trial.

One of the most interesting features of the university is the corps of instructors. In the selection of the faculty all the institution of the world were taken under review with the purpose of finding the leading men in every branch of knowledge.

Of course, an institution for the most part on paper could not hope by the most tempting financial inducements to place representative men at the head of every department.

When this was impossible, the appointing power showed wisdom in leaving the chair vacant.

At present the university has only nine head professors. This does not by any means represent the teaching force.

The head professors, professors, associate professors, assistant professors, instructors, tutors, docents and readers give a regular teaching force of about one hundred and twenty-five.

Among the most noted men of the Faculty might be mentioned Professor William Ireland Knapp, the greatest

living authority on Romance Languages; Professor Van Holst, whose Constitutional History of the United States is accepted as standard authority; Professor T. C. Chamberlain, who has made some interesting discoveries in the field of Glacial Geology in the United States and Professor Hall, whose late book on the *cum* construction in Latin will modify all future Latin grammars.

I have spoken of the organization and equipment of the University to show something of the basis upon which is to be built, what many predict, the greatest university in the world. There are many things about its organization and equipment that to some merit criticism, but we must remember that it is projecting itself out on entirely new lines, and it is only just that we wait for the results.

With the present bright outlook, with the achievements already gained and with the words of approval from so many sources, I think we can reasonably expect great things for the University of Chicago.

There is certainly a field for an institution devoted exclusively to advanced work.

Johns Hopkins, Harvard and Columbia, are the only institutions in the country that lay particular stress on graduate work.

True almost every college pretends to do advanced work, but it is nothing more than a kind of annex. As yet the United States cannot boast of a single university, in the sense attached to that word by Europeans.

No one in this day will rise up and say that we have no need of such institutions, or that we cannot afford them. Count the American students going to Europe every year and say there is no demand for a *true* university.

“An institution wholly detached from the school work done in colleges, and containing all the four faculties organically connected to a *Universitas Literarium*.”

The University of Chicago will be compelled for the first five years to do regular college work. It is the intention, however, to relegate the academic college — Freshman and Sophomore years—to the various affiliated schools.

What I have said, in a somewhat disconnected manner, will give the readers of the MONTHLY some idea of the immense design which President Harper is rapidly putting into form.

There are many things that may rise up at any moment to impede the progress, if not prevent the carrying out of the design, but may we not hope that in a few years the University of Chicago will take its place as one of the most splendidly equipped institutions in America.

J. B. WHALEY.

*University of Chicago.*

### To Live.

IN THE little word *life* is involved unfathomable mysteries, even an attempt to explain it physiologically is very vague and clouded in mists. All reason has failed to satisfy the inquiring mind. The anatomist with his scalpel repairs to the dissecting room and with a subject before him, commanding the aid of all science, proceeds to anatomize for the hidden mystery, but it evades his scrutinizing search and the prize is flown before he really has begun his dissection.

Therefore we are forced not to enter deeply into this subject, for we can at most only give some of the characteristics of life, as we perceive it exerting

itself in all forms of nature around us. To the observing eye it is seen wrestling with death and decay, and when it is victor it touches the seemingly lifeless rocks and soil, and quickens them into myriads of shapes and forms. The beautiful green mantle of the earth, the multitude of leafed beauties that force up their solid weight and stem in the face of gravity and all the flower world that so charms and enchants men with their rosy tints and bewitching fragrance; are all the result of the awakening touch of life's secret and nimble fingers.

Here it touches mortality and it quickens into the highest type of life, surpassing all others in beauty, symmetry and harmony, and endowed with powers so like a God. But as we look out upon this moving mass of humanity, we are forced to the conclusion that some are no more than slaves to their conqueror death, a captive subject to his sway. Why is it, that when the great mass of mankind have come in touch with this quickening force, and have become instinct with life; that the ultimate aim of this life is merely to breathe and to eke out a miserable existence? Will man be like the forest tree, which is not affected by the stream that murmurs beneath its spreading boughs, and sympathizes not with the tender maternity of the bird which has her nest among its leaves. All the forms of life that play among its branches excites in it no wonder. The tree is excused, for it cannot respond to those things. But it nobly works in its sphere, exerting all its energy to respond to the soil, sunlight and air, in contact with its leaves. Yet it is shut off by its low development from a whole world to which man has access, the lines of their inspiration, and the result of their contact with a world, magnetic with oppor-

tunities. Ask yourself, what new truth have they discovered? What old truth has been left burning brighter? What good quality have they made more noble and worthy of attaining? And you will find that much of this mass of energy has been lost which ought to have been turned to profitable ends, when you look at this side of mankind.

The man that goes through this world and sees no beauty, no opportunities to do good or to achieve noble deeds, is not truly alive to the environments that surround him and should not be classed among those who truly live.

Look for a moment at the multitude of unclassed men who are on the highway of life, wandering in the wastes of leisure; as you look at the moving ideas, the lines of their literature, you must needs be struck with the vast subtraction from the prosperity and happiness of our nation.

But here is the solemn fact, that when this vast number of our race joins, "The innumerable Caravan," they are no more lost in oblivion than the dry leaves that fell last fall and were whirled away by the wintry blast.

It still remains a question whether the world was thankful they existed.

Do you ask me then what it is to live and not merely exist? It is to serve your age and generation, and to do this is to sail into the unknown seas and vast realms of thought, and discover Isles and Continents of truth, thus adding to her a new store of higher, nobler and richer thoughts. On those who help to make the world brighter, more homes happy and mankind more brotherly, she bestows some token of gratitude and richest blessing, enshrining them in her heart as one of her richest treasures.

They are those who truly live: never

forgotten. Kingdoms may fall, dynasties decay, walled cities crumble into ruin and not a vestige of them remain, and all the wealth and beauty, science and art, may pass away, but the great leaders who bravely battled on the frontiers of thought, who lead the onward march of mind to higher realms of purer and grander thoughts, never die. Time becomes the guardian angel of their memory, and unharmed amid the wreck of ages, unsullied by the stain of decay, it remains treasured in the archives of the world's throbbing heart.

To live is to bid the waking world good morning, and feel conscious when the evening comes that you have met the requirements of your times.

But do you ask the standard of measurement? There is none save the one given us eighteen hundred years ago, a life too deep to be measured, yet the unit of measure for all lives.

Can we not say that those truly live who come in touch with the fountains of truth that adorn our land? It is a happy thought that thousands of our young men and women are taking this advanced step in living, and are drinking from this fountain that is refreshing our land and nation with its refining and quickening spray, although the thirst will never be quenched, it will not depress but make glad. For to thirst after truth is one of the grandest influences that has ever touched humanity.

This thirst equips man to perform the noblest work God has given to the race, to go out into the world and stamp upon it the impress of truth.

O. D. M., '93.

### In the Land of Genius.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

WHEN the great front doors had closed away the out-side world,

it was not difficult to fancy one's self in another world. The soft colors, the subdued light, the tender grace of the marble "Woman of Samaria," the harmonious decorations surrounding her, the delicious odor of invisible flowers, the long visions beyond, where the luxury of higher thought creates a realm of wonder, of awe—of knowledge that man is indeed next to God.

In this Land of Genius subject forms no basis in classification; and when we would know if this man were a great painter, we ask not, did he paint figures or landscapes; was he a colorist or draughtsman; an idealist or realist? We only know that he held firmly to great truths, yielding to imagination, but not weakly or blindly. A realist as a poet is, and interpreting the glorified in nature, becomes a Master. Stand before the little picture "Sheep-fold by Moonlight" or "Winter Solitude," that hangs by its side, and behold the profoundest poet, the loftiest idealist in each. Millet and Bousseau are indeed the passionate musicians playing with deep chords—deep vibrant chords—every note of color perfectly balanced, every stroke an inspiration. It is that intangible, elusive, unseen but strangely felt force that strikes sweet terror to our souls. In contrast to this are polished draughtmen, the promoters of classical traditions, the genius of the cool scientific observer, of the cultivated eye, of the composed and steady arm—as Von Bulow in music so are Jerome, Bomard, Meissonier in painting, and they but escape hard realism by the help of scientific and calculated composition. No better opportunity is offered in America to study modern painters than in this galaxy of genius, or to form an estimate of the characteristics of what might be termed a second Renaissance.

Here are men who dared abandon classicism to paint as the Artist Spirit directed, for, as Fromentin has said of the struggle of production in art, that "it is ever the struggle between the actual as it imposes itself, and the truth as the artist sees it in himself." The three pictures here by Millet, four by Delacroix, six by Diaz, four by Corot, three by Daubigny—are grand and beautiful specimens of this struggle not in vain, and one soon finds this Fontainebleau well presented. Daubigny, Diaz and Delacroix are truly colorists. Note the "Forest at Fontainebleau" or even the figure study "Cupid Disarmed," by Diaz—such wreath of magnificent color. Across on the other wall hangs Corot's "St. Sebastian" with its badly drawn figures in the foreground, and yet, what is that subtle breathing air that spreads throughout his creations like the presence of a pure spirit?

That marvelous production, "Winter Solitude" (Boussseau), we are told, was executed in eight days, and not till 20 years afterward was it recognized, though it was a noble utterance of a noble heart. To the artist—poet, musician, painter—is it left to impress the eternal world upon us.

There is such prodigality of talent in this gallery of genius that one does not know when to go away; that is, one does know *when* to go, for one is never, even in an art gallery, quite oblivious to the train that must bear one home, and yet one can, oh, how easily, and does, linger on and on and — the train goes! Then one's spirit reposes peacefully once more in the brilliant charm of Delacroix, of Fostuny, of Alma Tadema, of so many others. In the water-color room is a little picture, signed by Alma Tadema, that is a sweet and beautiful poem in composition and color. It is called "The

Question," and suggested itself to the artist from a little story of the same name written by George Ebers. However, it does not need the charming story to comprehend the picture, which is painted in Mr. Tadema's original and individual style.

The canvas that best represents Jerome here is "The Duel after the Masquerade." The catalogue, quoting from a London paper, calls it a lesson in morality equal to Hogarth. But to us who do not know Hogarth as well as Jerome it seemed more a marvelous construction of color technique and composition; not the highest type of picture—too literary for that, and yet very wonderful—and equally wonderful is that masterpiece "1814" (Meissonier). This is too truly Napoleon, and the field of to-morrow's battle is before him!

Another element of this collection, is the realism tempered with sentimentality of Julis Barton's, who is responsible to a great extent for that form of present art that creates a period neither daylight nor night, neither morning, evening nor noon, and with all, leaving a fascination about the very impossibilities it suggests. Then again, the lovely peacefulness in Troyon's "Repose."

Van Marke's "Study from Nature," Herman's "Nymph," rests one like sweet low music.

There is little space left to discuss other works in this land of genius. Tho' one could go on talking forever and not be done, while the listener, even then, could form no true knowledge of the supreme beauty of the two hundred and fifty pictures of this collection, and so chosen that few American artists are assembled here. Baltimore should indeed be proud of this gallery, and rejoice in the kindness that prompts

Mr. Walters to permit the entrance of an uninteresting public. If this article were not already too long, I would tell of the French room furnished with draperies, etc., once owned by the happy Marie Antoinette; or the Dutch room with its ingeniously carved furniture, or the beautiful array of porcelain in the drawing room and the bronze "Moses," and decorations of the dining room. One can not help thinking of this "Land of Genius," in whole, as a lovely piece of tone and color wherein dwells the noblest artist spirits—great souls that fought for, and won, with great power of vision—the beautiful, which is a synonym of truth. And is it written that these sublime ideas are but a passion of melody and must perish?

"El Dorado."

ABOUT three hundred years ago a gentle breeze arose out of the Mediterranean Sea, and filling the sails of a Spanish vessel, moved it quietly out of harbor. The man at the wheel steered toward the west. The breeze grew into a brisk wind. The ship seemed to swing from wave to wave. The minds of the crew were filled with a mixture of hope and doubt, but mostly hope, as they urged their way across the stormy Atlantic in search of a mythical country supposed to exist in South America, known as "El Dorado," that is, in Spanish "The Gilded," or "The Golden."

In the sixteenth century, the impetuous Saniard, with mind dazed by successful exploration, searched for El Dorado, pushing his vessel by the slow moving wind. In the nineteenth century, the energetic American, with clear head but excited nerve, searches for it harnessing steam and electricity to his machine.

I stood with a friend near the City Hall in New York, where a part of the stream of humanity leaves the great thoroughfare of that metropolis, and spreads over the public square and over the streets leading to the bridge and to the ferry-boats, just as the surplus water of a flooded stream leaves its channel and spreads over the adjoining plain. As we stood there watching the flow and overflow of that surging stream my friend said: "The hungry multitude!" Hungry, not for bread but for gold. When we entered that stream of hurrying humanity which constantly flows both ways in Broadway, for that is the thoroughfare referred to, mingling with the hungry multitude in body if not in spirit, elbowing and being elbowed, hindering those we met and being hindered by those who met us, helping the current to flow and being helped by the flow of the current—as we did this, we noticed on the countenance of nearly every member of that throng an interrogation mark. Just before each interrogation mark, imbedded deep in the features, was, as we afterwards learned, this sentence: "Where is El Dorado?"

We then went to the wharf where were boats, sail-boats, steam-boats and almost every other kind of boat. The elevated railroad trains rumbled overhead, the surface cars moved glibly on their tracks, wagons rattled, hoofs clattered, carriages jolted over the cobble stones at such a rate as to make one feel that he needed eyes, like a spider, all over his person looking in every direction. All this rumbling, rattling, clattering, jolting seemed to say, "El Dorado, El Dorado, El Dorado."

My companion now conducted me to the Stock Exchange on Wall Street. Here men were running to and fro, hither and thither, here and there,

in a straight-forward, zig-zag, endless, seemingly objectless, aimless sort of manner; and I don't think they were wild men like you see in a dime museum either, but they screamed and they yelled and they hallowed, in fact, they almost yelped, and barked, and howled like so many hungry hounds after a bone. In this miserable place, El Dorado was in every yell, it enveloped every man, and, indeed, filled the very air like some dread contagion.

Next, we were shown through the Equitable Building, which numbers its stories by the dozen, and extends its broad foundations over an entire block. Within its walls are employed three thousand and five hundred people—enough for a large town, or almost a small city in the South. Here, too, was hurry and bustle, but in noiseless contrast to that outside; pens, in the bony hands of pale clerks, dancing lightly over the pages of ledger and check-book, men moving briskly here and there, going up in one elevator, and down in another, as one goes up in a balloon and comes down in a parachute, sending to and receiving from every part of that immense building, notes, messages and letters by a system of pipes through which compressed air is made to rush with the speed of a hurricane.

Walking a few blocks from here, we entered the World Building and very soon found ourselves in one of those cage-like contrivances called an elevator which, when the iron door has clanked, darts upward at a rapid rate. Having been thus lifted to the twenty-second story of this tower-shaped building in little more time than it takes to tell it, we scrambled out on the narrow circular roof. From this great height, looking northward as far as the eye could see, one has a bird's eye view of an almost

continuous mass of unattractive brick walls and rusty metal roofs. At the west flow the gentle waters of the North River. To the south are spread the placid waters of New York Bay. Toward the rising sun, but hard by, lies the East River, across which is suspended, as on the air, a wonder of the world, that magnificent piece of engineering known as the Brooklyn Bridge. As we stood here looking around and wondering, all the noise, the rattling, the clattering, the buzzing, the rumbling, the hubbub of the activity below seemed to roll themselves together into one indistinguishable volume of sound, growing fainter and more faint as it rose higher and higher, literally filling the upper atmosphere with the real "hum of industry" and seeming to moan and to murmur that now unwelcome word, El Dorado, which had already taken possession of my brain and began to move about therein in a lively manner.

Re-entering the elevator, which now went downward at such a rate as to give one a falling sensation, like you have experienced in dreams, we were soon upon the street again. We went to the dock and entered a steamboat which plies on the Hudson. As that graceful steamer bore us rapidly but smoothly up the "Rhine of America," we were charmed by the scenery which the adjective "magnificent" does not exaggerate, and which Irving, though a child of its beauty, could not describe. On our left, in solemn grandeur, stood the Palisades of the Hudson, stretching their stony walls high above the water's edge in bold contrast with the opposite bank, its gradual slopes, gentle undulations, its grass-carpeted valleys, its grove-mantled hills among which nestle the home of Irving and the church near which he was buried.

We were so completely filled with the beauties that surrounded us that, when a West Shore passenger train came thundering by on our left and a New York Central on our right, I almost exclaimed aloud, "Surely, these two railroads, one on either bank of the Hudson, and this line of steamers on its waters, were put here that an admiring public might enjoy this scenery." But just then, as in mocking derision, the car wheels of the passing trains seemed to rattle out "El Dorado, El Dorado, El Dorado," and the great paddle-wheels of the steamer throbbed "El Dorado, El Dorado."

With this my experience of the forenoon came before me like a flash, and that terrible word, El Dorado, began to tumble itself about in my head again, but with redoubled activity. On our return, as we came through the city on the elevated railroad, the clack, clack, clacking of the car wheels seemed to aggravate it until it throbbed like a miniature steam engine; it darted back and forth like a weaver's shuttle; it whizzed in my brain like forty-nine buzz saws all whirling in opposite directions. Then it combined all these motions, and I couldn't tell whether it was El Dorado or Mark Twain's "Blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare," but I rather thought it was and I think so yet.

In my semi-frenzy I exclaimed, "Do New Yorkers breathe electricity?" To which my friend replied, "No, but they run at high pressure and live about 17 months in the year," And I agreed with him.

T. M. J. ('92.)

### A Wintry Eve.

Just as the sun is declining  
 Away in the far distant west,  
 A maid is hurrying onward  
 With a babe clasped tight to her breast.

The last rays fall on the roadway  
 Where the snow lies white and deep,  
 And touch the bare head of the maiden  
 And the babe lying fast asleep.

The day has been bitterly cold,  
 Her dress is naught but a rag,  
 And the shoes so old and so worn  
 Scarce cover the feet that lag.

The babe is wrapped in a shawl,  
 The only warm thing she had found,  
 When the little cot where she dwelt  
 Days ago had burned to the ground.

But, alas, the times were dull;  
 For days she had tried and tried—  
 But none had work for the maiden  
 Whose husband of drink had died.

And now there is no use searching  
 She must go to another town,  
 But the cold is piercing and bitter,  
 And at last on the road she sinks down.

And the sun which is just declining  
 Away off in the far distant west,  
 Sheds its rays on a dying woman  
 With a frozen babe clasped to her breast.

J. M. T.

Art thou, my little lady,  
 Thinking of me?  
 Do'st thou see my ardent glances  
 Which in coquettish glee  
 You disregarded? Ah me!  
 You cannot know the chances  
 That my heart will break for thee.

Art thou thinking of some other  
 That bows not to thee?  
 Are you as anxious for that love  
 As I for thee?  
 And do you say "Ah me"?  
 Oh, little girl, let thy heart move  
 For me, thy own true love.

### The Sea-Side.

In the west o'er the sea,  
 On the deep blue water,  
 With their sails wrapped 'round their masts  
 so tightly;  
 Rocked to and fro,  
 As the breeze did blow,  
 The fisherman's craft so lightly.

In the west o'er the sea,  
 The sun had gone down  
 And tinted the sky with its rainbow colors,  
 And the white shells gleamed  
 In the last, last beams  
 And across the water the sea-gull screams.

On the shore by the sea  
 The shadows deepen,  
 And myriads of lights twinkle here and there,  
 And I walked with my lover  
 Forever together,  
 While our voices disturbed not the still night  
 air.

'Tis a time gone forever—  
 No longer together  
 Will we watch the sun in the west go down;  
 But the blue water seems  
 Just as blue, and the beams  
 From the west touch as lightly that loved little  
 town.

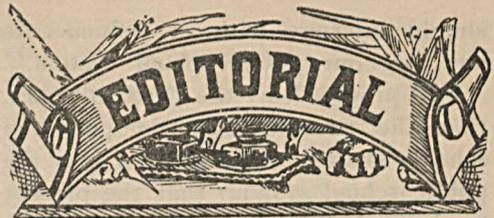
### Reverie.

Only a pansy blossom  
 Which has long gazed at the sky,  
 Gazed at the canopied heaven,  
 Gazed at the clouds rushing by.  
 Long has it worshipped the heaven,  
 A devotee tender and true;  
 Long has it prayed to the heaven,  
 Up from its flower soul flew  
 Prayers with fragrance commingled,  
 While shedding pure tears of dew—  
 Thus from long watching the heaven  
 'Twas imbued with the heaven's own blue.

SANCHO, '93.

Be fearful of thyself, and stand in awe  
 of none more than thine own conscience.  
 There is a Cato in every man; a severe  
 censor of his manners. He that rever-  
 ences this judge, will seldom do any-  
 thing he need repent of.—*Fuller.*

But words are things, and a small  
 drop of ink, falling like dew, upon a  
 thought, produces that which makes  
 thousands, perhaps millions think.—  
*Byron.*



WHY should not the colleges of Mary-  
 land form a State Oratorical Asso-  
 ciation? Other States have them, and  
 why should we not?

Such an organization would serve to  
 bring the colleges of the State into  
 closer touch with each other, and would  
 stimulate a greater interest in oratory  
 among the students of the various insti-  
 tutions. Any measure which will ac-  
 complish these two objects is certainly  
 most commendable. That we have good  
 material for a strong State oratorical  
 association is not open to a doubt. We  
 now cross swords on the foot-ball and  
 base-ball fields, but what an improve-  
 ment it would be to add to this an  
 intellectual rivalry from the orator's  
 platform! Sister colleges, consider the  
 matter and let some action be taken.

