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Western Maryland College Monthly.

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WITH the new year a new staff assumes control of the Monthly, and with this issue presents to the college world its first attempt in the line of college journalism. Realizing the importance of our field, and the responsibility resting upon us we urge upon all the students and friends of our College to give the support which is due an enterprise of this kind.

We are not radical reformers with new ideas to the destruction of old, but where changes can be made to the improvement of our form, we propose to make them as time and experience may suggest. Our ambition is to keep the Monthly up to the standard made for it by those who have preceded us, and we shall be satisfied if our success shall be the success that has attended them.

TO all the students, old and new, we have a word of literary greeting, and a few points we wish to impress on you at this the beginning of a new scholastic year. We want you to avail yourselves of every adjunct of this college by which you can improve yourselves in a literary way.

There are several avenues open to you all the time inviting you to enter. One of these you find in the shape of the societies. They are a wonderful means of improvement in many ways, and offer on their floors opportunities for you to become ready debaters and fluent talkers when on your feet. To be sure, but a few of you may become lawyers or preachers, but everyone at some time in life finds him or herself in a position where they want to express themselves in a forcible way on some public occasion, and then awake to a full realization of neglected opportunities at college, if they find themselves unable to do it.

By all means young ladies and gentlemen make use of these society advantages, and by learning to express yourselves on your feet, gain a valuable acquisition to your education, and a lasting pleasure from the knowledge of your new power.

But that which we want more especially to speak of, is the art of writing your thoughts so that they tell some thing worth reading, and tell it in an attractive form for even very worthy articles may be written in a very unreadable shape. We speak of this more prominently because writing falls under our jurisdiction, and you are the ones who must get ready to take our places on the editorial board of this journal.

There will be a place for you here shortly, and you owe it to yourselves as a student at College to avail yourself of every chance you have to broaden your education and acquire new powers.

Don't slight these auxiliary means of improvement while you are at college.

AS USUAL, at the beginning of a new year, many strange and unfamiliar faces are seen among the ranks and the sound of many unknown voices echo

through our halls. In looking around over our campus, we cannot help but note the absence of many a well-known figure and are equally well aware of the presence of those who are as yet comparative strangers to us. This fact is none the less noticeable when we glance at the faculty and observe the various changes that have taken place in that respected body. Especially is this true this year, as the last senior class was exceptionally large and our faculty has also experienced unusual changes.

It is our desire to refrain from the customary long paragraphs of advice which it is usual to offer at the beginning of the college year, for the guidance and information of new students, so we will spare our breath—or rather ink—and reserve our stock of wisdom for future use. But to abbreviate, we will simply say that the MONTHLY heartily greets every new student and wishes a pleasant and profitable year to all who have cast their lots among us, entreating them at the same time to remember that the perfect man or woman is the result of a development which is at once physical, intellectual and spiritual. We cordially welcome all of our old teachers back to their old places and to the new members of the faculty we extend a hearty greeting with the wish that we may so work together during the coming year that we may attain the highest point of development possible.

There is nothing the devil will work any harder to bring about than to kill the praise in a happy Christian's heart.

Human hands rolled the stone from the grave of Lazarus, but the tomb of Christ was opened without the help of men.



E. C. GODWIN AND GRACE S. WELLER, Edts.

What the Parks Say About Us.

ALANDAE is the name of an interesting little magazine, published at Aquila degh Abruzzi, Italy, about 56 miles N. E. of Rome. All of its articles are written in Latin and it is the avowed object of its able and enthusiastic editor, Carolus Henricus Ulrichs, to demonstrate that Latin is still capable of being used as an international language for the entertainment and instruction of the people. The August number of this journal, which is now in its fifth year, contains a notice of our last annual catalogue which we take pleasure in laying before our readers.

Missus mihi est: Western Maryland College for students of both sexes in different departments; annual catalogue; 1892-93 (1893-94); Westminster, Md.; liber 44 paginarum. Adiecta est adumbratio, huius collegii sedem ostendens, aedificium nobile, superbum, amplo undique cinctum viridario. Quae architectuare elegantia! Palatium triturratum; regiam diceres. Professorum index 12 viros habet et 6 praeceptrices, verba gratia; Miss Kate Smith, A. M., assistant in English and director in gymnasium for young women. (A. M: artium magistra, gradus academicus; gymnasium: exercitium corporum.) Sicut in aliis universitatibus Americanis (conf. supra Princeton), etiam hic studiosi dividuntur, nec non et ipsae studiosae, in seniors, juniors, sophomores, freshmen (freshmen idem atque apud Germanos *Füchse*, i. e. foxes,

vulpeculae); habetque collegium studiosos 74, studiosas 72, inter quos et quas freshmen males 26, freshmen females 22, (Pag. 14) Obstupui sane. Cur non erat scriptum: freshmen 26, freshwomen 22? Omnes studiosae quoque edocentur L^m L^m (optime!) legunturque ab his puellis Nepos, Caesar, Sallustius, Virgilius, Cicero, Latina poemata selecta. Habet collegium societies of young gentlemen et soc. of young ladies. Receptions are held once a month for the acquirement of ease and grace in the customs of polite society. (Pag. 31) Hic quoque *campus*; hic quoque exercitia athletica, etiam puellarum, quotidie, nec unquam (optime!) sine musica symphonica. Quotannis dies athleticus celebratur, ut alumni alumnaeque exhibeant, quid anno superiore dieicerint, one of the most attractive features of commencement week. (Pag. 27) Sua quisque oportet instructus sit supellectile. Nam in collegio etiam habitant. Pag. 33: towels (lintea), teaspoon (cochlear thetarum), napkins (mappae, manutergia) cum annulo, napkin-ring. Rectorum sapientia instituit, ut sejungantur rigorose alumni mares a puellis eorum condiscipulis, ita ut nlsi e longinquo intueri condiscipulas nequeant. Proper annulos, puto. Quid enim? ais. Quid mehercle propter annulos! At utinam taceres, improbe lector! Ne fieri possit, puto, ut tu, qui advena domo tecum tulisti annulum cohibendae mappae, relicto collegio redux domum referas annulum prorsus diversi generis, aureum, in digito, parvum miraculum Patri tuo, praecocem annulum sponsaliciu. Commissum est collegium tutelae Methodistarum.

Memory.

IN reading an exchange a few days ago we found this sentence: "Students should do more thinking and less memo-

rizing." The writer of this had evidently committed the same error alike with some of our best educated men. The ignorant as a rule regard a man of learning as one who has his memory stored with facts of every description, while the educated, as foolishly, have gone to the other extreme, and lay but little stress upon memory, but think all attainments in intellectual developments to be gained through some process of reasoning as a means of mind strength.

Memory according to Psychology is the soul's power to recognize objects and ideas, or as commonly understood, "it is the faculty by which thoughts and the impressions of the senses are perpetuated. It consists of all the material with which the higher powers of the mind act."

Though so little attention is bestowed upon it in our schools yet we consider memory as not only one of the most important, but *the* most important thing in all educational work. It is the basis, the very foundation of all thought. We cannot think unless we have in our minds some definite thing about which to think and the more food we have for reflection the more we will think. It cannot be denied that he who has his memory stored with the best thoughts of all ages has such a reservoir of material that would awaken even the dullest mind to meditation.

We have found after careful research that the greatest men of every age, men who distinguished themselves in any field of human energy, were possessed of prodigious memories. But we are told in this nineteenth century that men no longer have need for great memories, our libraries and cheap books supply their places. This is just as absurd as it would be for us to disobey the laws of health because we have plenty of physicians.

A great amount of reading, especially in the trifling way it is usually done, is an injury to memory. Indeed, we will venture to say, that great libraries are an injury in more ways than one, and that they are responsible, to no small extent, for the superficial thought of this age. Those, who have access to them, and especially the young, are apt to ramble from subject to subject and from book to book, not stopping to assimilate, analyze and digest. Every standard book, like our sun, has thrown off wanderers without end, and, indeed, we may say with truth, that two hundred well selected books will comprise the cream of all knowledge, the thorough mastery of any one of which is more beneficial to both memory and mind, than the reading of hundreds in a careless way.

We are apt to regard a person of strong memory, as well as anyone eminent in any particular, as specially gifted. While we do not undertake to deny that "Mother Nature" seems somewhat partial in the distribution of her gifts, we are far from believing that a few men were sent into the world full fledged, completely spurred, whip in hand, ready for riding, and the great majority, bridled and saddled, ready to be ridden. We, however, take a more Democratic view, and believe with D'Israeli, that a man can be what he pleases in this world; the only essential pre-requisites being common sense and "eternal diligence." That it lies within the power of every man to have a good memory, we will endeavor to show presently.

This age and especially this Nation is noted for hurry and bustle in every department of human endeavor. Here, people live a hundred years in fifty; they want to accomplish anything in the shortest time possible; they even die in a hurry. Among the many things de-

vised by the smart men of the times, for doing things quick and precipitating matters generally, we notice an almost unlimited number of instantaneous methods of memorizing given under every conceivable name, from "Phreno Mnemotichnics" to "The Instantaneous Art of Never Forgetting." The basis of all these are the same; that is, association of ideas by artificial and external aids. We know association of ideas as an aid to memory, has been advocated from the earliest times. We readily admit the part it plays, but it is our intention to speak of the ridiculous extreme to which memory quacks have carried it by means of factitious and irrelevant agencies.

We will here notice one of these "Arts of Memory." The inventor of the one we will consider certainly must have been a smart man, for it is one of the best that has ever come under our notice. The key of the whole method is found in this sentence: "Satan may relish coffee pie." Every consonant in this sentence represents a number in order from one to nine. To remember a date we use some sentence which contains a word that combines such letters in order as will express the desired date. Suppose we wish to remember 1492, we first manufacture a sentence which will contain a word whose consonants will stand for 1492. A year afterward we try to recall the date; first we must remember the key, then the sentence used and the key word, and last what letters were used and what they represent. Even if all these are remembered what a complex piece of machinery we are obliged to manipulate. In the date 1492 we have but one thing to remember, but when we apply the machinery made necessary by this method we have about a dozen, the forgetting of any one of which will put us off the track entirely.

It is self-evident that if we were to put half the time in fixing the date in our memory, even in the ordinary way, that it requires for arranging this elaborate plan, we would remember it forever. We think the method about as absurd as this; we want to go to Baltimore, but instead of going direct to Baltimore, as a sensible person would, we first walk across to Washington, take a boat to Annapolis, thence to Baltimore, at which place we will at last arrive if we don't get killed on the way.

The man that has to be persuaded into every thing he undertakes will never amount to anything either for himself or anyone else. The "Mnemotichnic" systems of memorizing do nothing more nor less than coax the memory into performing certain feats by a refined system of mind wandering.

The absurdity of these methods lies in the fact, that if we wish to remember B and D, we must combine them with about a dozen other letters, forming a chain, and remember the whole. We think we voice the sentiments of the majority of mankind, when we say we would rather work until noon and take holiday, than to work all day and all night, and accomplish less than we should, had we stopped at noon. Now this is exactly what we do when in trying to remember B and D; we remember the whole chain in which B and D is found, and having remembered, probably mistake some other letter for B and D.

Any one, who has his memory under control, will have no need for such foolishness as this. That the great of every age have memory obedient to their will is evidenced by their works; that it is a manageable quality of which every one may be master, we will show by an historical instance. In a book we read

a short while ago, we found this: "During the middle ages, a religious sect spread over Europe, that required its members to commit the Bible to memory *verbatim*. Every one of them, it is said, committed the New Testament at least. One of their bishops publicly declared that in his diocese of four thousand souls, there was not one unable to repeat the entire Bible without an error." We would consider this as quite a feat, yet every man can do the same, provided he begins in the proper way. At this point the natural inquiry would be, how may this be affected?

When a man wishes to become proficient in athletics, he puts himself under systematic training. Not by attempting feats in the beginning, but by a succession of exercises, gradually increasing in intricacy, leading on to perfection. And the only way to have a tenacious memory, a memory that will seize upon and hold a thing with an iron grasp, is by systematic training in memorizing and reviewing.

There is a system of memory before the public founded upon this very principle. It is the work of Prof. Chas. G. Leland of Harvard. It is the only common sense and practical method that has ever come under our observation. We will here give a brief description as near as we can as we promised above to show how anyone might have a good memory. It is very simple but requires a great deal of time, work and patience.

The student takes as a first lesson easy poetry, or scriptural passages. Memorizing on the first day one or two stanzas or as much as we can commit without effort. This is to be continued from day to day gradually increasing as the memory develops. All previously learned is reviewed daily. By so doing at the end of a few months the student will be

obliged to devote several hours per day to review. Then it will be beneficial to cease committing for awhile and give his time to reviewing and familiarizing himself with his store, by practicing recalling any passage, thought or stanza that his mind may suggest. In this way he cultivates the faculty of going direct to his store-house of knowledge and recalling at once that which he wants for immediate use.

Having pursued this method for a year what will be the result? The intellectual faculties quickened as a natural result of application; mind-wandering cured, and concentrations of thought secured, by holding the mind for hours at a time upon a subject, as made necessary by review; memory strengthened as an inevitable result of practice, "and the power of grasping ideas rapidly, imprinting them deep in the memory, and finally bringing them up when wanted with a readiness of which we have no present conception."

W. H. COLLINS, '94.

Your Horizon.

HOW far can you see? Well the atmosphere being favorable, as far as the horizon; commonly speaking, to the line where the sky seems to meet the earth. That is speaking of material things, but intellectually, how far can you see? What is the limit of your mental vision? These are very necessary queries for every one to think of.

As you look back for a few years only, you realize that you cover much more ground with your mental vision than you used to do.

What does this mean? Simply that in the interval you pressed into new lines of thought, you have talked with men who have given you ideas; in a

word you have broadened. As it were you have attained a higher eminence in culture, and in casting about your eye describe a larger circle intellectually. How high *can* a man go in this intellectual ascending? How high *should* he go? How high *must* he go?

As to the *can* part of the inquiry, holding to the possibilities of natural vision, and as restricted by the limits of the human eye and the geometrical limits as imposed by the form of the earth, we say that a man increases the ground over which he sees, directly as he raises the point of sight above the surface of the earth. For we know that the circle leaves its tangent as the square of its distance, but circles also increase their area as the square of their radii, hence our assertion is true within certain well understood mathematical limits.

So we say also that a man's intellectual vision increases directly as he increases his capacity by availing himself of all the means of culture and education to be acquired, and we think it increases not only in direct ratio, but even as a circle, as though he stood at the centre and covered the entire space to its circumference, and yet even more, as though he stood at the centre of a sphere and covered the entire mass of intellectual objects to its restricting surface, which surface moves out for him in a ratio of cube power as the radius increases. It is a possibility of eternity, and one of the pleasures of heaven, that man's mind is to go on in its encompassing view and accomplishing the acquisitions of perfect knowledge only as a curve approaches its asymptote.

Now as to how high man *should* go we find expressed in many experiences of every day life how men feel on this line. Courts curtly say "ignorance of

the law is no excuse," simply because the laws are in a position for all to be familiar with them, so it is implied that men should familiarize themselves with them.

A man walks on a railroad bridge and is killed. Outside of immediate bereaved ones, no tears are shed; the warning sign greeted him as he entered the bridge, he should have heeded it. It was within his capability to take knowledge of the danger, and if he did not, he simply suffers.

Men assume that he should have taken knowledge of the danger.

So it is with the *should* part of a man increasing his mental vision. Men, by common consent, agree that what is within the range of a man's capability, he should absorb for his betterment, and so every man should aim to culture himself and broaden his intellectual horizon to cover all that he can, and let no means of culture or knowledge escape him, for every acquirement opens a hundred avenues to new fields before unheard of, or undreamed of.

It is a great thing to understand and get a realization of the field of knowledge, to know the ground that may be covered. Men travel in roads, but let them remember that the fields and woods on each side may contain wonders they never knew existed. It is incumbent in them to come into the knowledge of them. It is the *should* part of it.

Lastly, for the *must* part.—How high *must* man go in his mind's improvement? There is but one answer.—To the very top. Man owes it to the Maker who gave him such a possibility, to acquire to himself all things. Not in time can he do it. Humanity is limited in its sphere. But man is immortal, he only really will commence to know, after the cessation of time for him, so

let him build well a foundation in the earth, for with what capabilities he leaves time, he enters eternity.

ANONYMOUS.

The White City.

It is not my purpose in this essay to enter into a minute delineation of all the attractions of the World's Fair, for such a thing would be absurd in so short a time allotted, but in this I merely wish to give a glance at some of the Foreign Buildings and a few of the more prominent ones.

The situation of "The White City" is about the prettiest that could have been procured. It is in Jackson Park which is situated on Lake Michigan, and along the Lake shore a huge Peristyle of white has been erected, through whose pillars the waters can be perceived rolling and dashing their seething columns.

Entering the grounds by the main entrance, a large gateway which closely resembles the triumphal arches of Ancient Times one finds himself standing in one of the wide avenues, which is surrounded on both sides by the Foreign Buildings. Not having all the time I wished at my disposal I only visited the most prominent of these edifices. I entered the New York building, in itself a perfect little palace. It is white with gilt trimmings. At the entrance of which are suspended heavy green draperies which hang in graceful folds. As you pass through these curtains on either side before you get into the building proper, there is a kind of portico. In this portico are small fountains, none the less attractive on account of their diminutiveness, being surrounded by choice lilies and rare palms. The interior of the building is as pretty as the exterior for it is frescoed in artistic

design of olive and gilt. There are some few exhibits inside but most of them have been reserved for the larger buildings. The Pennsylvania Building is also unique and handsome in architecture as this building will permanently remain after the Fair is closed. It is constructed of cream colored pressed brick with gilt ornamentations. The Virginia Building is a fac-simile of the home of Washington. The exhibits however do not consist entirely of the house furnishings of General and Mrs. Washington but largely displays of the State, such as art needlework, paintings, etc.

The California Building is not as attractive looking from an exterior point of view, but its interior exhibit far exceeds the others. The exhibit of fruit was something beautiful. In the main hall of this building is a bronze of James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in that State, on January 19, 1848; below the statue were statistics showing that the total yield of gold in California since then, to equal \$1,310,000,000. Another interesting thing in the Santa Clara Co. exhibit in the same hall, was "a horse and rider" made exclusively of prunes.

The Brazilian Building, among the foreign exhibits, was very attractive. It was, as the rule, white and gilt on the inside. On the first floor were agricultural displays of the Tropics. The second floor, moreover, was devoted to ornamental uses. But the stairway, which conducts you above, is worth a passing remark. It is very wide, with the steps comparatively low. It winds gracefully across the building, and, at different intervals, are situated choice tropical plants. The second floor is comparatively devoid of exhibits, only here and there upon the wall hangs a

Brazilian *chef d'oeuvre*, but the frescoing of the ceiling is indeed very beautiful. In the centre is a rotunda or kind of dome, whose ceiling is done in Nile green and cream, and in the centre of this rotundo is a statue of Hermes in marble. On the floor is handsome Nile green carpeting, while the windows are hung with Nile green shade lace curtains and Nile green portiers. The Sweden Building was very fine also. It was rather circular in shape on the interior, and in this rotundo the flags of Sweden were draped, but above them all triumphantly floated the "Stars and Stripes."

One word now concerning the Transportation Building. This structure is the only one on the grounds that is built of any colored materials. It is terra cotta in shade, and therefore different from the other buildings. The doorway of this building is called the "Golden Doorway," and one pauses before entering to wonder if the interior is as interesting. There is a quotation from Bacon and also one from Macaulay at this entrance. The one from Bacon is the only one I can remember. "There are three things," he says, "that make a nation great and prosperous, a fertile soil, busy work shops, and easy conveyance for men and goods from place to place." Inside are all means and modes of transportation, I suppose, since the advent of man, with all the modern improvements thereon. There is a section of an American steamship which is so complete and realistic, that upon entering one fancies himself in mid-ocean. The Pullman and Wagner Palace Cars, in the same building, are well worth themselves a trip to the White City.

Perhaps the greatest wonder of all relative to buildings, is the Manufacturers or Liberal Arts Building. It covers a space of 44 acres and cost

\$1,500,000. If I were to write from now until next month I could not be able to describe the beauties and wonders contained therein, so will not attempt it.

One more topic and then—

The illumination of the grounds was perhaps the loveliest sight man ever witnessed.

The court of honor is that portion of the grounds bordering on the inlet of the lake which runs inward through the grounds, and immediately in front of the Administration Building. On this lake the romantic gondolas flit about with the veritable gondoliers at the bow and stern. One night previous to departure, it was decided to take a sail in the gondola, for the night was perfect and the lake serene. On and on we sped over the tranquil waters, but as we approached this court of Honor, when we got immediately in front of the Administration Building without the slightest warning, all around the edges of the buildings, up and round entirely encircling the domes thereof and all around the edges of the lake as far as the eye could pierce, shot thousands and thousands of electric lights, reflecting and re-reflecting themselves in the waters, and on either side electric fountains were playing in shades of red, white and blue. "Can anything be more beautiful?" I said, "I must be in an enchanted wonderland" and looking around the picture was completing itself, "The moon rose over the City."

Of the White City there is alone one quotation which is appropriate:

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
To those who know thee, know, all words are faint."

J. P. B., '94.

Language.

LANGUAGE is the child of intelligence and the medium of communication. So far from being an absolute thing it is probably the nearest approach to Heracleitus's perpetual flux with which modern ingenuity deals. We get the notion that thought is fully and perfectly crystalized in language, and that when thus reduced, it is simple, definite, complete. Far from it; in reality it is a most difficult matter, so to express a thought with its intention that no other construction can be placed upon it. This is the constant annoyance in all legal proceedings, where the continual effort is to distort the meaning which it was intended, should be conveyed.

Hence, arises the long, tedious and involved sentences and phraseology of all legal writings. But so relatively is language employed that even this is not sufficient, and the spirit of the times and the circumstances prompting a law must be taken into account before it can be correctly and fully interpreted. Language, then, should rather be regarded as a formular into which the subtle thought of the intellect, "fine as air," may be cast for reduction to utility.

Hence, too, the difficulty of critical translation and failure to "preserve the spirit of the passage." So that the most profoundly learned of every age have disagreed as to the best rendering of certain ancient expressions.

To the same source we may trace most of the misunderstandings which render disagreeable, so many of the otherwise pleasant duties of life. And, were language absolute, the oft repeated caution to be clear, definite and so forth, would be manifestly useless; one could scarcely speak or write in any other way.

Idioms are simply devices by which

language, which usually means one thing is so employed as to signify something else. Slang, so called, is only an exaggerated idiom; that is, it is a bolder and baser distortion of words. But this reference is not meant in any way, whatever, to condone its use; yet, the truth of the statement will appear, if we note conversely, that idioms are classic slang; slang, when first used, only tolerated 'till it became fixed in literature.

But, we have a few terms which seem to us pretty definite, yet, how far from absolute, even these, without any qualify word. Such are measures, weights and the like; but note the dry quart and the liquid quart; the long hundred weight and the short hundred weight, and finally, so definite a term as pound must be qualified as *avoirdupois* or *troy*. We would probably define "watered" as "supplied with water," but how would this definition suit for "watered silk," "watered paper," or "watered stock"? Then, too, *fire* burns, *wood* burns, *heat* burns, a *blister* burns, our *flesh* burns, and we may be affected with *burning* anger upon a *burning* desert, while using a *burning* glass to concentrate the rays of a *burning* Sun.

The paragraphs above were written several years ago, but I have ventured to print them without change except to add the following sentences.

The paper was is intended to show that language, as well as many other most valuable gifts, may be so perverted as utterly to fail of its beneficent purpose; yea, may be turned from the mission of blessing to the direst of curses. In order to comprehend this, understand first that the language is a *means* and *not* an end; that is an *agent*, *not* a master. Take this thought and appreciate it, and the study of language will be transformed under its influence

from hateful drudgery into pleasant, even delightful exercise.

But the difficulties of language are not *negative* only, as what has Allen said might seem to indicate. Indeed, students of language are scarcely called to solve any but *positive* problems; and these may perhaps be conveniently gathered up into one riddle to the beginner. How to communicate his thought.

The first impulse that bounds into being with the very birth of a new thought is to *communicate* it. Of what earthly use is it unless communicated? But communication is incomplete until one is understood, if indeed that may be termed communication at all which serves but to confuse. Yet how continually every beginner is annoyed by that ancient stereotype, "I don't understand you." Probably in the greatest majority of instances it is the English which is at fault, and not the thought. The vehicle is inadequate to its burden. The thought cannot be fully communicated until the language is more than correct; it must be adapted, suitable, it must pass current at a recognized value.

When a boy goes for the first time from the village in which he has learned a few phrases, to mingle with the boys of a neighboring village he is perhaps not quite so embarrassed as the foreigner just landed on our shores, but the difference is one of degree merely, not of kind. He cannot communicate his thought at all satisfactorily until he has agreed with his hosts upon the value of the terms to be used—until their words and phrases mean the same to each.

It is for precisely this reason, as I apprehend it, that we must study English. Men have written in books what our kindred in neighboring villages mean by certain words and terms of expression, and we find ourselves at

great disadvantage if we wait to learn them till we are arrived at the "neighboring village." In other words, when we meet a friend who has learned to solve his problems by algebra, while we are compelled to plod on with arithmetic, our disadvantage is too apparent to need comment. He who is, even in a modest degree, master of English enjoys a greater, because more practical, advantage over him who must still solve the riddle of intelligent expression with *words* merely and with very few of them.

Will you be the master of English or its slave? You must be one or the other.—G. W. WARD.



G. W. C. A. Notes.

WE are glad to state that our first tidings of the new year, are those of encouragement.

Since school opened our meetings have been well attended.

In order to increase interest in our work, and that first impressions should be pleasing, we gave a reception to the new students, September 23d.

Our program was the following :

Prayer.....	Prof. Ward
Instrumental Solo.....	"Sweet Dreams," Miss Davis.
Recitation.....	"Absolution," Miss Lease.
Vocal Duet.....	Misses Gunkle and Strayer
Reading.....	"The Mysterious Guest," Miss Norris.
Vocal Solo.....	"O, Promise Me," Miss Lewis.
Recitation....	"The Martyred Mother," Miss Brewington.
Instrumental Solo.....	"In the Mill," Miss Westlake.

Recitation....."The Daughter of Herodius,"
Miss Cochran.

Vocal Solo....."True,"
Miss Barnes.

At the conclusion of our program, our President invited us to refreshments; in the meantime, twenty of the new students joined our Association.

Several members of the faculty encouraged us very much by their presence on the occasion.

When the time came, all adjourned, after having spent a very enjoyable evening.

We ask for prayers from all, that God may revive the work among us, and that much good may be accomplished in our midst during this season.

'94.

U. M. C. A.

COMMENCEMENT with its joys and pleasures is past; the perfumes of July have been wafted into August; August, with its golden fruit has ripened into September; vacation has quickly flown; and once more "College Hill" resounds with the peals of laughter from the voices, familiar and strange, announcing the advent of another school year.

On the first Wednesday evening the Y. M. C. A. opened wide its doors, informally welcoming the new students: thus making them feel their fellowship with us, we all being bound together by that universal cord of love, into one great family.

This was the spirit so feelingly displayed by all present, both in the hearty songs and glorious testimonies, which filled the room, and was greatly increased by the friendly handshaking, which made us all thoroughly acquainted before we left the hall.

This pleasant evening so profitably

spent, was followed by an attractive invitation which, on the following Saturday night, gave to each one another assurance that he was not among strangers, but among friends who gladly received him into their Christian organization. A literary program followed by refreshments was much enjoyed by all.

Thus early in the year the association has shown a part of its grand work among the students, and demonstrated not only its prominence among the boys, but the hearty support which it receives from each one, showing to all the brotherhood of man, united in that "Blessed tie which binds our heart in Christian love."

One of the most encouraging features of the work is the large number of new students who have come among us, with the love of Christ, and a longing desire for souls, not only willing but desirous of enlisting their consecrated lives in this our great work. We gladly welcome each one, and sincerely trust he may ever find that this organization indeed to be the Ulecca of his college life and that each pilgrimage gives new inspiration and greater zeal for souls, always receiving the abiding peace of Jesus Christ.

Messrs. Ward and Murray whom we sent to N. Y., were located at the Bowery Mission 105; which is under the superintendence of Mr. Childs, an earnest intelligent mission worker; who during his twelve years work has been blessed with more than 40,000 converts.

Sunday afternoon, Oct. 1, at the regular 4.45 P. M. service in the auditorium, they briefly made a report of the summer's work, which illustrated to us as never before the power of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ; especially seen in that most wicked and

licitious part of New York City—the Bowery. Their report made us realize more and more, the great need for consecrated workers to help save the perishing millions. We also feel glad because we were able to assist in the great work, for at least two months, rejoicing that our boys returned reporting more than 200 conversions, and an attendance from five to six thousand for the two months.

Once more at the opening of the year's work we clasp hands with Princeton, Yale, Wesleyan, and other colleges pledging them, and the "College and Slum" work, more boys and our hearty co-operation for another year's work in the great harvest for souls.

With the combined efforts of all the Christian boys, both new and old, we boldly announce our motto for the year—"The hill for Christ." With each one entering upon his work, be it jail or devotional, almshouse or Wednesday evening, with the same motto and the same Christ for a captain, we will march upward and onward sounding aloud the battle cry—"Onward Christian soldiers."

K. G. M., '95.



W. H. COLLINS AND BERTHA CHANDLER, Edts

Exchanges,

BYRON says, "all critics are ready-made." It will be even so in our case.

We fully recognize and appreciate the importance of our position inasmuch as

by a single flourish of the pen, we will cheer some poor toiler on his weary way, or the conceit of another will receive its death blow as he reads our comments. It is far from our intention to be egotistic, but we expect to say what we do think, always with due respect for the thoughts of others. Some time ago, our only object was to secure the commendation of others; long since, however, we passed that stage of being. Now, our sole aim is to meet the approbation of self; and if we do that in this connection, we will be more than satisfied.

"Freedom in German Universities" is the title of a well written article in *The College Mercury*. The great strides made in philosophy and science at these great centres of learning is no doubt due to this very thing. If American institutions of learning were to follow their example, they would turn out men better qualified, both morally and mentally, to jostle with the world. Liberty begets responsibility and obligation, which are essential to the building up of true manhood. While it is the duty of everyone to obey established and recognized authority, no students hampered by petty exactions, will develop that strength of character, independence and self-reliance which should be the first aim of education. Control of self is only attained through liberty of action, and never by coercion.

We have at hand a sample copy of *The Humanitarian*, a comparatively new candidate for public favor. It is a magazine edited by a woman in the interest of women. It deals with living questions not dead issues. The October number has several interesting articles among which is one entitled, "The Multiplication of the Unfit." Every one would profit by reading it as it discusses a subject of vital importance to

all, viz: marriage and the responsibilities uncumbent.

A neat little paper of about fifteen pages is *The Midland*. In its literary department we note a pleasing departure from the usual sort of contributions to college papers. The article entitled *A Night of Horrors* is a fine description of a nightmare.



Alumni News.

THE Alumni have been well-represented at the World's Fair. We may give in a later issue a list of those who attended the great Exposition.

A call has been made during the summer by the treasurer of the Association for the contributions promised towards Alumni Hall. We hope the responses have been prompt, that the work may not be delayed by those who have obligated themselves. Let us have a building, a home, at our *Alma Mater*, that shall be *ours*.

The favorable comment of the press of Maryland, and elsewhere, upon the ability of the college to graduate so large a class last June, is a source of gratification. We hope to keep our readers informed of its members.

Miss Georgia Harlan, '87, made a tour up the Hudson, through New York and to Niagara during the last week in July. She is a typewriter and stenographer in Philadelphia.

Among the delegates at the Christian Endeavor Convention in Montreal this summer, was Miss Carrie Mourer, '87. President Lewis preached the closing

sermon to the immense gathering at the convention; and Rev. H. L. Elderdice, '82, president of the movement in Maryland, made an address.

Married. On Thursday morning, August 3rd, at South Baltimore, by Rev. C. K. McCaslin, of Harper's Ferry, Miss Grace Phillips, '92, to Rev. I. F. Smith, '93. Rev. and Mrs. Smith started the same day for California, whence, a week later, they sailed for Japan to engage in missionary labors. The MONTHLY wishes for them all the success and happiness that their chosen calling—the noblest among men—merits.

Mrs. Madge Slaughter Albright, '87 has been living, since her five years of missionary life in Japan ended, in Winston, N. C.

The *Democratic Advocate* of July 1st contained this item: "Mr. Basil H. Betts, of Baltimore, and formerly of Woodbine, this county, was married at the Cathedral Rectory, North Charles Street, Baltimore, on Wednesday, to Miss L. Lorena Hill, of Howard Co., Rev. J. L. Whelan, officiating. The groom is connected with the Gottschalk Company, of that city. The bride has been for the past two years instructor of the advanced classes in the Ellicott City Public School, and is a sister of School Examiner J. E. Hill, of Howard Co. The ceremony was witnessed by a number of relatives and immediate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Betts left in the afternoon for Rehoboth and other resorts on the Atlantic coast." Miss Hill was valedictorian of the class of '87, and, with Miss Mourer of the same class, took a post-graduate course the year following her graduation. For the past two years she has been principal of the Ellicott City Schools.

Miss A. Laura Jones, '89, is first as-

stant in the Chesapeake City graded schools; and her sister, Mrs. M. Emma Jones *Willis*, '74, is second assistant in the same schools.

Miss Lizzie Dorsey, '93, is teaching on her native heath, in Calvert County.

Mr. John H. Cunningham, Historian of the class of '85, and at present Cashier of the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Westminster, was married on September 12th, to Miss Mary Bruce Irwin, daughter of Capt. P. H. Irwin, of Westminster.

Mrs. Mahala Baughman, mother of Charles H. Baughman, '71, and Harry F. Baughman, '83, died at New Windsor, Md., on July 10th.

Dorsey W. Lewis, '93, has entered the Medical Department, University of Maryland. His sister, Miss Ethel, of the same class, is teaching at her home, Parksley, Va.

Prof. G. W. Ward, '90, for two years Principal of the Preparatory Department at Western Maryland, and last year a student in the Historical Department at Johns Hopkins, has been elected professor of History in his *Alma Mater*.

L. N. Whealton, '92, a student in the Historical Department at Johns Hopkins last year, returns this year, honored by one of the Hopkins Scholarships from Virginia.

Mr. Wm. M. Gist, '82, of Mackintosh, Fla., visited Westminster during the summer.

Mr. Frank McC. Brown, '85, is postmaster of the yellow fever stricken town of Brunswick, Ga.

Rev. F. T. Benson, '84, made a temperance address at a temperance mass-meeting, at Mount Airy Camp, during the past summer.

Miss Laura J. Bishop, '82, was mar-

ried in Wilmington, Del., on July 12th, to Mr. William Shawn. Mr. Shawn is a farmer of Queen Anne's County, Md.

Prof. Whaley, '89, who has been at the University of Chicago during the past year, continued his studies at the University during the entire summer, doing the Fair as recreation.

Wm. McAllister Lease, '89, took his summer vacation up the Hudson, on Long Branch, and at different resorts on the Massachusetts Coast.

Miss Elizabeth I. Reese, '93, has entered the University of Chicago, for courses in French, German and Spanish.

Graham Watson, '93, is teaching near Centreville, and drives from his home to his school every day. We wonder what tricks "Mike is teaching Young America."

Death has not ceased his sorrowful work, but during the summer has claimed two of our number. With regret we record the decease of Mrs. Endora Richardson *Tubman*, '85, which occurred July 23, and of Mrs. Lillian Young *Mills*, which occurred September 19.

Miss Lizzie Swabrick, '83, and Miss Fannie Grove, '89, are both teachers in the Hagerstown Female High School. Miss Lillie Barkdoll a graduate of W. M. C. also teaches in this same school.

Western Maryland's representation in the graduate departments of the universities will be about as follows:

University of Chicago—J. B. Whaley, '89, Hebrew and Cognate Languages; Elizabeth Irene Reese, '93, Modern Languages. Yale University—E. A. Warfield, '82, Ph. D., Philosophy; B. A. Dumm, '86, Divinity; W. M. Weller, '89, Civil Engineering. Cornell University—Kennerly Robey, '90, and George E. Waesche, '91, Civil Engineering. University of Virginia—Caleb H. Bow-

den, '92, Law. Harvard — W. A. Whealton, '93, Law. Johns Hopkins—Fred R. Jones and Louis N. Whealton, '92, History and Politics.

Married.—October 4th, 1893, Elizabeth May Wallis, '88, to William B. Owen, Gainesville, Texas.

"Mr. C. M. Grow, Jr., who has been connected with this school for six years as teacher and editor and whose term as assistant superintendant should have begun the day his resignation took effect, left us for a more remunerative field of labor.

While among us Mr. Grow made many friends and his leaving is a source of universal regret.

Our best wishes go with Mr. Grow and we confidently expect him to render as effective service in his far away western home, Washington, as he has done in Missouri."

A later issue of the *Missouri Deaf-Mute Record* informs us that Mr. C. M. Grow, '86, will edit *The Washingtonian* published by the Washington School at Vanconver.



WESTERN Maryland College Athletic Association was reorganized Saturday, September 23rd, for the collegiate year '93 and '94, with the following elected officers.

President, W. G. Baker, Jr., '94, Buckeystown, Md.; Vice-President, Geo. N. Stull, '95, Woodsboro, Md.; Treasurer, K. G. Murray, '95, Hampstead, Md.; Secretary, D. E. Stone, '96, Mt. Pleasant, Md.

After election of officers came the initiation of new members, 13 being duly received in our association.

Boys we must strive to put our athletics in all its branches to the front, we can do it, then why do we not? The only reason is that we fail to join in, hand to hand, as we wait for some one to do all, but this is not the proper thing to advance the progress of athletics.

But the thing necessary for athletics to be a success, and a very great success, is for us all to go at it with an earnest zeal, and as the year is early I beg of you to start in with an eager determination to make Athletics at Western Maryland one of the best in the State.

But at the same time we need something more than the co-operation of the students to make success. We need and therefore beg the college authorities better known as the faculty for encouragement.

We feel very gratified indeed for all assistance they have previously offered, but as that has been comparatively little we do beg of the faculty as well as the students, to become members of Western Maryland Athletic Association, so by becoming members of the association, if in no other way, you will be offering some assistance and giving more encouragement than in the past for the advancement of college athletics.

The following is a rule that will be more closely observed in the future than it has been in the past, viz: That every one not a member of the athletic association, will positively be debarred from participating in any games and from entering either the out-door or gymnasium contests, and they will also be deprived of the privilege of using any property belonging to the athletic association, such as base-ball, bats, masks,

gloves, and uniforms, foot-ball tennis-net, racquets, balls, boxing-gloves, etc. And furthermore they should not be allowed to play on any of the ground set apart for the college athletics. And they also will be charged full admission to witness any games such as base-ball, foot-ball, tennis tournaments, out-door and gymnasium contests.

The charges for initiation as members being established at an amount which is in the power of every student and teacher to meet, we beg you all to join at once, if you do not join, you most assuredly will be subject to the above restrictions, or exclusions of a non-member.

Our purpose in engaging in athletics, is to become athletes, but you should not understand by athlete, that we mean a pugilist or rowdy, but our intention, in becoming athletes, is to form a vigorous constitution; just the same as you study diligently at your books, in order that you may be of a vigorous mind, and have your mental capacities enlarged.

You well know that a man, in order to be a *man*, must have both mental and physical powers; for we have frequently heard the debate.

Resolved, that *physical* training is essential and necessary for well rounded manhood, and never have you heard the debate decided in any way except unanimously in favor of the affirmative. So *physical training* or out-door athletics is one of the primary duties at college. I say primary, for I feel that it is as necessary and beneficial as mental training.

Foot Ball,

Never in the history of the college were the prospects for a good Foot Ball Eleven better than this year.

Never was so great enthusiasm shown on part of students to make foot-ball a success.

We have in our new man Mr. C. M. Moore, '96, formerly from Dickinson College, a great player.

The average weight of the rush line is 179 lbs., the average of the entire eleven is 158 lbs. Our centre rush weighs 238 lbs. and is quite active.

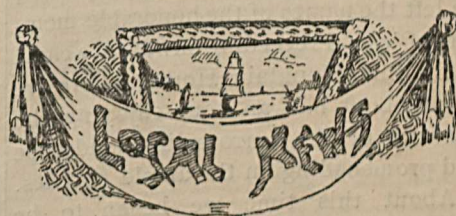
The foot-ball manager has arranged for games with Gettysburg, Emmitsburg, St. Johns, Baltimore City College, Maryland Agricultural and Washington College.

The eleven is on the field every afternoon. It is being trained by Prof. H. G. Watson.

The eleven consists of the following men with their respective positions.

The various departments with their managers:

Bosley, '96.....	Right End
Pennington, '95.....	Left End
Macomber, '98.....	Right Tacker
Galbreath, '95.....	Left Tacker
Zepp, '97.....	Right Guard
Moore, '96.....	Left Guard
Wright, '96.....	Centre
R. S. Wells, '97.....	Left Half Back
Stull, '95.....	Right Half Back
A. B. Wells, '97.....	Quarter Back
Prof. H. G. Watson.....	Full Back
Manager.....	C. M. Moore
Captain.....	Prof. H. G. Watson
College Referee.....	F. W. Stony



A. J. LONG AND LIZZIE THOMAS, Edts.

Ninety-Four at Pen-Mar.

BRIGHT and beautiful dawned the thirtieth of September—the day set apart for '94's trip to Pen-Mar. No cloud dimmed the distant horizon, nor rose to mar the pleasure of the day.

Full of life and bent upon having a good time were the worthy members of '94 when they met at the station at 9.30 o'clock.

The first thing in order was the decking of ourselves with the class colors—steel and pink—not forgetting Miss Ferris and Prof. McDaniel, who so kindly consented to accompany us upon our excursion.

Ere we boarded the train it was deemed worthy of the momentous occasion to give the yells. First the class and then the college yells were given, then, as the train pulled out, the senior yell was wafted back upon the morning breezes to those unfortunates who could go no further than the station.

Aboard the train all went merrily and of one or two bad puns were made and several last year jokes told, they were patiently endured.

At last we reached our destination and slowly wended our way up the hill, where we gathered together for consultation.

After we had all been provided with canes—and one of us with two—we continued our walk to Glen Afton Springs, where, imprinted on a pillar of the pavilion which encompasses the Springs, we left the names of the honorable members of '94. Proceeding onward we came to the Blue Mountain House, where we spent about half an hour enjoying the beauties of the surrounding landscape and promenading on the ample porches.

About this time we began to be seriously annoyed by the pangs of hunger, so we again betook ourselves to Pen-Mar, where we had a very enjoyable and highly appreciated dinner. Here occurred quite a laughable incident. When we entered the dining hall, the waiters gazed at us with wide-open eyes—no doubt struck with the highly intellectual look of the individuals. When their wonder had somewhat abated, one waiter said to another, "Jake, what'll I say to 'em?" "Why ask 'em if they'll have

soup." "Of course they will," was the reply, "they're students."

In the afternoon we drove to the different places of interest, High Rock, Quirauk, etc. At High Rock the great event of the day took place, namely, that of having our tintypes taken.

Our drive over and having been duly laden with peaches, we boarded the train for home.

The train was crowded and perhaps my readers may doubt my veracity when I say that there were three persons, three baskets of peaches, three canes and several coats all piled in one seat. Suffice it to say that we enjoyed ourselves none the less on account of the crowding.

Thus ended a most enjoyable day spent by the class of '94. Which goes to prove the much remarked congeniality and good fellowship of its members.

We have only one regret and that is the absence of two of our classmates: one being away from college and the other unable to join us on account of his recent illness.

We can only hope that the other events in this '94's last year, may transpire as smoothly and happily as the one just passed.

Musical Recital.

THE opening recital of the music department is always a matter of interest to college students; in fact music is a matter of universal interest, and no more substantial evidence can be given of the beneficial effect of higher culture than the attention and appreciation that college audiences always show for good music.

Our recital on Friday evening, September 22, possessed not only this musical interest that appeals so strongly to the civilized, as well as to the savage

breast, but possessed also a strong personal interest, inasmuch as it was the first public performance of the new teachers in the department—Misses Lewis and Westlake.

To all of us who are not absolute new-comers at W. M. C., the excellent work of this department in years past is a living memory, full of musical delight both vocal and instrumental. And I suspect that not a few of us, as we took our seats in the Auditorium that evening asked ourselves the anxious question, will the standard be as high and the performance as excellent as it has been heretofore? Happily the answer soon came; no comparisons are necessary, none can be given by the present writer; it is sufficient to say only this, that the program presented on this occasion ranks fully equal to any ever produced at the college.

Miss Lewis, the head of the department and teacher of vocal music, possesses a full rich contralto, finely cultivated and under excellent control. Her enunciation and phrasing are perfect, and her reception at all times cordial, frequently rose to the pitch of enthusiastic encore. Her first selection—Nobles Seigneurs, from Myerbeer—was one of especial difficulty and gave an excellent opportunity of displaying her remarkable ability in difficult vocal execution. Finely rendered, it was heartily encored. Miss Lewis next appeared in a double number of which it is enough to say that the composers presented Buck and Faure, "One morning, O! so early," by Thomas, was next sung, and the vocal part of the program closed with Pinsuti's magnificent Bedouin Love Song. If it be fair, where all was so excellent, to select one other number for special mention, I think the Bedouin Love Song is entitled to that distinction.

As her first selection had displayed to its best advantage the cultivation of her voice, its ability to execute trills, runs and arpeggios—so this, her last selection out its native and inborn sweetness, richness and depth of tone.

Miss Westlake, with her difficult program rendered entirely without notes, her wonderful technique, her sympathetic interpretations and by no means least her charming grace of manner, fairly captured her audience in the first engagement. A pupil of Burmeister, she amply sustained the reputation of her great teacher, and received in generous showers, the plaudits of delighted hearers.

Two of her members were from Liszt: the first his transcription of Wagner's Spinning Chorus, the second the air Cryus Animam from Stabat Mater. The brilliant execution displayed in the first, the rapid movement, the "whirl and twirl" contrasted strongly and impressively with the stately air, the solemn accompaniment, and the full rich harmony of the second. The interpretation in each case was artistic and sympathetic, and to Miss Westlake we must accord not only the fingers but the soul of a true musician.

Her last solo number, a triple one, contained a romance from Schumann, a valse by Chopin, and a study in octaves, based on the Russian National Hymn, by Low. The enthusiastic encore with which this number was greeted is perhaps sufficient comment on its excellence.

In the last number, Mozart's Fantasia, Miss Lewis established her title as a superb instrumental as well as vocal performer by her masterly rendering of the difficult first part; while Miss Westlake at the second piano played Griegs' accompaniment with fine effect.

Roll of New Students.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Ethel Blanche Murchison....La Grange, N. C.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Mary Elizabeth Englar.....Union Bridge
Nannie Pauline Keating.....Centreville
May Martin Kemp.....Trappe
Sarah Ellen Myers.....New Windsor
Amy Virginia Plank.....Honeybrook, Pa.
Marion Hearn.....Salisbury
Harry Allen Lakin.....Frederick City
Clinton Monroe Moore.....Della
Milton Leroy Veasey.....Pocomoke City

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Mary Hood Baxley.....Florence
Emma May Bowen.....Bowen
Anna Clarke Forsythe.....Hood's Mills
Lillian Alice Franklin.....Manton
Frances Mabel Fulton....South Amboy, N. J.
Linda Walton Green.....Mappsville, Va.
Ledonia Belle Lambert.....New Windsor
Virginia Frances Lemmon...Honeybrook, Pa.
Pearla Litsinger.....Lisbon
Ella Eugenia Millard.....Buckeystown
Carrie Agnes Stone.....Mt. Pleasant
Henrietta Frances Sutton...La Grange, N. C.
Clarence Edwin Berkshire...Easton, W. Va.
Clarence Lloyd Dougherty...Heathsville, Va.
Stewart Pomeroy Dean.....Harmony Grove
Charles Edward Forlines....Graham, N. C.
Herbert Hayes Murphy.....Walkersville
Gillis Owings.....Triadelphia
Ernest Stirling Price.....Centreville
George Henry Revelle.....Westover
Arthur Grandon Woodfield..Manasgrau, N. J.

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS.

Miriam Baynes.....Baltimore
Mary Eliza Howard.....Rutland
Bertha Louise Keller.....Buckeystown
Annie Eleanor Mewshaw.....Brooklyn
Madge Minetta Myers.....McKinstry's Mills
Annie Belle Satterwhite....Henderson, N. C.
Louise Maria Satterwhite....Henderson, N. C.
Hannah May Unger.....Tyrone
Nellie Esther Wise.....West Washington, D. C.
Edward Bayley Bates.....Westminster
Howard R. Blackwood.....Moorestown, N. J.
James Henry Chipman.....Georgetown, Del.
Charles Stewart Friend.....Swanton
William Miles Garrison.....Taylor
Thomas Henry Jarman.....Greensboro
John Franklin Macomber.....Delta, Pa.
Authur Evans Menefee.....Keyser, W. Va.
George Robert Satterwhite..Henderson, N. C.
William J. Satterwhite.....Henderson, N. C.
Fuller Farrith Taylor.....Atlantic, Va.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Addie Lucy Satterwhite...Henderson, N. C.
Edward Lynch Mathias.....Westminster
Benjamin Franklin Mewshaw.....Brooklyn
Authur Stonesifer.....Westminster

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Nellie Albaugh.....Westminster
Mary Gehr.....Westminster
Eva Herr.....Westminster
Florence Morgan.....Westminster
Grace Stonesifer.....Westminster
Frank Crouse.....Westminster
Ira Crouse.....Westminster
La Rue Herr.....Westminster
Harrison Stanford Martland...Newark, N. J.
Demite Shunk.....Westminster

Personals

MESSRS. Ferguson, '95, and Lease, '93, spent 24 ult. at the College.

Gilbert, '93, and Revelle, '93, spent several days at their Alma Mater during the opening weeks of school.

G. E. Waesche, '91, and Kennerly Roby, '90, gave the College a flying call on the 15th ult.

W. M. Weller, '90, spent several days in Westminster with his sister, Miss Grace Weller, '95.

Messrs. Grimes, '96, and Woodward, '96, left on the 26th ult. for the World's Fair.

Messrs. Ward, '95, Galbreath, '95, and Long, '94, left on 4th inst. for the Columbian Exposition.

Mrs. William Baynes accompanied her daughter, Miriam, to the College on October 2d.

Mr. Wise paid his daughter, Nellie, a flying visit on September 23d.

Miss Mamie Englar was also honored with a visit from her father during the same month.

On October 3d, Misses Cochran and Norris were paid a short call, at the College, by Mrs. Mary Norris Copes, of Carrollton, and Miss Leila Norris, of Baltimore.

Miss May Thurman spent several days the latter part of September, in Chambersburg, with her mother.

Miss Edna Norris spent October 6th to 10th at her home in Baltimore.

Locals,

—Latest fad, Jap-knots.

—Miss G—l, '96. (After having been given a quinine capsule.) Oh! Miss Ferris, must I take it with that *glass* on it?

—Miss A—, '95—What was the name of Herod's daughter?

Miss D—d, '96—Why Herodotus, of course.

—On a certain very cold day last week when the girls were clamoring for heat Miss B—y, '97, came from her room and managed to say, between the chatters of her teeth, "Oh girls, Mama is going to send my white dresses up to-day."

—Senior jokes.

—Junior bites.

—Revelle (95) being asked by the President to give the three forms of knowledge, gave as one form constitutive, when he was informed that he had given one too many *toots*.

—Oh! How the time does fly!!!
Don't mention it!

—Mr. L—n (96) said that he was all O. K. for the sophomore class, except that he had to take *recreation* in Latin.

—Mr. Zepp (97) says that a feeling of inspiration always comes over him when he thinks of those heart-rending words of Henry Clay, "Give me liberty or give me death."

—Dr. Lewis—Nearly all the words in the English Language may be used ambiguously. Miss L—, what other kind of horses are there besides one driven in harness?

Miss L—, '95—When you have a cold in your throat you are ho(a)rse.

—Prof. S.—Under what condition do corals live?

Miss P—r, '94—It is necessary that they have plenty of fresh salt water.

—Some one please inform those, not initiated, the origin of the Senior salute.

—What the senior girls lack in dignity they make up in appetite. Indeed this faculty showed itself to such an extent at dinner, one day, that the waiter inquired if they were coming down to supper.

—Miss R—t, '95.—Dora, your heart is beating.

Miss P—e, '96.—No it is'nt. I lost it the first of last year.

—What makes Mr. S—e, '96, so partial to red dresses?

—Miss C—r, '95.—I am going to write on "The Queen of English Song."

Miss W—, '94.—Oh, who was it, Sir Walter Scott?

—Miss G—, '97.—I thought this was a religious school.

Miss R—, '95.—Well, it is.

Miss G—, —Why some of the boys are smoking!

—A certain young lady, on being asked whether she came by rail or boat, replied: "I don't know."

—Miss S—. '95 (studying literature). Leila, what is the meaning of reversion?

Miss R—, '95 (calmly).—Why, to do over again, like the *reversion* of the Bible.

—Sublime to ridiculous.

—Faculty to Freshman.

—Mr. Ward, '96, hearing that there was, in town, on exhibition a petrified man, curiously inquired if he was alive.

—O-o-o-Oh! What a joke on the fire-plug—hat.

—Eckard's greatest doctrine is that of forming a reconciliation.

—The *price* of a certain young lady's smiles is a thousand dollars, so *he* says.

—Strayer's mouth *alias* Letter-box.

—Ward (95) asked Prof. of Chemistry if water did not have a peculiar taste when the oxygen and hydrogen were removed.

—After the juniors were told that the "Swiss Laundry" would be responsible for all losses or injuries to laundry sent to them, Pennington remarked that he had no laundry to send, except two broken chairs and a wash-stand.

—Strayer's latest strike—Snow-ball.

—Zepp's definition of Hygiene—"It runs parallel, forming a peculiar coincidence with the alimentary canal, extending from the abdominal regions to the esophagus."

—The cause of Miss D—s, '94, sadness has been discovered, one of '93's numbers has lately joined the matrimonial list.

—Anyone wishing to know how the lynx sings apply to Miss L—, '95.

—Miss P—r, 96, (after having recited elocution to Miss Gilbert.) Oh! You ought to be in the elocution class, she makes us *inspire* and *expire* five times.

—Miss L—s, '96, informs us that Miss Gilbert makes them *omit* through the nose.

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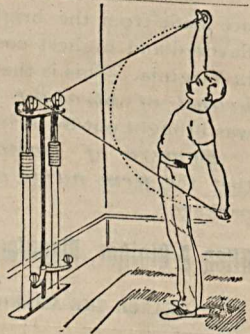
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P.M.	A.M.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	A.M.	P.M.
11 55	5 45	CHERRY RUN.....	8 55	1 45	8 45
11 58	5 48	BIG POOL.....	8 52	1 42	8 42
12 12	6 01	CLEAR SPRING.....	8 39	1 30	8 27
12 18	6 07	CHARLTON.....	8 33	1 24	8 20
12 28	6 17	WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.,	8 23	1 14	8 09
12 40	6 30	AR. HAGERSTOWN..LE	8 05	1 00	7 55
1 45	6 45	LE. WILLIAMSPORT..AR	12 32	8 00
*4 15	2 00	LE. HAGERSTOWN..AR	7 30	12 15	7 45
.....	2 17	CHEWESVILLE.....	11 59	7 31
4 34	2 25	SMITHSBURG.....	11 51	7 24
4 38	2 35	EDGEMONT.....	7 05	11 45	7 18
.....	2 53	AR. HIGHFIELD..LE	6 53	11 28	7 05
2 53	7 50	LE. HIGHFIELD..AR	16 50	11 25	7 02
3 22	8 17	FAIRFIELD.....	16 22	10 56	6 33
3 32	8 27	OKRTANNA.....	16 11	10 45	6 22
3 52	8 47	GETTYSBURG.....	15 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	BLUE RIDGE.....	6 52	11 23	7 01
5 10	3 20	MECHANICSTOWN..	6 25	10 51	6 34
.....	3 30	ROCKY RIDGE.....	10 38	6 23
5 30	3 44	BRUCEVILLE.....	10 26	6 13
5 37	3 55	UNION BRIDGE.....	6 00	10 16	6 04
.....	3 59	LINWOOD.....	10 09	5 58
5 44	4 05	NEW WINDSOR.....	5 53	10 03	5 53
5 57	4 23	WESTMINSTER.....	5 40	9 44	5 35
6 29	5 00	GLYNDON.....	5 11	9 01	4 57
.....	5 31	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	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

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P M	A M	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	A M	P M	P M
5 05	5 45	CHERRY RUN.....	8 55
.....	6 00	LE. WILLIAMSPORT..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.....SHIPPENSB'G..LE	6 05	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.

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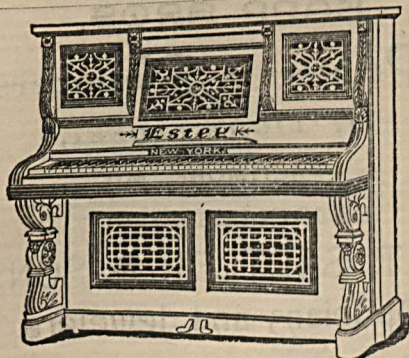
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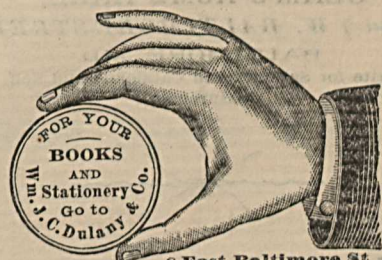
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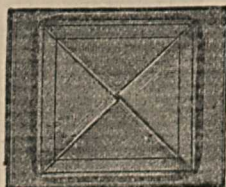
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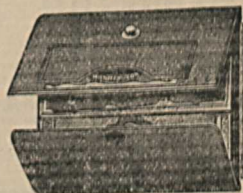
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Western Maryland College Monthly.

VOL. VII.

WESTMINSTER, MD., NOVEMBER, 1893.

No. 2

Western Maryland College Monthly.

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

EDWARD C. GODWIN, '94, Editor-in-Chief.

EDITORS:

ERTHA H. CHANDLER, '95.

LIZZIE L. THOMAS, '95.

GRACE S. WELLER, '95.

ALBERT J. LONG, '94.

W. H. COLLINS, '94.

L. IRVING POLLITT, '89, Alumna Editor.

WM. G. BAKER, JR., '94, Business Manager.

ELLEN J. HARPER, '94, Ass't Business Man.

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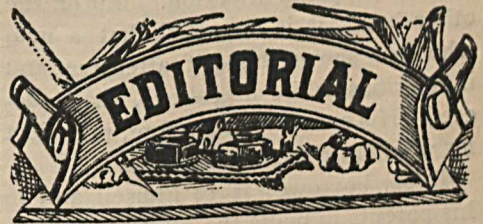
Advertising Rates can be obtained of the Business Manager, upon application.

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.*



MANY young men have the idea that mere attendance at some college for a certain length of time will make them college-bred men. They imagine that a spirit of culture and learning pervades the atmosphere of a college, like an invisible ether, which may be unconsciously absorbed by those who come in contact with it. No doubt, there is a certain amount of knowledge to be gained, by simply attending the stated exercises of a school without making any attempt at study, but the men who can rightfully lay claim to the title "college bred" are those who have assiduously improved their every opportunity. Moreover, by a mere freak of fortune, many persons who were hard students and industrious workers while at college, have remained obscure and unnoticed all their lives, while the idler has perhaps risen to great prominence in after years. This is the fact in many instances and by it many students are led into the belief that the cultivation of habits of industry in early years is of no importance. If you have that erroneous opinion struggle to free yourself from it. Do not be deceived by false appearances. It is true,

that men are often heard of who idled away their time at school, and in after life, became famous or distinguished, and *vice versa*, that some formerly hard students have remained in obscurity.