THE papers in opposition to the Fari-  
 bault school plan, adopted by every  
 Protestant body which has met recently,  
 are not one iota too strong in their oppo-  
 sition. All Protestants of the United  
 States should, we think, unite them-  
 selves against any such effort of the  
 Roman Catholics. The Roman Cath-  
 olic Church has no right to interfere  
 with the public school system and the  
 education of the youth of our land. No  
 church or sect, Catholic or Protestant,  
 has a right to tamper with the Govern-  
 ment or with any of its various depart-  
 ments.

It has always been advocated by  
 American statesmen that no church

should interfere with, or influence in any way our public school system.

It is proposed, by the Faribault plan, that the present Catholic parochial schools shall be incorporated into the public school system; that the present teachers shall be retained, and, after having passed the public school teachers' examination, to receive the same salaries as do other public school teachers; and, note this, that religious instruction shall be allowed to be given before or after school hours by Roman Catholic priests! This is nothing more nor less than an attempt to gain absolute control of our public school system. Let the Roman Church but get a secure foothold upon the schools by means of the Faribault plan, and you will see how quickly and greedily she will cast her talons around every other American institution.

Every Catholic has, of course, to pay a school tax by virtue of his citizenship in the United States. They say it is unjust for them to pay such a tax and to receive no benefit from it. But have they not the privilege to send their children to the public schools if they so desire? If they voluntarily send their children to the parish schools, what cause have they to complain? We cannot force them to take advantage of their privileges. No doubt many Catholics desire a change from the present system, because the parish schools are almost universally inferior to the public schools. We have personally known cases where parents have transferred their children from the parochial to the public schools for this very reason. The Romish church relies for its power upon the ignorant class.

We favor liberality to all religious creeds, and on this ground, if on no other, would oppose the Catholics get-

ting control of the public schools. It would be a most narrow and illiberal policy to grant this power to the Roman Catholics.

The safeguard of our democracy is in our public school system. Give Rome but a chance, and she will destroy every principle of freedom in the Constitution. We have but to call to mind Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy, who have suffered so greatly from the tyranny of the Papal See, to take warning that we do not suffer likewise.

HON. EDWARD CARSWELL,  
Canada's famous temperance lecturer, gave a talk before the students on Saturday, April 8. He said the reason we allow intemperance, the great license which it now has, is because we have become *used* to it.

Much of the power of Mr. Carswell, as a speaker, is due to the almost countless numbers of incidents from real life at his command, and which serve to illustrate his points in a most striking and convincing manner. If he ever comes to Westminster again, we are sure he will receive a hearty welcome from the students of W. M. C.

JUST before Easter the idea of forming a Mock or Moot Senate, was discussed among some of the students. It was considered too late to take any steps toward such an organization this year, but we think it should be effected next year, by all means.

It might be urged by some, that such an organization is unnecessary, as we already have literary societies, which afford opportunities for debate and for familiarizing ourself in parliamentary law. In reply to this we would say that the work done in a Moot Senate is essentially different in many respects

from that of a literary society. Being modeled after the United States Senate, the bills which are discussed are all purely political in their character.

A good point in favor of the formation of a senate is that its membership would be selected from both the Irving and Webster Literary Societies. This would tend very largely to dissipate the society feeling which now exists. It is all right for a man to be loyal to his society, and every man should be, but a blind prejudice towards the rival society, is a sign of narrow mindedness rather than of loyalty. Think you the world will ask you after you graduate, what society you were connected with when at college?

Such a society spirit as is sometimes displayed here, is worthy more of a primary school than of a college. While there may be no open ill-will manifested, yet a certain coldness often exists between members of the rival societies. Are we not all students of the same college, and have we not her interests at heart? Our common loyalty to our college, should be so great as to completely overshadow any society prejudice.

We think it has been the experience of very many, that as they advance in their college course, the society feeling which characterized their Freshman or even their Sophomore days, gradually becomes less or entirely vanishes. At the contest during commencement week, society feeling is at its height, but while every one should ardently wish his or her society to win, that desire should not decrease your fellow-feeling to your brother or sister society. It has not been our purpose to preach a sermon in this editorial, but such prejudice is, to say the least, small and childish. It has been suggested that the Browning

and Philomathean, and the Irving and Webster Societies, occasionally hold joint meetings, in order to promote greater good-will. This is an old suggestion, but no action has ever been taken upon it. Why not do so now? There is no time like the present.

THE Thursday evening lecture course has been especially interesting this year. Hitherto, various members of the faculty have lectured during the course, but this year it has been confined to outside lecturers with the exception of Dr. Lewis.

We remember especially those of Rev. B. F. Benson, Mrs. M. A. Newell, and Dr. Lewis. The elocutionary recital by Miss Gilbert of Baltimore, cannot be overlooked however. Dr. Lewis is to be congratulated on the excellent course which he arranged.

MANY students object to the studying of Latin and Greek on the ground that the knowledge thus obtained, will be of no practical use to them after they leave college. Some may say it is because the knowledge they have on the subject is so very meagre, and we will allow that this is, in some instances, the correct explanation. The same objection that it will be of no practical benefit, might be brought forward against the study of Mathematics, but we would not for once argue that Mathematics should be dropped from a college course. On the contrary we think it to be very necessary. Mathematics trains the reasoning powers of the mind, in a way no other study can, and while a problem in Calculus may never itself be used by you when you leave college, yet your mind receives training in its study which will ever remain by you.

But the Latin and Greek champion will say that the chief benefit gained from the study of classics is also the training of the mind. We acknowledge that the study of Latin and Greek does cultivate the discriminating powers. It requires no little skill to select out of probably twenty definitions just the one whose shade of meaning suits the translation. It requires no little skill to unravel the intricacies of an idiomatic construction. But cannot this same training be obtained from the study of modern languages, a knowledge of which is vastly more benefit to the possessor. Let some of the time that is now spent on Latin and Greek be given to the study of French and German.

Some say that Latin and Greek are not *dead* languages, that Homer's Iliad and Virgil's Aeneid will live as long as literature endures; it yet remains true, however, that they *are dead* in the sense that they are not spoken at the present day. We do not for an instant advocate that Latin and Greek should be dispensed with entirely, for every student should have knowledge of them sufficient to trace the etymology of English words derived from them. Such a knowledge could easily be acquired in one fourth the time now spent in their study.

Others claim that a thorough mastery of our own language can only be obtained through a mastery of Latin and Greek, from which so many of our words take their origin. We claim, on the other hand, that we have English writers whose works equal and even surpass those of any Latin or Greek author or poet. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Macaulay, DeQuincey, Carlyle and numerous others form a galaxy unsurpassed. Let the great English writers be studied. It

certainly seems more reasonable to suppose that a person can master English better by an analytical study of English works, than he can by studying Latin or Greek. It should be the desire of every one who speaks the English language, to master it thoroughly before and above any other language.

The reason we do not appreciate our own writers as we should is because they are not given the requisite attention and study. We hope and believe that the time is coming when Latin and Greek will be deemed of less importance in a college course, and when the modern languages, especially our own English will receive greater attention.



### U. M. Christian Association.

THERE is little of special interest to report from the association this month. The regular meetings have been held, which, aside from the pleasure they afford in themselves, have been enjoyed on account of their being conducted in our comfortable new rooms.

The rooms, an account of the opening of which was given in the last issue of the MONTHLY, are a credit to the association, and the privilege of using them should be appreciated by all.

Our old friend, Dr. Ward, gave us an instructive talk at the chapel meeting of April 16. Loved as he is by us all, it is a special pleasure to have him over to our meetings, and we feel sure his words of admonition and encouragement, are productive of much good.

Sunday, the twenty-third *ult.*, was

"Temperance Day." An interesting programme, participated in by several members of the Y. W. C. A., was rendered at the afternoon meeting.

Rev. Sargent, of the Order of the Holy Cross, led the prayer-meeting, on Wednesday the twenty-third *ult.* His talk was on the subject, "A Purpose in Life." We are sincerely grateful to our brother for his kind services.

On account of the extra expense to which the association has been subjected in fitting up its new hall, this year, there was some little doubt as to its ability to send men again next summer to the city for mission work. But a very generous offer from the secretary of the movement, has raised new hopes and encouraged an extra effort. There seems to be no reason now why the men should not go; certainly not if the friends of the association see fit to come to its assistance by rendering financial aid. Pray that men may be sent, but above all, that the *right* men may be sent.

### G. W. C. A. Notes.

It has been thought by those interested in our Y. W. C. A. work that it would be better to change the time of our weekly prayer meetings, and so instead of meeting after supper as formerly, we now meet in the afternoon, from five to six. Once a month it is customary to have a missionary program since we like to vary occasionally the character of the meetings and also wish to inform ourselves of this very important division of Christian work.

The program on April 25th was unusually interesting and instructive, consisting of readings, recitations, music, and an address by the leader at the conclusion.

'Tis only a few more times we shall meet together during this scholastic year

and it is our desire that all of the meetings may be profitable and well attended, and thus it may be if all the members determine that it shall be, that they may carry away with them only the best impressions of our association and its final work.



### Exchanges.

THE *Yankton Student* for March contains a very interesting article on "University Extension." Speaking of the Johns Hopkins University it says: "This institution has from its foundation, without using the name of University Extension, carried out a systematic public lecture policy. The professors of the university have also given courses of lectures to the people of the city, and some of the foremost scholars of the old world have been induced to come to Baltimore to help in the same work. Special efforts have been made to reach the working people." If the *Student* contained more such articles, its literary department would be much improved.

Cosmopolitanism and Cosmopolites is the subject of a thoughtful and well written article in the *Owl*.

The writer argues against national prejudice, and favors the cultivation of a true cosmopolitan spirit. The cosmopolitan can be a loyal citizen of his country without crying out his loyalty on the house-tops, and can love his country without detriment to his wider love of humanity. It is not too much to say that cosmopolitanism is the natural result of civilization and refinement, and will

increase in proportion as men are guided more by reason and less by passion and interest. We agree with the writer that cosmopolitanism should be cultivated since it broadens and clarifies the views of men.

The Phonograph, its Past and Future, and Mr. Walton's Type-written Letter in the same issue, are also worthy of mention.

We welcome to our exchange list *The Courant*, the new journal of the Baltimore City College. While *The Courant* is a decided improvement on its predecessors, we do not think it is yet, a fair exponent of the journalistic talent, which *should* be found at a college like B. C. C.

The *Southern Collegian* published at Washington and Lee University is the best and most complete college monthly on our exchange list this month. "What maketh Heaven, that maketh Hell" and "A Passing Light," come we conjecture from the same pen. The first mentioned has woven through its entire length a weirdness akin to the writings of Edgar Allan Poe. Both show no ordinary power in the line of story writing. "The last Prince of the Welsh," rakes from obscurity a bit of Welsh history in a very pleasing manner.

The college fraternity question threatens to create much dissension in the new Chicago University. Pres. Harper is evidently against them. He is said to be in favor of having two large literary clubs, which he thinks could not exist if Greek letter societies were admitted.

—*The College Fraternity.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—*Lowell.*



### Athletic Contest.

THE second of the contests instituted by the Athletic Association took place in the College Gymnasium, April 8, at 7 P. M.

The same rules as before regulated the contest, the regular system of marking determining the points made by the contestants.

It was opened up with the "running high-jump," which was won by Lewis—5 feet 5 inches—breaking the College record. Mills and Wells tied for second place, with 5 feet 4 inches; Watson, third, 5 feet 2 inches. The "pull-up" came next. Gilbert gave decisive proof of his muscle by doing it 19 times; Zepp second, 18; Mills, third, 15. The running broad jump was won by Mills, 16 feet 4 inches; Gilbert, 15 feet 6 inches; Watson, 5 feet 5 inches.

Dorsey Lewis, as usual, won the running high kick, reaching the height of 8 feet 3 inches. Zimmerman and Mills tied, 8 feet. The standing high jump was won by Lewis, making the first record of 4 feet 5 inches; of Wells, 4 feet 4 inches. Swinging dip was won by Gilbert, who did it 23 times; Watson, 20; Lewis, 11.

A new feature was introduced in the contest, by the three standing jumps, Lewis came first with 27 feet 11 inches; Mills second, 27 feet 10 inches. The high dive was won by Lewis, 6 feet 5 inches, breaking another record; Mills, second; Watson, third.

Mr. Lewis, having scored 53 points, was awarded the first prize, a gold medal.

Mr. Mills came second with 48 points, and received the silver medal.

After "egg" and "elephant" races, and a very humorous game called "chewing the string," (by the way, quite as arduous as "being on the string") the exhibition came to a close.

The contest was very commendatory and remarkable because of the records broken. The secret is that the boys "got an inspiration" from the volleys of bright glances showered down from love-lit eyes—they were elated no doubt, as they should have been. One fellow said he felt he was "only a little lower than the angels"—our girls were on the race track right above—that explains it, and we agree.

### Base Ball Game.

A close and exciting game of base ball was played on Saturday, April 29, by the Western Maryland and Maryland Agricultural College teams, on the grounds of the former.

Although rain continued throughout the game, the spectators who were present became so enthusiastic that the weather was not considered. The game resulted in favor of home team by score of 7 to 6.

Batteries—for M. A. C., Prough and Harding; W. M. C., Keen, Sellman and Ferguson.

Prough made a good showing in the beginning but it was not long before the Western Maryland boys were able to solve his curves, while Keen and Sellman for the home team remained steady and effective throughout the game.

They were really invincible to the so-called "M. A. C. sluggers," as they were not able to make but two scratch hits off their delivery. The features of the game for the home team were the

terrific batting of Sellman and Lewis, the daring but successful base running of Gilbert and Stull, and also a phenomenal running catch of Gilbert in the third inning. Harris distinguished himself for the visiting team by covering 2nd base in admirable style. The game by request of visiting captain was called during the latter half of fifth inning, Western Md. at bat, already having made two runs, no hands out, and men on 2d and 3d base.

We feel it our duty to speak of the gentlemanly conduct of the M. A. C. boys, as the game was played from beginning to end without one word of dispute or discussion. We also congratulate *their* umpire for the impartial and satisfactory decisions rendered.

The teams were as follows;

#### WESTERN MARYLAND.

	AB	R	H	SH	PO	E
Miller, 3b.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Story, c. f.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Sellman, r. f., p..	3	2	1	0	0	0
Lewis, s. s.....	3	3	2	0	0	1
Stull, l. f. ....	2	1	1	1	1	0
Gilbert, 1b.....	2	1	0	1	7	0
Keen, p., r. f.....	2	0	0	2	0	0
Ferguson, c.....	2	0	0	1	4	1
Leas, 2b.....	2	0	0	1	3	1
Total.....	22	7	4	8	15	3

#### MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL.

	AB	R	H	SH	PO	E
Harding, c.....	3	1	1	1	2	4
Prough, p.....	3	2	0	1	0	1
Fuller, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	0	1
Harris, 2b.....	2	1	0	1	1	0
Spence, 1b.....	3	1	0	0	6	0
Strickler, c. f....	2	0	1	1	1	0
Harrison, l. f....	1	0	0	0	1	2
Worthington, r. f.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Haines, s. s.....	2	0	0	1	0	2
Total.....	21	6	2	5	12	10

Summary—Passed balls, Harding, 3; Ferguson, 1. Struck out, by Sellman, 4; by Keen, 1; by Prough, 3. Stolen bases, W. M. C., 4; M. A. C., 2. Wild throw, Prough, 3; Sellman, 1. Time of game, 55 minutes.

FRANK W. STORY.



### Alumni News.

BEFORE the Monthly again greets its readers our Alumni Association will have become fifteen per cent. larger. To '93 we extend a hearty welcome. We shall be helped by the vigor added members will infuse. It is to be hoped the enthusiasm the new Alumni will bring with them will not be abated by the effects of time.

Miss Sadie V. Kneller, '85, attended the wedding of Miss Cassell, which recently took place in Westminster. She was also one of the bridesmaids at the fashionable wedding, some time ago, of one of her friends in Baltimore.

The poor health of Rev. B. B. James, '91, has caused his physician to forbid, for the present, a continuance of his studies at the Hopkins.

At the late session of the Maryland Conference in Laurel, Del., Western Maryland men were appointed as follows: F. T. Benson, '84, Alexandria, Va.; B. A. Dumm, '86, Kent Island, (Steubenville,) Md.; S. C. Ohrum, '83, Laurel, Del.; H. L. Elderdice, Pocomoke City, Md.; W. W. White, '74, Quantico, Md.; B. B. James, '91, Remington Avenue, Baltimore; C. S. Arnett, '74, Union, (Sharptown) Md.; J. W. Kirk, '83, West Baltimore.

Mrs. Gertrude Beeks *Ewell* '89, will go with her husband to Queen Anne's, while Mrs. Blanche Pillsbury *Norris*, '87, will be domiciled in Rowlandsville during the coming year. Rev. H. L. Elderdice was Secretary of the Conference, Revs. Dumm and James being his

assistants. Mr. Elderdice is President of the Maryland Conference of Christian Endeavor, and will represent the Methodist Protestant denomination in "The Pastors' Hour," at the Christian Endeavor Convention, next July, in Montreal, Canada.

F. T. Benson delivered the address before the Superannuated Fund Society, at Conference.

B. A. Dumm has been invited to deliver the sermon before the Y. M. C. A. and Societies of Washington College at its coming commencement. Mr. Dumm was President of the Y. M. C. A. of Western Maryland during the latter half of his Senior year.

B. B. James recently had a call to Guard Memorial Church with rank of assistant pastor of Mount Vernon, Baltimore.

Rev. F. C. Klein, '80, has been forced by ill-health to ask for a leave of absence from his work in Nagoya, Japan. He will perhaps sail for America at an early day.

Rev. E. A. Warfield, '82, still continues his studies in Yale Divinity School and will receive Ph. D., in June.

Rev. T. O. Crouse, '71, is continued with Chatsworth Independent Church, Baltimore.

*Wanted:* Seventy-five Alumni to escort the ninety Alumnae who *ought* to attend the annual Alumnae Meeting and Banquet next month. Let's make it a memorable meeting, full of good works.

Dr. Wm. H. DeFord, '80, is practising in Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Miss M. Lizzie Thompson, '86, now lives in Washington, D. C.

Rev. Geo. C. Erb, '86, is ministering to the people of McConnellsburg, Pa.

Prof. G. H. Hadley, '91, President of Enfield Collegiate Institute, N. C., paid a flying visit to the National Capital during Inauguration Ceremonies.

Ralph Ward Devilbiss is the latest arrival in the home of Prof. and Mrs. G. W. Devilbiss, '75 and '76, at Shrewsbury, Pa. Apropos, Dr. Ward was summoned to Baltimore recently for the express purpose of christening Lynn Webster Meekins, the "sometime to be President of the United States." Apply to the happy city editor of the *American* for the record of its achievements up to date.

C. H. Baughman, '71, although now a resident of Baltimore, comes to Westminster once each month to preside at the Royal Arch Chapter of Door to Virtue Lodge, A. F. and A. M.

Prof. G. W. Ward, '90, of Johns Hopkins, has been contributing to the *Methodist Protestant*, a series of articles on "Higher Criticism." Rev. B. B. James, '91, has begun a series on "Higher Criticism and the Church."

L. N. Whealton, '92, recently preached his first sermon, in Remington avenue Church, Baltimore. Report says he is making a good record at the Hopkins—they always do, the Western Maryland boys.

G. E. Day, '91, has completed his first year's course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons; and after a short recuperation at his home, will return and take the spring course.

G. I. Barwick, '91, has passed so successfully the examinations of the second year at the University of Maryland, so as to receive what is technically termed an "appointment to the house." This gives residence at the Hospital, and is quite a distinction for the "big" man of '91.

In the St. Michaels High School, three of the teachers are Alumni of Western Maryland. Prof. Wm. S. Crouse, '71, is principal; Miss Edith Richards, '86, is second assistant; and Miss E. Imogene Caulk, '91, is third assistant. And we might add that the first assistant, Miss Alice McDaniel, is a sister of an Alumnus—Prof. W. R. McDaniel.

Prof. Wm. S. Crouse is the first Alumnus to have a son or daughter graduate. His daughter, Miss Ellis Crouse, receives her diploma this June—and Western Maryland will then be *Alma grand Mater*.

Mrs. Mary V. Nichols *Johnston*, '73, is the leading soprano in Mt. Lebanon M. P. Church of Baltimore.

Eight of the present Senior Class have a brother, or sister, or both, in the Alumni.

Mrs. Clara Smith *Billingslea*, '73, has recently spent a week with her sister, Mrs. Jennie Smith *Emmons*, '82, at her home in Washington. Miss Lizzie Trump, '79, also spent the months of February and March in the same city.

Mrs. Loulie Cunningham *Fundenberg*, '81, we are glad to report, has entirely recovered from a severe and dangerous illness. Also that Miss Sallie Spence, '92, who was in rather poor health a greater part of last winter, is much improved. Since graduation, the latter has been taking a special course in English and in Latin.

Miss Carrie W. Phoebus, '88, has a model school near her home, Oriole, Md.

Miss K. C. Jackson, '92, after the close of the school session in Minneapolis, will go to Chicago, where she will spend the summer.

Dent Downing, '87, principal of the school at Hall's, Prince George's Co., visited Alma Mater at Easter, and renewed old memories. He found many changes had been wrought during the six years in which he had not been on College Hill.

Rev. W. W. Dumm, '83, is pastor of the Congregational Church in Greeley, Col.

Miss Annie B. Whaley, '92, spent most of the past winter in Norfolk, Va., and saw much of its society life.

Miss A. Laura Jones, '89, principal of Locust Hill Academy, Md., is one of the wide awake members of the teaching fraternity.