Nevertheless, this is by all means the exception, not the rule. The very fact that an indolent man has by some chance become rich or famous, is enough to attract wide-spread attention. But on the other hand, it is expected that a man who has shown himself attentive and industrious while at college, shall succeed. His success is therefore, no object for wonder or speculation.

Every boy owes it to himself and to his parents to make the most of his time at college, and if he would merit the approval of his own conscience and the praise of his friends, he must use his time to the best advantage and earnestly endeavor to improve every opportunity. By no other means can he get the most out of a college course. Every student has many spare moments in the course of the day which he could utilize to good advantage. Instead of loafing about the campus or "going down town," he might gain much lasting benefit by reading some good book or preparing work for society. By so doing he would not only receive much benefit, but he would also avoid the evil effects which inevitably attend habits of idleness.

GLANCING over our exchanges we notice, in many of them, editorials complaining of the lack of interest manifested in athletics—and especially in foot-ball—by the students of their respective institutions. We are indeed happy to say that there is no need for any special encouragement or incentive to induce the students of W. M. C. to heartily support foot-ball. In fact, we may say that never since we first put an

eleven in the field has such an interest been taken in its success.

Nevertheless, our great drawback to the proper organization and development of a foot-ball team, is the unseasonable interference of the base-ball enthusiasts. Each year, at the beginning of school, they insist upon reorganizing the old, last year's nine, and will not rest content until they have played one or more match games—chiefly with scrub teams from nowhere in particular. Such a proceeding naturally forces the foot-ball players to wait until the interest in base ball subsides, before they can begin the much needed training. As a result, our eleven is generally several weeks behind other colleges in beginning scheduled games, and several times has been defeated, simply because a long enough period had not been allowed for training.

We hope that next year the officers and members of the Athletic Association will see to it that no base ball is indulged in at a time when all of our energies should be directed to the selection of a foot-ball team.

ONE of the most important events of eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and undoubtedly the *most interesting* outside of the great Columbian Exposition, is the ninth series of races between England and America, for the America's Cup.

The first race was held forty-two years ago in a regatta near the English coast, in which the plucky little Yankee yacht, commanded by Commodore Stevens, came off the victor of eighteen yachts.

The cup was offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron, of Cowes, Isle of Wight, England, to the winning yacht. After much argument and many disputes it was given to the *America* on August 22, 1851. It was then very appropri-

ately named "The America's Cup." Although England has tried again and again to secure the prize, it has never left American hands.

The recent race was between the American sloop Vigilant, built by a syndicate of New York yachtmen and sailed by Captain Hansen, and the British sloop Valkyrie, owned by Lord Dunraven and sailed by Captain Canfield. The test was again one of centre-board against keel.

The Americans hold that the virtue of their yachts lies in the center-board, which lowered, keeps the boat from capsizing in a high wind, while the English deny this fact and maintain that it is all in the keel.

The last contest consisted of three races and though the sloops kept close together all the time, the Vigilant succeeded in coming out ahead each time, thus the handsome silver cup still remains with us.

Several interesting puns are out on the British yacht—one, originated by the New York urchins is as follows: "Say, did you know that Lord Dunraven is so very conscientious?" "No, is he?" "Yes, why he would not allow any of his sailors to bet on the race." "Why not?" "Because they did not have a cent-a-board;" and another is that the English people will never get Dunraving (en) over this race.

EVERY man when he is planning for the comfort of his declining years, arranges for many things as a matter of course. He endeavors to have an income proportional to his expenditures and which shall continue constant after he has retired from business. He will most likely contract the habit of whist or chess playing and will try to guard against dyspepsia and other disagreeable accom-

paniments of declining physical powers. But there are one or two comforts he may miss, because he does not appreciate their value until too late.

The greatest luxury of this sort is a periodical meeting with the men who were young when he was. His friends whom he sees every day are not sufficient, because their presence does not so vividly recall the days of his youth. A meeting with the companions of his early days, whom he sees only at long intervals, annihilates time and makes him young again.

The easiest way to accomplish this end is for a man to go to some college and return annually to its commencement. Here he finds himself among old acquaintances and is unconsciously carried back in spirit to the day when he first knew them. Such an experience is refreshing to the soul, and is looked forward to with increasing pleasure each year.

THE murder of Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, by a disappointed office-seeker, was a crime which aroused public indignation all over the country. Such crimes are of such a nature as to almost shake our confidence in popular government. A man disappointed in his hopes of political preferment became morbid intellectually, and was finally induced to commit a cowardly murder in revenge of a supposed wrong.

While it is impossible to entirely remove the causes which may induce such crimes, it is possible to considerably reduce them. An honest and intelligent civil-service system, which had the public confidence, would in a great measure lessen this danger. But, on the contrary, as long as important positions continue to be filled by appointments of a purely partizan and political character we must be exposed to such perils.



E. C. GODWIN AND GRACE S. WELLER, *Edts.*

William Tell a Myth.

IT is a curious fact that most people regard the renowned Swiss hero as a genuine historical character, and the European guide receives many a coin as he relates Tell's exploits to tourists who have ventured among Alpine scenes. The substance of the German epic is this: Gessler, Vogt of the Waldstaden, set a hat on a pole in the market place of Altorf, as an emblem of imperial authority, and commanded the people to salute it with uncovered head. The brave spirit of Tell chafed under the despotism of the tyrant, and one genial morning he passed the ducal hat without doing homage to the same, whereupon he was seized by the governor's servants and led before Gessler for trial. Gessler passed a curious sentence; having heard that Tell enjoyed unusual distinction as a cross-bowman, he ordered him to shoot an apple from his son's head at an almost impossible distance as a means of punishment—failure forfeiting him his life. To the surprise of the assembled, Tell carefully took aim and the apple and arrow fell upon the ground while the child smiled upon the successful archer. Not satisfied, Gessler inquired what he meant to have done with the second arrow he had placed in his girdle: "To have shot you, had I slain my son." For this bold declaration he was bound and cast into a boat to be taken with Gessler's train to Kuss-

nacht. A sudden storm arose, Tell was loosed to steer the boat; he towed her to the land, seized his bow and arrows, sprang on shore and pushed the boat into the lake again. Gessler landed however when the storm abated, and the Switzer, concealed in the rocky defile, shot him through the heart.

Saxo Grammaticus, a Dane, writes of a national hero as follows, in the twelfth century: "Toki, who had for some time been in the king's service, had, by his deeds surpassing those of his comrades, made enemies of his virtues. One day, when he had drunk too much, he boasted to those who sat at table with him, that his skill in archery was such that with the first shot of an arrow he could hit the smallest apple set on the top of a stick at a considerable distance. His detractors, hearing this, lost no time in conveying what he had said to the king, Harold Bluetooth. But the wickedness of this monarch soon transformed the confidence of the father to the jeopardy of the son, for he ordered the dearest pledge of his life to stand in place of the stick, from whom, if the utterer of the boast did not at his first shot strike down the apple, he should with his head, pay the penalty of having made an idle boast. * * * As soon as the boy was led forth, Toki admonished him to receive the whirl of the arrow as calmly as possible, with attentive ears, and without moving his head lest by a slight motion of the body he should frustrate the experience of his well-tried skill. * * * Then he drew three arrows from his quiver and the very first struck the proposed mark. Toki, being asked by the king why he had taken so many more arrows out of his quiver, when he was to make but one trial with his bow, replied: "That I might avenge on thee the error of the

first by the points of the others, lest my innocence might happen to be afflicted, and thy injustice go unpunished."

Norwegians, Finns, Persians, Icelanders and there is even an English version in the ballad, William of Cloudsley, relate the same incident in connection with their own countrymen of times divided by centuries.

A number of commentators deny that any part of the story is based on fact, while all who have made investigation, agree that the incident of the apple is purely legendary, for instance. Voltaire remarks "l'histoire de la pomme est bien suspecte," and indeed claims that the entire tale has no historical foundation. They justify their assertions on the ground that so many versions of the same narrative are scattered through countries quite remote from Tell's fatherland applied to certain mythical heroes of those countries; therefore they cannot be mistaken for history, but are rather one of the household myths common to the whole Aryan family. Guilmann naturally asks what has become of his family and relatives, and why he was not spoken of by his contemporaries, but the answer is not recorded. Ideler *proves* the apple incident a legend: Schiller shows the existence of grave disparities between the different accounts of Swiss narrators; Kopp declares that although a continuous series of charters exist relative to the bailiffs of Kussnacht, there is no Gessler among them. Tell is not mentioned in contemporary records but we can infer that a peasant of that name shot an Austrian bailiff from the existence of the Tell Chapel erected through the gratitude of his colleagues, the only occurrence in the whole charming epic which is credible, although not positively ascertained.

Wiseacres may smile at those who

sanction its acceptance; historians may demonstrate its utter untrustworthiness as history, yet we think the epic will stand as an evidence of the power and beauty of Germanic language, and a splendid portrayal of Swiss peasant life in those troubled times.

M. EDNA TAGG, '93.

Glimpses of Sleepy Hollow.

A COUNTRY church-yard or cemetery affords food for earnest reflection. I am not morbid, nor do I incline to morbid thoughts, yet I must confess to a quiet pleasure derived from the communion a public cemetery affords. An hour spent in such a place lifts the soul of the thoughtful mind away from the life he is then existing and makes him meditate upon the great, the eternal truth by, and for which, he exists. Then, if at no other time, he is forced to give ear and thought to those stern questions which must come to us all at some time and always with the "still, small voice."

There is one thought that comes to him then, deep in its meaning and only found answer to in a struggle. *He* must give up the proud heart that he then possesses and die and be forgotten. *His* proud heart, heir to the thoughts and passions of his predecessors, and freighted with the intensity of *his* individuality, must give up the consciousness that it then knows and pass from being, as a flash on the sea. The world will go on in its sweep and turn of affairs and not know nor remember the passions of his own hopes or the individuality that was given to his own life. Gifted with power to work, to build, to achieve, to have hopes and ambitions, and to love, he must lay them all aside, pass from the sphere where his faculties found play

and go out alone into the mystery which surrounds his existence.

A quiet steals over us as we pass through the green aisles of a churchyard to find the resting place of the friend, who, when with us was the inspiration of our life. The departed spirit comes back again in the gentle memory of his life, blotting out all painful recollections and bringing to remembrance only the good to bid us more courage and a stouter heart. And so, I think, there is no influence so strongly sweet as that which lingers about the place which hides from sight the loved hope and inspiration which once walked and talked with us and revealed truth which then needed no interpretation.

It was my great pleasure during the summer to visit many of the scenes of Washington Irving's life and work. The home which used to be Irving's, known as Sunnyside Cottage, and resembling an "old cocked hat," as he himself expressed it, is situated on the banks of the Hudson, about an hour's ride from the city of New York. A dense foliage nearly shuts in the Cottage from the view of sight-seers and pleasure excursionist, who, in passing on the river are desirous of catching a glimpse of what used to be the home of America's most loved prose-poet. The view from the study window is one of quiet beauty. The Hudson, at that point five miles wide, stretches out to view, and here and there a loitering sail or huge river steamer greet your eye as it revels in the splendid prospect. It was here Irving found his inspiration, and as we looked out upon the pleasantly layed-off grounds surrounding the "many gabled house" and then across to the opposite bank of the river and the haze in the distance, we questioned if Irving could have been other than Irving had

he tried. The Hudson throws an enchantment about all he has written and I think the admirer of Irving will find the secret of his style in the gentle dreaminess surrounding Sunnyside cottage and the old Sleepy Hollow just a few miles further on.

With the aid of an old tin cup that lay rusting in the sun we quenched our thirst from the spring that breaks from the foot of the bluff upon which the cottage stands. As we stooped to dip from the spring we saw reflected from some unseen presence the ghosts and goblin's and headless horsemen that form so interesting a part of the genial author's works. The very atmosphere here seems to be filled with spirits which long since have left their tenements of clay, and there is heard whenever the wind blows from the hollow—so I've heard—strange voices calling out in doleful cadence; and again when the wind turns in the opposite direction faint sounds are heard, as if in answer, and the air is filled with other world whispers.

Just three miles north of Sunnyside, at the beginning of the hollow, waits the village of Tarrytown. I don't know what it is waiting for, but it waits. This is the place where the Dutch husbands used to *tarry* too long at the village tavern, for which they always received the execration of their faithful wives. Now, as of old, the inhabitants love to sit on the door-sills of their houses pleasantly chatting away the sun-set hour over the thousand and one little things, in themselves nothing, yet forming a part of any ideal country life. They may have found higher callings and may be pursuing them with honorable success, yet they have not gotten over this habit of their father's; for just as soon as the evening comes along the busy house-wives and careless maidens

and tired-out husbands take their positions as I have pointed out and spend their evenings in that careless enjoyment which is beautiful to look at and most pleasant to participate in—the quiet gossip which the old Dutch settlers have bequeathed unto all their successors.

From Tarrytown we walked through the Hollow to the old church-yard where Irving is buried. It was nearing sundown and my friend who was with me seemed to grow uneasy at the thought of approaching night. He had read Irving and was somewhat acquainted with the strange legends of the Hollow and felt, I suppose, a little timid in finding himself there and in the heart of it all.

Experiencing a little difficulty in finding our way, and being at a loss as to just which way to go, we were set aright by a denizen of the place whom we met near the old bridge. He was a veritable Ichabod Crane, long and lank and with a sort of pedagogue look about him, but took great pleasure in directing us to the old church in the graveyard of which our author is buried.

The sun was about to set, and in setting threw a strange spell over the surrounding region. The holiest hour of the day was upon us in the spot of so much legend and story, and the spirit of the happy historian of its secrets dwelt upon the lazy stream at our feet and the dense fog arising from the plain below. We soon found the grave, which was marked by a small slab without the slightest ornament and bearing the simple inscription: Washington Irving, born April 3, 1783; died Nov. 28, 1859.

A name, proud as the proudest our land can boast, and a fame as broad as the English language and its kindred tongues, has only this simple inscription to mark the place where lies asleep and

yet "in smile" the genial author whom all Americans love who know the tongue they use. And yet, he needs no monument to speak his deeds. His monument, higher than the highest shaft, has been reared in the hearts of those whom he has reached by his pen and gentle life, and upon the literature he has embellished and enriched.

As I stood there and the memories of his lovely life and real touch upon the outside world came upon me, I could not help but compare the life of such a man, his unselfishness of manner and the success he made of life with some of the names held up for our study whose only ambition is personal preference, and whose sole aim the gratification of selfish desires. True success needs no towering monument nor cry of the rabble in its behalf. The record it leaves behind it is its best epitaph. I was proud that Western Maryland College had a society named in honor of Washington Irving, and as one of her students I was glad to pay my homage at his shrine. For, I think, of all the names that our nation is glad to remember and honor, there are none with a purer message for our posterity than the genial historian of the Hudson, who caught up the dreaminess of the hills and valleys and wove it into legends which play upon our fancies and sentiments and language and make for us a more distinctively American literature. We are a stronger people because such men as Washington Irving have passed into our history. As individuals we are further on in our hope and ambition because Washington Irving has left behind him the memory of his life and has passed through the gate of pearl.

Below us was the old hollow asleep in its thousand years of lethargy. Its historian has passed away and at my

feet was his tomb, but his history remains. He now rests among the people whose fathers he loved and worked for, and there his life goes on in their lives, for those now advanced in life look back upon his life as a gift to their childhood when they saw him and heard him and felt the presence of his kindly hand. And so as the day closed and the night drew on apace, and the hollow threw its shadows upon the dying day and made ghosts out of trees and goblins out of stones, the spirit of our historian seemed to pervade the air, bringing to remembrance the tales which he gave to the world in the stories we learned at our mother's knee. In mind Ichabod started out with his luckless and borrowed mare on his evening ride to the hospitable mansion of the farmer whose daughter he loved. From thence returning with her refusal cut deep into his heart he goes down into the heart of the hollow and is never heard of again. Katrina accepted the other fellow and old Baltus Van Tassel locked his corn-crib and went to bed.

The nearing approach of night when the same stars that winked at Ichabod in his grief and sorrow upon the memorable night of his refusal, would light the same sky again and linger on the same hills and tree-tops, now asleep and for evermore, bade us leave behind us our reveries, but carry from the place the inspiration received from our visit to Washington Irving's tomb.

A. N. WARD, '95.

My First Impressions of W. M. C.

AS the train rolled out of Baltimore with the crowd of gay college girls whom I had just joined, I felt that now an entirely different life was before me from the one which I was leaving behind.

I realized that the days were gone when scarcely no responsibility rested upon me, when all my acts were guarded by kind parents, when every care was taken to them, and I, a child, was free. I felt that I was just beginning life as an individual. Now I was to exert an influence. Not that I had never exerted any before, for even the smallest child makes impressions for good or bad on its playmates, and is to some degree accountable for its acts. But I felt that the time had come when this individual was to prove to the world that its existence was for some purpose. The All-Wise had placed it here and given it powers, the use of which He left at its disposal. Whether they would be gratefully expanded and improved for His glory, was now for it to prove.

I had heard much of the beauty of the scenery in and around Westminster, and I was not in the least disappointed. After humanity, God's grandest work is the ocean, then the hills and mountains. Westminster, surrounded by a circle of hills, while off in the distance the blue line of the mountains tower to meet the heavens, is a sight for an artist to appreciate.

As we wended our way from the depot up towards the college hill, the first building pointed out to us, and which, of course, I supposed to be of first importance to the girls at least, was Grumbine's candy store. Before we reached Levine Hall, the college steeple appeared above the tree tops, and it was not long before we had entered the campus, shaded by pines, spruce, maples, etc., ascended "the paths" and were in the preceptress' sitting-room, where I was introduced to the crowd of girls, among whom was my room-mate, assembled there to meet the new-comers. I was taken to my nicely furnished room

which, in a short time, with the aid of pictures, curtains, etc., we had looking bright and cosy.

Soon the ringing of the bell announced supper. We all went rushing into the dining-room regardless of class, rank, age or name. In the opposite door came the boys and the instant their heads came inside the threshold the eyes of both boy and girl turned some voluntarily, some involuntarily to the opposite door, each anxious to see if their last year's "strike" had returned and the new girls had to endure the inquiring glances. Finally we were all at our places and after grace, began the clatter of chairs, plates, knives, forks and spoons. Such noise, such noise! All this hubbub was soon done away with and after the first few meals, we marched in the most orderly manner.

After accompanying the girls in their usual evening promenade up and down "the path" until it became so dark the boys could no longer be distinguished at that distance, I went in to unpack my trunks. It was not long, however, before I was called down and ushered into the presence of the President to be registered. As I entered, he wheeled around in his chair and notwithstanding his searching glance, he spoke very kindly to me. After being registered and plied with a few questions concerning old students who lived at my home, I was dismissed with best wishes for my success in examinations.

The anxiety of the next day is never to be forgotten. How I went from one room to another where I was greeted by grave professors and a paper with the questions on it or pointed to the black-board whereon was written the examinations which were to decide my fate. For two whole days was I in anxious suspense, being weighed in the balances.

But luckily for me my weight was found sufficient to admit me to the desired class. When informed of the fact I felt as if the whole year's work would be nothing compared with the anxiety of the first examinations.

Without hesitancy I can say that my first impressions of the College were good and so far have been lasting. A longing at times for home is natural to girls who for the first time have left the homes and friends so dear to them. But the united efforts of the teachers for the advantage and pleasure of us, the sympathetic and ever loving schoolmates are not calculated to foster this longing.

B. M., '95.

The Way to be Happy.

AMONG the many beautiful and touching operas which have graced the stages and gratified the tastes of civilized cultured people, is one by M. W. Balfe, which from its tender melody and suggestive composition, makes one think that the author when writing it, depended not only on a gifted imagination, however powerful, but drew from his own experience those fitting statements which so adequately express the truisms of life. The opera in question is "Bohemian Girl," and that particular portion which intrudes itself upon my memory as I write is a gypsy-chorus, in which occurs the following:

"And wealth with its hoards cannot buy,
The peace content can supply,
And rank in its halls cannot find,
The calm of a happy mind."

Happiness is a transitory goddess, too often like to-morrow. Real and tangible it appears when viewed from a distance, but slipping away as the hand reaches to grasp it. Tantalus in Hades did not reach for the apples which hung within

his reach and the water which even then rose to his mouth, more eagerly and expectantly than do some people try for happiness and the goal evades them with the same persistency, as did the fruit and water of mythological punishment.

Happiness is indeed a voluntary state, to some an ever present almost unconscious blessing, to others forever a closed book. It does not come from amount or extent of possessions, for no matter how much should be given to man, he would still sigh for more. Given this world, the other planets would then take their places within the circle of his desires, and like Alexander, he would weep that he had no more worlds to conquer.

It was once a native principle, but immediately took flight, when our first parents left their Eden paradise, and all down the ages has been something for which many have sought, but few found.

Among all these seekers, many times has the question of my subject been asked, but the only answer whose merit has preserved its record, is that of St. Paul, when he says, "Already have I learned that in whatsoever state I may be, therewith to be content." Contentment of mind and heart is indeed the highest blessing God can bestow, for it leads to the only true happiness.

It is indeed wonderful how people of the most limited intelligence, possessed of no luxuries and a paucity of comforts, can be so utterly and entirely happy. A friend of mine tells a little story which I think serves well to illustrate this. He was traveling in North Carolina, in the region of the Big Smoky Mountains, and the inhabitants of that vicinity exhibited the most primitive tastes and habits. One morning he was much surprised to see large parties of them equipped and provisioned for traveling,

briskly wending their way to what was evidently some point of especial interest. On inquiring the cause of this unusual action, he was not a little surprised to learn that they intended visiting "the circus" — "the great *big* circus," as they explained. Knowing the fact of a circus being encamped some distance away he naturally estimated their desire to see it, at a very high rate, and waited to hear some of their expressions of pleasure on their return. Nor was he disappointed. Their enthusiasm was evidently great, and he heard much of "the elephant," "the horse" and the "woman who jumped through the hoop." They had thoroughly enjoyed themselves and for many months the all-important circus served to satisfy the mountaineer's desire for excitement and pleasure. But what was the surprise and astonishment of my friend when he learned that the "circus," to see which these simple people had traveled so far, was only the gaily-colored posters on the fences and stores of a small village, a little removed from a larger town where was encamped the real circus. But what cared they for this? With what they had seen they were satisfied, as much so as had Barnum and Forepaugh paraded before them their accumulated curiosities.

It is presumption in man to expect the fulfilment of his every wish and desire, and to base on this state of affairs his peace of mind and heart. As King David so eloquently expresses, after gazing on the stupendous works of the Creator as embodied in the universe, "what is man that thou art mindful of him!"

To a mind so disposed there can be found pleasure in every one of life's circumstances. Take for instance the patient toiler after his daily bread.

Perhaps it is a new experience to be thrown on his own resources. "There is certainly nothing pleasant in this," he despondently exclaims, as he gloomily travels along to the scene of his daily labors. But isn't there? Where is that consciousness of duty done and honor won? Where is that independent feeling of a man and "nobody has my I. O. U."

There is pleasure even in sorrow. How many people brood and weep over, and tenderly nurse an old wound through years and years? How many old maids let a daily tear moisten their wrinkled cheeks, as they gaze upon a lock of bonny brown hair, cut years ago from the head of some sailor laddie, now sleeping beneath the waves? How many little shoes stand gilded upon a mantel-piece to be gazed at with streaming eyes by as many sorrowing mothers!

And you say this is grief? Does human nature naturally cling to the painful? Even the Stoic of old, with the fangs of the fox in his vitals, was not enduring all pain. Intermixed there was a certain grim pleasure, which threw a rosy glamour over the suffering.

When scenes and objects send a keen, sharp pain darting through our sensibilities, we do not seek to revisit them. It is only when constant brooding has brought its sense of pleasure, that we gaze again and again.

The child's copy-book says: "The good are happy." To be good means to be unselfish, considerate for others and contented. Seeking for pleasure, one does not find true happiness. Pleasure and happiness are not synonymous. Cicero says "there is no vice, the cause of which, may not be traced to the love of pleasure." This desire has caused the fall of nations and is purely sensual in its origin, but the quest for true

happiness has in it something of the divine.

After all "life is what we make it," and our capacity for pleasure or pain lies with ourselves. However deep the gloom, the hopeful heart is sure to find some ray of light.

It is a very good plan when one is dissatisfied with one's own lot, to turn his attention to those who are less comfortably situated. Affairs are never so bad but that they might be worse.

Learn then contentment, and the lesson though difficult, brings a rich reward.

The Grass Dance of the Sioux.

I have no doubt that all of you, my readers, have read descriptions of Indian dances of different kinds, and some of you may have had the good fortune to see one. I am sure, however, that you have all heard of the Ghost Dance practised by the Sioux or Dacotah Indians in the winter of 1890, during their religious or Messianic excitement. Whether you have or not, I feel confident you will be interested in the description of a curious dance indulged in by that tribe, which is called the Grass Dance.

The Indians of the present day do not subsist in the same manner as their ancestors of twenty-five years ago. That is by hunting the buffalo. But they are in a great measure dependent upon the government for support. Every tribe has a separate reservation set apart for them, and a special agent appointed to take charge of them. It is the custom for these agents to issue the rations furnished the Indians at intervals of fifteen days or two weeks. Thus it becomes necessary for those Indians, living at some distance from the agency, to

make constant journeys to receive their rations. It is on the return from a trip like this, that the ceremony called a Grass Dance is generally held by the Sioux.

In the centre of every Indian village stands a circular structure built of poles and probably about twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter. The roof consists only of a few beams, and on an occasion of this kind is overlaid with freshly cut boughs. In one corner of this council house, for such it is, a large Indian drum is suspended from sticks, so that it reaches within an inch or two of the floor. It is hung in this manner in order that it may be easily beaten by drummers, who are squatted upon the ground. There are nine or ten of these drummers, and each one is provided with a large drum-stick just like those used for a bass-drum.

Two or three hours before the dance is to begin, the braves whose duty it is to furnish music for the performance, take their places around the drum and begin to practice. This music consists of chanting in a very high and shrill key, and keeping time to the chant by beating the drum. As the voices of the drummers are loud and pitched in a very high key, the drum is beaten furiously, and the lower the chant the slower the beating of the drum.

This drumming and singing is kept up for an hour or so, during which time most of the old men of the tribe have entered and squatted in a circle around the interior of the wall. The pipe is passed around several times, and finally one of the old men will rise and going outside will shout several times in a loud voice. He then re-enters and resumes his place. In a few minutes warriors may be seen issuing from their tepees, muffled up to their eyes in their

blankets. They join the old men, and the pipe is again circulated.

When most of the braves who are to participate in the ceremony have assembled, the musicians again commence their wild chant, and the leader of the dance throws off his blanket and springing from his place begins to dance. One by one the warriors follow his example until everybody, with the exception of the old men, is engaging in the performance.

The dance is the ordinary hopping motion which is common to all the Indian tribes of the United States. To the superficial observer it seems as though each individual dancer went through exactly the same motions. But on closer inspection, one is able to discern at least three distinct modes of dancing. The Indians themselves claim that there are seventy-two separate and distinct steps used in the grass dance.

Each brave holds his head erect and glances rapidly from side to side, at each turn of the body uttering a loud and blood-curdling yell. The chest is thrown well forward and the body slightly bent.

When engaging in a dance of this kind an Indian is completely naked, except for a breech-clout, which is of some bright color. The entire body is covered with paint, the prevailing hues being red and yellow. The general idea seems to be to mark the face so as to appear as hideous as possible, while the remainder of the body is of a solid color. Head-dresses of horse-hair and feathers, brightly dyed, are worn—each warrior possessing as fine a one as his means will permit. Nearly every buck bears a weapon of some kind. Either a gun, spear, bow or war-club, which is flourished menacingly at the spectators. Strings of sleigh-bells are fastened about the persons of the

dancers, and these add their continual jingling to the mingled chorus of savage yells and whoops, the monotonous rythm of the chant and the thumping of the big aboriginal drum.

The dancing continues for several minutes till the music, if it may be called such, suddenly ceases and the dancers resume their seats. In a few seconds the chanting and drumming begins anew, and the same thing is done as before.

After about an hour of this amuse-ment an old squaw enters bearing a large pot of meat which she sets on the fire, burning in the centre of the council house, and then retires. As soon as the dance is begun again two warriors, painted as nearly alike as possible, dance up to the meat and away again, all the time keeping their faces towards it and making signs to it. This they keep up for the space of several minutes. At the end of that time two more warriors, also painted alike, advance towards the meat dancing and bearing in their right hands small lances which they finally thrust into the pot. Upon their withdrawal a third couple of dancers repeat the preceding performance having, however, whistles in place of lances. These they blow shrilly, and then advance and seize the meat.

The apparent spell now seems to have been broken, and the last two dancers referred to distribute the food among the company. Each individual receives but one piece of meat. To our surprise, however, no one touches the tempting morsel placed before him, which is entirely opposite to Indian custom. It seems to the spectator that the dancers are indifferent as to whether they get anything to eat or not. A fact which is surprising.

This seeming indifference is soon explained by the further continuance of

the ceremony. Most likely one of the chiefs will rise and in a short speech exhort or instruct his followers in regard to this religious rite. For such it is supposed to be. Then at the conclusion of his address will take from the pot a small piece of meet. This he holds up to the North, South, East and West successively, and finally throws into the fire.

Immediately all present fall to and devour the food placed before them. Not content with that alone, they continue to empty pot after pot of meat which is brought in by the squaws, until their hunger is allayed or the food supply gives out. It is only over the first kettle, however, that the ceremony just described is enacted.

When the feast has been concluded and everyone feels refreshed and in an agreeable mood, then is the time that the speeches are made and the business is transacted just the same as at a civilized banquet. The savage audience signify their appreciation of the addresses of their chiefs by a chorus of grants reminding one of a herd of swine enjoying a plentiful supply of acorns. After sufficient time has been taken up by speeches the dancing is again resumed.

This, then, is the grass dance. Some other dances of the Sioux may be more exciting and interesting than this one, but there is none so curious. The war-dance, sun-dance and scalp-dance are more exciting than the grass-dance, but at the same time they are of a cruel nature and white men are very seldom permitted to witness them.

In most cases the interesting ceremony just described, begins late in the afternoon and is continued far into the night. As we leave the Indian village behind us and return to our camp, the shades of evening are falling. The

noise of the dance grows fainter and fainter, and gradually dies away in the distance. But ever and anon in the course of the night, the booming of the immense drum or a sally of yells and whoops of unusual loudness is borne to our ears on the night wind. And as we sit around our camp fire, we still see in our minds eye, the blazing fire and the group of painted and yelling savages dancing about it, to the accompaniment of that wild singing and the dull thumping of the drum.

E. C. GODWIN, '94.



WINFIELD H. COLLINS, Editor.

Exchanges.

The Souvenir is an interesting little paper. Its literary department, though not extended, is very good.

The College World is not what should be expected from the institution it represents. In our estimation it is susceptible of improvement in every way.

The Owl as usual is filled with a number of articles well worth reading. It is the best exchange on our list this month.

The Midland is at hand again. In it we notice a glaring mistake. *Multum in parvum* should be *multum in parvo*. Correct Latin is not in very good taste, and bad Latin is not to be endured.

The Mercersburg Monthly was received this week. It is a bright little paper and we are glad to exchange.

Two numbers of *The Guilford College* have arrived. It is a good paper, and we are glad to exchange.

The Heidelberg Argus for September contains two articles which deserve notice. "Personal Worth the only Legitimate Passport in Society," and "Characteristics of the English Language and Literature."

The College Student is an ever welcome visitor. Its last number concludes an interesting and instructive essay on "Reading" by a professor of the college it represents. It matters not how fine may be the productions, we hope it is not customary for professors to monopolize its pages to the exclusion of students, for whose literary improvement college papers exist. Although a professor's productions are as a rule more profitable to the general reader, an hour's writing by the student himself is more beneficial than a day's reading. An ounce of practice is worth a pound of advice.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet from the Pacific Coast entitled "A Novel Proposition." The author advocates moving farm products as mail matter at a uniform rate for all distances. The end he seems to have in view is to make farming more profitable. The means he would employ, to our mind, defeats the aim. By his method a farmer in the far West would market his products in New York or any other Eastern city for the same as one but fifty miles distant. Would not this utterly destroy the farming interests of the East? We think so. The land of the West being so much more productive and cultivated at less expense, all land products could be grown so much cheaper, which would have the above effect.

But we will send our surplus abroad. This cannot be profitably done, because

we have so many cheap grain-growing countries with which to compete. And the further we look in the distance the poorer the prospect of profitable export becomes. It is stated that wheat can be grown in Argentina at a profit of thirteen cents on a bushel if it is sold for seventy cents in Europe. Argentina exported 29,000,000 bushels of wheat last year, with but one-twentieth of its suitable wheat land in cultivation. So it is easily seen that our only salvation will lie in home consumption. We already produce more than we can consume, and if Mr. Lubber's plan were adopted, not only would the Eastern farmers be sacrificed, but production in the West would receive such an impetus, the supply would be far greater than the demand and prices would fall to a minimum as the inevitable result. And farming in the West would pay less than now. No! Mr. Lubber, your plan will not produce the results you expect.

We heartily welcome to our exchange list *The Randolph Macon Monthly*. It is a paper of merit if we are to judge from the October number. We read with pleasure and enjoyed as a literary treat the address before the two literary societies. The title, not given, appeared to be, "Faith, the Secret of Success." We recognize it as the production of a broad mind and thinking soul. We quote the following: "There have been men of high purpose and lordly deeds who have bequeathed their name and example as a rich legacy to the race, and these have been men of a single aim and an unconquerable faith. Some master-purpose with a single eye has stepped forth and fixed its gaze upon a goal, and all the powers of body, mind and heart have wheeled like disciplined soldiers into line, and under the leadership of this controlling power have gone straight

forward to conquest and victory. All their labors have evolved from one purpose and converged toward one achievement. Amidst the din and roar of a thousand different voices calling men to labor and reward, their ears have caught the voice of their master-purpose calling and through toil, difficulty and discouragement they have gone steadily forward up the steep Limplou Pass to the mountain crest!"

College Notes.

The university for women soon to be established in Germany, will be the first of its kind in that country.

A college should be a mental gymnasium where the muscles of the intellect may be strengthened by well directed exercise.

The College Life, from Emporia, says that it is a contradictory policy in a co-educational institution to separate the young ladies and young gentlemen in literary work.

Last year the United States spent \$155,000,000 for education, while Great Britain expended \$35,000,000 and France only \$25,000.

The Yale recitation periods have been changed from one hour to fifty minutes.

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

German boys are said to be intellectually the strongest in the world, Irish boys the wittiest, French boys the cleverest and American boys the brightest.

The sum of all the salaries of college professors is annually \$80,000,000.

Washington College, Md., publishes no college paper and has but one literary society.

At the University of Chicago both students and faculty are required to wear the cap on all important public occasions. Different styles distinguish the several grades of students, fellows and faculty.

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.



A. J. LONG, LIZZIE THOMAS AND BERTHA CHANDLER, *Editors.*

Personals.

MRS. A. P. Forsythe, Mrs. W. H. Forsythe, Miss Clark and Rev. Mr. Fultz, spent Oct. 21 with Miss Forsythe.

Mr. William Thomas and Mrs. W. R. Evitt, visited Miss Thomas on Saturday, Oct. 21.

Miss Howard received a short call from her uncle, Mr. Howard, on Oct. 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemmon visited their daughter Miss Virginia, on Oct. 21.

Miss Plank and Miss Lemmon spent Oct. 21 to 24 in Baltimore.

Miss Keating spent Oct. 27 to 30 in Baltimore.

We were all very much pleased to have one of 93's members, Miss Wimbrough, make us a short visit recently.

Mrs. Bohanan visited her daughter on Oct. 11th. Miss Wise also entertained her father on the same day.

Mr. Hugh Parker a student of Bryant & Stratton's Business College, Balto., called on his cousin, Miss Parker, on Oct. 21.

Miss Brewington spent Oct. 20 to 30 with her parents in Baltimore.

Mrs. Weller is spending some time with her daughter, Miss Grace.

Miss Gunkel left the college on Oct. 27, for a short visit to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Menefee, of Keyser, W. Va., paid a visit of several days to Westminster to see their son Arthur.

C. L. Dougherty, '98, received a visit from his father, the Rev. Dougherty of Heathsville, Va., on the 25th inst.

William M. Garrison had the pleasure of a visit from his father on October 24.

F. W. Story, '95, paid a visit to Baltimore on the 27th inst., in order to have an interview with Mr. Prettyman, superintendent of the State Normal School.

Locals.

—Why did Miss Noble take down Webster's Condensed Dictionary to translate German? She was thinking of having Poetics a whole hour with the boys.

—Miss R—t '95. "Edna, did you have your pictures taken Rembrant?" Miss E—n '95. No, I had them taken profile."

—Miss D—s '96. "Oh Nan! what are you studying about?" Miss K—g '96. "I am not studying I am *pos (ey)* ing."

—"How did you get along with your poem?" said one fair girl to another. "It was an artistic success, but a financial failure." "Was it accepted?"

"Yes, but the pay didn't equal the price of the ribbon I tied the manuscript with.—*Washington Star*.

—Junior joke—Green hair.

—Miss W—e '96. Nellie why are you so anxious for Christmas to come?" Miss P—t—r '96. Because I know I shall see (St.) Nicholas then."

—Miss F. (in English class) "Miss R. who was Absalom?" Miss R—r '95. "He was the man who killed Goliath."

—Miss M—d '97. "Anna, aren't you glad that you have a great deal of fore sight (Forsythe)?" Miss F—e '97. "No, all I care for is to see *Well* (s)."

—Miss R—r '95 thinks all meetings should be closed by singing the *carnation*.

—The greatest event of the seassn—The Sophomore Class meeting.

—Constance.—"Did he not go after you refused him?" Clare.—No, he stayed right on and said, 'All things come to him who waits.'" Constance.—"And what came?" Clare.—"Father was the first."—*Puck*.

—Miss D— '94. "Ellen, how do you spell dahlia?" Miss H— '94 (absent-mindedly) "D—o—u—g—h—e—r—t—y."

His head was jammed into the sand,
His arms were broke in twain,
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone
He ne'er would walk again.

His lips moved slow, I stopped to hear
The whispers they let fall;
His voice was weak, but this I heard,
"Old man, who got the ball?"—*Ex*.

—Mr. F.—'94 in barber chair. Barber T.—What is it, hair-cut or shave. Mr. F.—Shave. Barber T.—Did you bring your moustache with you?

—Wanted.—A rocking chair at the male Senior table.

—Found.—A Senior pony on the

ladies' path. The owner will obtain the same by applying to a '95.

—Miss T—n '94. "Say Blanche, a predecessor is one who comes after; isn't it?" (What is wrong with Miss T's morality.)

—Miss C—n '95. "Mr. S. what is a psychical reaction?" Mr. S—k—e. "A psychical reaction is a physiological evolution revolving in the atmosphere."


—What made Miss C—r '95 insist, in the Latin class, that the final "is" in "brevis" was *long*.

—The other evening when the College cat came in the dining-hall and went over towards the male Sophomore table what made Miss E— '96 exclaim: "Oh, Will (ie) Pet (t) it?"

—The male Seniors are noted for excellent German Translations. It is because of the time they put on it—at least so one of them says.

—When you write a merry jest,
Cut it short;
It will be too long at best,
Cut it short;
Life is brief and full of care;
Editors don't like to swear;
Treat your poem like your hair;
Cut it short,—*Ex*.

—Mr. D— '97, says the principal food stuffs are eggs and vegetables that we dig out of the ground.

—I met a girl of the.
And gently pressed her 
I tho't I'd pop the ?
But I didn't have the S&—*Ex*.

A considerable number of German immigrants have settled in a certain portion of the Eastern Shore. Mr. Collins says he expects to teach school there next year and will make it a specialty to teach these settlers German.

—We are unable to say, for certain,

what is on Mr. Eckard's mind, but we had very fair grounds for an inference the other day, in the Latin Class. In reading "ante omnis," he said "Auntie Thomas."

—An inquisitive senior wants to learn the difference between a *geological* strike and a *college* strike.

—Tyre: I wonder if I will marry a girl up here. Collins: No; they don't want to be ti(r)ed.

—Irony is a disgusted satire.—W. Revelle.

—The cause of Mr. Forsythe's smash-up—too lazy to smile.

A professor asked one student,
Whom he regarded as prudent,
To tell in words, few and brief,
The difference between reverence and grief.
The lad reflected for minutes, many;
Then replied that there was not any.
His name, here, we will not mention,
But to his initials call attention.
The former would be rigid and *gravis*,
While the latter are Charles E. Davis.

—Forsie, please recite the "Raven" for me? Why certainly—

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered weak and weary,
Dreaming of my darling little one;
I awoke and there she stood, by gum."

—Ward '96, has gained quite a reputation as a stump-speaker; he already has one *plank* for his political platform.

—Mr. Bryan says he will no longer take anything in small quantities; he must have a Ful(1)ton or none at all. What a joke on the peanut barrel.

—Our hope goes up, and our heart goes down, when we see Mr. Gibson continually breaking his temperance pledge by his incessant fondness for Port(er). Oh how sad!

—Professor: What is the difference

between gravity and gravitation? Mr. Livingston, '96: One is a noun and the other a verb. (The class laughed.)

—Say, Strayer, who wrote Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding? "Shakespeare," was the reply.

—Professor: Give principal parts of Volo. Mr. Galbreath: Volo, Velle, Veller. Professor: What part of the verb is Veller? Mr. Galbreath: That is the principal part.

"Y" Entertainment.

ON Saturday evening, October twenty-first, the College branch of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union gave to its members and friends a very enjoyable entertainment. The program opened with a Chorus, "For Thee, O! Dear, Dear Country" from the Holy City, by Gaul. The President's address, delivered by Miss Ala B. Jones, gave a resume of the aim and work of the "Y" during the year just closed. Miss Pauline Barnes played Schubert's Impromptu in her usual brilliant style; and Miss Ellen Harper read a selection entitled "Little Tom." A vocal duet by Miss Strayer and Miss Gunkel won great applause and a recitation by Miss Nannie Lease closed the literary part of the program. Six shadow pictures, "A Quiet Snooze," "The Arrival of Grumbine's Boy," "O! That Tooth," "The Goblins 'll Git You," "Jack Sprat and Wife" and "Bashful Lovers," gave in black and white some realistic pictures of life. The pantomime "Temptation" was presented in a very attractive manner, and the whole entertainment reflected great credit upon the energetic President of the "Y" and her able assistants. The stage setting was even more artistic than is usual upon such occasions, and

the occasion was one of pure enjoyment to all. At the close of the entertainment an opportunity was given for any one who wished to join the "Y," and several new members were enrolled.

The temperance work is a noble one and we wish it great success all over our beautiful country.

Resolutions.

RESOLUTIONS adopted upon the death of Prof. M. A. Newell, by the Browning and Philomathean Literary Societies of Western Maryland College, October 21st, 1893.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from us, our friend and benefactor, Prof. M. A. Newell; be it

Resolved, That by his death the above named societies lose a friend always interested in their literary welfare and and prosperity, and that the educational world is bereft of an able and willing helper.

Resolved—That the Societies tender their heartfelt sympathy to the family of our deceased benefactor in its affliction.

Resolved.—That these resolutions be published in the College Monthly and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

Committee { NANNIE SPARKS,
GRACE WELLER.



THE Athletic column of a College Journal is generally one of its most prominent features. It is not prominent because it is always worthy of

prominence, but because it is looked for and is an essential part of every journal. We have become so used to seeing a part of every paper devoted to that interest, that we are surprised, or rather disappointed, if we do not find among the table of contents, "Athletic Notes,"—if within an institution which can boast of the intellectual man to edit a paper, there is not, also enough physical man to aid him.

Western Maryland, in boasting of having the one, can also be proud that she has the other. Never since the time when there could not be found enough "locals" and "personals," with a few religious notes to form a College Journal, has there been lacking a column devoted to athletics. And though defeat as well as victory has been ours in the past, yet we can truthfully say that we are ever progressing in this, the physical man.

The season for base-ball is past, and the record made by our team is one of which we are not ashamed. The foot-ball is being pressed into service, and in some of the "downs" it has been pressed very tightly. The material for our eleven this year is better than it has ever been in previous ones. With an active rush line of one hundred and seventy-nine pounds, players behind the line to match, and, one of the most essential features, an excellent trainer, we are in high hopes of glowing reports.

A few days have passed. Our first game of the season has been played. Enthusiasm runs high, and more interest than ever is being displayed by our boys.

On Saturday, October 28, our foot-ball team left for Baltimore with the intention of playing the eleven of Baltimore City College. Arriving there about eleven o'clock, it was the desire of the City College boys that we play immediately. Several of our boys being in the city, it

was impossible for us to line up. After some delay, however, our scattered boys arrived, and the teams lined up at half-past twelve—Western Maryland having the ball. The first play was a rush through the centre, a gain of about twenty yards being made. Several plays were then made, very little being gained by either side. A fumble being made the ball fell into the hands of City College boys. With the ball in their possession, they gained slowly but steadily on rushes through the end of the line and around the ends. At a critical moment Wilson kicked the ball over the goal line, and Johnson falling upon it, scored a touch-down. Wilson kicked goal. Another touch-down was made but no goal kicked. Thus ended the first half with the score 10-0.

In the second half, after Wilson had scored a touch-down for the city boys, and the ball being in Western Maryland's possession, Stull, on a double pass, ran round right end, and, leaving all pursuers far in the distance, scored a touch-down for Western Maryland. Zepp failed to kick goal. Wilson made the last touch-down and Parmley kicked goal, leaving the final score 20-4.

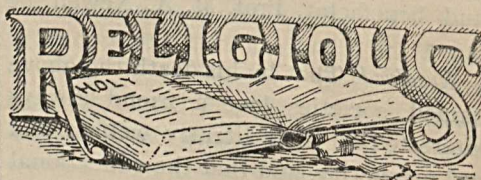
The score is not what we anticipated on leaving Western Maryland, but on seeing the team which we had thought would be that of Baltimore City College, we could not but expect an overwhelming defeat. With an array of men from Princeton, University of Virginia, the Warren Athletic Club, here and there a Baltimore City man, and occasionally a City College player, who could not have beaten, and with a tremendous score, a college team which had not yet played their first match game of the season? In addition to this our team was disabled on account of the centre rush not being able to play, and our quarter back being

disabled in the first of the game. Prof. Watson, Moore, Stull, Gibson and Zepp played with an earnestness which is to be commended.

The teams lined up as follows:

<i>Western Md.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>City College.</i>
Wooden.....	Left End.....	Johnston
Macomber.....	Left Tackle.....	Armstrong
Moore.....	Left Guard.....	Vernon
Galbreath.....	Centre.....	Ogier
Wright.....	Right Guard.....	Robertson
Gibson.....	Right Tackle.....	Gill
Zepp.....	Right End.....	King
Wells, A.....	Quarter Back.....	Groner
Prof. Watson.....	Right Half Back.....	Wilson
Stull.....	Left Half Back.....	West
Wells, S.....	Full Back.....	Parmley
Referee.....		F. W. Story
Umpire.....		Powell

T. C. G. '95.



U. M. C. A. Notes.

A VERY interesting service was held in College Chapel Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 29th. The Missionary Committee had the service in charge, and presented a special program, consisting of an address by H. Elmer Nelson, vocal solo by Miss Lewis, recitation by Mr. W. G. Baker, and singing by the Glee Club. The fact that one of our last year's graduates is at work in the foreign field lends an additional interest and impetus to our missionary work this year. The prayers of our boys have followed him to his work, and we know he will be blessed himself and successful in preaching Christ to them who know Him not.

There has been manifested a decided interest in Christian work among the students this fall. The Wednesday even-

ing prayer-meeting has an average attendance of about seventy. Quite a number of the new boys are zealous workers, and their influence is being felt for good in our Association. This betokens a year of progress and an activity that shall result in soul-uplifting and a nearer approach to our God.

The International Committee has named the week beginning with November 12th as the Week of Prayer in Colleges. Our Association is making preparations for this event, and expect an outpouring of the spirit upon the efforts which shall be put forward to win our boys for Christ. A deep-seated interest is being shown in religious work in many of the colleges, and the times are ripe for a gracious revival of religion among the thousands of young men all over the land who are fitting themselves with an education. Would that this influence would reach us here, and that the young men amongst us, strong in manhood, could yet make their manhood stronger by consecrating their lives to a purpose defined in Christ! For this end, boys, let our prayers ascend and our consecrations be made; knowing that *He* watches not only our own strides in the Christian life, but notes and holds us to account for the influence we ought to have upon our fellows. All differences must be put aside, and a hearty help must be given to further the work of "Him who has redeemed us by His own most precious blood."

A. N. W., '95.

U. W. C. A. Notes.

IN behalf of our Y. W. C. A., I must say with sincerity of heart, that we are pleased to see the older students taking such an interest in our Wednesday evening prayer-meetings.

Go on Classmates, continue your interest and by so doing you will be guiding stars for the new students, and by and by when the time comes for us to leave our Association we will feel better, knowing that something has been accomplished for the Master's sake in whose name we meet together.

We should especially feel encouraged at this time, for *soon* we hope to make some improvements in our room, and by all means we should improve our souls to make them correspond with the improvements in it.

Once a month it is our custom to have a missionary program, since we like to vary occasionally the character of our meetings and also wish to inform ourselves of this very important division of Christian work.

We give special mention of our program on Oct. 25th, which was unusually interesting and instructive, consisting of reading, essay, music, &c.

We also have very interesting Promise meetings oftentimes.

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 hearers.

"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 upright and honest 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.

'94.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence.—*Talmage*.

The Russian state church is so wealthy that it is asserted it could pay off the national debt of 200,000,000 pounds and not be impoverished.

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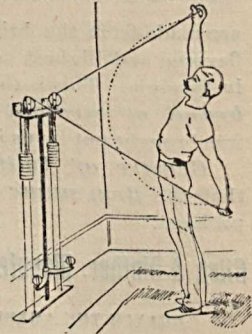
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Schedule in effect October 1, 1893.

P M	A M	A M	STATIONS.	A M	P M	P M	P M
			LEAVE. ARRIVE.				
.....	11 55	5 45CHERRY RUN.....	8 47	1 42	8 55	
.....	11 58	5 48BIG POOL.....	8 44	1 39	8 52	
.....	12 11	6 01CLEAR SPRING.....	8 23	1 27	8 38	
.....	12 17	6 06CHARLTON.....	8 27	1 22	8 31	
.....	12 26	6 6WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.,	8 18	1 13	8 20	
.....	12 40	6 30	AR. HAGERSTOWN.....LE	8 05	1 00	8 05	
	1 45	6 45	LE. WILLIAMSP.T. AR	12 31	8 10	
*4 15	2 00	7 02	LE. HAGERSTOWN. AR	7 30	12 15	7 55	
4 27	2 17	7 20CHEWSVILLE.....	11 59	7 41	
4 34	2 25	7 27SMITHSBURG.....	11 51	7 33	
4 38	2 35	7 36EDGEMONT.....	7 05	11 45	7 28	
.....	2 53	7 50	AR. HIGHFIELD.....LE	6 53	11 28	7 13	
.....	2 53	7 50	LE. HIGHFIELD.....AR	11 25	7 10	
.....	3 22	8 17FAIRFIELD.....	10 56	6 39	
.....	3 52	8 47GETTYSBURG.....	10 27	6 10	
.....	4 16	9 12NEW OXFORD.....	10 02	5 45	
.....	4 33	9 30HANOVER.....	9 48	4 58	
.....	4 46	9 45	AR. PORTERS.....LE	9 30	4 46	
.....	5 17	9 45	LE. PORTERS... AR	9 27	4 44	
.....	5 25	9 53SPRING GROVE.....	9 19	4 36	
.....	5 47	10 15	LE. YORK.....AR	8 57	4 14	
	A M	A M			A M	P M	
.....	2 53	7 50	LE. HIGHFIELD.....AR	6 53	11 28	7 13	
4 50	2 54	7 52BLUE RIDGE.....	6 52	11 23	7 09	
5 10	3 20	8 16MECHANICSTOWN.....	6 25	10 51	6 41	
.....	3 30	8 26ROCKY RIDGE.....	10 37	6 29	
5 30	3 44	8 37BRUCEVILLE.....	6 07	10 25	6 17	
5 38	3 55	8 45UNION BRIDGE.....	6 00	10 16	6 06	
.....	3 59	8 49LINWOOD.....	10 09	6 00	
5 46	4 05	8 55NEW WINDSOR.....	5 53	10 03	5 55	
5 59	4 23	9 11WESTMINSTER.....	5 40	9 44	5 36	
6 30	5 02	9 44GLYNDON.....	5 11	8 59	4 58	
.....	5 22	10 08ARLINGTON.....	8 24	4 24	
7 12	5 54	10 31BALTIMORE.....	*4 30	8 00	4 02	
P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	P M	
8 15	6 45	11 35WASHINGTON.....	7 05	2 30	
.....	9 55	1 00PHILADELPHIA.....	12 03	3 50	1 30	
.....	3 20		AR. NEW YORK.....LE	9 00	12 15	11 00	
P M	P M	P M		P M	A M	A M	

Leave Hagerstown for Shippensburg and B. & C. R. R. points at 6.35 and 11.10 A. M. and 6.53 P. M.

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Leave Rocky Ridge for Emmitsburg at 8.26 and 10.37 A. M., and 3.30 and 6.29 P. M. Leave Emmitsburg for Rocky Ridge at 7.50 and 10.00 A. M., and 2.55 and 5.45 P. M.

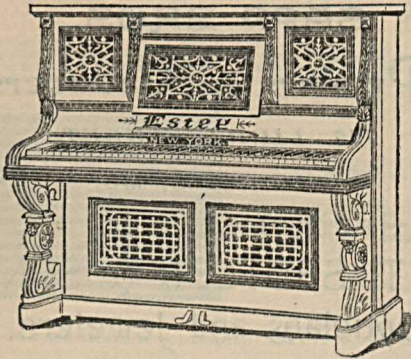
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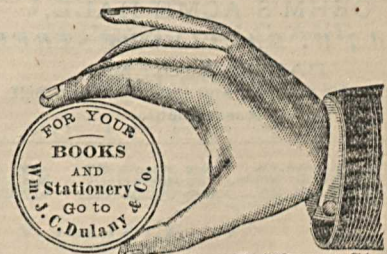
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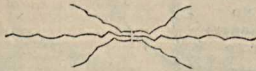
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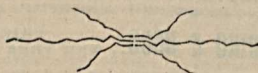
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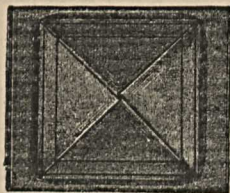
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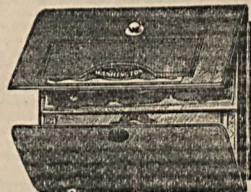
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Western Maryland College Monthly.

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WESTMINSTER, MD., DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 3

Western Maryland College Monthly.

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

EDWARD C. GODWIN, '94, Editor-in-Chief.

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LIZZIE L. THOMAS, '95.

GRACE S. WELLER, '95.

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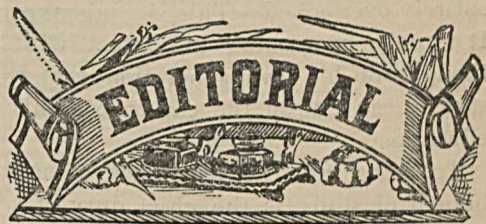
Advertising Rates can be obtained of the Business Manager, upon application.

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.*



THE MONTHLY, for the first time in our experience, greets its readers in a dress which is distinctively its own. The staff, ever since they entered upon the discharge of their duties, have been endeavoring to effect a change in the cover and general appearance of our paper, but owing to uncontrollable circumstances, the proposed reform could not be brought about any earlier. However, there is no better time for making an improvement in the right direction than at the beginning of the Christmas season. We are thus enabled to institute a reform and wear a holiday dress at the same time. For some years our paper has appeared in a cover ranging in color from bright blue to olive green and no one could tell with certainty what color, whether green, grey or blue, the next issue would wear. It has been the desire of the editors for some time to select a neat, tasteful back, of a suitable color. After considerable discussion and a consultation with our publisher, the present cover was adopted, as being both neat and appropriate. Hereafter our subscribers may expect to observe

some uniformity and regularity in both the outward and inward appearance of our journal.

MANY suggestions are constantly being made to the student as to his reading, what he should read and what he should pass by. In these suggestions, magazines and what is commonly called "current literature" are entirely overlooked. This is a mistake. It is only by coming in contact with thought of his own generation that a student can put on the capstone of his education.

To delve into the principles of any branch of study is the chief duty of a student, that is to seek for sources, and if possible to find them; but it is also necessary to see those principles applied, to consult the latest data and obtain other men's ideas of what he has learned from his text books.

The man who becomes so absorbed in his text books as to ignore the affairs of every-day life does not deserve the title of educated.

A careful reading of any good magazine cannot fail to improve one. In the first place he can become a better conversationalist by posting himself on general news, and moreover can have a broader scope and wider field in which to use his knowledge.

Many of the best works in our literature first appear as magazine articles; not only is this true in the world of fiction, but applies equally as well to the department of science.

To get the first glimpse of these treasures, then, the student must bring himself in contact with our current literature, not only will he be pleased and interested, but above all it will aid him in obtaining the object of all his study—a practical education.

EXAMINATIONS have come and gone and we are now entering upon the second term of this scholastic year. As is always the case at the close of every term, some students are rejoicing over good grades, while others are mourning because they failed to pass. In the case of the former a feeling of satisfaction over work well done rewards them, while the latter are pained by feelings of regret over neglected opportunities.

Every day brings its chances for self-improvement in some direction, and they must either be improved at once or passed by forever. Some men seek only to do that which is forced upon them and although opportunities of priceless value are continually presenting themselves, yet they refuse to avail themselves of the advantages they offer, because some greater or less expenditure of effort may be required. They fail to gather the luscious fruit, because it is surrounded by thorny briars.

No man can hope to obtain anything of value without some sacrifice on his part. The very meaning of the word value implies that it can only pertain to a thing of worth or excellence and such things, be they material wealth or intellectual acquirements, are to be gained in no other way than by a laborious and it may be painful expenditure of effort. "There is no royal road to learning." He who would excel in any direction must go through a long and tedious course of training. The man who aspires to a reputation as a student or who is desirous of obtaining the honors of his class must not expect to accomplish the desired end without laboring long and patiently. He must restrain his desire for loitering or reading discursively among books and must confine himself closely to the work in

hand. The true scholar does not rest content with a partial or superficial knowledge of a subject investigated, but he digs deeply and endeavors to get at the true underlying principles.

No man who has applied himself with any degree of closeness to his books during the term, need burn the midnight oil when examinations come around, he stands the test with composure and is always one of those who are happy over the result.

WE take this opportunity of asking the students and Alumni of the institution to contribute to the literary department of our paper. It is not right that the literary work of the MONTHLY depend entirely on the staff for its support. Do not allow this opportunity for literary improvement to pass by unheeded. Short articles of interest to the Students and Alumni are desirable. From the former we would be glad to receive articles on old college life, here, or on subjects of interest to our present body of students. From the latter, articles of any character, provided they be of sufficient literary merit, are gladly accepted. We would be especially glad, if our college poets would invoke the Muse and direct their genius toward the filling of our columns with verse, whether light or serious in character. Poetry greatly helps to make our pages bright and attractive. We can assure all writers that their contributions will be thankfully received.

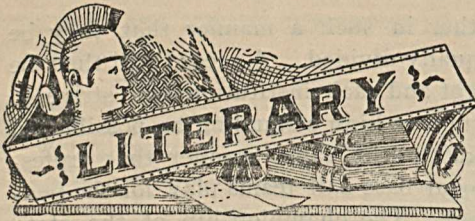
THERE is a plan under consideration we understand, to form an inter-collegiate athletic league or association between all of the Maryland colleges, at least those in the central and eastern part of the state. It is proposed that these colleges put base-ball and foot-ball teams in the field and arrange games with each

other in such a manner that they be equally divided. A record will then be kept and each institution will strive to attain as high a standing as possible, in exactly the same manner that professional base ball teams play for the pennant. The championship of the state will of course be awarded to the nine or eleven making the highest average.