T. Edward Reese, '89, teller in the Westminster Savings Bank, was so unfavorably impressed with Toronto, Canada, which he visited last fall in company with Wm. McAllister Lease, '89, that he will go elsewhere—when *he leaves*.

The growth of the already extensive coal business of Joseph W. Smith, '80, in Westminster, is showing itself in the erection of a commodious warehouse. Mr. Smith is one of the jurors for the Spring term of the Circuit Court for Carroll.

Misses Smith, '79, and Diffenbaugh, '83, will together see the wonders of the World's Fair.

Miss Mary Shriver, '90, is taking a course in vocal music at the Peabody Conservatory.

Miss Georgia Franklin, '90, has recently been visiting in Alexandria, Va., and Miss Grace Hering, '92, has just returned from an extended stay in Camden, N. J.

Dame Rumor has some things to say about a member of '91 and of '92. Listen for—bells.

New scenes greet the Alumnus when

he returns to his Alma Mater at commencement time; and the silence of the voices that were wont to greet him, make too often, the memories of college days but sad. But let graduates remember that their welcome at each recurring commencement is none the less warm because given by strangers. The destiny of the Western Maryland is largely in the hands of its Alumni, and so its sons and daughters should always feel at home within its halls. The coming annual meeting of the Association can be made very successful in numbers and in results. Improvement could be made in organization. Efficient committees should be appointed for both organized and, as yet, not organized branches of Alumna! work; and no one should allow himself to be elected to an office if he is not willing to prove himself a willing and thorough executive. Alumni come to the commencement this year.



### Personals.

MR. AND MRS. LEWIS visited their son and daughter at the college, April 8-10.

Miss Lillie Hull was favored with a visit from her mother, April 26.

Miss Ethel Lewis paid a short visit to Baltimore, April 10-12, inclusive.

Messrs. Allgood and Gibson visited friends near Baltimore, from the 22-24 of April.

Mr. Litsinger, in company with Messrs. Johnson and Williams, spent

several days, April 24-27, at his home in Lisbon.

Mr. Miles Tull, '96, spent several days in Baltimore, April 22-24.

Mr. Horsey, who went home some time since on account of the death of his mother, returned to transact some business on the 22nd, but left again on the 24th. He does not intend to return this year.

Messrs. Nowlin, Makosky, Hines and Clayton, of the Seminary, and Mr. Revelle of the College, entered the Maryland Conference, M. P. Church, at its last session in April. Mr. Nowlin was appointed to Fairfax; Mr. Revelle to Jefferson; Mr. Makosky to Newark; Mr. Hines to Tyreanna, and Mr. Clayton to Waverly. The MONTHLY wishes them much success in their several fields of labor.

### Locals,

—Of all the things I know about,  
That try our patience great,  
The Senior essay is the worst,  
And dreadful is our state,  
When we are forced, tho' bright the day,  
To meet there in the chapel,  
And listen to a vain array,  
Which does our senses grapple." '94.

—Why has Mr. Lewis lately been so diligently perusing Emerson's essay on "Love."

—Jack B— when reciting Christian Evidence, described the Apostle Paul as being converted while sleeping in a cave.

—When the bone man was on the campus recently, he was instructed to go to No. 107, Dock N—'s room, where he could get any amount desired, there being about 113 lbs. in all.

—Miss T— '93 in Latin class, "I wonder if Professor will 'Si fit' to excuse us."

—Prof:—"Miss A— '93 explain the rights of guardian and ward." Miss A— "I'm the guardian."

—Mr. H. Tull, in writing an essay on traveling, said that he had a great desire to visit Japan, in order that he might see the Chinese in his native land.

—'95—Cain, where is the Sophomore's coat for the effigy?

'96 (interrupting) I know.

Cain—Its in my—

'95 (interrupting) Well, I don't think.

—Miss E.—"Ellen, is Mr. H—r a professional man?"

Miss H.—"Yes, he is a lawyer."

Miss E.—"Was he very busy when you were home?"

Miss H.—(blushing) Yes, *court* was in session while I was home.

—Why is it that the French teacher has so much difficulty in impressing Miss E— '96, with the fact that *petit* is not pronounced *Pettett*?

—Miss Earhart would like to tell the Juniors of what she learned in Logic about *Ursa Major* and *Minor Major*.

—'94—"I wonder what we will study in Latin next year."

Classmate (J. P. B.)—"Why, don't you know? *licero de Senectute*, *licero* in the Senate.

—Recently when the boys went to Emmitsburg to play ball, Miss P—r, '96, after wandering aimlessly about for some time, was seen to hasten up into the cupulo. When she came she told us quite sadly that she didn't think she ever could forgive the girl who told her she could see the church spires of Emmitsburg from the college tower.

—Miss E—t, '94, gives us the astonishing piece of news, that her grandmother was a French *man*.

—'95: "Say, Tommy, has your father got back from Conference yet?" Tommy: "No, we got a *telescope* that he would'n't be home till to-morrow night."

—Makosky showing a certain photograph remarked: "I won't hang it up in my room, because it will make it too common." Will some one please ask him whether he means the photograph or the room.

—"My feet are sore," a Freshman said,

"O for a nice soft place to stand,"

"Well then stand on your own soft head!"

Remarked a Junior, near at hand.

—Mike at the supper table commanded the Sun to move on and cease

shining in his eyes. Smith who overheard him said: "Mike you want it to move on, you are not like *Jonah* who commanded it to stand still." Now *Hiram*, you didn't mean *Jonah*, you know he was the man that swallowed the whale,

—The Latin of it:

A rumored Aldoradic wealth;  
Crowds rush at the alarum;  
The bubble bursting once more proves,  
A fatal boom *terrarium*.—*Ex.*

—Recently two of the Junior ladies had quite a discussion as to whether Dido's father was her ancestor or her descendant.

—Miss Tagg (looking up from a book on which she had been intent for the last half hour): "Oh I do admire Laura Jean Libby so much. I think her a most excellent author." Classmate: "What are you reading from her Edna?" Miss Tagg: "I have 'nt the least idea."

—Tyre has come to the unexpected conclusion that Dixie's orange blossoms are not as sweet as they used to be.

—Dissolved by mutual consent. The partnership known as the Virpadela Amusement Co. All persons owing the above Co. will confer a great favor by making payment at once.

—"Hip He Halle Hi Hip, Hi Ho Ke Kong, Hip He Halle Hi Hip He He, sang little Acid, the "Seminary Kid," as he played through the long summer day.

—A little Junior has a sweetheart,  
Over in Ward Hall.  
A little Junior loves somebody,  
Handsome, dark and tall,  
And her sweetheart you all know him,  
He's a '94;  
You can see him every morning,  
In the chapel door.

—Miss R—d, '93, (coming up from church) Who lives in there?  
Miss B—s, '94—Oh, that's to let.  
Miss R—d, '93—I would rather have a *lease* on it.

—Why did Miss White blush when she passed an *onion* patch?

—At what person, sitting at the first male Sophomore table, does Miss A—y, '96, cast sly glances?

—One of the young ladies on examining the Sophomore badge said, "Of the three letters W. M. C., I think the C is rather small."

Miss R—t, '95, promptly added, "It makes no difference, for *W. M.* is the more important.

—Prof.—Miss Tagg, what kind of flowers are those?

Miss Tagg—(thoughtfully)—11 o'clock.

—Miss Jones' favorite expression—Well(s)!

—Miss T—'95: What kind of meat are we going to have to-day?

Miss H—'95 (learnedly): Poisson.

Miss T—: Is the fish poison!

—This speaks well for Miss H's French pronunciation.

—Miss L—'95: How many initials shall we have put on the badges?

Miss C—'95: I want four on mine, M. B. C.—*L.*

—Story (after having witnessed a game of ten-pins): They could roll them so well that sometimes they would knock down a dozen.

—I went into the Latin Room,  
The Sophomores—they were there,  
A boy, of course,  
By the aid of a horse,  
Was translating tolerably fair;  
Until he came to a bridge,  
That was extremely hard to cross,  
He skipped a line,  
Having missed some time,  
And what became of the horse?

—Who looks Long-Ward of the dining hall?

—Professor: "Mr. Sellman, what kind of feet have we in Latin Poetry?"  
Sellman: "The *Penuckle* and *Antepenuckle*."

—McKeever (coming into a classmates room): "Won't some one please write my *autograph* for me?"

—Fisher is a lucky boy—every morning on arising he finds a *Penny*, but unfortunately it is counterfeit (feet).

—Julius, descendant of Augustus Caesar, is gaining a great reputation for his snoring qualities, as he always awakens his next door neighbor on time.

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Schedule in effect October 20th, 1892.

Read Downward.			STATIONS.		Read Upward.			
P. M.	A M	A M	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	A M	P M	P M	P M
11 55	5 45		.....CHERRY RUN.....		8 55	1 45	8 45	
11 58	5 48		.....BIG POOL.....		8 52	1 42	8 42	
12 12	6 01		.....CLEAR SPRING.....		8 39	1 30	8 27	
12 18	6 07		.....CHARLTON.....		8 33	1 24	8 20	
12 28	6 17		.....WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.,		8 23	1 14	8 09	
12 40	6 30		AR. HAGERSTOWN. LE		8 05	1 00	7 55	
	1 45	6 45	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR			12 32	8 00	
* 4 15	2 00	7 02	LE. HAGERSTOWN. AR		7 30	12 15	7 45	
.....	2 17	7 20	.....CHEWSVILLE.....			11 59	7 31	
4 34	2 25	7 27	.....SMITHSBURG.....			11 51	7 24	
4 38	2 35	7 36	.....EDGEMONT.....		7 05	11 45	7 18	
.....	2 53	7 50	AR. ....HIGHFIELD. LE		6 53	11 28	7 05	
	2 53	7 50	LE. ....HIGHFIELD. AR		6 50	11 25	7 02	
3 22	8 17		.....FAIRFIELD.....		6 22	10 56	6 33	
3 32	8 27		.....ORRTANNA.....		6 11	10 45	6 22	
3 52	8 47		.....GETTYSBURG.....		5 55	10 27	6 06	
4 33	9 30		AR. ....HANOVER. LE			9 48	5 25	
.....	2 53	7 50	LE. ....HIGHFIELD. AR		6 53	11 28	7 05	
4 50	2 55	7 52	.....BLUE RIDGE.....		6 52	11 23	7 01	
5 10	3 20	8 16	.....MECHANICSTOWN.....		6 25	10 51	6 34	
.....	3 30	8 26	.....ROCKY RIDGE.....			10 38	6 23	
5 30	3 44	8 37	.....BRUCEVILLE.....			10 26	6 13	
5 37	3 55	8 45	.....UNION BRIDGE.....		6 00	10 16	6 04	
.....	3 59	8 49	.....LINWOOD.....			10 09	5 58	
5 44	4 05	8 55	.....NEW WINDSOR.....		5 53	10 03	5 53	
5 57	4 23	9 11	.....WESTMINSTER.....		5 40	9 44	5 35	
6 29	5 00	9 44	.....GLYNDON.....		5 11	9 01	4 57	
.....	5 31	10 08	.....ARLINGTON.....			8 25	4 26	
7 10	5 53	10 31	.....BALTIMORE.....		4 30	8 00	4 05	
P M	P. M.	A M	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	A M	A M	P M	P M
8 15	6 45	12 20	.....WASHINGTON.....			6 36	2 30	
.....	9 55	1 00	.....PHILADELPHIA.....		12 03	3 50	1 30	
.....	12 30	3 20	.....NEW YORK.....		9 00	12 15	11 00	
P. M.	A M	P. M.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.	P M	A M	A M	P M

**BALTIMORE AND CUMBERLAND VALLEY R. R.**

P M	A M	A M	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	A M	P M	P M	P M
5 05		5 45	.....CHERRY RUN.....		8 55			
		6 00	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR			3 20	6 25	
6 43	11 10	6 35	LE. HAGERSTOWN. AR		8 05	3 05	5 10	
7 20	11 45	7 05	.....EDGEMONT.....		7 28	2 30	4 33	
7 38	12 02	7 30	.....WAYNESBORO.....		7 10	2 13	4 16	
8 17	12 39	8 07	.....CHAMBERSBURG.....		6 31	1 39	3 42	
8 45	1 06	8 35	AR. ....SHIPPENSB'G. LE		6 01	1 09	3 10	

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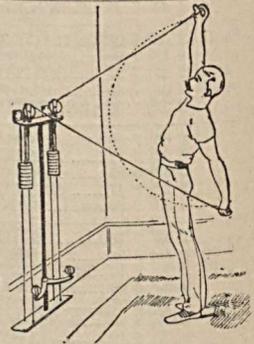
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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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Nos. 9-10

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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CHARLTON B. STRAYER, '93, Editor-in-Chief.

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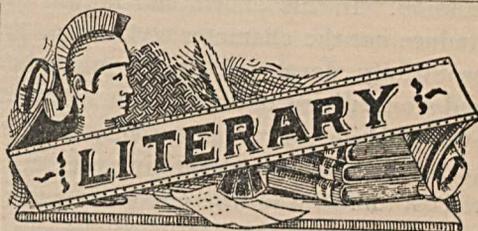
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### Cymbeline.

THIS play written almost at the close of a brilliant dramatic career, has for its foundational elements, both history and myth, but these Shakespeare has raised, refined and elevated into a higher sphere; while the characters, dialogue, circumstances, details, description—the lively interest of the plot, its artful involution and skilful development are entirely his own. He has given to what were originally scenes of coarse and profligate character a dignity suited to the rank of his personages and has poured over the whole the ever varying hues of imaginative poetry.

The plot of the story is briefly this—The heroine of the play, Imogene, has incurred both the paternal and royal wrath by a union with one whose chief vice was that he stood in the way of a favored though less worthy suitor; consequently the husband Posthumus was popularly ostracized through the agency of his affectionate father-in-law, King Cymbeline, whose dutiful consort, with that miraculous power of woman (at least fictitious woman) was a partisan of each. She arranged by delicate maneu-

vering for meetings of the estranged couple on the one hand and then told her father of her own misdeeds under a misnomer, which charity resulted in the banishment of Posthumus and the confinement of Imogene—the next important event is the wager between Posthumus and Iachimo as to Imogene's honor and the departure of the latter on his mission. In his efforts and failure to traduce her the character of Imogene is beautifully developed as to constancy and womanliness of deportment. However, Iachimo, by false proofs, foully gotten, succeeds in undermining the faith of Posthumus, who whereupon instructs his valet to murder her whom he supposes false to her troth, but Pisanio, with the optimistic view respecting the eventual triumph of true love, finds concealment for his mistress, who has assumed male attire, with the two sons of a banished nobleman dwelling in a forest cave. Cloten, the son of the queen, and Imogene's discarded suitor, pursues her, but losing sight of her, insults, in his anger, the two forest lads who are protecting her—a skirmish follows in which Cloten is killed. When they return to their cave they find their recent comrade, Imogene, dead, and their burial of her is one of the most pathetic passages in the play. In the meantime war is declared with Rome, with the following results—the reconciliation between Cymbeline and the banished nobleman, Belarius, the discovery that the two forest lads are the sons of Cymbeline abducted in their infancy; the revelation of the queen's treachery and the poisoning of Imogene which happily did not prove fatal, and her restoration to her repentant Posthumus.

"They who are interested in the rigidities, perhaps the justness of criticism—who take much pleasure in detecting a

lapse in the unity of such a composition as this, who would rather pride themselves upon exposing a deficiency in its chronology, than in displaying its incomparable force, and beauty of passion and of tenderness, of imagery and splendor of language, are referred to the supplementary notices of the Johnsonian school of criticism. For myself, I care not a straw about violation of the unities; I am content to be wafted on the wings of the poet's imagination and to be with him to-day in Rome, and tomorrow, watching the weary pilgrimage of the divine Imogene towards Milford Haven. It is enough for me that the play is one of the most romantic and interesting of Shakespeare's dramas." Poetical justice has been strictly observed in this drama; the vicious characters meet the punishment that their crimes merit, while virtue is proportionately rewarded. The scene with which the comedy concludes is one of consummate skill, the development of the plot, for completeness and ingenuity, atones for any discrepancies which the structure or conduct of the story may have previously displayed.

This play, if not in the construction of its fable one of the most perfect of our author's production, is, in point of poetic beauty, of variety and truth of character, and in the display of sentiment and emotion, one of the most lovely and interesting. That it possesses many of the too common inattentions of Shakespeare; that it exhibits a frequent violation of costume and a singular confusion of nomenclature cannot be denied, but these are trifles light as air when contrasted with its merits, which are the very essence of dramatic worth, rich and full in all that breathes of vigor, animation and intellect; in all that elevates the fancy and improves the heart;

in all that fills the eye with tears or agitates the soul with hope or fear. The catastrophe of this play has been much admired for the peculiar skill with which all the various threads of interest are gathered together at last and entwined with the destiny of Imogene; the most lovely and perfect of Shakespeare's female characters; the pattern of connubial love and chastity by the delicacy and propriety of her sentiments; by her sensibility, tenderness and resignation; by her patient endurance of persecution from the quarter where she confidently looked for endearment and protection—she irresistibly seizes upon our affections. When compared with this fascinating portrait, the other personages of the drama appear but in a secondary light. Yet they are adequately brought out and skillfully diversified; the treacherous subtlety of Iachimo; the sage experience of Belarius; the native nobleness of heart and innate heroism of mind which burst forth in the vigorous sketches of Guiderius and Arviragus; the temerity, credulity and penitence of Posthumus; the uxorious weakness of Cymbeline, the hypocrisy of his queen, and the comic arrogance of Cloten, half fool and half knave (produce a striking diversity of action and sentiment) with the exceptional fidelity of Pisanio who is really a lovely character. There is a sweet coloring of pathos and sentiment and poetry interfused through the whole.

To conceive Imogene aright we must take some peculiar tint from many characters and so mingle them that, like the combination of hues in a sunbeam, the effect shall be as one to the eye. We must imagine something of the romantic enthusiasm of Juliet, of the truth and constancy of Helen, of the dignified purity of Isabel, of the tender sweetness

of Viola, of the self-possession and intellect of Portia, combined together so equally and so harmoniously that we can scarcely say that one quality predominates over the other; but while she resembles each of these characters individually she stands wholly distinct from all. We are so completely let into the essence of Imogene's nature that we feel as if we had known and loved her before she was married to Posthumus, and that her conjugal virtues are a charm super-added like the color laid upon a beautiful ground work; neither does it appear to me that Posthumus is unworthy of Imogene, or only interesting on Imogene's account. His character, like those of all the other persons of the drama is kept subordinate to hers, but this could not be otherwise, for she is the heroine of the poem. Everything is done to ennoble Posthumus and justify her love for him, and though we approve him more for her sake than for his own, we are early prepared to view him with Imogene's eyes, and not only excuse, but sympathize in her admiration of one "who sat amongst men like a descended God." One thing more must be particularly remarked because it seems to individualize the character from beginning to end of the poem; besides being a tender and devoted woman she is a princess and a beauty at the same time, ever being superior to her position and external charms.

### The Gem of Life.

By MISS ELLEN J. HARPER, of Upper Marlboro, Md.

*Philomathean's First Essayist.*

MAN is composed of two essential elements—the social and the moral. To dwell within the kingdom of his

own ideas and conceptions, without imparting them to his fellow-beings, would be death, destruction, annihilation.

He is not a being bound by the ties of sovereignty and despotism, but a free moral agent, who is at liberty to sway with resolute will that indomitable power—the human mind—and to carve the marble of pure thought. He is the arbiter of his own actions and thoughts, and his moral quality is the one vital force whereby he is and works.

Man being thus created, his ideas flow ever onward, never backward, and he thinks of yesterday as a summer cloud that has floated and vanished into the boundless realms of infinity.

Childhood, like the glimpse of the early dawn, youth, manhood, age, the glory and pomp of by-gone ages, old empires that have risen and crumbled in the dust—all have glided into its dim dominions and are bound by its fetters.

It is a tendency of the natural mind to reflect upon the past. We think of the days and scenes of our childhood with a tenderness which seemed to us then so innocent, pure and happy; never can we experience again the same happiness, "but the tender grace of a day that is dead will never come back to me." Every day is dead after its work is completed, but each one leaves a marked effect upon us, and our works do not perish, for it is only by the trials and experiences of yesterday that we are enabled to surmount the difficulties of to-day.

When the beautiful spring has stepped in and chased hoary winter to his far northern home, then it is that Nature throws off her robe of slumber, and awakes again into existence. The earth is full of brightness and beauty, it echoes with voices of music and gladness. The grass shoots forth its little

blades, the birds chant their sweetest songs, the clouds move in silent and solitary grandeur along the deep blue of the sky and even the little riverlet rushes onward with continuous laughter and rejoices in its own being.

Soon the beautiful days of spring-tide must fade and hide in the depths of the past, but her labors still live on, for the golden summer is but the out-growth of spring.

The exquisite tints of dawn garnish the heavens and prepare for the coming day, but when the mists fade slowly and the dawn is past then day bursts over the world flooding it with light and beauty.

To-day is the product of yesterday, all our thoughts and actions, which we experienced yesterday, gain for us such knowledge that while it is to-day we can, by individual acts of duty and true moral courage which we have gained, build up that beauty and symmetry of character which is acknowledged and felt by all men.

The true character is moulded by a very gradual process and the essential method is to strive to attain some definite standard and maintain it, for it is the want of keeping this standard steadily before them that so many well-meaning persons waste so much time and energy and make so little progress.