We consider this an excellent plan and one which should be adopted without fail by the colleges of this state. Why should the institutions of learning in Maryland not have an inter-collegiate athletic association, as well as those of other states? There is no lack of colleges to enter into an agreement of this kind, and an association representing six schools could easily be formed.

Of course those nines and elevens which are not permitted to leave the home grounds would be debarred as contestants, because the schedules should be so arranged as to give no teams an advantage in regard to playing on the home grounds in a majority of games. Another wise provision would be a rule requiring all teams entering the association to consist of no one but men enrolled upon the books of the colleges they represent. With these two provisos, we are heartily in favor of the above scheme, and would like to see our own Athletic Association take some action looking to its adoption and recommendation.

Although Western Maryland College might not be able to secure the championship as often as we might wish, there is no doubt but that she would always make a creditable record and take a good standing. Such an inter-collegiate association would not only enable us to get more games scheduled each season, but it would increase our acquaintance with, and fellow feeling for the other colleges in our state, and it would greatly increase the interest taken in athletics at the various institutions represented.



E. C. GODWIN AND GRACE S. WELLER, *Edts.*

Christmas.

BY REV. J. T. WARD, D. D.

There is a time, on history's page,
More noted far than all;
Which chroniclers, in every age,
The standard-time do call.

There is a star, that shines more bright
Than all the stars that shine;
Which crowns the diadem of night
With lustre all divine.

There is a name, that far excels
All others ever heard;
Of love, and peace, and joy it tells,
And all good, in a word.

The point of time is Christmas morn,
The Star of Bethlehem;
The name is that of Jesus, born
A lost world to redeem.

O, mark the time, behold the star,
Adore the sacred name;
And thou shalt all the blessings share,
For which to earth He came.

With angels sing, with shepherds watch,
With sages' gifts bestow;
The radiance of His sweet smile catch
And let thy joys o'erflow.

His law of kindness in thy mind,
His love within thy heart;
Go forth, and tell to all mankind,
What grace He doth impart.

And when no more the Christmas light
Shall shine upon thee here,
In heaven the beatific sight
Thou shalt behold fore'er.

[WRITTEN DURING SENIOR EXAMINATION.]

Examination week! What terrors dwell
Within those words, the luckless wight
Who has not studied hard, with all his might,
Throughout the term, can doubtless tell.

From morn till night with anxious brow
The student hurries, at the bell's sad call,
Through class-room and through windy hall,
To see what dread ordeal awaits him now.

Professors with their arms piled high with
books

Look stern and serious as the granite hills
That stand unmoved by human ills
And are not even moved by human looks.

The happy soul who makes a ro can smile
At all the sorrows of this earthly sphere,
And boast his marks into the listening ear
Of one whose "zip" perchance is hid with
cunning guile.

Yet soon these school-room tests will end,
And then we'll take our place, to stand or fall,
Within the world's examination hall
To answer questions that our fate may send.

There no excuses will for aught avail
Each one by merit and by worth will stand
By honest heart and by industrious hand
And he who labors not will surely fail.

Let's do our best to take a worthy place
Among the nobles of this good old earth,
Above the noble just by place or birth
And let us grow in virtue and in grace.

The Soul of Music.

LOOKING backward we can readily
see what an onward march the
people of the 19th century have made.
Not only in one thing but in all, and in
nothing more than they have in music
and poetry.

It is true that most poets are soon
forgotten. Even Shakespeare and Homer
will not always be remembered; but is
that any reason why we should turn
aside from poetry and allow it to
degenerate as civilization advances?

There are at the present time many
who like some shaded flower, if the sun-
shine of education were permitted to
give them one ray, they would blossom
forth in all the beauty that this age can
demand. Allow them to have a chance
and we will learn more fully what true
poetry is.

There is a vast difference between true poetry and true speech not poetical. We may ask what the difference is, Carlyle tells us that, "If your delineation be authentically musical, musical not in word only but in heart and substance, in all thoughts and utterance of it, in the whole conception of it, then it will be poetical.

The art of poetry is not of recent growth, it has been known through long centuries, although then used to tell the deeds of heroes, and sung in a rude manner yet it was known to exist.

It can be said that it is a part of one's self, that even though one does not know what the word poetry means, their very soul will speak out its musical thoughts. For have not those who knew nothing of rhetoric written musical poems, they did not go so much by the sense as by the sound.

Musical thoughts are those which are spoken by the mind that has penetrated the heart of the thing, discovered the mystery of it, the one great mystery which is hidden there.

Take a survey of nature and you will find it to have music written everywhere. The very rustle of the leaves, the ripple of a stream, the wail of the wind, all are full of melody and harmony. Plato tells us that "poetry comes nearer the vital truth than history." Perhaps it does, if the thoughts are true and come from one prompted to speak them by his conscience which tells him they are right. But most poetry is imaginary and imagination is not always better than history. For when reason holds sway fancy diminishes.

It is the melody and harmony that arises in the very soul that prompts one to write a poem, and with such a cause to write, it necessarily follows that the effect will be both.

The effect poetry has on us is a kind of unfathomable speech which takes us to the very edge of the infinite, and leaves us there to gaze on it.

Music and poetry no matter how we take them, are closely related. To separate them would be to deprive music of its meaning, poetry of its melody.

Poetry has been defined as being musical thought. Then the poet is he who thinks in that manner. "Its a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet. See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it.

The Rhine of America.

ALL mankind from early infancy to old age has ever loved the beautiful. Every nation proudly points to the scenery found within its own borders, be it the simple or sublime, the murmuring brook or roaring cataract.

The Switzer revels in the glories of the Alps. The German sails down the Rhine and declares there is no scenery that can equal its mossy banks, or surpass its towering castles. We Americans love none the less to think of our beautiful vales and sturdy mountains, with which the Creator has beautified our glorious country. Of all the varied scenery throughout our broad land there is none which so universally pleases the American, and indeed the foreigner, as this noble "River of Mountains" which Henry Hudson discovered in 1609.

If you love the grand, the Palisades must attract you and call forth your admiration. Be it repose which you seek, then the sloping hills of the Nyack and Sleepy Hollow will fill your soul with thoughts of the One who has made our world so beautiful. The Highlands

never fail to satisfy the lover of the sublime, and the hillsides about Poughkeepsie furnish the picturesque for the most delicate taste.

On the morning of the 28th of July we went aboard the Albany, one of the fastest boats of the Albany Day Line steamers. As soon as you reach the main deck of this handsome iron steamer, you first admire the beautiful dining room, with its sparkling glass and engraved silver. Next you examine the ponderous American beam engine of polished steel. Private parlors for parties or families are handsomely furnished and make one realize that "these boats are rhythmic poems of steel." The hurricane deck furnishes the best accommodations for one who desires to drink in all the grandeur of the river.

The gong, the stern "all aboard," the splashing of the water, and the gentle motion of the boat, assure you that not only the "sun" but the boat "do move."

New York's harbor is left to the south, the great dome of the World's building fades from view, Jersey City and Hoboken become villas; on the east bank Roosevelt Hospital, New York Orphan Asylum and Navasa flats all command your attention, because of their great size and beauty.

The famous Riverside boulevard now invites your admiration; while Gen. Grant's tomb, and the imposing mausoleum in the course of erection fills you with thoughts of the dead hero. As we pronounce him great and good we catch a glimpse of Manhattanville, its large college and convent, also the New York Institute for Mutes.

Handsome private residences are seen on both banks, which vie in beauty with the natural scenery.

We now have reached historical Hud-

son, where so many stirring scenes of revolutionary fame were enacted. Our guide book locates Forts Washington and Lee ten miles from New York. The capture of these forts in '76 was a severe blow in our struggle for independence. We scarcely had time to recall the trying times of our forefathers, when on the west shore those silent monitors, the most sublime wonders of America—the Palisades—rose in stately magnificence, towering from 250 to 600 feet high, and for fifteen miles these basaltic trap rocks present a bold columnar front to the river, guarding it well from the attacks of civilization.

Before Yonkers on the east bank, comes in sight, the Harlem river branching off to the right and emptying into the East river, makes the world famous Manhattan Island. At this point the Hudson River Railroad crosses the river and continues up the east bank to Albany, making a much used route for travelers who prefer more rapid transit.

Passing Glenwood, also the beautiful residence of S. J. Tilden, we reach the point where the Palisades attain their greatest height, known as "Indian Head,"—immortalized by Bryant, in the following lines:

"Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed
Glitters the mighty Hudson, spread
Unrippled save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall."

While absorbed in conversation we were unmindful of the sacred spot which now came in view. The poetic spot of America—the home of our beloved Washington Irving, whose "Sunnyside Cottage," made of gable ends and full of angles could be seen in glimpses about one-half mile above the station. Here we see in thought Rip Van Winkle sleeping for twenty years in the blue Catskills, while the tramp of the Headless

Horse may still be heard along the old post road, and Ichabod seen teaching the village children.

While dwelling upon the memories of Irving the palisades have gradually receded, and given way to the little headlands of North West. Sunnyside is forgotten as we watch the village of Tappan, where Andre was hanged as a spy in 1780.

Quickly passing the handsome residence of Jay Gould, we reach the place "where the husbands of the village tarried too long at the village tavern"—hence Tarrytown. Here a monument has been erected to commemorate Andre's capture.

The dreamy influence of the region a little north of Tarrytown is the best evidence that you have reached Sleepy Hollow. The spire of the old Dutch church, and the quiet or secluded little grave-yard, makes this spot hallowed, especially the latter. For there a plain stone marks the resting place of one of America's greatest writers—sacred to the memory of Washington Irving.

In the distance appears a long row of low white buildings, which we soon learn to give a name familiar to every American—one which always carries with it a sigh, and more often a tear—Sing Sing. Now the river widens into a beautiful bay, five miles wide, the West Shore R. R. tunnel emerges from High Torn mountain, 820 feet above tide water, and Haverstraw presents its miles of brickyards, all making one grand panorama before reaching Stony Point, with its rugged perpendicular sides, where the river narrows to a half mile. As we scan this mountain we are compelled to use our faith in the historian, for scarcely can we believe it possible for even "Mad Anthony" to ascend such a wall at the hour of mid-night.

Our pleasure is suddenly arrested, for straight ahead we see nothing but high mountains, which open not; the river seems to have reached its source and we sigh as we contemplate our return—but much to our surprise the boat continues northward until we reach Peekskill, and the summer home of Henry Ward Beecher, where the river makes a delightful turn, and the rock beaten crags of Dundenberg—the dread of the old Dutch mariners—rises in stately majesty under the name "Anthony's Nose," after Peter Stuyvesant's illustrious trumpeter.

West Point!—we hear announced, and catch a glimpse of its great hotel and military school. This Gibraltar of the Hudson is always associated with the saddest part of the stern days when Benedict Arnold drank his bitter cup of revenge, and lived to taste its more bitter results.

Steaming out from West Point old Cro' Nest, "standing like a monarch crowned with a single star" prepares us for the grandest scenery along this noble river. On all sides are towering mountains. Storm King reaches the dizzy height of 1800 feet, along whose rugged sides, waves of green gracefully nod a hearty good morning, while the tall pines on the opposite shore bid you "God speed." The Highlands now trend to the N. E. and gradually become lost in the mist which drapes their graceful sides in obscurity.

Beautiful villas nesting at the foot of receding mountains, pleasant glens and sunny slopes make a continuous panorama until renowned Newburgh is reached. That rough one-story building with its steep roof is Washington's headquarters, which are inclosed by a stately park.

Tiskill, Mattiwan, Locust Grove,

the residence of the late Prof. S. F. B. Morse, quickly disappear before beautiful Poughkeepsie, the "Queen City of the Hudson," comes in view. Midway between the Gibraltar of revolutionary fame and the dreamland of Rip Van Winkle it possesses unequalled advantages for residences, as well as for educational institutions. Vassar College, Lyndon Hall, Eastman Business College, and Riverside Military Academy are all noted institutions of learning.

Here we take the steamer "New York" and return to the city. The scene fades away from view, but in mind we shall often call up memories and dreams that cluster about one day spent on the Hudson.

K. G. M. '95.

Are Moral Actions Conducive to General Happiness?

THIS is surely a reasonable and important question; and it relates to a fact which is the subject of universal experience, it must therefore, be capable of a satisfactory answer. To this question there can be but one answer. A common quality is then discovered in all moral actions—their general utility. According to the received rules of philosophising, it would seem necessary to seek for some further criterion. But whether they have any other quality in common or not, this much is certain, that their common quality of utility cannot be overlooked in any *just* theory of morals, and must on the contrary form an essential principle of such a theory.

To advance a step farther, it must be admitted that they are moral acts which when *singly considered*, are repugnant to the interest of the agent. But it is a proper subject of inquiry, whether there

is any habitual disposition towards virtuous action, which is *not* conducive to the happiness of the individual to entertain in such a degree, as to render it impossible for him to prefer an act of vice for its separate advantage? No philosopher has ever yet attempted to point out such a disposition of affairs. Till it be named we must contend that the point where interest universally coincides with virtue, and where public and private happiness are identified is discovered—not indeed in single actions, but in those habitual dispositions from which actions flow—it never can be supposed that these principles of general and personal utility and their co-operation in this manner, are not most momentous parts of a moral system. Whether they alone are sufficient to afford a moral theory of actions, may still be a proper subject of discussion; but no theory can be formed exclusive of them. Their truth and importance are perfectly independent of anything respecting the nature and origin of moral approbation or disapprobation. Tho' utility should be a standard of the morality of actions, it does not follow that all moral sentiments should consist only in a perception of that utility.

Those who are accustomed most strongly to feel the necessity of sacrificing advantage to duty in the course of life, naturally, however unreasonably, feel a repugnance to acknowledge, that the rules of duty are founded on any species of advantage, even the most general and refined.

This warfare will perhaps never be terminated. Opinions, apparently repugnant may be shown to be consistent; the principles of human nature, so powerful and adverse, are always likely to be embroiled with one another.

If ever peace should be accomplished

between these conflicting principles, it must be by a powerful and comprehensive, and impartial representation of the whole moral system.

But many ineffectual attempts must precede the construction of the magnificent edifice in some distant generation, by a firm and vigorous hand, uninfluenced by the prejudices of speculation or practice, of sect or age; thus, we may never live to see, what is firmly established in many minds, the final establishment of moral actions conducing to general happiness.

Truth Will Triumph.

IT is a fundamental law that truth will triumph. Its development like that of the flower must be by consecutive steps; first the bud then the blossom, after that the full blown flower. Its progress like that of every great principle is marked by opposition. To destroy it, falsehood and error have marshaled their devotees and hurled their thunderbolts against its mighty fabric. To destroy it, pernicious theories have erected their burning shafts against the very bosom of innocence. But all has been but a vain attempt to bridle the tempest or shackle the storm. That first small germ of truth fed by the flames of persecution and nourished by the blood of martyrs, has been developing and expanding all down the ages until to-day it stands upon a foundation which all the violence and subtlety of hell can not shake.

It has been said that progression writes its name in blood. No great principle ever made its way through the ages without forcing barriers and bursting chains. Hence truth from its very nature invites opposition. The banner of its advance is marked by crumbling thrones

and dripping crowns. Every revolution which has stirred the world into action has been but a struggle towards the glittering goal of truth and right. Those conflicts in which nations have swept creation desolate from cottage to throne, are but efforts of truth to burst the fetter of false principles and roll back the curtains of darkness. Thus as the rill leaps from its mountain home and winds its slow but steady course to the ocean, does truth move down the centuries, daily a deeper and broader stream. It shall yet cover the earth as the waters cover the great deep. The force of truth is everywhere shadowed forth in its own history. From Sinai's quaking heights it speaks, and the cross cries aloud "truth is mighty and will prevail." The strong arm of Christianity declares it, as it sunders the chains of error and rolls its chariots above the armies of creeds and false theories. The dark ages rolled up their battlements upon the track of its progress and during the sixth century of that long and black night, falsehood and error ruled with undisputed sway. Giant Papacy, too, extended his fatal sceptre over a land rent by civil feuds, and drenched by the blood of inquisition. But truth, with the splendor which lingered around the fallen Archangel, though splintered by violence, was not extinguished. Luther, feeling its kindling growing warmer in his heart, stood forth the champion of its cause, and as it fell from his lips it went dazzling, burning into the very heart of error. Before it the pillars of a corrupt Romish faith gave way; the foundation of arbitrary government rocked and trembled at its power, while the bright sun of reformation came bursting from the portals of gothic night and illumined the worlds. The power of truth over error is nowhere more plainly verified

than in the progress of intellectual revolution. Every principle of science and philosophy has had to battle every inch of its way to recognition. Here and there along the track of time, we see some solitary genius like Copernicus, Galileo and Newton catching a glow of truth in advance of his age, and attempting to lift up his generation to behold it. The world instead of rising with him unites all of her powers to pull him down. But such violent concussions of opposing principle are but the birth of grand and sparkling truth. The storm-cloud may veil the sun's brightness for a time, but when it has rolled its dark columns along the brazen vault, the sun once more sends forth his effulgent beams and lights up nature with all his brilliancy. So error may summons all of her energies to crush truth, but, when the din of battle is hushed, it stands forth as firm and unshaken as the foundations of the lofty mountains.

Galileo banished within a princely dungeon, yet the truth which he proclaimed forged another link in that adamant chain never to be broken. Martyrs were swung upon the scaffold and burned at the stake, yet they have strung a thousand harps whose sweet melodies will go sounding down the ages until angels shall catch the note and fashion it into sweeter strains. Then how is it possible for truth to perish? What but an imperishable principle could have ever withstood this ceaseless flood of falsehood and error which have swept like a beson of destruction down the ages? What but a principle co-existent with eternity itself could have ever collected its scattered rays and melted the fetters which bound it to the throne of its opposers? What but a principle destined to girdle the world, and wave its sceptre above the armies of opposition could have

ever come forth victorious from the fields of conflict on which all the powers of earth and hell were staked against it? Truth has triumphed and will forever triumph. And though its beams are sometimes veiled in darkness and its sweet echoes unheard by earth's teeming millions, yet they are only to be gathered up in all their beauty and glory when we cross over the river and rest under the trees.

C. E. F. '97.

Gumbo.

"N OW," said the Genii, "Since you've let me out of this bottle where I've been smothering ever since Aladdin disappeared from fashionable circles, I'm willing to grant any reasonable wish. What will you have?" The Student was turning the bottle over and over in a perplexed kind of way, trying to see how anything so immense could condense to such slender environments. "Well what is it to be?" asked the Genii. It had a thick murky kind of voice like smoke, indeed, the whole thing resembled smoke. But the wish; there were so many things the Student wanted. A box of blacking, some neckties, chewing-gum, a derby hat, his straw looked cold, money! Yes, of course. The Student hand'nt much, never had, and he was just deciding to order a barrel of it put behind the door of room No.—, when a brilliant idea struck him with such force that he was overcome (not being used to it) and gasped for breath. He suddenly remembered that examinations came in with the following week, also that *he* "was'nt prepared." Now, why could not the Genii appear in the guise of a safe and invisible "pony?" Heretofore, back in the Sophomore year, the class pony had reared so that the Student took a

tremendous header in the presence of the Member of Faculty, which wrought up the M. O. F. to a frightful storm and the atmosphere of that "exam." went down to zero, while the Student felt so chilly he trembled in his tan shoes and shook his necktie down his back. What then could be more glorious than to come off with flying colors right in the face of the scoffing M. O. F? It would truly be the highest height of bliss. All this he hastily explained to the Genii, who was smokily sympathetic and puffed a little as it declared it had no fancy for an M. O. F. anyway; several had nearly exploded it, indeed, the very sight of one made him begin to evaporate; so in the examinations, if the Student would but press that bottle, it, the Genii would do the rest.

It was late, the Student had but time to pocket the bottle, hurry to his room, part his hair in the middle and rush into supper for the bell had stopped ringing.

Examination week came in with its usual promptness and excited flutter, every one feeling an unlimited capacity for failures, every one except the Student, he expected to acquire in one moment "the merits of a thousand meditations." He looked at his questions, took up his pencil, pressed the bottle, when immediately the densest problem unfolded and spread upon his paper, logic and common sense balanced each other with unparalleled consistency. Great rolls of intelligence fell in perfect arrangement upon the lines and finally when the thing was complete, the Student gazed at it in fear and awe as at something liable to go off at any moment with a terrible noise.

The next morning after taking his seat, the Student felt the eyes of the M. O. F., enlarged with marked suspicion, fixed firmly upon him; however, he

proceeded as on the day previous and handed in *perfect* papers. The third day the M. O. F. came in with two more, and all three stood near with expressions made up of ten-penny nails, that translated, meant, "We are determined to have that 'pony.'" But the Student smiled inward smiles, and went on as before realizing perfect papers and extreme bliss. The M. O. F. received the papers with a wan, sickly look and tottered from the room, the other two grew deadly pale. The next day, the President, the Secretary and four M's. O. F., stationed themselves at convenient observing distances with expressions made up of hand-spikes, but the result was the same; perfect papers every time! The President cleared his throat and left for Pittsburg on the next train, while the Secretary went up to his room and was seized with the Grip. The other M's. O. F. felt too weak to stand, they sat down. Of course this state of affairs could not be kept a secret. It was soon all over the school, in the town and telephoned in every direction. "Miss Kitty," at the exchange, was rung up at all hours and interviewed, and the college connection had to be cut off, so numerous were the inquiring calls that recitations were disturbed. Invitations were sent to the Student desiring his presence at the opening of every newly arrived Thanksgiving box, and the inhabitants of Smith, Celestial and Rear Halls, vied with each other in donating cakes, pickles, caromels, &c., &c.; even the M. O. F. greeted him with profound respect. Certainly no one was ever deeper in sweet clover, for every girl in the Dining Hall "smiled" at him, unfortunately it affected his head which began to swell. Simultaneously with this there was such a great increase in the College mails that two carriers were

necessary. Such a deluge of letters poured in upon the Student, many from young ladies beseeching his photograph, autograph or a lock of hair. Some from brother colleges promising goodly sums for the receipt. Doctors from New York, Chicago, Frizzellsburg, Uniontown and similar places of renown, desired his head after his death. Some even went so far as to inquire into his present state of health and whether he came of a long-lived family.

The Ladies' Home Journal wrote deferentially for an article on "How He Became to Become Great," also wanted a photograph of his wife to place in the column of "Wives of Noted Men." This letter made the Student blush audibly. The Dime Museum offered him the same salary as paid the Fat Woman, simply to pose with an air of importance (the Student rather inclined to this) as the Great American Prodigy of the Rocky Mountain Slope. One letter quite touched his heart. It was from the Petrified Man, imploring him to come and be petrified all but his head, as it would insure them unlimited fame, not to say wealth. The P. M. stated that he had a large family to support.

Newspaper reporters besieged the place so that the poor Student had no rest night or day and finally took refuge in the town of Smith Hall, where for a slight consideration Uncle George carried up his meals.

A letter from Mrs. W. Vanderbilt read as follows: "Dear Sir:—Can you be present at my *Muzikale* December the twenty-first? You will merely have to stand on a pedestal which will slowly revolve while Paderewski retires to the smoking-room. Please forward description of your costume, so that the pedestal can be ordered to match. I inclose check for \$—,000." About this time it was noticed that the

healthy bloom was disappearing from the Student and he was also visibly losing flesh. The Yale foot-ball team, smarting under its defeat, waited upon him in a body and enrolled him as an honorary member, but when Princeton came on and offered him the Captainship, the poor fellow fainted outright; however, Miss Ferris soon brought him to with a little burnt camphor, and Reba applied some laudanum to his pent-up feelings, while May supported his head with antihamics. He conversed with all visitors now from the tower, refusing to come down and male visitors were not permitted upon the young ladies' side. A few days later a telegram came from Cleveland offering him the Crown of Hawaii and his traveling expenses.

* * * * *

That night, in the stillness of the new moon, was heard a soft footfall coming down the tower stairs, and next morning on the banks of Winter's Dam, lay a half-worn tan shoe, a heliotrope necktie and a large yellow chrysanthemum.

Stylo Inverso.



WINFIELD H. COLLINS, Editor.

Exchanges.

The Varsity puts in its appearance about four times per month. It is a very creditable paper for a weekly.

The St. John's Collegian is upon our table. We note great improvement both as to form and matter. The new back adds greatly to its appearance.

The article "Childe Harold—A Study," in the *Georgetown College Jour-*

nal struck a responsive chord in our own breast. Being an enthusiastic admirer of Byron, it was read with great pleasure. Byron created a world of his own in the universe of poetry and moved in that world. His poetry was so distinctively original and made such an impress upon the literature of his time, and of all time that anything approaching his peculiar style and thought has received the name "Byronism."

Poetry is the language of the passions and the interpretation of Nature's voice. Byron's poetry was the result of consuming fires within; it was the outpourings of his own individual soul. In it all his conscious self is ever present. His characters are made to portray the troubles, trials and passions of his own deep and sensitive nature.

We have received the *Spilman Messenger*, the only exchange representing a colored school that has ever come under our notice. It is very neat in its appearance, and its literary department speaks well for its school.

We welcome the *Lutherville Seminary*. It is a breezy little paper, and contains many very good articles, among which is "Life in Paris, and its Studios," which is instructive and very readable.

In a recent number of the *Saturday Globe*, which we are glad to receive as an exchange, we notice an article on the Life and Character of Thomas Paine. The writings of this man had more effect in securing our liberation from Britain than any other agency. But because of his religious opinions he has not received the considerations and praise which he deserved. Nay, he has been held in detestation and looked upon by the common mind as an atheist and infidel. Public opinion concerning him has been moulded principally by a set

of self-complacent little men with more prejudices than common sense, little knowledge and less understanding; it is no wonder that they were unable to appreciate the magnificent soul of such a man. It was Paine, the *Globe* says, who first used the words "United States of America," in his pamphlet advocating an independent republic.

Paine was far from being the man he is often painted, for, according to the *Globe*, he said: "I believe in one God, and no more, and hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-beings happy."

Tennyson says:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

The good Paine did for his country and the human race is inestimable.

"Lafayette once said, 'Where liberty is, there shall my country be,' Paine said, 'Where liberty is not, there shall be my country, and what man in all history fought as did he in two hemispheres to make the people free. When a monument to Paine was spoken of to Andrew Jackson he answered: 'Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hands. He has erected himself a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty. The *Rights of Man* will be more enduring than all the piles of marble man can erect.'"



Among those present, on October 10, at the wedding, near Westminster, of Robert Gist, a quondam student in the class of '89, was Frank P. Fenby, '83,

Ed. S. Baile, '80, and W. M. Gist, '82. Nobody knows how to enjoy a good thing like that more than a W. M. C. man, and he can always be depended upon to do his duty on such occasions.

Mr. George H. Brown, father of F. McC. Brown, '85, died at Uniontown, Md., on October 8. Dr. Ward preached the funeral sermon. "Mac" was one of those who stood by his post of duty during the yellow fever epidemic in Brunswick, Ga., even after his clerks in the postoffice had deserted him, and yielded only when himself stricken with the disease.

Miss Helen Wimbrough, '93, is teaching near Princess Anne, Md.

J. W. Moore, '85, is a broker and real estate agent in Portland, Oregon. "Billy" became a benedict last spring, but lives so far away that the name of his better half has not yet reached the MONTHLY.

H. P. Grow is numbered among the students in Corcoran's Art Gallery, Washington.

Rev. W. W. White, '74, of the Maryland Conference, is doing a great work at Quantico, Md. There were fifty conversions at one of his recent revivals, and a new church at one of his appointments will be a thing of the near future.

N. Price Turner, '92, has resigned the principalship of the Carmichael, Md., schools, and is now at the head of the Union Graded School, at Rolphs, Queen Anne's county, Md.

Mrs. Loulie M. Cunningham *Fundenberg*, '81, spent the summer with her parents in Westminster.

W. P. Mills, '93, has a lucrative government clerical position in Washington.

E. C. Wimbrough, '88, is still claiming the Monumental City as his home, and is engaged in the coal trade.

Miss Kate C. Jackson, '92, was recently on a visit to her boon college chum, Miss Sallie Spence, '92, of Newark, N. J. We wish we might be able to give some information concerning the third member of the trio.

"G. B. Hadley, '91, professor of Mathematics and Greek in La Fayette Military Academy, Fayetteville, N. C.," is the way it now reads.

At the celebration, recently, of the fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of Prof. and Mrs. C. H. Spurrier, at Wetheredville, Md., the recitations of Miss Sadie V. Kneller, '85, were one of the features, being highly spoken of by the press report of the occasion. C. H. Baughman, '71, was also of the guests present.

Joseph W. Smith, '80, was an exhibitor at the Hagerstown Fair this fall. Mr. Smith is doing an extensive coal and lumber business in Westminster.

President Diffenbaugh is a member of the new County Democratic Central Committee for Carroll, and, with Clerk B. F. Crouse, '73, of the Circuit Court for Carroll, was a delegate to the Democratic State Convention that met in Baltimore on September 27, being one of the convention's vice-presidents.

At a recent fashionable wedding in Pocomoke City, Md., Rev. H. L. Elderdice, '82, was the officiating clergyman, and Miss Gertie Veasey, '93, one of the bridesmaids.

The remains of Mrs. Sallie West, wife of Alexander West, of Philadelphia, were brought to Westminster, on October 22, and interred in the Westminster Cemetery the following day. Mrs. West was a sister of Frank W. Shriver, '73, and an aunt to W. M. Weller, '89.

The "Tooth-pick Club" is the name

the "boys" of '89 have given their corresponding association. Weller started the ball rolling from Yale by writing a letter to Pollitt in Miss. Pollitt sends Weller's letter and one of his own to Whaley, in Chicago. Whaley does likewise to Watson, in Westminster; Watson to Reese, in Westminster; Reese to Lease, in Baltimore; Lease back to Weller. Weller takes out his former letter and adds a new one, and sends the packet southward, &c. Once a month the round will be made, and once a month six fellows will have the most interesting reading of the month. Let the ball continue to roll.

L. A. Jarman, '80, of Rushville, Ill., has been visiting his friends in the East. He came to Westminster December 1 to spend a few days with his uncle, President Lewis; his classmate, Professor McDaniel, and his brother who is a member of the Sub-Freshman Class.

Quondam.

Miles Tull '92-'93 is attending Sadler's, Bryant and Stratton Business College in Baltimore.

R. C. Ferguson '95 has a good position in a private office in Baltimore. We wish him success and rapid promotion.

Jacob L. Hess '91-'93 is riding bicycle in Baltimore County.

W. R. Merrick '96 is taking a course in a business college in Baltimore.

H. L. Roe '94, was engaged in the racing business during the past season, we understand.

S. Butler Grimes '92-'93 is preparing himself at Sadler's business college.

P. R. Fisher '91-'93 is also a student at Sadler's, Bryant and Stratton business college in Baltimore.

Mr. J. S. Myers '91-'92 is teaching school near New Windsor, Md.

Wallace Sellman '95 is a student in the medical school of the Maryland University.



A. J. LONG, LIZZIE THOMAS AND BERTHA CHANDLER, *Editors.*

The Preparatory Department.

On the last Friday in the month, quite an interesting and profitable exercise is held in the Preparatory Department. It is the celebration of some author's birthday. For November, William Cullen Bryant was selected, as he was born during that month. The program consisted of recitations from Bryant's works and compositions and readings about Bryant. We would suggest to our former students and graduates who are teaching school, to try this celebration of author's birthdays, as it is an interesting way to begin, and even to supplement, the study of literature. On the blackboard was written in large colored letters when Bryant was born and died, and that he was a lawyer, editor, poet. And then came the quotation about "Truth, crushed to earth shall rise again." Above this, was hung a picture of Bryant. Below is the programme:

1. Composition.....Life of Bryant
Mr. Blackwood.
2. Recitation.....Death of the Flowers
Mr. Macalister.
3. Reading.....An Indian Story
Mr. O'Connor.
4. Composition....."The Man and the Poet"
Mr. Garrison.

5. Concert Recitation... To a Waterfowl
Messrs. Bates, Mather, Buckingham, Melvin.
6. Recitation.....Thanatopsis
Mr. Patton.
7. Reading.....Bryant Incidents
Mr. Wells.
8. Composition... "His Poetical Works
Mr. Macomber.
9. Recitation....Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids
Mr Jarman.
10. Concert Recitation... The Planting of the
Apple Tree. Messrs. Albaugh, Lawyer,
Hunter, Taylor.
11. Recitation..... Bryant on his Birthday
(*Longfellow*)..... Mr. Wantz.
12. Composition.... "A Defender of Liberty."
Mr. Menefee.
13. Concert Recitation..... America
Messrs. Berkshire, M. G. Satterwhite,
Dougherty, W. Satterwhite.
14. Reading..... Bryant's Life
Mr. Chipman.
15. Recitation..... The Past
Mr. Friend.
16. Concert Recitation.... The May Sun Sheds
an Amber Light. Messrs. Gehr, Mew-
shaw, Mathias, Stonesifer.

Resolutions

FOR COLLEGE MONTHLY.

Whereas, It has pleased Our Heavenly Father in his inscrutable wisdom to call from life to Himself the father of our class-mate, Nannie C. Lease, and to sadden her home with a visitation that must come to us all at sometime,

And whereas, while we bow in submission to his *judgments* and feel that whatever He does is for our good, yet we cannot help but feel the weight of His arm when he lays it upon us,

Therefore, Be it resolved that the heartfelt sympathy of our class be extended Miss Lease in her sad bereavement and that we express the hope that our class-mate may find in the Great Disposer of Lives a balm for the wound his love has inflicted,

And further, Be it resolved, that these resolutions be published in the WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE MONTHLY and also that a copy of the same be sent to Miss Lease.

A. NORMAN WARD,
W. R. REVELLE,
CORINNE ADAMS,
BLANCHE MURCHISON,
Committee.

Personals:

M. Tull, '97, spent November 10-13 at the college.

D. W. Lewis, '93, spent November 17-19 at his Alma Mater.

W. P. Mills, '93, visited his Alma Mater November 29.

G. U. Stull, '95, spent November 4-7 at his home in Woodsboro.

Prof. Watson spent his Thanksgiving vacation at his home in Centreville.

T. C. Galbreath, '95, visited friends in Baltimore December 1 and 2.

E. D. Stone, '95, spent November 30 to December 2 at his home in Baltimore.

A. N. Ward, '95, visited friends in Alexandria November 29 to December 1.

Mr. William Garrison, '98, received a visit from his mother and brother on Thanksgiving Day.

T. H. Jarman, '98, received a visit from his mother and brother December 1.

Mr. Bradley M. Keyworth, '96, left school on the 4th instant and returned to his home in Baltimore. The Sophs speeded their departing comrade on his way by giving their class yell lustily.

Mr. C. H. Whitaker, of Enfield, N.C., was enrolled as a student on November 20.

Mr. Snyder accompanied his daughter, who is about to take up the course of study, to the college on November 30.

Miss Barnes spent November 10 to 15 at her home in Washington.

Misses Baxley and Litsinger were agreeably surprised to have their mothers make them a short call on November 7.

Miss G. Rinehart spent November 3 to 6 at her home in Union Bridge.

Miss Baynes entertained her sister, Miss Baynes, and Mr. McClay on November 30.

Miss Wise spent several days at her home, leaving college November 30.

Miss C. Stone received a visit from her sister, Miss L. Stone, November 10.

Miss Sparks spent Nov. 3 to 5 with her sister in Baltimore.

Miss Rinehart visited her home on November 30.

Misses Kemp and Mewshaw spent from November 10 to 13 at their homes.

Miss Ferris paid a short visit to Frederick, November 10.

Miss Cochran spent several days at her home in Baltimore, leaving College November 3.

Mr. Chandler and daughter visited Miss Chandler Wednesday, November 29.

Miss Baxley received a visit from her brothers on Thanksgiving day.

Miss Norris left College November 17 to spend a few days at her home in Baltimore.

Miss Westlake spent November 24 to 28 in Baltimore

Locals.

—Down.

—Thanksgiving.

—Parlor Night.

—'Rah for Princeton.

—Who said turkey?

—As we see ourselves:

'94

'95

'96

'97

—Christmas—sleigh-rides—bad colds.

HORSE POWER.

'Tis strange to say the least

In this advancing hour,

The grinding mill of college

Is still run by horse power.—*Brunonian*.

—When Mr. Stocksdale was asked why he smiled so hard, he replied because it is upon a stone.

—Mr. Collins ate eight apples, then said he had the apoplexy. We don't wonder.

—What does a seminary student want a girl down town for? Depf(e)or.

—The seminary singer—Lit-singer.

—Mr. Livingston can boast of his popularity in Westminster, for even the cats know him.

—Why are Taylors fond of Lemons?

—The college is growing—more campus.

—Who can't tell, that all is well with friend Revelle.

—Dougherty, '98, says if he fails in the sub-freshmen examination, he is going to Bryant and Strattons to take a theological course.

—Whitaker, '98, when asked if he knew Forlines, said four lines of what?

—Mr. Pettit eagerly inquires as to the kind of vegetable the terrapin is.

—Mr. G. Satterwhite, '98, has joined the old Watson school, for he longs to take a special course in the study of the same parts of the human body.

—The latest organization of Ward Hall is "The Young Men's Beauty Society," of which Messrs. Lakin and Satterwhite claim to be prominent members.

"Dorsey" at the seminary table sat,
And they were much pleased at that,
But here is something I must file,
He said "at whom does Miss Pr—e smile?"

Those at the table were very quiet;
Of course they didn't like to say;
But the countenance of "Doc" Nelson
Plainly and clearly gave him away.

—"Doc" Nelson says "he has been thinking," who would have thought it.

If we say of a man
When he is in love
That he is "*struck*," no doubt,
Would it not be proper
When his rival exults,
To say that he's "*struck out*?"

—WANTED.—A leader for the Senior glee club. Applicants must come well recommended. Address Hering Hall, W. M. C.

—"Good-night," he whispered passionately at the front door, "good-night, good-night, good-night, good—" "Excuse me," said an elderly bass voice over the baluster, "but it's been good-morning for the last two hours. I thought you'd like to know."—*Detroit Free Press*.

—Miss N—, '95 (telling fortunes at Thanksgiving dinner), "Mr. T—, the lady of your choice will be of medium height, have light hair, blue eyes, and be a great lover of music. Mr. T—, '97, Oh, that suits to a "T—."

—Miss E—, '94, informs us that a certain person has a *pair* of false teeth.

—Miss D—, '96, "Dora, what is a perfect foot?"

Miss P—e, '96, "Thirty-six inches."

—Ward, '95, came into Revelle's room not long ago, and with a countenance expressing the deepest solicitude said: "Won't one of you fellows lend me a hair, I want to see whether my razor is sharp."

—Prep. (translating Virgil), "Three times—I tried to—cast—my arms about—her neck—that is as far as I got, Professor.

Prof. K—, "I think that was far enough."—*Ex*.

—"Doc." Nelson says that he and Dr. Lewis are a pa(i)r(o)do(cks).

—Miss K—g, '96 wishes to know Shakespeare's last name.

—One of the Senior young ladies made the remark that after the Thanksgiving dinner they would need a Herculean (meaning mausoleum).

—Why did Miss J—, '94, *Rush* into the wrong recitation room immediately after recess on Friday.

—Miss A—, '95, has discovered a new way to decline the noun "electra."

Example:—Electro, electrare, electravi, electratum.

—The question has been debated that we buy Miss J—, '94, an opera glass, so that Mr. W—, '97, will not have to wear a red handkerchief as a signal.

—The little Fisher Maiden has turned her attention to Rus(sel)tling the leaves of Bib(b)lical works.

—Prof. S.— "What is one of the food-stuffs that contains nitrogen?"

Miss B—, '95,—"Salt-petre."

—Conundrum.—What young lady had *more* to be thankful for on Thanksgiving day than any other person?

—Miss S—, '97,— "Mabel where are you going?"

Miss F—, '97,— "Down to Miss Ferris' room to borrow her Shakspeare's Evangeline."

—Query.—Will some one please be kind enough to inform us what caused Miss D—, '94, and Miss H—, '94, after having been up at the tower-window on Thursday of examination week, to go down into the school-room and study diligently the weekly instead of the examination schedule.

—Links of Mystery—Sausage.

—There have been so many colds and so much coughing among the students

lately, that the following conundrum was suggested to our punster: Why is the college rich after dinner? Because its coughers are full.

—Fresh. to Jr.—What historical character does K— remind you of? Jr.—Give it up. Fresh.—General Hooker.

—An old lady said to one of the Preps: "Sonny, what kind of a flower is this?" The Prep. replied, "That is a *crysanthimum*."

Eccees from Examination.

He fell from his horse and cut his lip,
The Prof. caught him and gave him zip.

"Thou shalt not pass."—Num. xx, 18.

"Though they roar yet can they not pass."
[Jeremiah v. 22.]

"So he paid the fare and went.—Jonah 1, 3.

I flunked in Latin, I failed in Greek,
French and German I could not speak;
To pony in English and Math. I went
So they've sent me home to spend my Lent.

The Perilous Leap.

Once on a visit went a Senior
Thinking he would not go far,
Left his key upon his table
And his white pine door ajar.

Along came an innocent comrade,
Thinking he would have some fun;
Quickly pulled the little door shut,
Down the steps began to run.

At the same instant the bell was ringing,
Now the time came for the fun;
His Latin book, he could not get it.
So leisurely walked to his class with none.

When from Latin came the Seniors,
Laughing, talking on their way,
One remained behind in silence
Having not one word to say.

Deep down in his heart this problem
Studying amid joy and glee,
How his room door could be opened
Without the assistance of his key.

Now his door he's reached in safety,
Studying the problem all the while;
But his mind is all bewildered
For not receiving his usual smile.

Quickly then he asked the question:
"Shall I over the transom crawl?"
"Yes I'll do it," he quickly answered.
"I can but break my neck, that's all.

Then he sprang upon the transom,
Both feet dangling into space;
Forsythe seized to one of his *pedes*,
The other one Bennett did embrace.

In this perilous plight lay Senior
Body hanging in the air,
Crying "mercy who will save me,
Lest I die without her care.

Quickly rushed forth his companions
Side by side came Baker and Cain,
Drove away the two intruders,
Tried to relieve him of his pain.

After his *pedes* were untangled,
There he lay in quite a heap,
But just at this glorious moment
Senior made his perilous leap.

Horizontal through the transom,
Senior leaped as quick as a flash;
Down upon the rustic carpet
We heard his feet strike with a crash.

Boys were wondering how he did it,
But the matter was made complete,
For upon investigation,
His head was lighter than his feet.

—By his room-mate.



THERE being no game scheduled for the first team, the second eleven accepted a challenge from the town team on November 25. Although the day was a little unpleasant for foot-ball, quite a large number witnessed the game.

The game opened promptly at 3 oclock, the town having the ball. They started with the "wedge," but were stopped with only a gain of one yard; they made repeated attempts at Western Maryland's centre, but no gain being made they lost the ball on four downs. Western Maryland lining up the ball was snapped back

to Forsythe, who easily ran around the left end, making the first touch down in one minute after Western Maryland had the ball. Again starting from the centre of the field, the town team lost the ball, and Western Maryland's right half-back again went around the left end for a second touch down. The town team now, by some misunderstanding on the part of the College backs, made a touch down with an open field before them. This was, however, the only time they got in Western Maryland's territory. The second half the town proved no match for their opponents.

Touch down after touch down were made by the College boys, until the score ran up to 58 to 4, when time was called.

For Western Maryland, A. Wells did brilliant work making 7 touch downs and some very difficult runs.

The men and their positions were:

COLLEGE.	POSITIONS.	TOWN.
C. Davis.....	Left End.....	Irwin
Stone.....	Left Tackle.....	Kleff
Blackwood.....	Left Guard.....	Parke
Bosley.....	Centre.....	Billingslea
Dean.....	Right Guard.....	Hoppe
Pennington.....	Right Tackle.....	Gorsuch
Macomber.....	Right End.....	B. Irwin
Mills.....	Quarter Back.....	Manning
Forsyth.....	Right Half Back.....	H. Davis
A. Wells.....	Left Half Back.....	F. Miller
E. Miller.....	Full Back.....	Smith

Touch down:—A. Wells, 7; Forsyth, 3; E. Miller, 1; F. Miller, 1.—Referee, Moore.

Our second game of foot-ball was against the Maryland Agricultural College on their grounds. They had played five games and had not even been scored against. It was a good record, but it had to be broken and our eleven did it. The teams lined up, and it was noticeable that the M. A. C. was much heavier behind the line, and about even in the rush line. Their long hair, shin guards and rubber noses gave them a genuine foot-ball air. We won the toss and choose the ball. We opened with the Yale wedge. Stull took the ball and gained ten yards. Then with quick work around the left end and through center, in a few minutes, the ball was within ten feet of their goal; and they had never been scored against. Now for a mighty effort; the ball was passed back to Watson; the signal was for the

centre, the whole team massed itself and with a great push got him and the pig-skin across the line, and in four minutes four points had been made; goal was missed. Now they got the ball and prove that they have a strong team in offensive play. Their heavy half backs plunged into the line, usually through tackles, and gained their five yards. We had heard of their swift runners and that they had gained as much as fifty yards. Those swift runners came around the end sometimes but always had to consult with our backs, and during the consultation were usually downed, so they stopped coming. They played a fine backing game and before it was ended, had scored four touch-downs, giving them sixteen points. Their team was very weak in kicking goal, as they only got one out of four attempts. Our boys played a strong game for an inexperienced team and showed their good training. About the prettiest play of the game was, when we had the ball and after several gains the center was tried, our right half-back plunged into the line and through the center and after a run of twenty-five yards made a touch-down between the goal posts. Wells then kicked goal and the score stood 18 to 10 in their favor. The teams lined up as follows:

M. A. C.		
Bannon.....	Left End.....	W. M. C.
Harding.....	Left Tackle.....	Wooden
Mitchell.....	Left Guard.....	Bosley
Harrison.....	Centre.....	Moore
Alvey.....	Right Guard.....	Galbreath
Rollins.....	Right Tackle.....	Wright
Strickler.....	Right End.....	Gibson
Compton, (capt.).....	Quarter Back.....	Zepp
Pue.....	Left Half Back.....	A. Wells
Gorman.....	Right Half Back.....	Stull
	(capt.) Full Back.....	Watson
		S. Wells

Referee—F. W. Story, W. M. C.—Umpire—Skinner, M. A. C.—Time—Two twenty-five minutes halves—Touchdowns—M. A. C. 4—W. M. C. 2.Goals—M. A. C. 1—W. M. C. 1.

The foot-ball season is over. During the indoor season we hope to do some good work in the gymnasium and break as many records as possible. Measurements of the students will be made and recorded so that individual work may be prescribed.

Basket ball has become quite a popular game. So far, the Freshman class are champions; they may not be when the next issue appears. The young ladies have a room in Smith Hall for indoor amusements and are practicing the game of Basket Ball. It is rumored that they may challenge the young men.

* * * * *

The bath tubs have been treated to a coat of enamel paint and look very inviting. They have added a great deal to the gymnasium.

* * * * *

Benjamin Franklin told John Adams that he made it a point of religion to exercise. When sixty years old he wrote to his son: Exercise to prevent diseases, since the cure of them by physic is so precarious. Franklin was a wise man. A word from the wise ought to be sufficient.



J. W. C. A. Notes.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY we are very glad to be able to report great progress in our association work. Not only have the meetings been unusually well attended, but the interest of every one present has seemed to be deep and sincere.

During the week of prayer, which we observed in November, we had many manifestations of God's divine presence and of His saving grace. Not only were some of our schoolmates brought to know what a blessed Saviour is ours, but we ourselves have been greatly strengthened and encouraged, and we feel that we have much for which we should be truly thankful. Let us continue the good work, for if we are truly in earnest, success cannot fail to await us.

J. M. C. A. Notes.

No doubt we all feel like praising God for the good that is being done by the

several committees of our Y. M. C. A., but there is one committee especially we wish to make mention of, and that is the grand work that has been accomplished by the earnest and enthusiastic "Alms-house Committee."

First, we want to say that the president of the association made a very wise selection when he appointed Mr. Harry Depfer on this committee, who was made chairman, and his discretion as to the work has proven, we must say, to be very successful.

And during the term Mr. Depfer, with the aid of his friends, of The Hill, and also of the city, has given an entertainment, with the profit of which he purchased an organ for the almshouse.

Since the purchasing of the organ the committee has been given the benefit of a large room in which they hold religious services every Sunday.

On Friday evening, December 1, Mr. Depfer, with the aid of friends, gave the inmates a "Musical and Literary Entertainment," which they very much enjoyed; after which lemonade, cake and confectionery were served to them.

Several young ladies of the city gave cakes, and went to the almshouse and assisted in the entertainment, and we are sure the committee is very thankful for their kindness and benevolence.

Let us all take a lesson from this committee and try to make our work show what we can do for the Master.

Let us be up and doing;
And work for the Lord;
And if we do it with pleasure,
A crown will be our reward.

* * *

November 12th to 18th, the "Week of Prayer for Colleges" was duly observed by our association and productive of grand results. Deep interest had been manifested in the event for some weeks previous, and the whole season was one characterized by spiritual meetings and consecrated personal work. Old members were quickened into new life and *ten men* expressed a determination by *God's help* to be *Christians*.

These are the manifested results but we are praying and looking for even greater than these; for though November 18 has passed, yet the same spirit

which so graciously marked the special season ending then is still with us.

The association is much indebted to Mr. W. H. Maltbie of Johns Hopkins University for valuable services rendered on a visit during the week. He has come to be known and loved by us all, having visited us on previous years; and the influence of his presence, with the Spirit that he brought with him, was wider than we know. Nor would we forget to mention the much appreciated and efficient co-operation of Prof. Ward, though possibly he would deem the mention out of place, being pleased, as he is, to style himself one of us.

A bible training class for the systematic study of God's word has been organized. The work involved some extra duties, but it has been entered into with zeal by the members, all of whom seem to be thoroughly interested in the undertaking. This is a branch of work too much neglected by us of late years, but now the prospect is good for a revival of the interest in it.

During this second term we have the prospect of a series of short lectures by prominent Christian workers. These will be given in the regular Sunday afternoon meetings, and are looked forward to with much interest and pleasure.

The "Week of Prayer" suggests that the same interest be manifested in the prayer meeting *every* week; that the same need for personal work be felt every day; that the same concern for the welfare of our fellow-students be experienced *all the time*; and hence, more men be converted to Christ continually.

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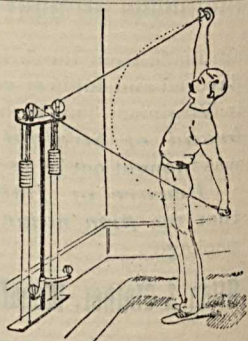
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P	M	A	M	A	M	STATIONS.	A	M	P	M	P	M
.....	11	55	5	45	LEAVE.....
.....	11	58	5	48CHERRY RUN.....	8	47	1	42	8	55
.....	12	11	6	01BIG POOL.....	8	44	1	39	8	52
.....	12	17	6	06CLEAR SPRING.....	8	33	1	27	8	33
.....	12	26	6	06CHARLTON.....	8	27	1	22	8	31
.....	12	40	6	30	WILLIAMSPORT, P. V., AR. HAGERSTOWN, LE	8	18	1	13	8	20
.....	1	45	6	45	LE. WILLIAMSPORT, AR	8	05	1	00	8	05
*4	15	2	00	7	02	LE. HAGERSTOWN, AR	7	30	12	15	7	55
4	27	2	17	7	20CHEWSVILLE.....	11	59	7	41
4	34	2	25	7	27SMITHSBURG.....	11	51	7	33
4	38	2	35	7	36EDGEMONT.....	7	05	11	45	7	28
.....	2	53	7	50	AR.....HIGHFIELD.....LE	6	53	11	28	7	13
.....	2	53	7	50	LE.....HIGHFIELD.....AR	11	25	7	10
.....	3	22	8	17FAIRFIELD.....AR	10	56	6	39
.....	3	52	8	47GETTYSBURG.....	10	27	6	10
.....	4	16	9	12NEW OXFORD.....	10	02	5	45
.....	4	33	9	30HANOVER.....	9	48	4	58
.....	4	46	9	45	AR.....PORTERS.....LE	9	30	4	46
.....	5	17	9	45	LE.....PORTERS.....AR	9	27	4	44
.....	5	25	9	53SPRING GROVE.....	9	19	4	36
.....	5	47	10	15	LE.....YORK.....AR	8	57	4	14
A	M	A	M	A	M	A	M	P	M	A	M
.....	2	53	7	50	LE.....HIGHFIELD.....AR	6	53	11	28	7	13
4	50	2	54	7	52BLUE RIDGE.....	6	52	11	23	7	09
5	10	3	20	8	16MECHANICSTOWN.....	6	25	10	51	6	41
.....	3	30	8	26ROCKY RIDGE.....	10	37	6	29
5	30	3	44	8	37BRUCEVILLE.....	6	07	10	25	6	17
5	38	3	55	8	45UNION BRIDGE.....	6	00	10	16	6	06
.....	3	59	8	49LINWOOD.....	10	09	6	00
5	46	4	05	8	55NEW WINDSOR.....	5	53	10	03	5	55
5	59	4	23	9	11WESTMINSTER.....	5	40	10	44	5	36
6	30	5	02	9	44GLYNDON.....	5	11	8	59	4	58
.....	5	32	10	08ARLINGTON.....	8	24	4	24
7	12	5	54	10	31BALTIMORE.....	*4	30	8	00	4	02
P	M	P	M	A	M	A	M	P	M	P	M
8	15	6	45	11	35WASHINGTON.....	7	05	2	30
.....	9	55	1	00PHILADELPHIA.....	12	03	3	50	1	30
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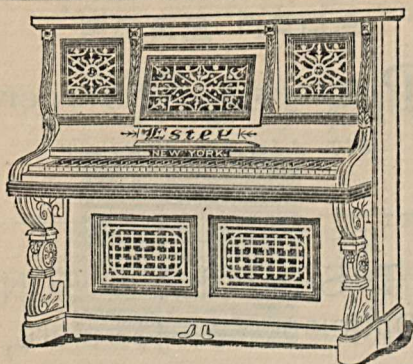
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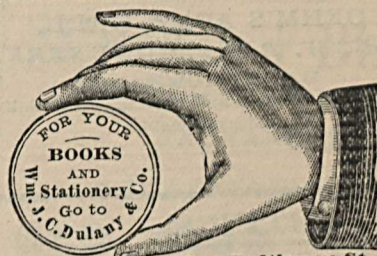
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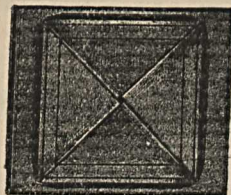
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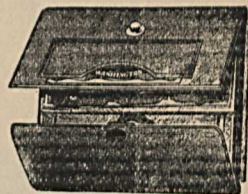
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Western Maryland College Monthly.

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No. 4

Western Maryland College Monthly.

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EDWARD C. GODWIN, '94, Editor-in-Chief.

EDITORS:

BERTHA H. CHANDLER, '95.

LIZZIE L. THOMAS, '95.

GRACE S. WELLER, '95.

ALBERT J. LONG, '94.

W. H. COLLINS, '94.

L. IRVING POLLITT, '89, Alumna Editor.

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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.

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.*



THIS is the dullest season of the year for the college athlete and the period during which his zeal must necessarily suffer a relaxation. The foot-ball season closed with the approach of the holidays and spring is too far off to excite an interest in base-ball. The regular course of indoor training in the gymnasium is in progress, and it alone prevents a complete stagnation in the field of athletics.

Many, and we might even say, most men who enter college, confine themselves too closely to their books and to mental work of like nature. They are opposed to any interference on the part of the college authorities and consider compulsory gymnasium work as not only an uncalled for, but even an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the individual student. They hold the opinion that every thoughtful and prudent man will pay proper attention to his bodily needs without compulsion, but they overlook the fact that many persons lack the determination to force themselves to the performance of a disagreeable task, as a regular and specified amount of physical exercise. No man

can afford to neglect this and it is a duty which should be enforced in all institutions, especially upon the lower classes.

After a few hours of active exercise, the student finds his mental vision clarified and his perceptive powers visibly quickened and stimulated. He picks up his books with an increased zeal for study and is enabled to labor with renewed energy. It is to be hoped that everyone will avail themselves of the opportunities for physical culture and will make material progress and development, so that our chances for making a record in athletics will be increased.

THE action of the University of Pennsylvania in the establishment of a school of journalism is, in our estimation a step in the right direction and one which has been long needed. For many years, the colleges of this country, as well as other countries, have practically wasted a great part of the student's time by cramming his head full of the dead languages, and have failed to give him the opportunity for acquiring much useful or practical knowledge. As was natural, a general reform became evidently necessary and prominent educators have of late years been seeking to alter and improve the college curriculum, so as to educate men and women for real life and not to burden their minds with worthless accomplishments.

Each succeeding year now shows a broadening of our higher colleges and universities. The old idea of an education has been discarded and a man no longer goes to school for the sole purpose of digging away at Greek verbs or wading through many dry pages of moral philosophy. Instead of so doing he endeavors to fit himself for his business in life. The old system has been broken up by the various schools of

technology and manual training; almost every trade and profession now fills its ranks with men educated for their calling by special training.

All of the larger universities have supported schools designed for the professional education of men entering the ministry or law but a new departure has recently been made by the University of Pennsylvania. She has laid out a course designed for the training of men in journalism. It includes such studies as would naturally pertain to that business, and it is the intention to turn out men fitted by a most thorough course of training, for the newspaper work of the present day. Attention will be given to every detail of the work, from editorial writing to soliciting advertisements.

There is no need to mention the influence and power wielded by the public press of to-day; it is manifest to every thinking man. The newspaper controls, to a greater or less degree, the opinions of the masses, and it exerts a determining influence upon topics of national interest. The place formerly filled by the pulpit and the public speaker has been taken by the modern paper and a vastly larger field is covered by it. Not only does it shape and color the form of public opinion, but it also serves as a universal educator and instructor of the poorer and more ignorant classes of people. They depend upon it to a great extent, for their knowledge and information, both literary and scientific. Therefore, any reasonable person cannot help but acknowledge that the men who are to wield this enormous power, should be properly fitted by a specially designed course of previous training and education for their most important position in society.

"Many, probably a majority, of our newspaper men began their journalistic

education on rudimentary foundations at the composing desk or on the reporter's rounds, their business is to grasp quickly the outlines of any subject, to form snap judgements, and to be always on the alert for anything that will suit the popular taste, or better still, supply popular needs. Of all men they should have a broad mental horizon, and certainly with scholarly training and instincts they would avoid the worst evils of their profession. Yet these qualities are too often lacking, and to this fact may be attributed the worst deficiencies of the press in guiding and shaping public opinion. Instead of a medium for the intelligent and thoughtful treatment of questions of public interest, we too often have the mere news-monger's sheet, where everything is made to conform to the standard of the newsy or the sensational. The equipment of journalists with a thorough and liberal education such as is promised in the course referred to, we believe will do more than anything else for the elevation and improvement of this great factor."

THE staff of the MONTHLY takes this occasion to remind our alumni that any contributions from them will be gladly and thankfully received. Although our college paper exists primarily for the encouragement of literary efforts on the part of the students, yet we are pleased at any time to publish articles offered by former contributors. We desire most of all, however, that the members of our alumni would endeavor to improve and assist the journal of their alma mater, by sending any items of interest or information pertaining either to themselves or to other persons who have been connected with our institution. We desire to make the MONTHLY as interesting and valuable to alumni as

possible, and to this end request their assistance and co-operation.

WE take great pleasure in calling the attention of the alumni and friends of the college to the "Daily Manual for Bible Readers," a new work by our old and esteemed friend, Dr. J. T. Ward. This little volume was compiled by the author, after a long and close study of the sacred Scriptures and no one can be better qualified, either to serve as an authority or compile a book of reference upon the Bible, than Dr. Ward. He has received many compliments upon this work and it is highly commended by all those most competent to judge of its merits.