The moralist tells us that conscience is a sovereign faculty, bearing upon its brow the stamp of authority and intended to govern and control our actions, hence our lives should be so ordered and regulated that we will make the world purer and better by our acts, for "we live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; he lives most, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

So many persons in every stage of humanity treat the duties of life with

such utter indifference and carelessness, scarcely realizing that the non-performance of each duty detracts from their moral strength and renders them unable for future work.

Although man is a free moral agent, yet there are certain laws which govern him, for in all his actions he simply uses his knowledge as the invention of his genius, and follows natural laws which are supposed to be good and virtuous.

If we consider the wonderful architecture of the universe and the skill with which the great painter has decorated his handiwork, we will discover that everything was not created solely for beauty and grandeur, but in accordance with the laws of the material world for some definite design and duty.

The little dew-drop falls during the silent night, and when morning dawns every green leaf, every live blade of grass, whether carpeting the forest, field or valley, receives the little dew-drop and sparkles with prismatic hues in the glorious rays of the sunshine.

But has the dew-drop any duty to perform or was it created simply to beautify the works of nature? Without it nature would be robbed of much of her loveliness and would appear doomed to perpetual barrenness and desolation, but the dew-drop covers every leaf of the giant oak and the mighty tree sucks in the refreshing moisture to its thirsty bosom and obtains life and sustenance.

As the little dew-drop performs its duty so do all the creations of the physical world. Thus should not man, an immortal being, whose psychical nature rises far above the physical strive to accomplish his duty, while he has the opportunity, while it is yet to-day?

We must work in the present, as if our horizon were bounded by sunrise

and nightfall, for we scarcely realize that it is a most solemn thing to live and that we must here in this terrestrial sphere work out our own destiny with high resolve and noble endeavor.

The past is irrevocable, the future may never be ours, we are masters only of the present. We must be earnest in a world like ours, for what we lose to-day we cannot gain tomorrow, then, shall we let to-day slip useless away? Carlyle says, "we ought to make each new day a new glimpse into eternity, and a new offer of eternal possibilities."

Not only is work a duty but it is also essential to human happiness and prosperity, for without it, man would be wretched and sink into such a state of ignorance and barbarism that every vestige of the elements of manhood would be annihilated and he would finally descend to the level of the brute.

But by continually working we accomplish great and magnificent results, the world is purer and better by our deeds, we ourselves rise above the ordinary level of thought and action, and the river of our life grows deeper and deeper, virtuous and more virtuous, until we are lost in that boundless ocean—Eternity; then our work is done and the deeds of childhood, youth, age blossom into ripeness and beauty and attain perfection.

"We are weaving the web of life,  
Ceaselessly, day by day;  
Sometimes working with threads of gold,  
Sometimes with ashen and gray.  
Many mistakes we make  
As the tireless shuttle flies,  
We tangle the delicate fibres oft  
As we work with tear-dimmed eyes.  
But all will be right at last  
When our Father, one by one,  
Shall break the threads of our years  
And tell us our work is done."

## Feet and Wings.

By MISS LYDIA R. WOODWARD,  
Westminster, Md.

*Browning's First Essayist.*

"We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summit of our time."

OUR LIFE is a ladder, of which the highest round is success and the lowest attempt. We can mount this ladder, round by round, or quickly climbing from the round attempt to success. But the highest round is not attained until the first round is mounted.

Some of the rounds of this ladder are pleasures and discontents which we must ascend in order to gain the top-most point; we are either on the feet of discontent or on the wings of pleasure. There is at times slow-walking of misfortunes, and our feet are often sore with disappointments; while again we can take the wings of encouragement and soar to the very highest of success.

In the climbing of this ladder we must tread beneath our feet the vices of idleness and sloth which often beset men. While we are idle others slip in and take our round from us and gain success on the wings of our attempts, while we are compelled to tread with their feet. Thus for us, it is but slow progress.

Success is only achieved by slow and steady progress. As in the fable of the race between the hare and tortoise, so it is in the race we run in life. Some think as they have more opportunities than others, that they can fly with these wings and therefore they are negligent. Those with less ability plod along steadily and carefully, finally securing the prize before those who have wings can reach it. Certainly it is not those who

have more opportunities who reach the top first, but those who walk with the feet of steadfastness. Some work while others are idle, thus getting to the goal more quickly than those who sleep, and depend upon the swiftness of their wings, thinking that it only takes a short time to win the desired end.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight."

Man is endeavoring to make his means of locomotion more swift by trying to invent a flying-machine, not content with the sure means of transportation. Here we see the ambition of man to fly rather than walk. Aspiring for wings which make the birds so free, but they must remember that God created the birds, and He alone has the key to the problem that they are exerting every means to solve.

Why should we not be satisfied with our feet and not try to construct wings to enable us to rise in the air? Wings cannot answer instead of our feet in this world, but our feet will be sufficient for the majority of our purposes, as they have served man ever since he was created.

The desire to fly has been among men ever since the time of Daedalus and Icarus; but no one has ever succeeded in their attempt to put wings on man so as to enable him to fly. Men of to-day are anxious to invent wings, but have failed to accomplish their purpose.

If men in the physical world have not succeeded in freeing our feet from walking by giving us wings, should we expect in the moral world to fly to success, not expect to walk or reach it by slow degrees? Men have secured success as by flying, but they have fallen, and had to begin at the bottom of the ladder again, mounting their ladder this time round by round, putting one foot

above another. But it is more wearisome than if they had not been so hasty in choosing wings. Their fall is much greater, and it is much more difficult to rise to the top at the second attempt.

A young bird in the nest is very helpless. As its strength increases it is able to fly and soar far above man. In beginning to climb the ladder of life, we are helpless as the bird. Our strength increases as we mount the rounds of evil. The conquering of these little trials will assist us in conquering the greater evils; then we can take the wings of full development and overcome all.

Intellectually we obtain our learning by scaling the heights of knowledge with our feet of inquiry; and the summit of the unreal with wings of imagination. It is very strange that it is so difficult for some of us to comprehend, that it takes us days to learn a simple truth, while it is of no trouble to others. Our feet travel along the path of knowledge slowly; others take wings of comprehension and quickly acquire knowledge.

The youth who builds air-castles and thinks that these castles will be real ones in the future, that they can be obtained by sudden flight, that he can without toiling or plodding reach his youth's anticipation, will be disappointed to find they were only built of air and by his imagination, and not constructed of substance and by the labor of the feet. They are like bubbles, while they are before us they appear beautiful, but how soon they break into nothingness.

One dreams of the future as having wings to help him to accumulate gold. While he dreams another is working and saving little by little. Not waiting for wings of fortune to favor him, he is the more successful of the two.

How often our feet have been tired treading life's pilgrimage, and how we long for the wings of a bird to fly whither we know not where. Our feet have passed over many rough and stony places, slipping frequently off the rounds of the ladder; but we have persevered until the top-most round, success, has been reached. When we have attained the highest round and life's journey is finished, then shall we receive the wings of immortality, on which we can soar forever.

### In the Youth—The Man.

By MR. KENNETH G. MURRAY,  
of Hampstead, Md.,

*Webster's First Orator.*

THE mass of clay first moulded into mortality was only minute particles of dust in another form. The physical nature was devoid of all that distinguishes it as man, and was only recognized as such when the divine breath was imparted, which gave birth to the spiritual nature, and man became a living soul.

For ages after man's fall the superiority of the spiritual lay dormant. All creation paid homage to the muscle of the giant. Through the earnest efforts of recent centuries to dethrone wrong, the depotic ruler no longer sways the universe.

Truth, breaking through the darkness of doubt, bursts asunder the bands of ignorance, ascends superstition's rocky heights, firmly plants its royal staff, and unfurls to the winds the folds of its ensign in the name of *Will*, the supreme ruler of man's physical and his spiritual nature.

Within the breast of every youth, irrespective of condition, there is a two-

fold nature, the one received from a loving beneficent Father, the other the inherited result of man's disobedience. With every motive that impels to a loftier ideal, there is an accompanying one, which moves the evil nature to action. Both demand recognition. Each insists upon controlling the act. The triumph of right strengthens to conquer in succeeding struggles, and relatively weakens the force of the enemy. The growth of one diminishes the power of the other. The food which nourishes the good, brings death to the evil.

Yonder wretch, groveling in the dust, will tell you of boyhood days, when his highest ambition was to be an honorable man. The noble gray-haired statesman well remembers his struggles against the evil emotions which arose in his youthful breast. The former, when a youth, yielded to the passions of his nature and fed the consuming fire. Ere the dawn of manhood that flame had burned away his every element of vitality. The latter conquered the enemy, nourished a holy ambition and his silvery locks bear the crown of success.

In the morning of life, when the blushing rose is the most fragrant, the sun's golden rays the brightest, then these great powers are waging a battle mightier than ever was fought between nations, battling for a life, a soul destined to live forever, a soul greater than the most glorious monarchy, yea, greater than the world. As the battle increases the youth feels the hot breath of his antagonist flaming his cheeks; parched is his fevered tongue; his temples throb thick and fast. Which shall win? Which shall rule his life? Let him be overcome by the evil, ruin and destruction is his future. Let him conquer, peace and joy his habitation.

The youth who says success shall be

mine is already crowned. Covet pleasure only, the world will mock thy life of folly. Bow at the shrine of sensuality, the brute will be thy companion. Worship at the throne of debauchery, the gutter will be thy couch. Desire law as a profession, justice offers you her laurels. Be moved by the sufferings of the dying, then, to you medicine opens wide her doors. Thirst for the salvation of the lost and you will unite wandering man to his God.

Life at this vital period is the most sublime. The formation of a future existence, freighted with its responsibility, abounding in hidden capabilities representing the enlargement of ideas, the expansion of thought, is a wonderful manifestation of the sublimity of a divine Creator. Properly mould the embryo, the character will be the unfolding of its beauty and symmetry. Dwarf the germ, the life will be fruitless. The bent twig cannot produce a straight tree, nor the polluted fountain a pure stream. The youth who mingles with impure and licentious companions, can never hope to reach a vigorous manhood, or be an object of admiration.

The most enduring impressions are those received in the morning of life, though silently formed they become the powerful forces of man's nature. Early sown in the mind, they issue forth to be gathered by the nations.

The moral and physical world is the battlefield of youth; virtue claims him as her champion. Of knowledge and temperance he is a brave leader; each day adding victory to victory, he responds to the appeals of the age for "heroes who shall dare to struggle in the solid ranks of truth." Society swells the cry of every avocation for men of purity. The nation demands men of brains, while the pulpit invites only

men of intelligence, all, all are demanding progressive men, thoroughly prepared to meet the conflicts of life.

The same blood that carries life to the body imparts strength to the mind and brilliancy to the intellect. The cultured mind and trained body are best equipped when to these are added pure morals and an unimpeachable character.

The low standards of morality prevailing among many young men, often encouraged by our centers of learning, are indeed a cause for alarm. That "the wild oats of youth must be sown;" that the "the nineteenth century youth must wallow in the filth of the social sewer; must burn up the vital force of the system on the altars of sensuality; must degrade all that is holiest and purest before he settles down to a steady and virtuous life," is a stain upon our Christian civilization and degrading to manhood.

Who has given youth the right to dissipate his nobler nature and dedicate it to debauchery? Is not purity as essential to him as to the blushing maiden at his side? Soul elevation knows no sex; its law recognizes no distinction.

Life's pathway is strewn with the ruins of ambitious hopes; time rings the knell of misspent lives. Many a lost and ruined life is the result of the parent's sin. Too often the youth feels in his own nature the same passions and appetites which ruled his father's life. Following that father's misguided footsteps, he treads the same thorny path.

Since it is true that each generation transmits its character to the succeeding one, that each life formed in the opening hours of youth, is to play an important part in the world's civilization, this question of morality assumes a colossal importance; for not only will he reap as

he has sown but future generations must garner his harvests.

Soon he may enter that most sacred of temples, where virtue lives and love weaves the flowers of kindness; a temple whose altar is hidden with peace offerings. Here at this hallowed shrine of home, he is to worship, breathe its holy aspirations, and be moved by its sacred trusts.

He who feels every fibre of his soul touched by that magic word—*home*, and every noble emotion moved by its tenderness, he it is that shall save the Republic, "when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted." His young heart swells with pride when he beholds her glorious ensign, and only considers his devotion complete, when he lays his life upon her altar.

Seeing the God given opportunities of youth, he grasps the true and divine with one hand, and with the other he reaches down to his brother and lifts him to a higher plane. Gazing into the future with eager expectations, he awaits not for fame and honor to weave his crown but wins the plaudits of the multitude ere his work is completed.

Easily learning that to be the most successful man, the only true man, he must recognize that the same hand that rules the universe and shapes the destiny of nations, must guide his life. With consecrated energies he enters upon the activities of life, to mingle with its multitudes and with his burning deeds and inspiring thoughts to elevate its struggling masses.

Would you see this future of the fitly trained and cultered youth, the complete fruition of such a life, look upon the "Grand Old Man." See him in that historic room, where tier upon tier sit the vast multitude. Not a word is spoken. Slowly and calmly he rises.

His majestic figure, intelligent countenance and sparkling eye, which time's wintry sorrows have neither chilled nor deadened, win the admiration of the audience ere he speaks; and when his princely eloquence, pleading for that noble cause, fills the room, he receives, not only England's applause, but the gratitude of the world.

His eighty years breathe forth a life of usefulness—a life moulded by a divine hand—the opening hours of which were dedicated to virtue and truth. A life whose youth through the training of body, mind, and soul, to-day matures into golden fruit.

### The Valley of Silence.

By ALBERT J. LONG, Hagerstown, Md.

*Irving's First Orator.*

WE ARE ever marching through a valley of silence. In all nature are balanced and blended, unity and variety, contrast and correspondence, to secure perfect and unbroken harmony. We have only to go out at noonday, when the sun is shining, and look about us. We see a profusion of life and beauty; with sparkling sunbeams burning through an exuberance of lustrous leaves; with ever-shifting shadows lending splendor and mystery to the sun's powerful rays; and we hear not a stir, except the occasional hum of a bee, come to sip the nectar from Nature's blossoms.

We are ever surrounded by this all-pervading stillness. Wherever and whenever we travel through nature, we find ourselves in the heart of this valley. At eventide we see the brilliant constellations mount the eastern heavens in the same silent and orderly march. At night

the moisture of the air condenses, and is diffused on the myriads of blades of grass, bending them down beneath the minute, yet mighty weight of dew-drops, which, in the morning, are dispelled by the heat of the rising sun; and by noonday the little green twigs are again free from burden. Thus can you see Nature perform her daily rounds. You can see her indeed; but hear no sound.

One hour of silent sunshine does more to transform the face of the earth, than millions of men in a lifetime of toil. Nature covers the valley with her plumed and bannered hosts, and climbs the mountain side with her scaling legions to catch the first light of the dawning day, and to wave her green banners in the last radiance of the setting sun. The sturdy oak that has wrestled with the storms of bygone centuries and the delicate stalk that blooms and dies in a day, the roaring lion of the forest and the cooing dove of the orchard are all fed and sustained by the silent forces of Nature.

To a certain extent this hush exists in all things. Although the earthquake sinks away with mighty convulsions, and causes the very earth to tremble; and the volcano bursts forth with its terrific belch of wild and angry flames, yet they are originated by the silent mingling of the elements far below the earth's surface. This sound effected by silence, and silence effected by sound, shows the infinite wisdom, power and capacity of our Maker. What if all was confusion and uproar? What if there was no alternation of sound and silence to please the aesthetic nature? Even the note in music could not be measured, if silence did not exist to designate the beginning and to mark the ending.

It is this mysterious stillness attending the study of all Nature, that has

turned thousands of students into worshippers. One has said that it is the beauty of Nature that inspires reverence. Beauty causes one to admire his Creator; but it is the silence brooding back of the beauty that makes one adore him. It has built shining steps, on which mortals might reverently tread the ever-ascending path to the throne of an infinite God.

This valley extends into a realm, where silence reigns supreme; a realm, where rest is undisturbed and slumber perpetual; a realm, whose dwellers are on their way to eternity; a realm, where man is the passive object, and God the ever-active subject. I refer to the grave. Here silence reaches its culmination. Death terminates all confusion. As man passes from a sleep of dreams to the dreamless sleep he advances into the shadows of that realm, where discord is unknown.

Neither do the marble slabs on your hill mark out the entirety of this domain nor have we viewed the scope of the grave, when we have looked on all the existing cities of the dead. We only comprehend its deepest meaning, when we come to know, that this earth, though it was appointed for all the living, is one universal grave, wherein lies the mouldering dust of all past generations; though it is filled with strife and animation, it is one continuous valley of silence.

The laws of the Infinite One always provide for an ending as well as a beginning. Death is but an effect, whose cause is life, and in whatever this cause exists, in it, will sooner or later, exist the effect. No living being can evade it. "Pale death knocks with an impartial foot at the cottages of the poor and the palaces of kings." It is an opening for men of all nationalities and of all

ages. It steals through the hidden valley of the Nile, across the burning sands of Arabia, over the highlands of Scotland, and into the homes of America. It visits the child in cradle, the blooming strength of manhood, and the hoary-headed father, wailing in his second infancy.

It comes in every way. In battle, amid the call of trumpets and the clash of musketry, when the field is alive with the rumbling hoof of charging steed; and it comes in the darkened room, where no sound of tramping feet, no cloud of rolling smoke, no shaking of the hills heralds the coming change.

It comes at all times. It haunts the gentle breezes of springtime; it burns in the parching sunbeams of summer; it accompanies the gray frosts of autumn; and it sweeps along in the stormy blasts of winter. Yea, it is one immense link joining time and eternity. Poets have sung of the impending cliffs and gigantic rocks towering above us, as if Cyclopean labors had been exercised to reach the skies; but that peaceful palace has not yet been reached by men climbing mountains or ascending the most lofty citadels, nor is anyone given wings to scale the clouds and soar on to the golden gates. The days of Elijah are over. Man can only reach his destined eternity through the valley of silence—the grave—the workshop, in which God separates the soul from its sheath of clay, and stores away the dust of our earthly frames, as if intent to use it in the formation of a new planet or the creation of another being; but he receives the soul in his tender care, wafting it on to its home above.

The finite is separated from the infinite, the physical from the spiritual, the mortal from the immortal. The body decays and becomes as crumbling as the

dust that covers it, and as frail as the casket that incloses it; but the soul abides forever, and becomes as white as the marble that marks its former resting-place, and as sweet as the rose that sheds its perfume o'er the grave.

The tomb is a testimonial of our belief in God and the doctrine concerning soul and body. If we thought our friend no more than a physical structure, we would not place him in the grave as a place of silent keeping until the soul enters into an alliance with its Maker. Although we know much concerning them, yet if we visit the quiet resting-places of the departed, our minds will always be freighted with the wonderful impress of their awful mysteries. But, one thing that assists in clearing away their mist, is the fact, that we can partially know the prospective by the retrospective. "As the will has its two choices, right and wrong; so the soul has its two destinies, life and death."

We are ever being taught the weakness of our perishable plight. Everything that germinates in the entire kingdom of nature, lives only to die. As the lily that decorates the meadow will be blasted tomorrow by the sun's parching rays, so man glides on to his destiny. "The final year will come and the final month and the final day. The last spring will swing its censer of blossoms, and the last winter bank its snows." Then, why shall we weep at the death of our loved ones? The grave is as much a benefactor as the cradle. What would become of this world, if all who beheld its beauties never bid farewell? And, besides, the shadows of the grave are only shadows of a sweeter life to come. If there is no shadow, there can be no sun; the sunshine must be veiled to give beauty to the landscape. The ray of light made dim by the

shadows of the grave will be relighted in eternity. Its shadows are but those we must pass through, in the transformation from earth to heaven, from an abyss of woe to a mount of joy, from a cheerless desert to a celestial paradise.

Then let us never look on this life with a pessimistic eye; but on the other hand, let us ever be unspeakably happy, knowing, that when the cold hand of death unlocks the portals of eternal life, when it bids us say good-night to friends here below, to say good-morning in that brighter clime; though our bodies will rest in their beds of clay, our souls may recline in the bosom of our God.

### Indestructibility.

BY MISS ALA B. JONES,  
of Bayview, Md.

*Philomathean's First Essayist.*

§ PECULATIONS, after they have passed the tests of common sense, after close observation, after comparison with established facts, become laws.

There are laws of the physical world, of the mental world and of the spiritual world. Some of these laws hold good in one or perhaps two of these, while on the other hand a few can be applied to all three.

Among the latter class we find the law of indestructibility. In the physical world it is couched in these words. "Indestructibility is that property of matter by virtue of which it cannot be destroyed."

We find all things changing, changing ever changing, never at rest. Night follows day, season follows season, year follows year and century follows century. Poets are born into this world only to pass in a short time to another, nations

after nations rise and fall, all is change, no death.

Nothing can utterly perish; if it disappear it does so only to reappear in a different form.

One finds this illustrated throughout nature. Scientists tell us that our physical world contains as much matter now as it did when it was created, that not one particle of matter has been lost.

Certainly the form has changed, but never has it been utterly destroyed.

The element carbon enters the trees and plants; these in time fall to the ground, and by a mysterious process, the soft mass is changed into a hard black substance which we burn and in the process of burning we once more obtain the element in its gaseous form, as carbon. Many other examples could be given to illustrate this in the physical world but perhaps they are too well known to allow going into detail, and moreover there is a higher realm in which this law of indestructibility exists also; this is the realm of the mind.

The law is of more vital importance to us in this realm than in the first, for which concerns a man more deeply, the question as to whether or no the trees and plants are destroyed, or the question as to whether his thoughts live or die? Certainly the latter.

Wood burns; the gases resulting from that burning go off in the air and form new compounds, yet these gases are not destroyed.

A man thinks, he put his thoughts in words, are these thoughts lost? No! a thousand times, no! If a man thinks, and he is not a man if he does not, he must express his thoughts in some way, either by words or actions, or by both. What he says is heard or read by others, and be it ever so insignificant, so appar-

ently devoid of worth, it must and will have its influence.

If the thought is good, the influence which it exerts will be good; If the thought is evil, the effects will also be evil. Unconsciously we imbibe what we hear or read, and our very thoughts are moulded by the thoughts of others. So we see that the old adage is only half true which says: "We are what we make ourselves," we are also what others make us.

The real man is a combination of all the good and evil which has been seen and heard.

Of course there are things which have made no impression on the real man.

Those things whose effects are felt long after the causes themselves have passed; those are what make the man. Thus we are what others make us.

Can you imagine how barren would be our world of information if there was no law of indestructibility?

On this rests all our knowledge of past ages, and how little we would know if we had to find out everything from the beginning. We would die before we knew the A B C of any kind of knowledge, and what we had learned would die with us. All our sciences, which are the growth of past ages, rest on this.

We are almost dependent upon this law of indestructibility for our very thoughts. Certainly by this we do not mean to say that no one is original in his or her thoughts, for thoughts which are not to a certain extent original, are worth very little.

Have you not after having thought out something which seems to you good and so original that its very originality clothes it with beauty, have you not, we ask after having done this, been startled and almost discouraged to find

sometime after that self same thought in some other person's writing? Of course it is yours, for you did not borrow it, yet this very instance proves the law of indestructibility. Something that had been said started you to thinking and made you come, by an entirely different route perhaps, to the same idea to which this other writer had come. One idea producing another idea, around and around the circle of thought, until it seems almost impossible to produce one new idea.

It is as if we were in a large hall the walls of which produced echoes, when we speak, our words are echoed by one wall and reechoed by another, and on and on ever increasing in volume, never ceasing, never lost, on and on from age unto age, into eternity.

Now we have seen how important is the law of indestructibility in the physical world and in the mental world, but as far above matter is the mind, and eternity above the years, so far above all things is the soul and the laws pertaining to the soul.

How great is the law of indestructibility in the spiritual world. If a man die shall he live again, shall his soul be destroyed? How great the questions and how great the answers. Yes he shall live on through eternity, live to reap the reward of good or evil deeds. Live in a life of happiness or in a life of woe.

And if at any time it could be possible for the law of indestructibility itself to be destroyed, in the midst of the upheaval of nature, man confident in his immortality, could say in the words of the poet:

"The soul secured in her existence smiles  
At the drawn dagger and defies its point,  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt, amid the war of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of  
worlds."

### Upward in the Night.

By MISS GRACE S. WELLER,  
Cumberland, Md.

*Browning's Second Essayist.*

THE prismatic rays of the rainbow of life are not all rose-colored, the dark shades are as essential as the bright and we find them side by side. Honor, renown and all the glories of life, do not come to us as wishes granted by fairies, "life is not an empty dream," it is what we make it, either a success or a failure.

In the dawn of life when all is hopeful, success is ever before us. Should a single disappointment make our lives become a failure. Never let such a weakness of character be ours and when the goal of life has been reached, how much more will we appreciate our standing, because of the battles won, the dangers successfully encountered by the persistent effort which led us up to the zenith.

Though many start in life at the same time and with the same end in view, the most fall by the wayside in despair. They were not trained in patience and could not persist in their work until completed; they toiled well all day, but when evening came without the reward they wanted, discouraged they dropped off to sleep.

If they had only been in earnest and at the close of day struggled on a little into the night while others slept, they could easily have found their eagerly desired success. Our hero, thus we see, making the perilous ascent of his Mount

Blanc of effort; he tires, but rests awhile and tires again, he meets temptation but conquers it and struggles on, seemingly without help, but it is not so, for nestling at his feet is the beautiful Jungfrau in all her snow-capped glory that smilingly whispers at all times, "Excelsior" reanimating him, until at last he reaches a height never yet attained by man.

If our aim in life is sought until found, our labor will not be lost, for our work will not be closed up in the grave with us, but will live forever, become immortal and thus benefit our fellow men as well as ourselves.

Although the way be dark and the future impenetrable, let us determine that each descending sun will find us at least one step farther on the road, with the smile of patience on our face and a worthy ambition as our guiding star.

We see the astronomer when day has put on his sable cloak, gazing intently through the telescope at the bright studded heavens, patiently waiting in hope of discovering some new planet or learning something yet unknown about the seen ones. Were it not for the persistency and energy of such men as Herschel and his companions, where would now be that most beautiful and instructive study of Astronomy, as the knowledge imparted by the goddess of night to her worshippers was given to mankind by their continued efforts.

What fairer example can be wished for than the civilization and arts of the Greeks?

A bright, shining light comes to all from the brilliance of success reached by Greece, while all around her was enclosed in barbaric darkness.

Do you think that her philosophers, architects and statesmen, at evening, weary and discouraged lay down to sleep? No, they still pressed on, worked

on into the night until they were satisfied they had accomplished their task and as a result of their patient and persistent work, gave to the world models that we to-day are only too eager to copy.

Later on as we turn the pages of the world's sketch book, we see three ships sailing away from home and friends, over an unknown ocean, not knowing what was before them and reaching an unknown land.

If Columbus had given up at his first failure to start for the western world and had not kept at his one idea day and night, we cannot even guess how much delayed would have been our present high civilization.

Many of the lamps which have enlightened the world burned far into the night, the day not being found long enough for the accomplishment of the tasks over which our great men were laboring.

Looking over our own history a well-known picture comes before us and claims our attention. Observing it closer we ascertain it to be a room in a poor little hut, in which room at a little table sits one of our country's destined best presidents poring over a lot of old books by the flickering light of a tallow-dip, solving the great problem of life. He toiled upward in the night and became the liberator of a race and the idol of a nation.

When the common, weak minds have become discouraged and tired, and despairing of success, give up and fall asleep at the close of day, the great mind still undaunted, still hoping though everything is apparently against its advance, toils on into the night, always courageous, although its star seems afar off and clouds are frequently obscuring it from its sight.

"Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it," and by extra work make a success of life and reach the height of their aspirations, praised by the world and envied by those who were disconsolate at the first signs of nightfall and failed.

The present is for the ambitious, each day to find him one step farther.

Success obtained and wishes gratified by working in the daylight surrounded by friends and pleasure are too easily won and are for those who have not the courage or will to struggle against misfortune. It is only by toiling upward in the night that we reach the tower of true fame and renown, the coveted height of the nobly ambitious.

### The Visible and the Ideal.

BY MR. WILLIAM G. BAKER,  
of Buckeystown, Md.  
*Webster's Second Orator.*

THE investigation of law, in the physical world, has been pursued since the age when astronomers gazed heavenward from the plains of Chaldea. In every age new theories have been advanced, concerning the universe, with its maze of stars, its suns and systems, stupendous in magnitude revolving around one centre, still greater and more remote.

Our own century surpasses all former ages, in its efforts to dethrone Superstition and crown Truth queen of the physical and moral worlds. The savage who fell on his face, in adoration of the sun, now sleeps beneath the sod of his forest home and upon the very spot of his burial science has erected her telescope, to examine the object of his wild

devotion. Ignorance alone sees evidence of divine anger in the displays of nation's power. Men of the present observe countless laws, guided by a divine hand, working in unison in every action of the physical realm. They see millions of precious truths embodied in the sparkling dew-drop, and in the cloud from which gleaming lances burst in awful magnificence, they behold a power beyond man. The phenomena which bewilder, and the superstitions which enslave, have all vanished before education, and men rise heavenward through nature and rest by the throne of her Creator.

The human family was indeed given a beautiful dwelling place, but there is a higher and more exalted world by which they are surrounded, and man finds himself endowed with faculties which admit him to all its purity and beauty.

Law is the corner-stone of the natural world, grandeur and infinitude its crowning tower. Listen in breathless silence to Niagara, the greatest and most eloquent of nature's oracles. Try to conceive those celestial distances through which the planets swing with inimitable exactness. Follow the geologist as he wanders through vast ages which yet fail to give you the faintest idea of eternity. The laws by which the winds blow and the rains fall; the laws by which the newly sown seed germinates and grows; and those which preside amid the changes of chemical combinations, are all glowing with beauty and sublimity, but there are moral glories before which they fade into insignificance. The physical world is sublime and Science with no vague ideas of its origin and an appreciation of its grandeur delves into secret chambers to investigate all hidden laws. The

Moral world is the dwelling place of the divine and before its beauty, scientist and philosopher must kneel and adore. God has bestowed upon his created those endowments, which, if trained rightly will assert their superiority over natural phenomena.

Virtue sits enthroned in the soul of man, and upon her brow sparkles a crown eternal, shedding a lustre that no beauty of material objects can aspire to emulate, and the actions prompted by this queen of his nature illumine life's pathway by hallowed beams.

When we consider the motive which prompts the sailor of a sinking vessel to pace his deck until the last passenger is safe in the life-boat, or when we observe that almost-inspired sage of Greece raise the poison to his lips and drink it without a murmur, we instinctively feel a sense of admiration and wonder, greater than that produced by the roaring waterfall or the flashing of the fiery elements.

Under the destructive influence of personal ambition, man has trampled upon the rights of others and overcome all obstacles to satisfy his own thirst for power or vengeance. The spirit of brotherly love is the messenger of peace, holding out to quarrelling humanity its waving ensign, bearing the command: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It is that spirit which gave to the world a Howard, a Brooks, a Washington.

Those high emotions of patriotism, which, ascending toward heaven as though seeking their Giver, rise far above all mean or selfish actions and are lost in the one thought of nation and glory of country. That virtue which animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, valor and death. This, in the language of Clay, is a public virtue, the sublimest of virtues. The nation that produces the largest number of "great

souls, great thoughts and noble actors" is the grandest commonwealth, and the individual who appreciates the magnificence of his birth-right and his opportunity to help mankind, is the brightest star in the moral universe.

Like the dew from heaven falls on the drooping flowers in the stillness of the night, so that disinterested love which man bears for his fellow refreshes and invigorates all around it. A liberal view of human existence opens the mind to great conceptions and fills it with more sublime ideas than any presented in the most exalted science.

Beautify the physical world as you will; let earth open her richest vaults and be clothed in her fairest raiment, then it is only a suitable temple for the soul that loves truth with a supreme love. From the hidden springs of such a man's soul, flow forth the rivulets of nobility, giving new life to science and philosophy. Neither Des Cartes in building new worlds, nor Franklin in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature, possessed more of the ideal man, than he who feels his pulse quickened by every effort to advance the cause of moral truth and justice.

All great revolutions of the world have been accomplished by courage. It required four centuries of martyrdom to establish Christianity, and a century of civil war to effect the Reformation. The martyr may perish at the stake but the cause for which he dies will gather a new lustre from his noble sacrifice. The memory of a great life does not perish with the life itself, but lives forever in other minds.

Not only on the field of Battle but on the ground of Virtue also, history raises monuments in honor of those who have fought, and crowned themselves with garlands of victory. Amid the obscurity

of retirement many acts of greatness are performed as much beyond the practice of the so called great as heroism and determination to act in accordance with one's own convictions are above cowardice. These are spectacles more beautiful in the moral world than the Alpine mountains in the physical.

"Virtue and knowledge are endowments greater,

Than Nobleness and Riches; careless heirs  
May the latter darken and expend,  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making of man a god."

As the lofty Cordilleras stretching along the isthmus or Panama bind together Northern and Southern America, and beat back from their rocky sides the fury of the Atlantic and Pacific, so these glories of the moral man unite him and his Creator by a silver cord and repulse all the attacks upon his nobler nature. Possess them and you will be Master of Masters and will have learned the Art of Arts. Your actions will embellish the universe in a light stronger and more attractive than the rays of Eddystone across the waters of the English channel. "Inanimate vastness excites wonder; knowledge kindles admiration, but love enraptures the soul. Scientific truth is marvelous, but moral truth is divine;" and whoever breathes its air has found the Ideal World. For him the seasons change, the earth lives, the heavens possess an untold beauty, and the grand spectacle of Nature's laws rises revealed before his eyes, its working regulated, its mystery solved. "For him a new heaven and a new earth have already been created." His dwelling place is the temple of the Eternal. His mind lives in the Ideal.

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## Looking Toward Sunset.

By A. NORMAN WARD,  
Jarrettsville, Md.

*Irving's Second Orator.*

THE day breaks from over the hills, and the sun, arousing from his sleep, chases the last lingering shadow to its hiding place in the west. The world stands out in the glow of the morning light and the east is filled with just enough clouds to lend a charm and beauty to the opening scene of the day. The air is filled with the song of happy birds pouring their tribute of love and praise into the ear of the Most High, and the merry voices of children wending their way to the scene of some holiday excursion. Busy hands and strong begin the work of the day and hope to carry it forward to its completion. But as the morning advances the clouds which welcomed the coming day begin to expand and soon cover the whole sky. The shower descends upon hill and valley, causing the games of the children to be broken up, and the men to lay aside their tasks. In a short while the rain ceases, and the sun, breaking the spell of the gloom, brings gladness again to the hearts of men. The remainder of the day is marked by an alternation of sunshine and cloud; until just before evening comes, the sun breaks through the clouds and forms one of those beautiful sunsets that close the April day.

The grandest fight of the ages has been the fight to be a man. Leave this struggle out, and no perfection of character could be attained, and men would be but machines and not the magnificent beings they are. Wherever and in whatever age man has been found, in

the early dawn of the race upon the table-lands of Central Asia, or in our own centres of intellectual activity, you find the same human nature, and the same hope that men have of sometimes being *free* men and not slaves to that which debases and destroys the holiest conceptions men are capable of having.

There these two forces stand, the one of evil and the other of good, keeping watch through the centuries, each contending for supremacy over these beings into which God has flashed His own immortality. The one force would raise men to the heights of exalted manhood and clothe them with imperial power, while the other would drag them to the baseness of the brute and the lowest ideal.

There has not lived a man in all this sweep of centuries who has not felt within himself the consciousness of a strange incompleteness and an eager aspiration for something higher, and the realization of some hope that he may not be able to define but that he dimly feels. This search to find an explanation for the with-held completion of our lives and the groping of the human mind to find God, marks the dividing line between man and the brute.

Into this strange perplexity of existence, this life of mingling hopes and fears, of law and disorder, comes the child. There are no memories of a previous existence to haunt him and he is happy in the games of the day and his boyish anticipations for the morrow. Although there is sin all around him and near him, yet he sees and feels it not. He plays on unconscious of the great heart-beat of humanity, and the intense cry for deliverance wrung from the hearts of the men about him. Everything is good and beautiful, and life one grand holiday and men but

playing their parts in a beautiful game. He has his childish sorrows, but they are like the fleecy clouds that attend the rising sun which only add beauty to the coming day.

But as the years begin to unfold, and the child quits his childhood, and the boy begins his dreaming and questioning, and the man to feel the weight of the cares of the world, then that which before seemed beautiful is tainted with something he has learned to call evil. At first it is like the little cloud, no larger than a man's hand but which expands and hides from view the brightness and glory of the sun. He hesitates, is bewildered, and as his individuality rises before him he makes his second conception of life, declaring that there is nothing good. He feels held by the passions of his nature, and struggling at his fetters, oft-times cries out in open rebellion against his God. But the same something within him that declared all things evil demands an honest inquiry into his condition and for what he is given life.

When he examines himself closely, he is brought into touch with the wonderful plan of the Creator and the dreadful mystery of the human will. He finds that the new thoughts and passions which have come to him have each a place and must find their true proportions to each other, and that a new peace of higher adjustments must come, the peace of a well-balanced manhood. Out of all this uncertainty he must find that which is permanent and cling to that. Whatever men do, the seasons follow each other in regular succession. Whatever science may declare the stars change not their courses. Whatever men think the truth of God stands unshaken.

This man, this earnest searcher for light, finds in the unchanging verities

duty, work and love, the answer to his life-questions, the balancing of his manhood and the hope of complete subjugation of his baser ambitions to the aspirations of his higher ideal. With this new liberty, the liberty coming from finding a place and occupying it, and the knowledge that there once lived in this world of ours, *One* who did no sin, he loses himself in the lives of his fellow-men and takes up the work he has to do. Not one word of all the unexplained within and without him is to be understood except by *something done*. The shower which falls from heaven only makes it possible for the earth to answer the smile of the sun. The doubt and perplexity through which we at times wander only make it possible for the soul to see the wisdom and goodness of God's love. Although at times he may catch a hush in the struggle and look back upon his efforts, and see how far back his one-time purity seems, and how stained with the world he is, yet impelled by a sense of the divinity of his mission he goes on and up to higher paths of duty and to new fields of inviting work.

In the realm of God's boundless creation nothing is out of place. There is not a weak link in the chain that joins the beginning with the end. Although men in their ignorance of causes may think so, yet nothing comes by chance. The decrees of time are governed, as well as judged, by the decrees of eternity.

There must be something to be found out and explained, else man is a great failure and his hopes illusions, and his dreams memories of some by-gone existence. The glory of the creation lies in the fact that man is vested with an eager, inquiring mind, and that he can

do of his own accord great good or immeasurable ill.

There is an advancement in human society. In the consciousness of liberty and the hope that calls from the future does man fulfill his mission. The splendid civilizations of the present stand as a monument to the pioneers of our race who wrought their humble work with a view to the cope-stone which should be set upon it when the building shall stand out complete before the world and the Great Architect. The free hands of the man to-day move more to the work of the world, because once they were fettered. The eye of science peers with a clearer vision into the secrets of nature, because once it was blind, but now it sees. The poet sings, because once there was no song. The redeemed soul finds a pleasure in the presence of its Redeemer, because once it lifted lame hands and groped through sin and doubt.

A present, no matter how exalted, must give way to a future. "An everlasting nineteenth century could not be endured." Marvelous as have been the achievements of the past and great as are the attainments of the present, there are still greater fields of investigation to be opened, and grander truths to be realized. The march of the ages has been onward, and the Far East must give way to Greece, and Greece to Rome, and Rome to the Far West, the lower yielding to the higher, all pointing to the great sunset of the world.

The man who feels the moment, the liberty it brings and the hope, is the one who is finding God. As man's splendid conceptions are to find expression in the words of his lips and the work of his hands, so out of these shall he be responsible for the gifts intrusted to him.

We speak into the phonograph of the eternal, and in the great judgment day, out of our own words shall we be judged.

A new world comes into sight. It is the world of perfected character and joy unending. It is the world where peoples of all tribes and tongues shall come up from their hopes and fears, and aspirations and dreams, and find the completion now withheld from their lives. It is the existence towards which all eyes are turned and in which all hopes are centred, the land beyond the sunset, where the sun, having gone down upon this life shall rise in full splendor upon the Life Eternal, far beyond the hills and the mountains and the clouds—even *Heaven*.

### Poems.

A summer night,  
A moon so bright,  
A boy in silence standing;  
A window high,  
No Profs. are nigh,  
His quick retreat demanding.

The window opes,  
Fulfills his hopes,  
A fair head forth is peeping;  
In whispers sweet  
The minutes fleet,  
The moon her watch is keeping.

A lowered cord,  
A note aboard,  
The string again ascending;  
A "good night" said,  
The boy has fled,  
No Profs. on him attending.

Ten minutes more  
The fun is o'er,  
The window tales disdaining;  
The boy sleeps sound,  
Sweet dreams abound,  
And silence deep is reigning.

Fond will be the recollections,  
As upon the past we think,  
Rich in memory's sweet affections  
Ever loved, with loved ones linked.  
Where so e'er your paths may lead you,  
Endless may your pleasures be,  
Long and happy may life keep you,  
Loved and honored '93.



AN account of a base ball game between W. M. C. and Gettysburg which appeared in the May issue of the Gettysburg Monthly, calls to mind a custom of some college journals which is far from commendable. The score was not 4—1 in their favor as was stated in their monthly, but was 4—2. A dispute arose during the game by the 3rd baseman of the Gettysburg team *intentionally* tripping and throwing to the ground a base runner of our team as he was running from 3rd to home. The Gettysburg Monthly may succeed in deceiving their readers who did not see the game in question, but they are gaining with those who do know the true state of affairs a reputation by no means enviable.

SEVERAL typographical errors were made in the article entitled "In the Land of Genius," which appeared in the May number of the MONTHLY. Rousseau was published Bosseau; Inles Breton, Inlis Barton; Bonnat, Bomard, and Fortuny, Fostuny.

MUCH has been said and written about the Sunday opening of the World's Fair, and the Geary Chinese Act.

Right should not be compromised for wrong. We believe that the Sabbath should not be sacrificed on any condition.

The Geary Act is subversive of right and justice. It has been well decided to defer action until Congress shall meet

and again consider the subject of Chinese immigration. Some remedy should and must be found, but let it not be so harsh as the Geary Act.

IT is customary for the out-going staff to write a farewell editorial about wiping their pens and handing over the management of the paper to a much better staff, etc., etc., etc. *Dictum puta.*

The life of the editor-in-chief is one felicitous dream. Think of him at midnight's dread hour when "o'er the one-half world nature seems dead," as he strides the narrow limits of the "sancta sanctorum" through piles of MS. and exchanges, scratching his head in the vain attempt to write an editorial which will revolutionize the thinking world by its vigor and originality.