The "Daily Manual for Bible Readers" is designed as a book of reference and is an invaluable help to Bible readers and students. An eminent authority has said: "It is the *best* book of the kind in print, and there should be no Sunday School teacher without it." In view of many such testimonials, and knowing, as we do, the ability and learning of its author, we take great pleasure in commending this book of Dr. Ward's to all friends and patrons of the college. Any one who may desire a copy is requested to consult the notice in our advertising columns, where desired information may be obtained.

UNDER the head of Athletics, we publish a short paper by the Director of the gymnasium, giving a series of movements or exercises for the development of the various parts of the body. We urge all of the subscribers of the MONTHLY to carefully read this article and preserve it for future reference, as faithful compliance with the directions it contains will result in a full and symmetrical development of the entire body.

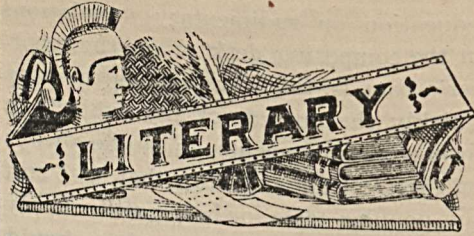
IN this age of libraries, of encyclopædias and books of reference on every subject, men do not commit to memory and stow in their minds so many simple facts as in the days when books were scarce and encyclopædia almost unknown.

In the hurry and excitement incident to everyday life we read an interesting and important subject, comment upon it and pass on. The choicest passages of prose and poetry in the English literature are too often read in this hasty, careless way. The result is, that by not sinking in our minds and becoming a part of us, half of their beauty is lost.

Dr. Johnson once said to Boswell, "Sir, in my early days I read very hard. It is a sad reflection but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good; but I had all the facts. I remember very well, when I was at Oxford an old gentleman said to me, 'Young man ply your books diligently now and acquire a stock of knowledge, for when years come unto you, you will find that poring over books will be but an irksome task.'"

The college man, above all others, is in a position to profit by these suggestions; surrounded by the greatest thoughts of the greatest thinkers, by the grandest ideas men have imparted to their fellows, he will miss an important feature of his education if he passes them injudiciously. Nature ordinarily places her treasures and gems in rocky ground. If to memorize and thus cultivate the memory be at first knotty, the mind must pause and grasp it, and hold it with work and thought and close attention until it has gotten secure possession of the truth.

The student who pursues such a course through college will find at the close of his school life that he has a supply of the gems of the literary world more charming than ruby or sapphire.



E. C. GODWIN AND GRACE S. WELLER, *Edts.*

The Passing of the Old Year.

BY CHAS. T. WRIGHT.

Night settles down,
The deep, dark shadows throw
A sable pall
O'er hill and plain and sea;
The wintry wind
Moans sadly through the trees
A solemn dirge,
Like that sung o'er the dead.

A starless sky
Bends weeping to the earth,
And all the air
Seems burdened with a weight
Of fun'ral gloom,
Whose blackness gathers thick
Around my soul
As storm-clouds round the sun.

All nature seems
To stand in waiting for
Some great event—
The faithful clock moves up
Its warning hands
'Till near the hour of twelve—
Ah me! how close
My eyes are watching now

Each curving swing
Of ticking pendulum,
My eager breath
Comes quick, and hard, and hushed—
The hands have reached
The moment that must hold
Within its grasp
Life and its dread for death.

I stand and watch
The fateful wheels as they
Approach the verge,
O'er which the dying year

• Must pass into
The viewless realms beyond,
That never yield
Their garnered moments up.

His withered form,
Now staffed and stooping comes
Up to the brink—
A wistful backward look,
A glance before,
A shudder—sharp and cold—
He totters on,
And passes from my sight.

A doleful stroke
Struck by an iron tongue;
A sobbing moan,
Borne on the weary wind—
Then silence reigns;
The year has reached its end;
The bound is set,
He cannot go beyond.

With haste he clasps
Within his withered arms
The phantom forms
That mock him as he dies—
Vain hopes that now
Elude his feeble grasp
And promise naught
But an eternal grave.

Thus *all* the years
Must pass beyond the line
That God has drawn
Between the things that live
And those that die;
And as in turn they go
To *their* account,
They bear us on to *ours*.

HAVRE DE GRACE, MD.
December, 1893.

Epiliputians.

IN early youth I took this motto for my guide: "Search others for virtues and thyself for vices." Acting upon this I soon found myself at variance with mankind in general, and woman-kind in particular. Actuated by the desire of appearing as a Roman when in Rome, I changed my tactics and reversed my motto, which now reads: "Search

others for vices and thyself for virtues." It took me but a short while to reach the conclusion that there are more vices in others than virtues in myself. I once read of an old woman who could find nothing but good to say of anyone, even Satan himself. (She was a great curiosity, an abnormal production). She was not my grandmother, nor "any of my wife's near relations," so I don't feel that I am under any obligation to follow in her blessed foot-steps. It is no doubt a bad sign, but never yet have I thought myself too good to be on this earth. "Unto the pure all things are pure" is very poetical, but it is far from having the ring of truth in my estimation.

In my observation of men and women I have been astounded and utterly amazed at the number of dwarfs as to mind and character in both low and high positions.

There are some very interesting and laughable characters setting themselves up with the utmost complacency as models, I suppose, for imitation. I will not say much about those good-natured, well-meaning fellows in white ties and standing collars. They are a necessary evil, and society could not well get along without them.

In our consideration of little men the first that commands our attention is the dude. He exerts a wonderful influence on the world. I will not speak at length upon his many virtues, neither will I undertake to point out his characteristics or describe his personal appearance. This freak of nature in human form I think sufficiently well-known to my readers. Scientists, it is said, have speculated for long years as to his origin. They have determined the whenceness of all other animals and even traced themselves from monkeys, but stop short when they come to the dude. He

remains to them an enigma, an insolvable mystery.

I, also, have deeply speculated concerning him. Long nights have I sat buried in profound thought studying on this great and absorbing subject. I think, however, and congratulate myself, that I have solved the problem at last, though it has taken even years of hard mental labor, I regret it not. I am sure I need only state my answer to the question to receive universal consent as being the only true and satisfactory solution of the problem. It is a great wonder to me that it has not been found out before. The dude is the inevitable result of our boasted nineteenth century civilization.

If my meaning is not clear and any poor, muddled-headed individual is unable to understand or interpret it aright, I will simply say my office is always open for consultation from one to two o'clock A. M., and I would be only too glad to clear it up, with the condition, however, that I will "furnish him an argument but not an understanding."

In the natural sequence of things we come to what I shall call, for want of a better name, the ladies' poodle dog. He evidences his association by his polished and refined deportment. He is usually more of an egotist than flatterer, but it may be truly said, "out of his mouth flow words sweeter than honey." He is specially prized by the fair sex because he affords them so many hours of genuine amusement. He always flies when danger is nigh. It is not his profession to afford protection, but as the canine he represents, looks for protection. There is a possibility, however, that he may show his teeth and run that he may "live to fight another day." He, on the whole, is a very interesting animal, and in the near future we intend

to write a book about him; however, for the present, we will content ourselves with a few more words. Sometimes he is found pretty high up in the scale of being and shows a little sign of intellect and even goes to college. Why I remember there were a few in the school which I attended several years ago, before my hair was tinged with gray. I may be mistaken, but I think the fellows who passed secret notes between the departments were considered to belong to that class. All his niceties are of no avail, however, for sensible girls never choose him as a partner for life. Well aware are they that it is not the man who tells them so twelve times per day, that loves them most, but have long since learned that under a stern and forbidding exterior often beats a warm and manly heart. Our worthy, however, like all others of God's creatures, lives his day and serves his purpose, so we pass on.

I have not much more space at my disposal, (at least so says the editor and he ought to know,) so out of the multitude of remaining worthies I will select a representative character and take the conceited man for the purpose. It is not that I think less of his associates that I give him this prominence, but that I think of him more. I want my readers to be able to recognize him at sight, so I will here give an infallible sign by which he may be known. The conceited man always takes off his hat when he thinks of himself. It is very difficult to distinguish him from the man of conscious power, as it is not easy to make the distinction between genius and insanity, both having so many things in common. If carried to the dissecting room the conceited man will be found to be filled with saw-dust and other light material, which he would not have exposed for the world.

For an example of conceit in its most aggressive form we have only to visit some fresh-water college and there behold in all his majesty the raw young professor. It sticks out all over him like porcupine quills or hedgehog bristles.

Great subjects are best treated by some authors in few words, and this is the reason I shall say so little about the grumbler. He is the very important personage that ought to have lived about thirty million years ago, that he might have directed the formation of the universe. Nothing in the world suits him. He, however, as it is, has been a very important factor in history. Very few have any conception of his importance. Why he is the man at the bottom of every revolution and reformation. He and Mr. Crank move the world. Deal gently with both, my friend. Think what we owe them, their fathers and grandfathers, even back to Adam, the father of them all.

I would not forget the man who courts public favor. He of all others to my mind is the most contemptible. I do not want to be misunderstood. I would not for a moment speak disparagingly of those who honestly and unselfishly show themselves friendly or make themselves agreeable with whom they are associated or come in contact from pure motives. But the man who courts the favor of others to farther his own ambitious designs or selfish ends is the one I condemn. I want no better evidence of a person's littleness and utter worthlessness than to learn that every one speaks well of him. The man of character necessarily will have enemies, the most bitter, as sure as steadfast friends. It is a lamentable fact that obsequiousness now as in the days of Terence recommends itself to the common mind and

begets popular favor, while a positive disposition and whole-souled earnestness begets dislike and often hatred.

Some opinions are better unexpressed than expressed, but I cannot refrain from saying a few things about the conversational bore. He is the self-constituted leader in conversation wherever he is found. He never remembers "it is with narrow souled people as with narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out."

How often have I been in a company and seen some one take it upon himself to do all the talking to the admiration, probably, of some shallow brain, but to the contempt and disgust of all the rest. He is always very egotistic and supposes (feeble-minded fellow) that the circle is very much interested in what he has to say. Rather than stop a moment he will talk about anything, provided it is insignificant enough, even himself. I once read of a man who was entertaining a company with a narration of his wonderful exploits and adventures in different parts of the globe. When his stock was about exhausted he assured the company that he had killed seventeen men one morning before breakfast. A gentleman present, who could restrain himself no longer, asked coolly: "And, my dear sir, how many of them did you eat for your breakfast?" Instead of killing the gentleman on the spot, it is said that he actually stopped talking for the space of half a minute. The gabbler is equally hated by the silent man and other great talkers. If he were to remember, "he who is lavish in words is niggard in deed," and that the real gentleman never monopolizes conversation, he would be brought to realization of his position.

"Familiarity breeds contempt" is a

true and well-known adage. Beware of the man who is too quick to form a friendship; beware of the man who is so intimate and affable and tries to ingratiate himself at a first meeting—he is usually one that will abuse friendship. With one who does not understand human nature, first impressions are apt to be deceiving.

It is with trembling pen, faint heart, and dizzy brain that I essay to write about the type hinted at a few lines above, coming in contact as I do with such every day. There is a vast difference between familiarity and friendship. When familiarity begins, with sensible people, both respect and friendship ends.

There are those who seem to say to all with whom they come in contact, so far you may come but no farther. They as a usual thing never become public men.

The democratic spirit of the age has a tendency to foster familiarity. Professor Lowell says that if Julius Cæsar were to make his appearance in the Athens of America, he could not walk the streets without being slapped on the shoulder and asked: "How are you old hoss?" So many from their inherent base nature cannot appreciate being treated as an equal. Just here a relevant quotation comes to mind with which I will close: "He that can enjoy the intimacy of the great and on no occasion disgust them by familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature as his companions are by rank."

There are about two dozen other characters which I would like to write about here, also I would like to have treated those I have mentioned more fully, but space would not permit. I will say however, that these are only sample pages from a great work and of course every one after reading this will

want a copy of my new book when it comes out.

DIOGENES, '94.

The Indestructible.

PERHAPS there is nothing else that has been as much sought after, or no other subject that has caused as much research as "The Indestructible."

We find by the study of history that the people of all ages were seeking after something lasting, something that would not pass away or decay with time. The people of to-day are still seeking for the same, nor have they yet found any terrestrial thing that will fulfill the desired end. It is said that Alexander the, Great after he had conquered the entire of the then known world, sat down and wept. Why? Because he had failed in his search for "The Indestructible."

What was it that caused Columbus to set sail from Genoa and steer out into the unknown West, when the imagination of the superstitious people of that day pictured such horrible things in connection with such a voyage? To a certain degree it must have been a desire for "The Indestructible." What was it that actuated Ponce de Leon to cross the mighty waters of the Atlantic and march inland in search of "The Fountain of Youth?" A desire for "The Indestructible."

In viewing these things, these questions naturally arise. What is the indestructible? What is lasting? What will not pass away nor decay with time?

A youth once asked an aged man to give him a motto to engrave upon his signet. "And," said the youth, "since

Life they say, is ever made
A mingled web of grief and joy,
Since cares will come, and pleasures fade,
Pray let the motto have the range
Of meaning, fitting every change."

Then the old man replying gave him this motto: "This, too, will pass away."

Let us search and find how truly this will apply to all things.

Where shall we look for that which will not pass away? Whither shall we go? In what shall we find it? Shall we find it in the works of man? Is it in the great cities? We have our New York, Boston and Chicago, England has her London, France her Paris, and so on we might run down the list.

But what of Sodom and Gomorrah, Nineveh and Babylon, Carthage and Pompeii? Too plainly these say of our modern cities, "These, too, will pass away."

Then if we find not "The Indestructible" in the great cities, is it found in the nations, kingdoms, and empires? Ours is a great and glorious nation, indeed extending, as it does, from the Atlantic to Pacific; England together with her Canada and Colonies forms a great portion of the civilized world; France is a great and glorious nation; "Surely," says some one, "these are indestructible." Let us go a little beyond, and ascend the Nile, there we behold the ruins of ancient Egypt in the form of old and ancient cities, the Pyramids and the Sphinx, true, Egypt has left these behind her, but they serve only as reminders of her great fall, and they, even, are crumbling to dust, passing away as surely as did the nation with all her arts and culture centuries ago.

Let us come a little farther up the ages and we find Greece renowned for her heroes and her literature, yet she, too, has passed away.

Next we find Rome, "That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world;" but great and glorious as she was, the hand of time has torn her, with all her power and glory,

from her throne, and now she lies with Egypt and Greece mouldering in the dust, and all that is left to tell of their destruction is some of their ancient works, which seem to be but voices from the past calling out to us, "this too will pass away."

The nations and kingdoms of to-day may last for ages to come, yet under the mighty hand of time, they are destined to be ground to pieces, and some day will be a thing of the past. Others will spring up in their places, but they, too, will pass away as did the others before them.

To what shall we turn next for "The Indestructible?" Shall we find it in man himself? Can man be raised so high by fame and honor that his name cannot be erased from the pages of history? Where are the brave men that fought in the revolution? Passed away, and many without a single thing to tell the story of their grand and noble deeds. Many that have passed away in this manner, if we but had a history of their deeds, would have a name that would glow on the pages of history for ages to come, but they have passed away, and sleep the "Unhonored Heroes."

Where are our friends and relatives that we see no more? With sad hearts we turn to the church-yard for an answer, and the breeze as it sighs through the long rows of white carved stones seems to moan, "passed away."

Where are those that listened with joy to the deep tones of the Liberty Bell as it pealed forth the merry chimes of liberty? Where are all those who lived in this bright land of ours one hundred years ago? Where are the heroes of Egypt, Greece and Rome, the heroes whom they worshipped almost as gods? Where are all these? Ask the winds as they go sweeping by, and they seem to

say, "Some sleep on the green plains, some in the isles of the sea; others wandering still farther from home have found a resting place for their weary bones beneath the soil of foreign lands." Ask the tide as it beats upon the shore and it answers with a hollow murmur, "They have passed away." In viewing all this we are made to exclaim, with William Knox,

"Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

"The leaves of the oak and the willow shall
fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, the low and the
high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie."

Then if we find not "The Indestructible" in man, where shall we find it? Will it be in nature?

Let us go out and view the landscape as it stretches itself out in a panorama of beauty and splendor before our eyes. Fields of golden grain are waving before the gentle breeze; out in the distance we behold the vast forests with their mighty giant trees that spread their boughs out into the air, and even climb the sides of the mighty range of mountains that loom up in the background and whose peaks tower high up as though they would reach the very heavens.

We turn and on the other side we behold the vast and mighty ocean rolling away as far as eye can see; here and there, tossing on the waves, we behold ships and steamers, that plough across from one continent to another; we hear the mellow lowing of the cattle and the friendly whinny of the horse as they graze in the pastures that lie around on all sides in one unbroken plane of beauty;

we behold the lovely flowers strewn here and there in a more attractive manner than man could ever hope to accomplish; we hear the merry voices of children at play as they chase the butterflies sailing through the air just out of reach; we see smoke curling up into the air from the chimneys of the lovely farm houses and cottages that bedeck the landscape; we hear the merry chirp of birds as they flit about from tree to tree chirping out their joyful songs; everything seems to be harmony, joy and happiness. Surely this is a scene that would stir up, and inspire the soul of the most hardened man in all the world. We behold nature in all her loveliness and beauty; our whole being seems to catch the fire; and it seems that God has picked us up from the earth and placed us down in his own kingdom; and we exclaim, "Surely this will not pass away," yet while we are gazing on this scene, while we are enjoying all this happiness and pleasure, a change is coming across the entire scene. The shadows are growing longer; the cattle and the horse have lain down to rest; the children tired of play have sought their homes and gone to sleep; the birds have finished their songs and have flown to their nests and tucked their heads beneath their wings. We look out over the ocean, and, one by one the ships disappear in the gloom that is gathering over all. The sun is shining behind the mountains and is shedding his last rays on the vale beneath; And in this we now see and realize the truth, and cry out in despair, "This, too, will pass away."

Yes? Where are the fields of grain, the flowers and the oaks that are spoken of in the bible? Where are the birds that sang among the trees years ago? Where are the cattle and horses used by the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans?

Passed away. Even the mountains are being washed away a little at a time by the rainfall and carried to the valleys beneath; from there they are carried by the rivers to the ocean, which in turn places them, perhaps, on the shores of some foreign land. Thus we see that the world and all that is therein is passing away. Where then shall we find the object of our search? We have searched the universe over, but have failed.

As the last hope is dying within us we turn to the mountain as a drowning man would to the fragment of a ship. The sun has disappeared, but instead thereof are great bands of golden light across the heavens, and we seem to catch the glimpse of something beyond, something that inspires hope into the soul of the dying man; a happy thought comes rushing to our minds, and we seem to see flash across the heaven in letters of fire, "Verily, I say, heaven and earth shall pass away," but My Word shall not pass away. J. W. S., '96

Aikentown Church.

AIKENTOWN is the quietest, steadiest, most sedate little village that ever stood at the foot of a mountain. Aikentown people can hear the shrill whistles from the canal and the railroad but so dulled and softened by distance that this vulgar noise of traffic disturbs not the quiet of the little town, nor rouses the inhabitants from their accustomed dignified indifference. On Saturday afternoons the farmers from the surrounding country bring their butter and eggs to the store and receive in exchange their weekly supply of sugar and coffee, tea and molasses, then there is a most unwonted stir and bustle about, and Aikentown is in its glory. On Sundays the villagers are up betimes and many a Sunday hat and smart neck-

tie is taken from its week-long imprisonment and carefully donned.

Soon after ten o'clock the gigs and family carriages begin to come into town and are ranged in a long row in front of the church. The men stand about and discuss the weather, the crops, and such matters, but the women folks go quickly in to church.

Not until meeting has fairly begun do the men file into the building and take their seats beside their wives and daughters. The best part of the service seems to be what takes place after the preaching; the praying and the singing have all been decorously and suitably gone through with; then the news of the week is retailed by the women; plans for coming festivities made by the young people; and politics, local and national, are gravely considered by the men. Sometimes an hour will pass, after the close of service, before the last "team" drives away from the church.

Aikentown church is a plain brick structure with a marble slab in its front wall, which says that the church was founded in 1709 and the present structure was built in 1853.

From our great-grandfathers we learn that a company of Welsh people settled this district and built the old church in which a preacher who had come from Wales with them preached every Sunday morning a sermon in their native tongue. Think of a sermon in Welsh and two hours long, as were all sermons in those days!

Well, these honest farmers lived peaceably enough for some years, and one Master Aiken came and built a tavern almost opposite the church, and this same house, considerably altered and improved, still stands in the little town which was named in honor of the rosy landlord.

Following Master Aiken came other strangers, English and Irish, and soon the harsh Welsh consonants ceased to be heard and the church service was all in English.

The congregation grew and flourished and after awhile the plain little church was abandoned and a new one, larger and grander, was built.

The old church was turned into a dwelling house and may yet be seen by any visitor to Aikentown.

The new church was of brick, and one story high; the floor was of brick and the pews were high and narrow. The pulpit was high up against the north side of the church and was reached by a steep flight of steps on which sat the deaf old women and poor folk of the village when parson got up to preach. Above the pulpit was a hugh sounding board of hard, polished wood, and great would have been the damage if it had ever slipped from its place and tumbled upon the parson's head.

Opposite the pulpit, on the south side of the church, were two great doors that stood open always in the summer and very often in the winter. Heating arrangements there were none, except that some of the old women had copper foot-warmers filled with burning coals. For many years the people shivered for two or three hours every Sunday and then the flighty young people said, "Stoves." The old people opposed this innovation with might and main, but their opposition was in vain. Long and bitter was the strife but— One Sunday morning everybody went to church as usual and there stood two immense "tin-plate" stoves!

The leader of the anti-stove party soon grew too warm, off came his coat; he fanned with his hymn book, then with his hat, but apparently to no pur-

pose. At the close of the service he turned to the deacon who had approved of getting the stoves and said, "I told you it would be too hot, I'm nigh about roasted." The deacon smiled amiably, took the hand of the excited brother, laid it on the stove, and said, "Feel it, brother!" It was stone cold. No fire had been made because nobody had provided the wood.

Tradition does not tell how the good brother bore his defeat, but he probably gave up the fight against modern luxuries, for soon after a board floor was put in the church, and one improvement followed another till the old church was hardly recognizable.

When, in 1853, the old gave place to the new church building, one old man wept bitter tears because, as he said, "What was good enough for our fathers, aint good enough for us."

Around the church are many graves; some of them more than a century old, others so new that the grass has not yet covered them.

One ancient moss-grown stone bears the following inscription:

"Affliction sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain;
Until the Lord he heard my prayer,
And eased me of my pain."

The story is that the grave is that of a man whose mysterious disease had baffled the skill of many physicians, and the poor sufferer was haunted by the fear that, after his burial, these physicians would exhume his body and dissect it. So he besought his friends to take him miles away from his city home and bury him in the quietest country churchyard they could find.

They did as he wished, and thus it is that the lonely grave of an unknown man is found in Aikentown graveyard. That same quiet churchyard holds the

remains of many a village worthy, little children lie there, and the young bride laid to rest in her bridal robes. Many an orphan has gone away from that quiet spot leaving father or mother lying asleep on its grassy slope.

The world's care and turmoil cannot touch these peaceful sleepers. The blue sky smiles above them and the summer winds sway the tall grasses gently. The village children play among the graves and the solemn bell tolls a requiem as it calls the living to worship and to prayer.



WINFIELD H. COLLINS, *Editor.*

Exchanges.

THE VARSITY is greatly improved in its appearance by its Christmas dress. It contains several fairly good articles.

Central College Gem, published at Lexington, Mo., is a very interesting paper. Its matter is somewhat different from that of the ordinary college journal. The article, "The Little Boat" deserves mention.

The Souvenir for December has an article on "Opportunities," which we enjoyed. A reading of it would benefit any person careless of his time. There are so many people killing time waiting for an opportunity to do something great, it may be, waiting for something to turn up, such usually die waiting, or if the opportunity they await comes, it is apt to find them unprepared. The men whom the world has honored and does honor, are those that have made their own opportunity; men who have stepped

out before the world independent and self-reliant and compelled success.

Delaware College Review is a great paper, at least it ought to be great. It has twelve editors and just twelve pages, one for each. It would give us great pleasure to congratulate it upon its general make up, but we must refrain, for having given some months to the study of "Principles of Morality," and the astounding fact that we had a conscience being brought to our notice, its dictates we *must* reverence. It is not out of the way however, to say that its literary department is almost worth reading, indeed preps. might profit by its perusal.

Among the new exchanges we have ately received is *The Student* from the University of North Dakota. It is very neat in appearance and contains two creditable productions, one on "Witchcraft" which aims to show why the people of the world in different ages have believed in it. The other is a very interesting discussion of "Bacteria" and its relation to disease.

The Humanitarian for December has an article on "Alcohol: Its Use and Abuse," by Sir Dyce Duckworth, M. D. L. L. D., F. R. C. P., of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. It is the most unprejudiced discussion of the subject that we ever read. The ground he takes is different from that held by a majority of the medical fraternity. I will give a few quotations from it:

"Abuse of anything in any degree, for us, constitutes disease, or departure from laws, which to secure health must be obeyed. We therefore recognize a legitimate use of alcohol, which as a physician, I feel sure is *food*, whatever the physiologists may say to the contrary."

* * * * *

"To keep the moral laws it is not desirable, in my views, to deny any lawful appetite, but rather to exercise such control as is enjoined by those laws; and I cannot doubt that a legitimate employment of alcohol is both allowable and beneficial."

* * * * *

"But I trust for the suppression of drunkenness in the spread of Christian education and in the simple but unfailing influence of the fear of God in men's hearts. No legislation is likely to be so complete and saving. God in every man's heart and promote the cultivation of a simple Christian faith, and at once we lay the axe to the root of the great Upas tree of alcoholism, and of all other forms of intemperance and sin.

Many enthusiasts and laborious workers in this cause, are of opinion that it is impossible to be in earnest or do any real good for it unless total abstinence be both practiced and enjoined. * * Better be earnest than indifferent; better still, as I think, to be free and yet sober."

College Notes.

THE University of Michigan sent out a class of 731 last year, the largest ever graduated from an American college.

The increase in attendance last year at the University of Illinois is over two hundred.

The members of Greek letter fraternities in the colleges of the United States number 77,000.

Nearly half of the men who graduated at Monmouth College have selected their wives from the girls who were with them in college.

Yale College has had but twelve presidents since its foundation in 1701.

The foot-ball game between Lehigh and the University of North Carolina was noticeable for the fact that a new departure in intercollegiate athletics was made. A college from the extreme south playing one from the extreme north.

Next year the Columbia A. C. of Washington, D. C., expect to have King, of Princeton and Butterworth of Yale, on their team.

The University of Leipsic is said to be worth twenty million dollars.

The *Dickinsonian* says: "Phil King is the significant name given to a dummy which furnishes practice in tackling to the U. of Pa. eleven." It evidently did not furnish them enough.

The college yell is a purely American invention and is unknown in other countries. In England, the students simply cheer or scream the name of their college or university, no attempt is made at a rythmical, measured yell as in this country.

In the last twenty-five years eleven million dollars have been donated to women's colleges in this country.

The second annual Intercollegiate Chess Tournament between Columbia, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, was held during the Christmas holidays, and was won by Columbia.

Of President Cleveland's cabinet officers, Gresham graduated at Bloomington University; Lamont and Morton, Union, Smith, Union, Ga.; Olney, Brown; Herbert, University of Virginia; Bissell at Yale; Carlisle received a common school education.—*The Occident*.

Undergraduates in many of our leading universities have been granted a share in college government. At Wesleyan, four Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores and one Freshman, act with five members of the Faculty.

The general business depression of our country has not affected colleges. The entering class in nearly all of our colleges is the largest on record.

The University of Wisconsin has adopted the plan of having recitations six days in the week instead of five.

The new athletic field at Dartmouth, which has just been completed, cost twenty thousand dollars.

It is said that for fifty years no smoker at Harvard has graduated with the highest honors of his class.

The library and manuscripts of Bancroft the historian, have been purchased for the library of the University of Chicago.

Two Chinese women have passed the entrance examinations for admission to the University of Michigan.

In the Universities of France there are no classes, no athletics, no commencement day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs and no fraternities.—*Ex.*

In a college in Western Pennsylvania it is customary for the Junior class to furnish music for the Senior address. On a recent occasion as the Senior class was marching to the platform headed by the president of the college, the Juniors began, "See that mighty host advancing, Satan leading on."—*Ex.*



Alumni Notes.

"Dent Downing is the youngest member of the Prince George's delegation, and lives at Aquasco, in that county, near which place he was born October 12,

1869. His ancestors were among the original settlers of Charles county, his father having removed to Prince George's in 1867. Young Downing attended the public schools of his native county until 1883 and in September of that year entered the Western Maryland College at Westminster. He was the youngest member of the freshman class, and completed the full course, graduating with the degree of A. B. in 1887, delivering the salutatory address. He has since been engaged in public school teaching, having taught successively in Hyattsville, Mitchellville and Hall's, all in Prince George's county. He is of democratic antecedents and is a democrat himself."

The above is clipped from a Prince George's County paper. We are always glad to see the sons of W. M. C. distinguishing themselves and wish Dent much more success.

At the recent election of officers of Maryland Division, League of American Wheelmen, A. C. Willison, '85, was elected a representative-at-large.

President Lewis, '75, made the closing address at the state convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. His subject was "Ready."

At the Y. M. C. A. Fair, held in the Cyclorama Building, Baltimore, during the last week in November, Miss Nannie M. Heyde, '91, led the Indian club drills.

Miss Hattie Bollinger, '81, will spend the winter in Baltimore.

W. M. Weller, '89, is leading his class in civil engineering at Yale. His three years experience previous to entering the class caused him to be honored with the position of one of its instructors in practical railroad surveying.

President Diffenbaugh, '74, was chairman of the state committee appointed to

make recommendations of suitable books for school libraries. The committee's report was submitted a month ago.

Miss Sallie Spence, '92, has been visiting recently in Baltimore.