Think of him as he ransacks the entire English vocabulary for some new expression of praise or criticism for the exchange notes. Think of him as he drives his imagination through the region of komikalities in search of a local on some innocent Fresh. or Soph. Think of him when he receives the blame of every local which does not please the modest young boys and girls who were honored by having their names put in the MONTHLY. Think of his mad frenzy as he reads over the *spring* poetry which the ambitious poets of the college *spring* upon him. Think of him as he vainly canvasses the school for articles or other contributions. Think of these things, young aspirant to editorial honors, and pity him.

The out-going staff desired very much to change the sombre-hued back of the MONTHLY to something neater and more inviting in appearance. According to the contract made with the printer last September, we were unable to effect the

change this year. We advise the new staff to make the improvement when they take the reins.

Experience is the best teacher, and we feel constrained to give the editors-elect the benefit of ours. Do not begin your editorial career with a long salutatory, soliciting the aid and support of the entire student body by contributions, et cetera—we made our mistake in doing that. Let the readers of the MONTHLY understand that you feel entirely able to manage it without any help from them, that you think your journalistic ability far above the average and that you feel perfectly competent to run the MONTHLY without any interference on their part. Start out with that understanding, and we predict for you a glorious success. Now, we wish to thank sincerely all, both alumni and students, who have contributed in any way to the success of the MONTHLY.



### G. M. C. A. Notes.

MESSRS. A. Norman Ward and Kenneth G. Murray have been selected to represent the Association in the city missionary work in New York the coming summer. The choice was a wise one, and we pray, and expect their work to be very successful. The officers elected for the 1st term of '93, '94 are: President, A. N. Ward; Vice-President, N. O. Gibson; Corresponding Secretary, K. G. Murray; Recording Secretary, T. C. Galbreath; Treasurer, C. E. Dryden; Organist, E. D. Stone.

## J. W. C. A. Notes.

OUR meetings this month have been very interesting. The regular monthly missionary meeting, held on the 23rd of May, was especially so. The programme consisted of solos, recitations, readings, etc., which were beneficial as well as entertaining.

We think there has been *much* good done in our Association this year, and we know that nearly all have been benefited by the meetings.

Our last one was held June 6th. The principal feature of which was the election of officers. They are as follows: President, Nannie Sparks; Vice-President, Ala Jones; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Blanche Noble; Treasurer Bertha Chandler; Organist, Blanche Davis.



## Exchange Notes.

ONE of the chief pleasures we have had as editor of the MONTHLY has been found in receiving and reading our college exchanges. Some have been poor, some mediocre, and others very good. In fact, a few have been almost as good as many monthly magazines which are published. We have on our exchange list several weekly and bi-weekly college papers. They are little four or eight page sheets, and by no means do they measure up to the standard of college journalism. The only argument in favor of publishing a weekly is that the personal notes and local news can be made a little more "newsy" than

in a monthly. It does this, however, to the detriment and neglect of the literary department, which department, in our judgment, should hold the most important place in a college journal.

The *Varsity*, *Iowa Wesleyan*, *University Informer* and *Courant*, are fairly good in their way, but as a medium for the expression of the literary productions of their students, they are comparatively poor.

We are in receipt of a copy of the World's Fair Southern Edition of the *Baltimore News*. The edition contains sixty-four pages, and the News deserves to be congratulated on having carried through its great undertaking so successfully. The paper is full of interesting statistical and reading matter, and is valuable to all as a paper of reference concerning Baltimore and the South.

## College Notes.

MR. D. L. MOODY has sent forth an invitation to the college young women of this and other lands to meet in conference at Northfield, June 22-29. Since 1886 the college young men of the world have met at Northfield for a summer conference on Bible study and Christian work. The benefits of these conferences have been so manifest that an urgent request from the young women of some of the leading educational institutions for a similar conference of young women, was received by Mr. Moody. All arrangements will be made by the International Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Oberlin College will introduce a new feature in field-day sports. It is proposed to produce the Greek Olympiad, with javelin hurling, weight pitching, etc.; the contestants to appear in Greek costumes.

The college professors of Spain receive probably the smallest pay of any college professors in the world. In many cases the salary does not exceed \$200.—*Ex.*

The largest university in the world is Paris, with 7,215 students; Vienna next, with 6,220, and Berlin third. Cornell has 1,600. Johns Hopkins, which had in 1876 only 89 students, now has 513.

There are in the United States 65,000 women in colleges and graduates of colleges, who are members of Greek letter societies.—*Ex.*

Eight hundred of the three thousand students of the University of Berlin are Americans.

Only a small fraction of one per cent. of the voters of the United States are college educated men, yet they hold fifty-nine per cent. of the highest offices.



Since the last report our boys have played four games, winning two of them.

The first of these was an eleven-inning one, played at Chestertown May 20, and won by the Washington College team of that place by the score 6-7.

Following is the score by innings:

CLUBS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total
W. M.....	0	0	0	2	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	6
Wash.....	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	2	0	1	7

Sellman and Ferguson battery for W. M. C.

The next was played May 27, on the home grounds, with the St. John's College team of Annapolis, in which our boys won without an effort. Our battery was the same as when we played

the Washington College team. The score by innings was:

CLUBS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
W. M.....	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	4	x	8
St. John's...	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3

The next Saturday, June 3, being the one just preceding examination week, we did not make arrangements for a college game, but, instead, played the team from Union Bridge. This also was one of our victories. The score was 6-0.

CLUBS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
W. M.....	0	2	0	0	1	0	2	1	x	6
U. B.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

The next and final game for the season was the return one with Washington College on our own grounds. Our boys were not in a good condition for playing ball, but this is not a sufficient excuse for the careless playing and the many errors which they made. Our battery work was very poor, the visiting team having no trouble in finding the ball, even in the first inning. The number of strike-outs was four on each side.

The score was as follows:

CLUBS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
W. M.....	1	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	6
Wash.....	3	0	1	0	1	2	0	2	0	9

Our 2nd team also won a game from the 1st team of New Windsor by the score 8-11.

During the season we have played nine games, having won four of them. Nearly all of the games have been very closely contested, with the exception of the first one, in which our pitcher's arm was hurt.

Our '93 boys will be missed in base ball as in everything else, but with the hope that among our incoming students we may find those who can fill their positions, the season of '92-'93 closes in which Western Maryland has made a record of which she is not ashamed.

E. C. G.



President's Reception to Class of '93.

DEPARTING from the custom of y<sup>e</sup> olden times, our president, Dr. Lewis, postponed the reception to the graduating class, generally given on the Friday closing their final examinations, to the Friday of the final examinations of the school. On the day named above, by invitation from President and Mrs. Lewis, the class of '93 dined with them at 6 P. M. at their beautiful home. Early in the afternoon if one had looked in upon the occupants of Hering Hall he would have seen an unusual amount of excitement as the boys prepared for the occasion. No effort was spared by them in order to make that already handsome body, even more so. How well they succeeded could be seen as the eighteen young gentlemen of the class assembled in the college parlor to wait the coming of as many young ladies. To do these latter justice is beyond the skill of the pen, but none will dispute it when we say never before was such manly beauty and womanly grace and loveliness displayed in any one class of our College as in this one as it proceeded through the lawn to the home of the President. On arriving here we were met by our kind host and hostess who warmly welcomed us. After some little time spent in pleasantly chatting dinner was announced, the butler at the same time naming the lady who was to grace each gentleman. After supper the time until 8 o'clock was spent in informal conversation, singing, etc. At eight o'clock

all of the undergraduates filed into the spacious parlors and were received by President and Mrs. Lewis and by Mr. Litsinger, and Miss Tagg representing the class of '93. Later on in the evening refreshments were served. At 10 o'clock all unwillingly departed having spent a most pleasant evening. Dr. Lewis could not have thought of a better or more enjoyable way of ushering in commencement week.

'93.

Seminary Commencement.

MAY 28-30.

WING to the illness of Dr. Ward, the annual sermon before the graduates was preached by Rev. A. D. Melvin on Sunday morning. On Sunday evening at 8 P. M. the sermon before the Missionary Alliance of the Seminary was preached by Rev. Thomas E. Coulbourn, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the M. P. Church. Rev. W. Sherman Phillips, of the Maryland Annual Conference, preached the sermon before the Alumni Association on Monday evening. The regular commencement exercises were held on Tuesday evening at 8 P. M. The graduating theses were as follows:

- Augustine ..... George W. Hines  
Philadelphia, Pa.
- The Minister and his Young Friends  
..... Talton M. Johnson  
Curtis Mills, N. C.
- The Gospel of Work.... Eugene C. Makosky  
Baltimore, Md.
- A Name..... Charles P. Nowlin  
Lynchburg, Va.
- The Other Side of the Ship.. J. Samuel Williams  
Geneva, N. C.

Certificates of graduation were given to Geo. W. Hines and Eugene C. Makosky. The degree of B. D. was conferred upon Talton M. Johnson, Charles P. Nowlin, J. Samuel Williams and Bartlett B. James. All of the exercises of the commencement were held in the Westminster M. P. Church. The music was furnished by the church choir and a male quartette from the college.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

JUNE 11-15.

*Sunday, 10.30 A. M.*

THE most beautiful exercise of Commencement week is the Baccalaureate service. The congregations and pastors of the Lutheran, German Reformed, Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Protestant churches of the town unite with the College students and faculty in making it what it is. The Baccalaureate sermon, which we print below, was by Dr. Lewis. It is complete in itself and needs no comment. The two anthems by the College choir were both finely rendered. "Worthy is the Lamb that was Slain," *The Messiah*, was especially well sung and was spoken of very highly by all.

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON

BY PRESIDENT LEWIS,

*Delivered to the twenty-third Graduating Class of Western Maryland College, June 11, 1893.*

## OUR NATIONAL INIQUITY AND PERIL IN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Isaiah XXX, 12, 13.

"WHEREFORE thus saith the Holy One of Israel, Because ye despise this word, and trust in oppression and perverseness, and stay thereon: Therefore this iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant."

The history behind these verses is very simple and may not, at first, sufficiently account to you for the strong threatenings here used. But in this case, as in so many cases, the evil is greater than the act.

The history is briefly this. Israel had arrived at a critical period of national distress. It seemed necessary to find

allies. The prophets were there to teach them that this distress was intended to turn them into strong alliance with the Lord of hosts. But Israel had another plan and, in spite of repeated remonstrances, turned to Egypt. Now this was a sin, and the nation understood it was a sin. The sin was of a two-fold character, although one part of it naturally led to the other. They thus despised Jehovah in refusing his alliance; and the alliance they formed was with a power representing all the opposition to the principles upon which Jehovah had founded the Jewish nation. If there was any reason for establishing Israel as a nation, there could be none for making alliance with Egypt. To form a peculiar people; to set forth a national object-lesson of a kingdom founded on righteousness; to lift before all peoples a spectacle of rule and order delivered from the oppression and vices and revolting superstitions of such despotisms as Egypt then represented; this was Jehovah's reason for calling Israel out of Egypt. To go back therefore, or to desire to go back, was treason; whenever Israel should deliberately choose Egypt as its best, it was time for Israel to cease its national history. It lost its right to be by abandoning the principles on which the whole reason for its existence was based.

Accordingly it is not surprising that its destruction is foretold as the result of this step, and quite significant too is the figure describing this ruin. It is that of a wall pressed steadily from within, bulged more and more from the perpendicular until finally its equilibrium is destroyed and it is crushed by its own weight. Israel is to die, as all nations die, by suicide. The destructive forces are within; for that which a nation believes and loves either saves or

destroys it. So it was with Israel and so it will be with America. You perceive then that our meditation this morning will be directed to our country. I do not think that I need apologize for attempting such a theme. I have before me an audience composed largely of young people. What application of divine truth can be inappropriate in such a presence that seeks to turn patriotism into conscience and to make public duty a call of God? But in the midst of this congregation are thirty-six young men and women who are about to put into definite form and actual experience the principles by which they will hereafter be guided. I know that nothing I can say now will avail if I bring you, my dear friends of the twenty-third graduating class, new doctrine or seek to force you to learn new lessons. What we have written we have written. The emphasis and impulse of our lives and opinions upon yours have been too long forming to change in a day.

And I do not seek to change them. In the fear of God we have walked with you thus far, and as we part company for awhile, I am here to say, on behalf of my associates, something of the same truth we have been trying in our imperfect way to say all along.

We have been dealing with you as individuals; but what is true and right for the individual, must be true for the aggregate of individuals, either in Church or in State. Whatever is wrong for a man to do, is wrong for a nation. If then I call your attention to a national iniquity I do not need to teach you any new lessons to enable you to deal with it, if you have been taught properly how to deal with individual iniquities. Come then and let us reason together of one of these. I am going to dwell upon one, and not upon two; because first, I want

to be brief and explicit and direct; and, secondly, because it deserves special treatment on account of its magnitude.

My theme is: Our National Iniquity and Peril in the Liquor Traffic.

1. In the first place, I will admit, since I desire to enlist your full sympathy, and I may relieve some minds by the admission, that I do not mean to intimate that there is no other iniquity and peril amongst us; nor am I sure that all our troubles would end if this were abated. Our nation is big enough—alas—to have many vices; and destruction may enter at any one of our hundred gates of wickedness. I will not insist that you shall all agree with me that this evil is large enough to furnish the motive for a new political party. I am relieved of all necessity for being dogmatic on the question, for I do not know where to find the man or the association outside of the traffic itself that disputes my theme. All forms of organized Christianity have solemnly warned their adherents in phrases more severely denunciatory than have ever been used against any evil whatsoever. State Legislatures in many, perhaps most of the States, have been induced to pass laws providing that the truth be taught the children that this traffic means bodily ruin to its victims. And even political parties, if they do not make their meaning perfectly clear, declare that their platforms do mean to reach to the highest moral stature of this question. Why, to talk to a Christian congregation in this day about liquor drinking and consequently liquor selling being an iniquity, seems a mere waste of time.

But, perhaps, the ease with which this truth is embraced renders us all the more liable to become indifferent to any practical outcome of receiving it. Just as we are all willing to be called sinners

in general terms. We say complacently enough, "O yes, it is an evil, a very great evil. But I cannot cure everything; and as I must let something go, which yet I could wish were otherwise, I must do what I can and limit my endeavors to the few things I may hope to succeed in." But this is fallacious. Because this is one of many, we are not justified in complacently passing it by with a sigh. When it comes to resistance a man's whole personality is charged with accountability against all manner of wrong. He may choose his work, but he cannot choose what he will resist. A supreme law has already defined that for him. If he need not do everything, because it is right; the voice of God in his soul commands him to resist everything that is wrong. And, moreover, it is idle to talk of the multitude of evils as a reason for throwing into an indiscriminate mass this and other iniquities. We all know very well that there is nothing like it. No folly is so foolish; no vice is so mean and degrading; no sin brings such terrible punishment upon the sinner himself; and the devils in hell could not have devised a more exquisite torture to inflict upon the innocent lovers of the sinner than the shame, poverty, neglect and abuse they reap from what they have not sowed. As to its public importance, I cannot help feeling that nearly every one of the questions men now call great and impending, are waiting and must wait until this awful wrong is remedied. The tariff will never be adjusted; the money question will go unsettled; labor will continue to fight capital and all other economic problems remain unsolved until this fearful waste of 100,000 men and \$1,000,000,000 now annually poured out to the great god Bacchus is stopped. And I cannot believe the American people will suffer these questions to be

dragged in front to hide this open sore of our civilization much longer. "You can't fool all the people all the time," even with platforms. And you, my young friends, are entering the field just in time to meet the most momentous crisis of history. What are you going to do about it? Is it not of supreme importance to you to study this question well and consider what attitude you will take? Yes, and so is it important that you make your public attitude or your attitude as a citizen consistent with your personal attitude. And this leads us to the consideration of our national attitude towards the liquor traffic.

2. Let us turn to the text to see if we may fairly read therein an indictment against this nation for its attitude towards this evil. "Wherefore, thus saith the Holy One of Israel, because ye despise this word." Let us try our national attitude by this text. Are we as a nation in our dealing with intemperance, despising God's word? It is no slight thing to ask such a question, and God forbid there should be any flippancy or extravagance or indiscriminate blame in attempting to answer it.

The Executive of this nation said the other day in replying to an address from a distinguished company of churchmen: "We profess to be still a Christian nation." Judge Stein of Chicago declares this is not good law; but certainly even he would admit that it is most excellent common sense.

It requires no stretch of credulity to believe that our leaders are men who fear God and reverence his word. It is a fair question then to ask, what are our leaders doing to show that they hate what God hates and are in harmony with his word? How are they leading this Christian nation?

For the question has to be settled by

our practice and not by our sentiments. Now I think that even the most conservative among us would not assert that the position of our nation on this question is the position of the Bible. The Bible condemns drunkenness, but we, as a nation do not. The Bible classes drunkards with thieves and shuts them out of the Kingdom of God. We do neither. We make laws to punish thieves, but drunkenness we wink at. The Bible pronounces a fearful "woe" against the man who assists in any way to make his neighbor drunk. We as a nation provide, not indeed for making men drunk, as some declare; but we do provide that the business that has no other possible reason for its existence but to make men drunk and make men drunkards, shall have fair way and peaceful prosecution. Our laws punish interference with this business, as severely as it punishes interference with the business of making people well or making them wise. But then it is said the most that can be made of these facts is that we, as a nation, have not yet come up to the standard of the Bible, and not at all that we despise the Bible. We, as a nation are not ready to love our enemies, and various other high ideals are out of our range, but this does not mean that we despise the ideals. In answer to which I say that there is a very clear distinction in the Bible, as well as in every moral treatise, between ceasing to do evil and learning to do well. The latter, as all know, is progressive, line upon line, here a little, and there a little. "We mount to the summit, round by round." But the former has no halfway house. It is hypocrisy for a man or for a nation to talk about ceasing gradually to do evil. If a thing is wrong, stop doing it. Is not that our philosophy with reference to thieves? We don't hear men

talk about bringing the sentiment of the community up to the point where laws requiring men to be honest will be tolerated. Thieving is wrong we say, and no license shall be issued in its behalf. "Yes," you retort "and just as soon as the nation believes drunkenness is as wrong as thieving, it will issue no license in its behalf." Precisely. And now, pray tell me why we do not believe drunkenness is as wrong as thieving? Dr. Crosby says it is a gross fallacy to believe such a thing. I am not so sure of that. And I am very sure that the Bible puts both in the same category; "Neither thieves nor drunkards shall inherit the Kingdom of God." Why are we, as a nation, in harmony with the Bible on the subject of thieving and not in harmony with it on the subject of drunkenness? I cannot think of more than two answers. One is that we despise God's word in this particular and turn away from it. I am afraid this is the true answer. I am afraid we are more vigorous against thieving because it touches more directly the question of property and we eagerly seize every alliance for the protection of property. But the only other answer I have ever heard is that the Bible policy is impracticable, because you cannot stop drunkenness by passing laws. Well, if that were so it still leaves us an inconsistency to account for. We do not stop thieving by passing laws. But I am told it is absurd to expect to make men moral by legislation. Probably it is. But I will tell you what is not absurd, but quite the most reasonable philosophy in the world. It is not absurd to expect men to follow and express their convictions in making laws. The Bible does not stop any wrong by legislation, nor does the law concern itself with results. Law is an expression of conscience. And where we find no law what can we

say but that the nation on that subject has no conscience? Now settle it for yourself whether we, who have no conscience on this subject, are in harmony with the Bible which attaches everlasting damnation to it.

3. But if we have no national conscience on the question of intemperance, it cannot be said that we have no policy. Let us recur to the text to see if our method of dealing with this question is there portrayed, "ye trust in oppression and perverseness and stay thereon." Delitzsch translates this, "ye put your trust in force and shufflings, and rely upon this." The margin suggests "fraud" in the place of "oppression." The policy finally amounts to this: It deals with the question by a system of oppression that looks like force, but is really fraud and evades the point by shuffling.

The national policy of dealing with this question has all the appearance of force. We call it license, to be sure, but we do not mean to be understood in the same sense as when using the word in other connections. What we wish to be understood as meaning, and what no doubt many of us think we do mean, is restriction. On the theory that intemperance is dangerous and hurtful we limit the sale of intoxicants to certain places and certain times, and demand a certificate of character of the man who sells, and impose a penalty in advance for selling, in the shape of a heavy tax.

Thus far we go excusing ourselves on the plea of "great moral ideas," and farther we refuse to go, as yet, excusing ourselves on the plea of "sumptuary legislation." This is the policy in which we trust. I say it looks like force, but what is it? I think we may venture to say that there is no force of a moral idea in it. Moral ideas

deal with the right and wrong of things. And if it is right to sell intoxicants, it cannot be right to discriminate against the sale and make citizens pay penalties for selling different from those imposed on dealers in other commodities. If it is wrong to sell, it must be wrong to sell for any price. More money paid for the privilege cannot change a wrong thing into a right one. As to sumptuary legislation, if it means anything in this discussion, it must mean that the State ought not to restrict the citizen's right to eat, drink and wear what he pleases by conditions that force him to pay unusual taxes for the privilege or debar him totally from the privilege. But we are already fully committed to a policy of partial prohibition. If the license system is not this it is nothing. How then can sumptuary legislation be right which prohibits some and that wrong which prohibits all?

Is it too strong then, to call this policy of ours a policy of fraud and shuffling? We are pretending to restrict a traffic and justify our pretense on the ground that we are dealing with a moral question. When we are asked to deal consistently as we deal with all moral questions and refuse all complicity with that which is wrong, we evade the point on the ground that to prohibit any further would be sumptuary legislation. Now it is perfectly plain that nothing is right or wrong by degrees. The truth of the old nursery rhyme, that "it is a sin, to steal a pin," does not depend on the size of the pin. If there is any wrong in the liquor traffic sufficient to justify any restrictive legislation, the restriction ought to increase until the wrong ceases. And if we do not mean to carry our legislation to this point, let us cease our pretense that we believe the traffic is wrong. In God's

name, let us have done with fraud and shuffling. Now please understand that my contention is not that all license is wrong; nor that prohibition is practicable in the sense of putting an end to the evil. I waive these questions altogether. But I say our nation is committed to a policy which is neither moral, in the sense of dealing consistently, nor practicable in the sense of putting an end to the evil. Our policy is public opinion ridden by jockey politicians and the race is neither to the swift nor the strong, but to the shuffler.

4. One thing more we have to consider before reaching our conclusion: the result of our policy. If the prophet is outlining for us our policy on this question, it will be wise to consider what he prophesies as its result: "This iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh at an instant."

Now I remark upon this description that it appears to fit the facts in our case, because (1) the ruin proceeds to a climax slowly. The wall stands secure long after the bulging of its fair proportions has begun. Only the practiced eye could detect its departure from the perpendicular. But the stress so evenly brought against it as to attract little attention, finally in one more push lays it in ruins. So it is with the evils of intemperance, whether we regard the effect upon the individual or upon the nation. It is a slow process. Only within the present century have men made any general outcry against it, and although the need of temperance societies began with Noah, the first one among Anglo-Saxons was organized in the year of our Lord 1826, and only aimed at preventing excessive drinking. It celebrated its first anniversary with a banquet, where wine flowed in abund-

ance. There are men before me to-day who can doubtless remember when wine was offered to their father's guest as regularly as water is now. For centuries this iniquity has been pressing at our wall, and we are just awaking to the damage already done and the danger that is imminent.

(2.) The damage resulting from this iniquity is not confined to localities, but involves the ruin of our whole State. If there is any foe to the home surely it is this foe of intemperance. And if what destroys the home destroys the nation, we cannot be in doubt as to the source of our ruin. I am not going to deal in statistics. Von Moltke said, "Germany has more to fear from beer than from all the armies of France." Gladstone said, "greater calamities are inflicted upon mankind by intemperance than by war, pestilence and famine combined." The civil war of four years cost this nation 100,000 lives and a debt of about \$3,000,000,000. But during the same period the saloon slew 400,000 men and absorbed nearly \$5,000,000,000.

Judges in all our courts have repeatedly declared that nine-tenths of the crime committed is directly traceable to intemperance.

Here then is the social, the national, the economic and the criminal points of view, and at every one of them this armed power is battering away at our defenses. The whole citadel of civilization is beleaguered with an iniquity that can only enter over ruins.

(3.) But the political aspect of this question is more immediately serious perhaps. At least it is receiving more attention just now. The most, if not the only, conspicuous failures of our system of self-government are seen in our large cities. Why? I do not know any man pretending to statesmanship

who does not say, because of the liquor traffic. The men engaged in the traffic are to an immense majority, foreign born; and they are to a man solid in voting and in paying for legislation favorable to their business. There is nothing like it elsewhere. Do you say a man cannot be blamed for protecting his own business by his vote? I say that a man who casts his vote solely upon the consideration of what that vote will be worth to him in his business is as corrupt as the man who sells his vote for a dollar. This is treason. No men have a right to band together to vote for a man or a policy at the mere suggestion of private advantage. If you tell me that Wall Street does this and that the giant monopolies do this—I say still they are traitors who do it; but that the most gigantic combination of treason and corruption in our nation to-day is based upon the liquor traffic and that the influence of the saloon in politics is preponderating in all our cities, largely influential everywhere and wholly, irremediably vicious and dangerous, no man will undertake to deny.

Look out then for this breach swelling out in our high wall! We are a strong nation, a rich nation, a happy nation. But how many more than 100,000 men can we afford to bury annually in drunkards' graves? How much more than \$1,000,000,000 can we afford to spend annually for drink which steals our brains and saps our health? How much larger can we afford to make the disproportion now existing between saloons and schools, or saloons and churches? How long will self-government stand the strain of an army of mercenaries 500,000 strong inside our defenses, who not only destroy our brothers and sons with drink, but corrupt our politics, and defy executive

authority whenever it is raised in behalf of laws passed to restrict their business? Calculate that and then look out for the breaking that cometh suddenly.

5. And now hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Young men and young women what will you do about this great matter. I meant by this discourse to stir you to action. To youth all evils are remediable, and in this great and awful problem there is nothing to dismay you. The only possible danger is in doing nothing. May it be your high resolve therefore that you will do something. I hope I have not seemed to you a special pleader. I have no scheme of the universe which I want to force upon you. I have tried to lay before you facts and broad principles. Now I will try as faithfully to exhort you in an equally broad spirit that acknowledges there may be many ways to reach the goal and no one can claim exclusive right of way to it with his plan.

(1). I say first then that one of the most effective things you can do in this matter is to take the uncompromising attitude of a total abstainer. No other way is a safe personal way, and in no other way can your influence count for much in fighting the evil. It seems to me that the man or woman who puts wine on his table in these days is a foe to his household and an enemy to the State. This is no time to be playing with fire. If you have any convictions on this subject let them control your personal conduct first of all and if you have no convictions, in God's name inform yourself. I do not pretend to judge my friends and neighbors who may see no harm in a glass of wine; only I say my convictions are such that if one of them offered my boy a glass of wine I would resent the act as unfriendly in

the highest degree. And I think all will agree that if the young men and women of this and of similar schools should go out total abstainers for the next ten years, the liquor problem will have disappeared, for you can't run saloons without boys. God help you, therefore, to this step.

(2). But a wider duty calls you. You must vote—some of you—and all of you must participate in legislation directly or indirectly. I have not the smallest concern as to what party you join. But I ask you if you can work with any party without giving expression to your convictions. You may think you know what party I would have you join. But you are mistaken. I do not know what measure is to solve this question or what party will do it. But I think I know what principle will do it. It is for the honest men to determine never to vote nor speak nor work for men nor measures that foster or countenance the thing they believe to be wrong. Some way will always be found to oppose wrong, and the honest man wants to find it.

(3) Put yourselves in alliance with God's word. What that condemns you can afford to vote against, though it vote you out of office. No majority can ever reverse the decision of Almighty God; nor change its "woe" into "blessed," though the voice of the people shout itself hoarse. In that supremely solemn moment, toward which we all are hastening, when the record of life is made up and the final degrees are conferred, it will seem unspeakably small and vile to you to remember the cheers and awards of clamorous and mercenary constituents who followed you in despising God's word. And all the honors and emoluments of the highest political successes reaped on earth

will be insufficient to hide you from the wrath of the Lamb, or, if you are so happy, too insignificant to be offered in exchange for the lowest accents of the Blessed Voice saying, "Well done."

#### SUNDAY EVENING, 8 P. M.

The annual sermon before the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was preached at the Grace Lutheran Church by Rev. Lucien Clark, D. D., Pastor of Madison Ave. M. E. Church, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Clark took for his subject "The Bible," and in a plain, convincing manner proved the superiority of the bible in all respects over all other books that have ever been written, and the verity of its precepts. The associations sincerely thank Dr. Clark for his visit and the excellent sermon which he preached before us.

#### MONDAY, 8 P. M.

##### RECITAL CONTEST AND CALISTHENIC EXHIBITION.

The calisthenic exhibition usually attracts the largest crowd of Commencement week, and this year was no exception to the rule. The auditorium was literally packed to its utmost capacity, and even then several hundred people were turned away. The calisthenics were all so good that it is not easy to mention one as superior to another. The snake movements with clubs, by the Senior and Junior boys, while intricate and difficult were done in perfect time. This is the first time the snake movements have been given at W. M. C.

The concert recitation with feather movements, by the Sophomore girls, was one of the best and prettiest numbers on the program. The recitation was "The Angels of Buena Vista," and while it was being read by Miss Nannie Lease in her clear rounded voice, it was

being given in pantomime by the lady Sophomores, attired in Mexic costumes of red and black. All of the recitations were finely rendered, but Misses Cochran and Lease and Messrs. Revelle and Stone are deserving of especial mention. Rev. T. D. Valiant acted as judge.

The awards this year were large gold medals, instead of money prizes as heretofore. The names of the winners are given further on, in the honor roll for 1892-'93.

## TUESDAY.

### ART EXHIBITION.

As has been customary for the past three years the art exhibit was held in the Hering Hall library, the walls of which spacious room being transformed for the nonce to a thing of beauty by the profusion of pictures in all shades and colors which hung from them. Miss Rinehart is to be highly congratulated for the talent which has been displayed in her department.

### CRAYON AND CHARCOAL.

Miss Wilson has crayons from casts of Augustus and Michael Angelo; Miss Veasey has one of Venus. We noticed also crayons of heads by Miss Galt and Miss Sparks. Miss Anderson has a very pretty drawing of three horses heads; Pharoah's horses by Miss Sparks; horses heads by Miss Lease and a picture of a little girl at a piano by Miss Parker. Miss Sparks has a crayon portrait, but those by Miss Jackson and Miss Veasey which were copied from photographs are both deserving of especial mention. Miss Elliott has a very faithfully executed charcoal drawing of Diana from a cast. Mr. Grow, Miss Wimbrough and Miss Veasey all have pen and ink studies.

### WATER COLORS.

The display of water colors was quite large and beautiful, many of them being studies from nature. Misses Grace Rinehart, Earhart, Galt, Parker and Sparks have water colors of apple blossoms from nature. Miss Grace Rinehart deserves especial mention for good work in this department; she has many excellent studies from nature. Among these are tulips, clover blossoms, pansies from nature, two landscape pictures; also a finely executed study from nature of a table with bread, napkin, pitcher, etc., upon it. Miss Wimbrough and Miss Veasey should receive mention for their studies from nature and life. Miss Veasey has a water color of flags from nature, and a very pretty sepia. Miss Sparks also has a sepia. Miss Woodward has two very pretty studies, one of wild honey-suckle, from nature, and a bunch of corn from still life which is deserving of much credit. Misses Earhart and Hoffman each have water colors of flags. Miss Barnes has a study of flags from nature, and Miss Galt a study of fish from still life. Mr. Grow has a very pretty river scene with several sailing craft in the back-ground.

### PASTELS.

Misses Anderson, Jackson, Parker, Sparks, Galt, Wilson and Mr. Grow have faithfully executed landscapes in pastel. Miss Galt has a country scene with a young lady pensively walking along the road. Miss Sparks and Miss Earhart each have snow scenes. Miss Anderson has quite a large mountain scene, with a mountain gorge impatiently dashing between the heights. Miss Veasey has a very pretty rural scene of two little tired gleaners, who have ceased their labors. Miss Elliott has a bunch of corn from still life; also a sad,

sweet-faced maiden representing "Forsaken."

#### OIL PAINTINGS.

The oil paintings this year were quite numerous. Misses Wilson and Veasey have very good studies from still life of bunches of corn.

Miss Wimbrough, Jackson, Galt, Veasey, Woodward and Wilson, have studies from still life. Miss Galt's is of fruit, while Miss Wilson's is a very natural violin study. Miss Elliott has a study which we would call "Grandmother's Table." It contains an open bible, candle, mittens, knitting needles and a ball of yarn. It would be complete and most realistic if there were only a pair of spectacles laying on the bible. Miss Woodward has a similar study. Misses Anderson and Jackson each have very good representations of shipwrecks. Miss Lease and Miss Jackson each have beautiful studies of pansies and water lillies from nature. Miss Lease also has studies of magnolios and flags, which do her much credit. Misses Lemen, Earhart, Hoffman, Sparks and Jackson have large landscape pictures. Miss Veasey has a very pretty copy of apple blossoms; Miss Wilson, of roses. A study by Miss Woodward, containing a plate, spoon, bread and can, is deserving of especial mention. Miss Wimbrough has a snow scene with deer in the foreground, also a very faithful portrayal of an Italian girl. There was very little decorative painting this year. The two pieces worthy of notice are a table cover by Miss Wilson, and tete-tete set by Miss Veasey, which was done during the year, although not on exhibition.

#### ART NEEDLEWORK.

The names of those in this department are Misses May Whaley, Adams, Waldron, Vannort and Lemen. We will only

particularize a bedroom set by Miss Whaley, in white and gold, daintily and beautifully executed, and a sofa cushion, by Miss Adams, in which the artistic blending of colors and fine design deserve special mention.

#### SOCIETY REUNIONS.

The reunions of the four societies were all held at 3 o'clock. We regret that through lack of space, we are unable to publish accounts of the exercises. Many ex-actives were present at the reunions, and an unusually large number of visitors.

#### SOCIETY CONTESTS, 8 P. M.

The contest of the Browning vs. Philomathean, and of the Irving vs. Webster, for the Newell and Merrill wreaths, respectively, is to the students the most interesting and exciting exercise of commencement week. Prof. Rowland Watts of Baltimore, a gentleman eminently qualified for the position, acted as judge. He decided the Philomathean and Webster societies to be the winners. Singing by the Glee Club, under the directorship of their old leader, Prof. Judefind, was interspersed between the essays and orations. "Massas in de cold, cold ground" with imitation banjo accompaniment and the "Negro Medley," *Shattuck*, were especially well rendered.

The essays and orations will be found in another part of the monthly.

#### WEDNESDAY.

##### CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

Wednesday morning, this year, as usual, was devoted to the class day exercises of the senior class. Promptly at 10 o'clock that body of young ladies and gentlemen introduced themselves to the audience by giving in quick succession two of their many class yells, with their usual vim. Then with a rush and amid shouts of laughter, these usually digni-

fied individuals began to fill up the stage.

All of the characters were splendidly represented, as was evidenced by the continued applause which greeted their appearance. After all were seated, and the President had secured order, the roll was called by Secretary Gilbert. To many of the names humorous responses were heard on all sides. It is needless to remark quite a number were *ab-sum*.

The next item was a speech by "Billy Lit." This was strongly opposed by some of the more impatient members. Notwithstanding the oratory of Governor and the horrible references of Billy Whealton, the President at last secured the floor, and delivered an eloquent address. Mr. Gilbert then telephoned to his room-mate "to send him that little role of document in his vest pocket, which was hanging on the wardrobe door." After many ejaculations on the part of the Secretary, the little (?) package arrived on the scene. It was only about eighteen inches in diameter and twenty-four long. It contained the minutes of the class of '93, which were then read by "Doc." "Tom Plummer" followed with an "Apology," which in shrewd argument might rival that of Plato. It told in unmistakable language the past of '93. It was very much enjoyed.

I. F. Smith, better known in the language of the I. O. O. F. as "Iram," next made known to the world the receipts and expenditures of the class during the three years of its organization. Some startling revelations were made. Mr. Wilson followed with guitar solo, rendered in his usual fine style.

The Class Prophecy was read by Miss Edna Tagg. As she told in beautiful words the observations she had made when she turned her telescope upon the

future, every ear was listening attentively. The president of the Class then announced that '93's shield would now be unveiled. The shield is a handsome brass tablet upon a background of mosaic work, and is decidedly the prettiest one yet erected in the auditorium.

Professor McDaniel, on behalf of the faculty, received the "Aloha" the annals of the class.

The last feature of the program was next in order, and the class sang their beautiful ode to the tune of "Marguerite." All through the program the numerous sallies of wit and humor kept the audience in a continuous uproar, and as the last strains of the ode died away, one of the most successful class-day exercises was over. The program is given below:

PROGRAM.—I. O. O. F.\*

DER ERSTE THEIL.

- H. E. Gilbert..... The Slow Man.
- Lizzie F. Dorsey..... Political Perspective.
- I. F. Smith..... The Fast Man.
- Edna Boulden..... The Summer Girl.
- G. Watson..... The Summer Boy.
- M. Lucy Redmond. .... Molly Giggles.
- Quartette { J. G. Galt ..... Mezzo Soprano.
- F. M. Hymiller... Basso Excrusio.
- O. D. McKeever... Basso Profundo.
- †Emma L. Shipley. Gentle Swallow (Soloist).
- Helen A. Wimbrough..... Young America.
- C. L. Queen..... Slanger.
- Lydia G. Hull ..... Thy Friend.
- Mamie R. Elliott..... Crinoline Fad.
- H. E. Nelson..... Anti-pants Bagger.
- C. B. Strayer ..... Stage Struck.
- Janie B. Thomas..... Stage Struck.
- Ethel T. Lewis.... A Sweet Belle out of Tune.
- W. P. Mills..... James Nast.
- Elizabeth I. Reese, }  
 B. Edna Erb, }  
 Clara E. Pollett, } ..... "Blue Stockings."  
 Virginia Reese, }
- H. S. Leas..... Foot Ballist.
- D. W. Lewis..... Foot Ballist.
- Gertrude M. Veasey..... Sweet Girl Graduate.
- T. C. Routson..... Linguist.

- M. Edna Tagg.....Pun-y Puns.  
 W. A. Whealton.....Poetical Fiend.  
 E. Blanche Wilson.....Anglomaniac.  
 T. P. Revelle.....Editor of Class Annals.  
 D. E. Wilson.....Business Manager Class Annals.  
 H. P. Grow.....Artist of Class Annals.  
 Bessie Anderson, } .....College Relics'  
 Ellis Crouse, }  
 W. H. Litsinger. G. M., W. P., M. W. K., etc.  
 Tute \*Independent Order of.... } Fads,  
 } Fools,  
 } Fizzles, etc.  
 †Listen attentively to G. S. the soloist.

DER ZWEITE THEIL.

- Roll Call....."Doc."  
 Speech....."Billy Lit."  
 Reading of Minutes....."Doc."  
 Historian's Apology....."Tom Plummer."  
 Treasurers Report....."Iram."  
 Guitar Solo....."Tug."  
 Prophecy of Class....."Tagge."  
 Unveiling of Shield. Presentation of Class  
 Annals to Faculty. Singing of Class Ode.

QUALIS VITA PRAEMIA ITA.

OFFICERS OF CLASS.

- Wm. H. Litsinger.....President.  
 T. P. Revelle.....Historian.  
 M. Edna Tagg.....Prophetess.  
 H. E. Gilbert.....Secretary.  
 I. F. Smith.....Treasurer.

TRUSTEES' MEETING.

The trustees met in Yingling Gymnasium at 10 A. M. There was but little business of a character to be made public. The following officers were elected: J. T. Ward, D. D., President; T. H. Lewis, D. D., Secretary, and Wm. H. Starr, Treasurer. N. H. Baile of New Windsor was elected a member of the Board in the room of his father, the late Isaac C. Baile. Clarence F. Norment of Washington, D. C., and Samuel Vannort of Chestertown were also elected to vacancies in the Board. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Prof. Wm. M. Black, Assistant Professor of Ancient Languages.

ALUMNI MEETING.

At 4 P. M. the Alumni held its business session in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

The attendance was very encouraging. The Class of '93 were admitted to membership. The officers were all re-elected, as follows:—President, James A. Diffenbaugh; vice-presidents, Mrs. Martha Smith Fenby, Mr. Alonzo L. Miles, Mr. B. F. Crouse; secretary, Miss Carrie L. Mourer; treasurer, Prof. W. R. McDaniel; alumni editor, L. Irving Pollitt.

Mr. Wm. A. Whealton, '93, was elected to write a song to be sung at the next annual meeting.

The president announced the following executive committee, of which he is chairman ex officio:—Mrs. Mary E. White, Miss Grace E. Hering, and Messrs. John H. Cunningham and Harry G. Watson.

The following resolution offered by Prof. McDaniel, and which explains itself, was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Since our last meeting, it has pleased Almighty God, in his inscrutable wisdom, to transfer two of our number from the duties and cares of wifehood and motherhood to the rest and rewards of the better world:

*Resolved*, That in the death of Mrs. Alice Fenby Gist, of Mackintosh, Fla., of the Class of '73, and Mrs. Lou B. Wampler Hudgins, of Portsmouth, Va., of the Class of '79, our association laments the loss of two members whose high character and whose faithfulness in all the relations of life amply vindicated the training of our Alma Mater and entitles them to an honorable place in the list of our dead, where we now sadly order their names to be enrolled.

Rev. B. B. James, of Baltimore, gave an interesting account of the formation of the Baltimore Alumni. After routine business was through with, the Association repaired to the College Dining Hall at 6 P. M., where a delightful repast was served, and where President Diffenbaugh made his interesting address—which was listened to with enthusiasm. He said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—If inspiration were needed for the duty of this

hour, no thoughtful man could fail to find it in the associations and suggestions of the place, and in the purposes and embodiments of the meeting.

As the scattered members of a family, on a Thanksgiving occasion, cluster around some lowly New England fire-side, whereby their happy childhood was passed, freely disbursing the hoarded coin they ill can spare, perhaps, that they may gather from the distant West or South once more beneath the dear old rafters blackened with smoke and age, to receive for the last time a tottering father's grave, affectionate counsel—a pious mother's fervent, tearful blessing, so we come home, in another sense, to our Thanksgiving, to renew our youth and recall the fond enjoyments of our schoolday life. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood can make the first forget the spot where their infancy was cradled and defended; and no exacting business or domestic cares, or giddy whirl of pleasure, can make us forget the place where our minds were developed and trained. Our ceremonies, like the trees which bower our heads so lovingly, have sprung from the very soil of this old hill, and from it are drawing quietly and steadily their stature and their strength.

This assemblage, gathered from various distances and representing so many pursuits and conditions, illustrates the unity and breadth of our Association, and the tenacity of its ties. The college yells, rung out so musically (?) by our younger brothers and sisters, unite and fuse the hearts of those who come from the pulpit, the bar, the clinique; from collegiate, scholastic and editorial chairs; from the counting-room, the manufactory, the scientific workshop; now met, some of them, it may be, for the first time, but who never meet as strangers

when they greet as Alumni of Western Maryland College.

Our older members, recalling both the excellence and the defects of collegiate education in their day, view with peculiar regard the advanced systems their successors enjoy, which are to develop robustness of frame as well as subtlety of intellect and vigor of character, and give the physical, mental and moral strength, with the high resolve, the thorough training, the republican simplicity, the manly courage, the force of will, and the power to work which fit an earnest man to sway his generation and guide it in the direction of honor and widest usefulness, and which enlarge his capacity to illustrate, in whatever path he may select, the duty of the scholar to his age.

#### THE YEAR'S EVENTS.

The annals of the year record, among other interesting events, that Miss Agnes Lease of '83 was recently graduated from Johns Hopkins Hospital, and was, on last Saturday appointed to the position of Head Nurse in that great institution; that Alonzo Miles of the same class was a Presidential Elector for the State at large, at the last election; that Miss Ballard of '76, Miss Stevens of '86, and Miss Hirata of '90, after evading many opportunities, and resisting many importunities, have yielded to the flowery yoke of Eros, and crowned three homes with the golden glory of their wifely presence; and that Frank Benson of '84, and McBrown of '85, after seeking many opportunities, and wasting many importunities, have at length induced fair goddesses to smile on their devotions and take them in hand. One week from to-day Miss Wolfes of '92, will also cross the line. Desolate old bachelor as I am, and confirmed misogamist as I am *falsely* said to be, I

earnestly invoke calm sunshine on these clasped hands.

"All Heaven  
And happy constellations on (this bliss)  
Shed their selectest influence"

Here would the chronicle might end!  
Alas for us! we cannot choose. Our course leads by two new-made graves which we approach with reverent step and mournful hearts. Mrs. Alice Fenby Gist of '73, and Mrs. Lou Wampler Hudgins of '79, two members of two much afflicted classes.

"Bowed their heads  
At going out, and entered straight  
Another golden chamber of the King's  
Larger than this they left, and lovelier."

God is above us all, merciful and gracious—bounteous and benignant as well when he recalls as when he bestows.

#### THE CLASS OF '93,

The Class of '93 is the most conspicuous addition our membership has ever had. It is conspicuous in numbers, conspicuous in grace and female loveliness, in gallantry and manly vigor, conspicuous in promise for the future, and in raw zeal for the present, conspicuous in elegance of dress, in horsemanship and authorship, conspicuous in various other features which I shall not particularize, save one: it contains the first graduate who is the child of an alumnus. Miss Ellis Crouse, daughter of Prof. William S. Crouse of '71, completes the union of two generations, of the same family on our roster, and this day makes our college an *Alma Grand Mater*.

#### THE BALTIMORE ORGANIZATION.

A month or more ago, some twenty-five of our former students, a number of them members of this Association, met at the St. James Hotel in Baltimore, and effected a local organization of the students of our college resident in that city.

We see in this a promise of future potential aid for all our interests, and we extend our most cordial greetings and good wishes for the success, prosperity and continued usefulness of the enterprise, and of all who are connected with it.

#### ALUMNI HALL.

My friends and fellow members: It is pleasant to indulge in gratifying recollections of the past, in the prosperity and enjoyments of the present, and in high hopes for the future. But we must not forget that we have duties and obligations to perform commensurate with the blessings we enjoy.

Here in our mother's house we have no home. Not because she welcomes us less warmly, but because we have outgrown her power to provide. There is no longer room for us without embarrassment and inconvenience to others whose claim on her present resources is greater than ours. Every year our increasing volume makes our entertainment, even for a day, more difficult; and there are duties we should perform, and aids we might afford her, which cannot be attempted because we have no place to work in. Why should we longer delay this service, and continue to demand shelter under the maternal roof which cramps and crowds the younger, the immature members of the family? We are numerous and vigorous. Let us realize our declared purpose to build *ourselves* an house!

Let it not be supposed this is to be a work of exclusion or ostracism towards our younger brothers and sisters, the undergraduates. On the contrary, they are to share it with us, and it is to be constructed with reference to some of their needs as well as our own. Far less is it to be a work of vanity or ostentation, to show how we esteem ourselves.

We do not seek a monument, but we *must have* a home. We need it for our business meetings, for these annual reunions, for all the purposes for which we maintain this organization, to the end that all those purposes may achieve their full measure of usefulness.

Our house will indeed be a memorial of our appreciation of the unmeasured benefits which have been conferred upon us here—a visible and substantial evidence of our gratitude for what our college has done for us—but a monument in no other sense. It is to be primarily and essentially *our home*, demanded by our necessities and made to meet them. Moreover, we shall ask permission to build it in a conspicuous place, where the earliest light of the morning will gild it, and parting day will linger and play upon its roof, so that one of the last objects to the sight of the the alumnus who is regretfully leaving his college hearth, and one of the first to gladden the vision of him who revisits it, will be something in which he has the interest of a permanent personal possession, and the privileges of a superior right, from which no later comer can evict him, and which will remain unchangingly familiar, though every other college apartment change tenant and appearance.

Your committee who have the matter in charge have carefully considered the requirements of the case. Plans for the building have been agreed on, and drawings have been made. There will be an assembly room and a banquet room, reception rooms, reading rooms and necessary cupboards; a kitchen and store rooms in the basement, with elevators. We have only been waiting for the necessary funds to begin the work. The building will cost about \$5,000. It was determined that as soon as the collections were

sufficient to put the house under roof, it should begin. It is now believed that this point has been reached, and your committee were authorized and directed, by the business to-day, to collect the money already subscribed, to devise means to raise the residue which will be needed, and to proceed with the erection of the house at once. We have set our hearts upon making the dedication of this new home, with becoming ceremonies, the feature of our next annual reunion, and we appeal to you here, as we shall appeal to you elsewhere, to supply us the money to finish the structure as rapidly as we shall need it. About \$2,000 have been subscribed.

In these social hours, when we are most open to hints from above, when we are united in that exquisite atmosphere through which we see one another's best motive, quite free from the limitations of our special pursuit, let the appeal be answered. Say that we will raise up this perpetual witness of our faith in human progress, and in the accelerating force of scholastic attainments.

We feel assured that we are hastening to an age of adjustment, when the world shall really live in the home which is now being so vigorously re-examined, enlarged and cleaned. When that good time shall come; when the nervous negations of to-day shall yield to the calm affirmations of the future; when science shall have discovered the final limits of our earthly home, and the true laws which govern it; when words shall have grounded themselves on an unquestioned foundation; when art shall have become a sure expression of the perpetually beautiful; when literature shall be the utterance of only the best thinking of the noblest minds; when religion shall have learned to walk without its shadow,

superstition, and to consume all terror in the fire of an aspiration pointing to the supreme love; in a word, when the best humanity shall realize itself—it will be only the realization of that ideal of man which it is the purpose of our beloved college, and similar institutions, to hold up ever before the gaze of an aspiring race, and aid that race to attain.

INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL CONCERT.  
8 P. M.

Western Maryland may justly be proud of her galaxy of musical stars, and Mrs. Ligget and Prof. Rinehart deserve to be congratulated for their untiring efforts to make the concert a brilliant success.

Fully 1500 people crowded the College Auditorium and at times the hum of voices through the audience made it nearly impossible for one to appreciate everything on the programme given below; but those who did hear will agree that every part of the evening's entertainment deserves special mention, but through lack of space we can only append the program.

- Overture to Masaniello.....*Auber.*  
1st Piano—Miss Kinney, Miss Shaw.  
2nd Piano—Miss Davis, Miss Lewis.
- “Oh, That We Two were Maying”*Alice Smith.*  
Mrs. Ligget and Mr. Kues.
- Concerto, Op. 25.....*Mendelssohn.*  
Professor Rinehart.  
Accompaniment, 2nd Piano—Miss Kinney.
- “For All Eternity”.....*Marscheroni.*  
Miss Edna Boulden.  
Flute Obligato—Mr. Butler Grimes.
- Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 4.....*Schubert.*  
Miss Pauline Barnes.
- Chorus:—  
“Come with the Gypsy Bride,”  
.....*Bohemian Girl.*  
Vocal Class and Glee Club.
- Bal Costume—Polka and Galop....*Rubenstein.*  
Prof. Rinehart and Miss Kinney.
- La Gitana.....*Arditi.*  
Mrs. Ligget.

- Quartette—“Briar Rose”.....*Vierling.*  
Misses Wilson, Redmond, Brewington, Barnes.
- Waltz in A Flat.....*Moszkowski.*  
1st Piano—Prof. Rinehart, Miss Pfeiffer.  
2nd Piano—Miss Wilson, Miss Crouse.

THURSDAY.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

All of the commencement exercises had been unusually well attended, and even the knowledge that they would be compelled to listen to thirty-six essays and orations failed to decrease the size of the audience. On the stage were seated the thirty-six graduates, the members of the faculty, board of trustees, and visiting ministers. Adam Itzel's Orchestra was also seated in one corner of the stage, and furnished music during the exercises in their customary fine style.

The practical turn which the essays and orations took was noticed by all. We give the program below:

PROGRAM.

- Overture—“Summer Night's Dream”—*Suppe.*
- Prayer. Rev. W. M. Strayer, Buckeystown, Md.
- \*Salutatory Oration....As the Marble Wastes, the Statue Grows.—T. Clyde Routson.
- Salutatory Essay.....Life as a Trust.  
Bessie Anderson.
- “Träumerei”—*Schuman.*
- First Essay.....Why We Educate.  
Helen A. Wimbrough.
- First Oration.....Man and Mankind.  
Charlton B. Strayer.
- Second Essay.....The Modern Athens.  
Virginia Reese.
- Second Oration.....Moral and Civil Law.  
Harry E. Gilbert.
- Third Essay.....An Offering  
A. Ellis Crouse.
- Third Oration....Victory Lies Close to Labor  
Crofford L. Queen.
- Fourth Essay.....Looking Beyond.  
Clara E. Pollitt.
- Fourth Oration.....The Scholar a Citizen.  
William A. Whealton.
- Selection—“The Fencing Master—*De Koven.*

Fifth Essay.....The Unattained.  
Emma L. Shipley.

Fifth Oration.....Freedom's Perfection.  
William H. Litsinger.

Sixth Essay.....In the Mist.  
B. Edna Erb.

Sixth Oration.....The Christian Pulpit.  
T. Plummer Revelle.

Seventh Essay.....Music, the Comforter.  
M. Edna Tagg.

Seventh Oration..Inequality a Law of Nature.  
Harry E. Nelson.

Eight Essay...No Excellence Without Labor.  
Lizzie F. Dorsey.

Eighth Oration.America and Polluted Politics.  
Dorsey W. Lewis.

Waltz—"Venetienne"—*Waldteufel*.

Ninth Essay.....The Errand of the Brush.  
E. Blanche Wilson.

Ninth Oration.....Silent Forces in Nature.  
Ira F. Smith.

Tenth Essay.....Tracing Life's Pages.  
Edna Boulden.

Tenth Oration.....The Youth a Power.  
Graham Watson.

Selection—"Tar and Tartar"—*Itzel*.

Eleventh Essay..As Our Life, So the Reward.  
Janie B. Thomas.

Eleventh Oration.....Orient Yourself.  
William P. Mills.

Twelfth Essay.....Ravages of Time.  
Lucy M. Redmond.

Twelfth Oration...Possibilities of a Complete  
Man—Otto McKeever.

Selection—"Cocoanut Dance"—*Herrman*.

Thirteenth Essay.....Unity in Variety.  
Ethel T. Lewis.

Thirteenth Oration.....The Origin of Man.  
Hammond S. Leas.

Fourteenth Essay....What I Will is Destiny.  
Gertrude M. Veasey.

Fourteenth Oration ....The Theatre of Life.  
Harvey P. P. Grow.

Fifteenth Essay..The Pleasures of School Life.  
Mamie R. Elliott.

Fifteenth Oration....Progression in Intellect.  
Frank M. Hymiller.

Sixteenth Essay.....The Power of Genius.  
Lydia G. Hull.

Sixteenth Oration....The American Farmer.  
John G. Galt.

Undergraduate Honors and Conferring Degrees  
March—"Washington Post"—*Sousa*.

Valedictory Essay.....Whither.  
Elizabeth I. Reese.

\*Valedictory Oration..... On, Ever On.  
D. Edgar Wilson.

Benediction.  
\*Practically a tie.

## HONOR ROLL FOR 1892-1893.

## SENIOR CLASS.

Valedictory—Elizabeth I. Reese, Westminster,  
Md.

Salutatory—H. Elizabeth Anderson, Madonna,  
Md.

Honorable Mention—Helen A. Wimbrough,  
Princess Anne, Md.; M. Edna Tagg, Bal-  
timore, Md.

Valedictory—\*D. Edgar Wilson, Washington,  
D. C.

Salutatory—\*T. Clyde Routson, Uniontown,  
Md.

—  
\*Practically a tie.

Honorable Mention—Charlton B. Strayer,  
Buckeystown, Md.; Harry E. Gilbert,  
Walkersville, Md.; Crofford L. Queen,  
Lorentz, W. Va.; William A. Whealton,  
Chincoteague, Va.

## JUNIOR CLASS.

Gold Medal—Margaret A. Pfeiffer, Ellicott  
City, Md.

Honorable Mention—Ellen J. Harper, Upper  
Marlboro, Md.; M. Reba Smith, Mc-  
Clelandsville, Del.; Susie H. Waldron,  
Lynchburg, Va.; Blanche Noble, Fed-  
eralsburg, Md.

Gold Medal—Edward C. Godwin, Fort Meade,  
S. Da.

Honorable Mention—William G. Baker, Buck-  
eystown, Md.; Albert J. Long, Hagers-  
town, Md.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Gold Medal—Lizzie L. Thomas, Frostburg,  
Md.

Honorable Mention—Leila M. Reisler, Union  
Bridge, Md.

Gold Medal—William R. Revelle, Westover,  
Md.

## FRESHMAN CLASS.

Gold Medal—Carrie E. Rinehart, Westminster,  
Md.

Honorable Mention—Ida M. Dodd, Carmichael,  
Md.; Miram Lewis, Westminster, Md.;  
Bessie O. Herr, Westminster, Md.; Bes-  
sie Gunkle, Warwick, Md.; Sarah V.  
Kenly, Westminster, Md.

Gold Medal—Frank D. Posey, Doncaster, Md.  
 Honorable Mention—Lewis K. Woodward,  
 Westminster, Md.; John W. Smith, El-  
 kins, W. Va.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS.

Certificate of Distinction—Mary Louise Rine-  
 hart, Linwood, Md.

Honorable Mention—L. Janie Morris, Chester-  
 town, Md.; Anna May Ligget, West-  
 minster, Md.

Certificate of Distinction—Willis A. Burgoon,  
 Union Mills, Md.

Honorable Mention—J. Rodolph Haines, New  
 Windsor, Md.; Charles E. Davis, Stock-  
 ton, Md.

THIRD YEAR CLASS.

Certificate of Distinction—Clara Ward Lewis,  
 Westminster, Md.

Honorable Mention—Susie A. Melvin, West-  
 minster, Md.; Maud E. Miller, West-  
 minster, Md.; H. Myrle Malehorn, West-  
 minster, Md.

SECOND YEAR CLASS.

Certificate of Honor—Jewell Simpson, West-  
 minster, Md.; Helen Gorsuch, West-  
 minster, Md.

Honorable Mention in Drawing and for Per-  
 fect Attendance for Three Years—Den-  
 ton Gehr, Westminster, Md.

FIRST YEAR PREPARATORY.

Certificate of Honor—Paul Miller, Westmin-  
 ster, Md.

EXTRAS.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Gold Medal—Margaret A. Pfeiffer, Ellicott  
 City, Md.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Gold Medal—Edna Boulden, Chesapeake City,  
 Md.

PAINTING AND DRAWING.

Gold Medal—E. Blanche Wilson, Washington,  
 D. C.

Honorable Mention—Gertrude M. Veasey,  
 Pocomoke City, Md.; Helen A. Wim-  
 brough, Princess Anne, Md.; Harvey P.  
 P. Grow, Frederick City, Md.

Certificate of Graduation—Mamie R. Elliott,  
 Centreville, Md.; Harvey P. P. Grow,  
 Frederick City, Md.; Gertrude M.  
 Veasey, Pocomoke City, Md.; E. Blanche  
 Wilson, Washington, D. C.; Helen A.  
 Wimbrough, Princess Anne, Md.

ART NEEDLE WORK.

Gold Medal—May L. Whaley, Plymouth, N. C.

SOCIETY CONTEST.

Merrill Trophy—Webster Literary Society.  
 Orators—K. G. Murray, Hampstead, Md.; W.  
 G. Baker, Buckeystown, Md.

Newell Trophy—Philomathean Literary Soci-  
 ety. Essayists—Miss E. J. Harper,  
 Upper Marlboro, Md.; Miss Ala B.  
 Jones, Delta, Pa.

ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST FOR NORMENT  
 MEDALS.

Sophomore Medal—Nannie C. Lease, Mt.  
 Pleasant, Md.

Sophomore Medal—Norman Ward, Forrest  
 Hill, Md.

Freshman Medal—Miriam Lewis, Westmin-  
 ster, Md.

Freshman Medal—John E. Allgood, Brisbin,  
 Pa.

DEGREES.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts, conferred  
 upon the thirty-six members of the Class  
 of 1893, given on another page.

The Degree of Master of Arts *in cursu*, con-  
 ferred upon John F. Harper, LL. D.,  
 Centreville, Md.; W. I. Mace, Cam-  
 bridge, Md.; Joseph S. Mills, Washing-  
 ton, D. C.; Kennerly Robey, Mansfield,  
 Pa.; Joshua M. Tull, Marion, Md.;  
 George W. Ward, Daisy, Md., and John  
 E. White, Snow Hill, Md., all of the  
 Class of 1890.

The Degree of Master of Arts *honoris causa*  
 conferred upon W. M. Black, Assistant  
 Professor of Latin, W. M. C.

Freshman Effigy.

On Friday morning, June 9th, the  
 Freshys solemnly burned Julius Cæsar  
 in effigy. The entire Sophomore class

patrolled the campus until early morning, in order to prevent the '96 boys from carrying out their well-laid plans. Finally at 4 o'clock the Sophs were told by the Freshys to go to bed as the effigy would not be burned that night, and the Sophs meekly and quietly obeyed the injunction. At 4:30, just as "Fair Nature's eye" began to peep over the hills, the valiant Freshys set fire to their effigy, and displayed their collection of fireworks.

We think the Sophs were very stupid in going to bed when '96 told them to, and that the Freshmen were equally dull in burning their effigy at daylight. We leave you to judge which has the better of the situation. '95 or '96?

**COLLEGE DIRECTORY.**

**WEBSTER SOCIETY.**

- President..... H. E. Nelson
- Vice-President..... W. G. Baker
- Recording Secretary..... W. R. Revelle
- Corresponding Secretary..... W. E. Butler
- Treasurer..... K. G. Murray
- Critic..... O. D. McKeever
- Chaplain..... N. O. Gibson
- Librarian..... J. W. Smith
- Mineralogist..... C. E. Davis
- Auditors..... { T. P. Revelle  
C. S. O'Conner  
J. B. Mills

**IRVING SOCIETY.**

- President..... D. E. Wilson
- Vice-President..... F. M. Hymiller
- Corresponding Secretary..... A. J. Long
- Recording Secretary..... F. W. Story
- Treasurer..... N. R. Eckard
- Critic..... C. T. Smith
- Librarian..... R. C. Ferguson
- Ass. Librarian..... E. D. Stone
- Chaplain..... A. N. Ward
- Sergeant at Arms..... J. R. Bosley

**PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.**

- President..... Helen Wimbrough
- Vice-President..... Reba Smith
- Recording Secretary..... May Thurman

- Corresponding Secretary..... Bertha Chandler
- Treasurer..... Nannie Lease
- Librarian..... Nellie Porter
- Critic..... Grace Rinehart
- Chaplain..... Ala Jones

**BROWNING SOCIETY.**

- President..... Betty Reese
- Vice-President..... Lydia G. Hull
- Recording Secretary..... Edna Erb
- Corresponding Secretary..... Belle Cochran
- Treasurer..... Carrie Rinehart
- Critic..... Jennie Reese
- Librarian..... Bessie Herr
- Chaplain..... Ellis Crouse

**Y. W. C. T. U.**

- President..... Gertrude Veasey
- Vice-President..... Helen Wimbrough
- Recording Secretary..... Reba Smith
- Corresponding Secretary..... Bessie Anderson
- Treasurer..... Clara Pollitt
- Supts. of Social Meetings..... { Lillie Hull,  
Edna Tagg,  
Pauline Barnes.
- Press Work..... Edna Tagg
- Supt. of White Ribbon Herald  
and Blade..... Mamie Elliott

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

- President..... Reba Smith
- Vice-President..... Lucy Redmond
- Corresponding } Secretary..... Nannie Sparks
- Recording }  
Treasurer..... Edna Norris
- Organist..... Blanche Davis

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

- President..... C. B. Strayer
- Vice-President..... A. N. Ward
- Recording Secretary..... K. G. Murray
- Treasurer..... N. O. Gibson
- Corresponding Secretary..... L. A. Bennett
- Organist..... E. D. Stone

**GLEE CLUB OFFICERS.**

- President..... G. Watson
- Secretary }  
Treasurer } ..... J. C. Green
- Business Manager..... W. H. Litsinger
- Leader..... C. H. Kues

**ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.**

- President..... H. E. Gilbert
- Vice-President..... W. H. Forsythe
- Secretary..... C. B. Strayer
- Treasurer..... D. W. Lewis