Miss Marion E. Money, '90, has recently been appointed first assistant at the Elkton Academy, of which the principal is Prof. Steele, husband of Mrs. Bessie Miller Steele, '81.

Mrs. Jennie F. Wilson *Byron*, '86, of Fort Meade, S. D., has been visiting her parents at Washington, D. C., and some of her old school friends in the East.

Some of our alumnae who are rather ambitious and are not even satisfied with the degree of M. A. have recently taken that more important degree of M A N.

Miss Laura B. Taylor, '89, has passed the examinations for Baltimore City schools and is on the lists for appointments.

Miss Mary J. Fisher, '90, is teaching at Ridgely. She recently took a prominent part in the teachers' institute of Caroline county.

W. M. Weller, '89, now at Yale, instructed a division of his class in field work during the Fall. He graduates in June with the degree of Ph. D.

Prof. T. F. Rinehart, who now has charge of the music department of Adrian College, has been quite sick for the past month. We learn that Miss Maude E. Kinney, who was his assistant here, is assisting him at Adrian.

Miss Elizabeth Caulk, '91, is superintendent of the "Y" division of work of the W. C. T. U. of Kent Co.

A. S. Crockett, '91, has given up his position as teacher in the La Grange Institute of La Grange, North Carolina,

and has accepted the offer of the principalship at the Glenwood Institute, Glenwood, Howard Co., Md.

Dr. R. L. Linthicum, '83, is at present practicing medicine at Hooper's Island, Dorchester Co., Md.

The class of '91 will contain two M. D.'s after next June. G. I. Barwick will graduate from the medical school of the Maryland University, and G. E. Day will receive a diploma from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore. The graduates of Western Maryland are helping to swell the ranks of the learned professions.

Mr. D. F. Harris, '91, now fills the position of Assistant Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Washington, D. C., and is closely connected with the Association work in that city.

Quondam.

WE recently saw a notice in the papers of the promotion of Lieut. Geo. F. Anders, U. S. Army, from second lieutenant to the rank of first lieutenant. Lieut. Anders was a student at Western Maryland College before he received his appointment to West Point, and was noted for excellent conduct and attention to his studies. We extend our congratulations and best wishes to him.

Miss Mary E. Wright, 90-91, is teaching school as the assistant in the public school at Hurlock's, Dorchester Co., Md.

Charlie Harris, a quondam of '93, is employed as bookkeeper in a large firm at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Fred. S. Topham, '89-'91 is employed in the store of his father, a trustee of W. M. C., in Washington, D. C.



A. J. LONG, LIZZIE THOMAS AND BERTHA
CHANDLER, *Editors.*

Browning—Irving.

Something new—a joint anniversary! How did it come about? Brownings, you know, belong to one side of the house and Irvings to the other, and Fate *alias* the Faculty, usually decrees that the two sides of the house must be kept asunder. But lo! we here behold sandwiched neatly together the music of the Brownings with the oratory of the Irvings, and the histrionic talents of both societies united in the production of a drama, and all by order of the Faculty. Well, why not? The Brownings and Philomatheans always had to borrow a few Websters or Irvings to help them out, and the Irvings and Websters always had to borrow a few girls wherever they could get them, only to borrow from Brownings and Philomatheans was not to be thought of. And the simplest solution of the difficulty was the institution of joint anniversaries, each to be participated in by a society representing each side of the house. To the Browning and Irving, as the oldest societies and as the first coming alphabetically, fell the honor of inaugurating the plan. They will be followed by the Philomatheans and Websters on the next occasion. Another year, interest will be added by new combinations, and the Brownings will join forces with the Websters. While the Philomatheans and Irvings will show what their combined efforts can produce. "Christmas"

was the charm-word for the Brownings and Irvings—in letters of evergreen and gold it surmounted all the graceful draperies and decorations of the stage, and it lent its magic spell to the pretty souvenir programs which the ushers graciously bestowed on each and every member of the audience.

Misses Herr, Shriver, Norris and Cochran of the Browning were the first to appear before the footlights. They sang a bright roundelay, "Three Little Mice," and were heartily applauded. Irving's president, A. J. Long, spoke to the assembled friends the greeting of his own and sister society in words fitly chosen. "Ripples of the Alabama" was the title of the descriptive piano solo that Miss Carrie Rinehart played and for which she was so deservedly complimented. Miss Grace Weller's essay, "The Power Behind the Throne" was the literary production of the evening. As it may grace the pages of the MONTHLY we prefer to let it speak its own praise. Brownings were justly proud of Miss Weller. The tableau scenes from the "Merchant of Venice" were "short and sweet," but so much could not be said of the pauses while the scenes were in process of preparation—with the air filled with the suffocating fumes of tableau-fire. A fortune to the man who will invent a good tableau light. But the *piece de resistance* of a society anniversary is the drama. This time it is "The Woven Web," an account of some incidents of a romantic character in the late war. There was Walter Hastings (A. J. Long) the young attorney who made love to the pretty Louise (Lizzie L. Thomas) after he had saved her from drowning, there was Harry Falconer (W. H. Forsythe) the young Virginian who fell in love with Bertha Danvers (Belle Cochran) the

orphan cousin of Louise, Mr. Parkhurst (E. C. Godwin) a leading lawyer of New York, Tim (E. D. Stone) his protege from the Emerald Isle, who was full of happy hits that made the audience laugh. There was "Majah Uncle Billy Toby, Sah" (T. C. Galbreath) and Judy (M. Edna Norris) his equally amusing "better half." Moses (N. R. Eckhard) the nigger, and last, but by no means to be left out, the heavy villain, Joseph Lamington (L. A. Bennett) who was always weaving a web, but around none so effectually as around himself. And so, on the 20th of December, was celebrated the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Browning and the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Irving.—*Robin*.

Our Lectures.

PROMINENT among the intellectual blessings showered upon us this year is the lecture course arranged by Pres. Lewis for the present term.

It was opened Saturday, December 9th, by Dr. Cowan, of Pittsburg, with his lecture on the phonograph. This lecture was to have been supplemented by the rendering of several fine records, but unfortunately, a part of the phonographic apparatus failed to arrive.

We feel especially indebted to the Doctor for the earnest, powerful sermon which he gave us on Sunday, the 10th. For these favors, for his genial, kindly manner, and for his quiet, dry humor we shall long remember him.

On the 15th, Dr. Reese, with his peculiarly graceful oratory, held us charmed for an hour, while he discussed the authorship and merits of the Book of Hebrews. At the close of his lecture we felt that we had received a new impetus toward the proper study of the Bible.

On January 5th we caught the "Japan-
esles" from Pres. Lewis's illustrated Lecture on Japan. For more than an hour graphic descriptions, stereopticon views, and choice bits of history and legendary lore followed one another in faultless arrangement, making a most enjoyable lecture. Since hearing it we feel a deeper interest in "that far away land of the heathen."

Last, though not least, among the lectures thus far given, came one on the "busy bee," by the noted apiarist, Rev. R. L. Lewis, "who loves the bee so well he scarce admits it has a sting." To those of us whose stock of apiarian lore lay in the impression (more or less vivid according to experience) that bees have their "fine points," this lecture was a revelation. Truly, the little honey gatherer could instruct the lords of creation in many a branch of knowledge.

We are looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the remainder of the course.

E. J. N.

Personals.

Master Harry Heinsheimer, of Newark, N. J., has entered the Primary Department as a student and will room in Levine Hall.

Mr. F. S. Cain, '94, was absent from college on January 12-15, attending to private business.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Wm. Garrison, '98, of Upper Cross Roads, Harford Co. Md., had his left hand badly lacerated by the bursting of a gun during the latter part of the holidays. We sincerely lament the accident and hope that no serious consequences will result, but that Garrison will be able to return to college in a short time.

Mr. H. C. Tull visited his son, H. C. Tull, Jr., '97, Dec. 20.

Mr. F. S. Cain, '94, spent Dec. 7-12 with friends in Union Bridge.

Mr. Dryden, '97, spent several days with Mr. Bennett, '94, during Christmas vacation.

Mr. David Long visited his son A. J. Long, '94, December 20.

Mr. Pettet, '96, spent his vacation with Mr. Gibson, '96.

Mr. C. B. Strayer, '93, visited his Alma Mater December 20 and 21.

Miss Lydia Gover Hull, '93, arrived in Westminster December 20, to attend the anniversary of Browning and Irving Literary Societies.

Messrs. R. S. & A. B. Wells spent their vacation with relatives in Geneva, N. Y.

Mr. John M. Little of Parkton, Baltimore Co., Md. entered college on the 10th. inst. and passed the examinations for the Freshman class.

Locals.

To Western Maryland College one day
A dear good boy chanced to stray,
He studied, he studied long,
And never was worried by any love song.

"Penny" was strong as strong could be,
And played foot-ball at W. M. C.
Of college maidens he was afraid,
And never on the girls' side strayed.

But one day with "Willie" Dean
Our woman hater Pennington was seen;
So down the town these lords did walk,
And concerning pretty girls did talk.

On the street "Penny" chanced to see,
A girl as pretty as could be;
She was graceful, tall and fair,
And had locks of nut brown hair.

Alas! poor "Penny" his fate had met,
In spite of rules the teachers set
He hooked the ten o'clock inspection,
And crept to his room without detection.

But sad to relate "love at sight,"
Was this unfortunate boy's plight,
But in the last week all is well,
For they now are both under love's spell.

So please kind friends lend
Your aid, and congratulations send
To Edward Pennington so fond
Of the sweet and charming Miss B—.

"Motto."

—Miss L., '96 (rushing into a Senior room on Jan 9), "Oh girls! I only have three quarters of an hour to wait until the train comes."

—What certain evening did Miss J. '94, *spen(d)* a great deal of time fixing her hair?

—Why was Miss E—t, '94, so anxious to come back on Wednesday?

—Any one wishing to be treated to stick candy will call on Miss N., '94.

—Will some one please tell us how we can improve Miss S—h's, '94, memory?

—Why does Miss F—e, '97, wish to live in the city? Because there are alleys there.

—Who can inform us about Miss S., '94 latest strike in the Senior class.

—The half is not told, that is, his better half frequently is not.—*Puck*.

—Has anyone noticed how the Senior girls have been *banged*.

—Miss D., '94 (on leaving college for Christmas vacation). "Oh girls! Is'nt it grand, they have a *char cartered* for us.

—To what new use does Miss R—t, '95, put caromels.

—Miss B, '94 (drinking hot tea—Oh! my, this almost burns the *sarcophagus* out of my throat.

—Miss W. (German)—Miss W, pronounce "taube." Miss W., '95. — "Toby."

—Miss H, '94—Oh! there is Mr. —. Miss W—y, '94—Yes, the *protestant* son has returned.

—"I went to the animal fair, &c."—Collins.

—It is strange how Miss D, '94, will tire (Tyre) of some persons.

—Miss L, '95—Listen, Professor is going to say something funny. Prof.—Miss L, please read.

—The maid expects
Her beau to-night,
And fills the stove
With anthracite,
Because the air
Is raw and damp,
But quite forgets
To fill the lamp.

—*Hagerstown Daily Mail.*

The glad new year
Now is here,
Perhaps you know
That this is so.

Still it is news,
Too good to lose,
It's no disgrace
To give it space.

May luck be more
In '94.
And fewer ills.
And unpaid bills.

—*Somerville Journal.*

—Miss D—s, '95 (eating canned pineapples)—These pineapples taste like they were alive (meaning fresh).

—Miss F, (In English)—What was Edmund Burke? Miss R—r, '95—An Englishman. Miss F,—Where was he born? Miss R—r,—In Dublin. Miss F—In what country is Dublin? Miss R—r,—In Scotland.

—Miss S—s, '94—Prof. McDaniel has the *policeman* come for my trunk yet?

—Ward '96—"Say, Gibson, with your profoundly acute perceptive faculties can you perceive from a philosophical standpoint, that the examinations have produced any radical mutability in the external facial physiognomical aspect of my material corporosity?

—The College Publishing Company of 1122 Broadway, New York, has issued a handsome booklet containing beautiful, half-tone group pictures of the 1893 Foot ball teams of Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania and Yale and statistics and records of the individual players. The booklet also contains fine half-tone plates of the Harvard and Yale 1893 crews, and the athletic teams of

Columbia, Harvard, Princeton and Yale. This booklet may be had for ten two cent stamps and forms an interesting souvenir of college athletics, which many of our college "sports" would like to have.

—As a maid so nice,
With step precise
Tripped o'er the ice,
She slipped; her care in vain.
And at the fall,
With usual gall,
The school-boys call,
"Third down; two feet to gain."

—*Brunonian.*

—Mewshaw:—"Taylor, is St. John's college a military school?" Taylor:—"Why, yes indeed, they teach law here."

DISAPPOINTMENT.

—Russet shoes, an Eton jacket,
Several books, a tennis racquet,
Psyche knot, a lovely bonnet.
Light egrets wave upon it,
Classic features, winsome face,
Winsome beauty, fairy grace,
Tempting lips, charming eyes,
Hidden mirth within them lies;—
'Tis a sister from the college
Where they teach the damsels knowledge.
A bewitching little maiden,
With her books and racquet laden;
Yet I dare not seek to meet her,
For a friend comes near to greet her,
And I learn this dream of heaven
Is a Freshman, '97.

—*Adelbert.*

—Dan Stone is becoming so proficient in ancient languages, that he reads "Nick Carter" in both Greek and Latin.

—Mr. Mewshaw has contracted to furnish the gymnasium with gas. The building has been connected with Ward Hall by a pipe.

—"I was seeing Nellie home" &c.—
Bennett.

I wonder if their mammas know they are out."—*A woman in Baltimore.*

—Why did Stull sit with his face in one direction, while the train went in the opposite direction?

—"If you love me, darling" &c.—
Cain.

—Prof.—“Mr. P—t, who was the commander of the first Roman fleet?”
Mr. P—t.—“Do you mean on the Carthaginian side, sir?”

Of all the College Faculty,
There was not one quite able
To analyze successfully
The hash upon the table.—E. B. T.

—Prof. Nelson:—“Mr. Forsythe, have you any musical ambition?” “Plenty of it, sir, but no talent,” was the reply.

—Prof. Watson:—“What is the definition of fortress?” Mr. Macomber:—“A little hole.”

—Prof. McD.—“Mr. Burgoon, what is a quadrilateral?” Mr. B.—“A quadrilateral is a figure having Fo(u)r lines on it.”

—“Bright lights were flashing in the grand ball-room,” &c.—*Forsythe*.

—“Daisy, Daisy, tell me your answer true,” &c.—*Baker*.

—His Sublime Portliness, Mr. Dean, in company with a prominent member of the “Beauty Club” arrived at college January 6.

—Mr. Collins took advantage of Mr. A. N. Ward’s absence and bought Strayer’s hair.

—New style of clothing out—cigarette wrappers.

—Messrs. Taylor and J. L. Ward buy pies, Taylor says, “give me a *lemon* pie,” and Ward says, “*plank* me one out, too.”

—Messrs. Stone and Strayer, descendants of Esau, and imitators of Sampson, have had their intellectual craniums deprived of their hirsute ornamentations.

—At the recent illustrated lecture on Japan, Mr. Zepp remarked, “Look, Murphy, they have a moon in Japan too.”

—“Paul, why do you always have your pantaloons rolled up?” “Because they are too short.”

—Bosley—“George Sadderwhite.”



Exercises for the Different Parts of the Body.

MANY of the students have had their measurements taken and recorded. Of course, some parts of the body are more developed than others, and some are very much undeveloped. It is the purpose of this article to prescribe certain exercises to develop special parts of the body, so that the students may select the exercises they need most. Cut this out and paste on your door, and mark the numbers you need and use them, morning and night, and by so doing you may add years to your life.

1. FOR LEG BELOW KNEE.—*a*. For the calf. Stand erect; feet about three inches apart, raise on toes as high as possible, then drop down slowly. Take this fifty times, and increase the dose to a hundred. Try the same on one foot. Next take hopping on one foot.

b. For the muscle in front. With feet same distance apart, stoop down as low as possible—and remember especially to keep the heels on the floor. Another is, with above directions, raise the toes from the floor and as close to the leg as possible. Also, a very good exercise is to hang by the toes from the transom.

2. FOR THE THIGH.—*a*. For front of thigh. Stand erect; feet about six inches apart, with head and chest high, bend knees a little and rise. Next bend the knees all the way down and repeat. (Jumping and fast walking is very good.)

b. Under thigh. Stand erect; try to touch the floor in front with the hands without bending the knees.

3. FOR THE WAIST.—Stand erect; hands on the hips, bend the body, first to right and then to left; don't bend knees. Next, with hands high over head, take the same exercise.

4. FOR THE ABDOMEN.—Lie flat on back (this can be done in bed), take a deep breath, raise the right leg up stiff, at right angle with the body; then the left and finally both. Next, raise the body and keep the legs down. Standing erect and bending the body backward stretches these muscles.

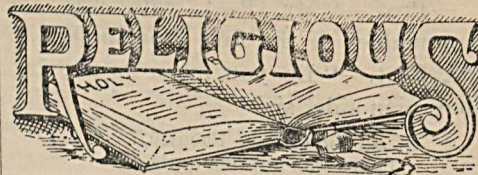
5. FOR THE ARM.—*a.* For upper arm or biceps. Arms down by side, hand closed, knuckles front, raise the arms until the fists nearly touch the shoulders. Hold weights in the hands and the exercise is increased. "Chin" the bar or transom is very good for this.

b. For sides of arm or triceps, Stand about three feet from the wall. Place the hands on the wall shoulder high, and then fall against it until the chest nearly touches, then push back. Do this fifty times and you will feel it. Place the hands on the floor, touching only with toes and try it.

6. FOR THE CHEST.—*a.* Front of chest. Arms in front of body, shoulder high, bend the arms and touch the chest. Next, arms at chest, bend the head back and look at ceiling, then raise arms up and lower again.

b. For breadth and depth of chest. Stand erect, arms at side; breathe through the nose until the lungs are full, then raise the arms straight up to shoulder high, then turn the palms up and raise them up as high as possible, touching fingers over head. Deep breathing is very good for the chest. This can be taken often outside in open air, but remember to breathe through the nose.

THE DIRECTOR.



G. W. C. A. Notes.

ONE term's work is ended and another begun. We know that our Wednesday evening gatherings in the association room to offer up songs and prayers and testimonies for Christ have not been in vain. What a pleasure it is to gather there after supper in mid-week and forget our secular duties, to sing the songs of praise and offer up prayers to our God—just we school-girls. It makes us feel nearer to our God, and to think that he listens to the petitions of us who so often wander away from him, but are ever ready to return and seek his pardon. Here we forget the cares of the week and gather strength to meet and resist the trials and temptations of another. Here we get nearer to each other and nearer to Heaven.

It is with great pleasure that we note the increasing interest in these meetings. They have been interrupted by the holidays but we hope that our members will come back with renewed zeal for our Christian work and that during our vacation the influence of our association upon its members will cause many a kindly deed to be performed.

The time is approaching for the election of officers. God's blessing has rested upon the efforts of the present officers, and we earnestly invoke it upon those of the future. Our President and the co-workers have certainly proved zealous in their work, doing all in their power to make the meetings varied in character and interesting. Appreciation of their efforts in this direction has been shown by the full attendance. May the good work go on.

The new song books add additional interest to the meetings, and we think that when we become more familiar with the songs, we will derive much pleasure from them.



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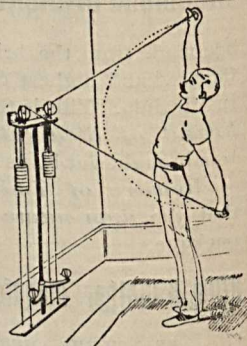
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P	M	A	M	A	M	STATIONS.	A	M	P	M	P	M
						LEAVE. ARRIVE.						
.....	11	55	5	45		CHERRY RUN.....	8	47	1	42	8	55
.....	11	58	5	48		BIG POOL.....	8	44	1	39	8	52
.....	12	11	6	01		CLEAR SPRING.....	8	33	1	27	8	38
.....	12	17	6	06		CHARLTON.....	8	27	1	22	8	31
.....	12	26	6	16		WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.....	8	18	1	13	8	20
.....	12	40	6	30		AR. HAGERSTOWN, LE.....	8	05	1	00	8	05
	1	45	6	45		LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR.....			12	31	8	10
*4	15	2	00	7	02	LE. HAGERSTOWN, AR.....	7	30	12	15	7	55
4	27	2	17	7	20	CHEWSTOWN.....			11	59	7	41
4	34	2	25	7	27	SMITHSBURG.....			11	51	7	33
4	38	2	35	7	36	EDGE MONT.....	7	05	11	45	7	28
.....	2	53	7	50		AR. HIGHFIELD, LE.....	6	53	11	28	7	13
.....	2	53	7	50		LE. HIGHFIELD, AR.....			11	25	7	10
.....	3	22	8	17		FAIRFIELD.....			10	56	6	39
.....	3	32	8	47		GETTYSBURG.....			10	27	6	10
.....	4	16	9	12		NEW OXFORD.....			10	02	5	45
.....	4	33	9	30		HANOVER.....			9	48	4	58
.....	4	46	9	45		AR. PORTERS, LE.....			9	30	4	46
.....	5	17	9	45		LE. PORTERS, AR.....			9	27	4	44
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.....	1	00	3	20		AR. NEW YORK, LE.....	9	00	12	15	11	00
P	M	P	M	P	M				P	M	A	M

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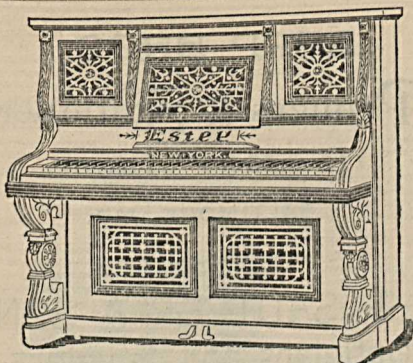
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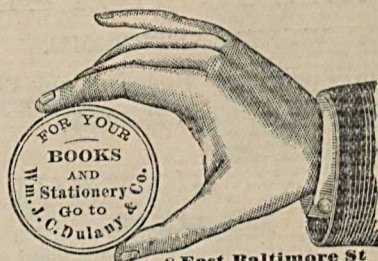
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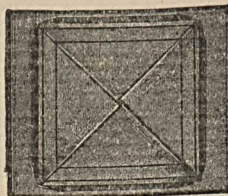
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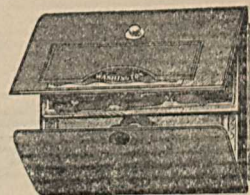
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No. 5

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ALBERT J. LONG, '94.

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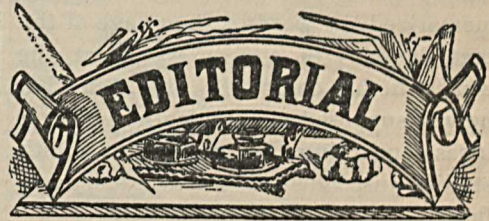
Advertising Rates can be obtained of the Business Manager, upon application.

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 last Saturday of the month preceding the one in which the matter is to appear.

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second class matter.*



SEVERAL of our exchanges have lately contained editorials or resolutions either on the part of the Faculty or of the students, providing for the abolishment of examinations in the case of students who reach a certain grade in their regular term work. All those who have thoughtfully considered this proposition seem to be enthusiastically in favor of it, and are able to offer very good reasons for its adoption. It has been tried in several of our larger colleges and universities with universal success.

A very large class of students here, as well as elsewhere, are in the habit of neglecting their studies until the latter part of the term with the intention of making up for their former idleness by a few weeks of hard study just before and during the examinations. It is customary for most of our students to rise early and sit up late during examination week, laboriously memorizing or "cramming" the whole of the work gone over in the previous term. This is a most pernicious habit. It is very doubtful if any real good is accomplished by it, and it cannot be denied that it is productive of evil

both to the mind and also the body.

What we want is some system by which the student can be induced to some regular and systematic work so that he may get what good there is in education and retain it permanently. In the case of the majority of students, examinations do not discover what knowledge he has upon any subject, they simply determine how well he has memorized the words or language of the text book. In a few weeks at the utmost he has completely forgotten what he was supposed to have learned and his ideas concerning the larger part of his studies just finished, are decidedly confused.

Now, on the other hand, the scheme proposed above, would in our opinion, work admirably. By doing away with examinations, with the proviso that any student who fails to make a grade, say of eighty or ninety per cent. in any study, will be required to take an examination in that study, we offer a considerable incentive to regular work. Absences and failures to recite when called upon should also be made to detract from the grade. We are sure the adoption of this system would be productive of much good and we ask the Faculty to consider this suggestion.

Farewell.

FOLLOWING the time honored custom of our predecessors in office, it becomes our duty, upon surrendering the management and control of the MONTHLY into other hands, to write an editorial bidding our friends and readers adieu. It is always hard to say farewell and in the present instance, it is with a feeling of regret that we come at last, to the performance of the final duty connected with our office.

The life of the editor-in-chief has so often been described by former incumbents, in their farewell editorials, that we feel obliged to spare our patient and long-suffering readers a repetition of that customary affliction. We take it for granted, that by this time, they have the trials and hardships of that much abused individual, so indelibly stamped upon their memory, that they unconsciously see him, as it were, pacing restlessly up and down the floor at the midnight hour, trying to find expression for his ponderous ideas; or follow him in imagination, as he roams about the corridors of Ward Hall in search of contributions obtained from modest young authors, only by threats of violence or displays of physical force. So well known are these recreations of the editor, that a recital of them would only be wearisome,

For five months have we tried—with varying degrees of success—to produce a paper which would give satisfaction to our subscribers and measure up to the standard set by those who have preceded us. How much we have accomplished, what degree of success has been ours and how near we have come to the mark aimed at, is not for us to decide, but personally, the amount of benefit resulting from our endeavors is great.

We fully realized when we were elected to fill our present position, that the duties and responsibilities assumed by us were of no small importance. The college paper of the present day, has come to be an institution meriting and gaining considerable recognition as an aid to a broader and more far-reaching culture. By means of it, educational interests are promoted; the needs and advantages of our colleges are brought more directly before the public. More-

over, the college journal furnishes a field for the promotion and exercise of literary ability on the part of the students. An incentive to literary effort is presented, tending to reveal and develop any latent genius in this line, which otherwise, would probably remain undiscovered.

Another and perhaps a more important duty of a college paper is to promote and under all circumstances, to uphold the interests of the institution it represents. It should be of such a character as to be essentially representative; of such a type as to furnish some insight into the standing and nature of the school whose students publish it. A college is very often judged by the appearance and make up of its journal; a most excellent reason for reaching and maintaining as high a standard as possible.

Therefore, in stating that the responsibility devolving upon the editor is not trifling, we base our assertion upon good grounds. The present staff of editors have earnestly endeavored to fill their office in an efficient manner, striving to advance the standing of the MONTHLY by every means in their power. Although we may have fallen far short of perfection in the discharge of our duties, yet we have a feeling of self approval in the knowledge that we have done the best we were able, which is all that is required of any man.

We refrain from inflicting any of our experience upon the editors-elect, and will keep our advice until it is requested, which as far as our observation goes, will be quite a lengthy period of time. The associate editors upon the staff, deserve some acknowledgement from the editor-in-chief for the valuable aid they have rendered him and for their faithfulness and efficiency in the discharge of their duties. We wish also to thank

sincerely, all of our readers and contributors who have manifested such good will and forbearance toward us, and to express the hope that the incoming staff may obtain as large a share of their favor as we have enjoyed.

IN discussing the question of what constitutes a "liberal education" President Gilman of Johns' Hopkins University, is quoted as saying that "in every liberal course these elements should be combined: mathematics, ancient and modern languages and literature, science, history and philosophy. The more one has of these the better."

Very often indeed, a student becomes disgusted with his work in some one branch of study and at once conceives the idea that he has no ability for that department of knowledge; that he could utilize his time and energy to more purpose by directing them into other channels.

When once a man becomes possessed of this idea, all study in that particular subject becomes very distasteful to him and it is only with, great effort that he succeeds in applying himself to it. In fact it frequently happens that he is unable to overcome this aversion sufficiently to make a passing mark.

All those who have gone beyond that knowledge obtained in a public school may lay some claim to a liberal education. "All knowledge not essential to bread-winning is 'liberal.'" But the object of the studies pursued in our ordinary colleges is intended not so much to turn out full fledged scholars, as to produce men of well rounded intellect, who have a very broad foundation on which to build their super structure of learning to be erected in after years. Therefore, how much better it is for a man to try and develop his mental powers in all

directions while at school and to overcome his dislike for certain branches of learning, than to let it obtain the mastery of him and thus to lose the benefit which a study of it confers upon him and which, according to President Gilman is essential to a "liberal education."



E. C. GODWIN AND GRACE S. WELLER, *Eds.*

To Departed, '93

Farewell, farewell, it must be spoken,
But oh! my heart is sad;
This heart of mine is almost broken
Thou hast so oft made glad.
Once more in mem'ry I live in the past,
And scenes of the vanishing year
Are again beheld with joy. That's o'er cast
By sorrow's veil, over hanging the past,
And thoughts that memory bear.
There are thoughts of sorrow and thoughts of joy
Causes for rejoicing and grief
Mingled together the pure, the alloy,
The gold and the dross, the sorrow, the joy
Are the thoughts of memory.
There were seasons of grief and hours of pain
That made my heart weary and sore,
Still to that heart often a glad refrain
Which it would sing o'er again and again
As the peaceful hours passed o'er.
A glad refrain thou hast brought to my soul
A soul that was troubled and sad
When grief tends to rise beyond my control
And fill sorrow's cup more than it would hold
It was then thou made'st me glad.
When burden threatened my sad heart to sink
Beneath the weight of sorrows care
While I standing on death's eternal brink
From its deep black waters was made to drink
Comfort thou brought'st me there.
In the springtime of youth I welcomed thee
In the days of the flower and bird
When the lamb skipped about in joyful glee
The birds voices sounding from tree to tree
In the sweetest carols heard.

The hillsides bedecked in a vale of green,
The valleys wet with dew of morn,
Crystal drops sparkled on the slopy plain
O'er which rang echoes of the glad refrain
First sounded when thou wast born.

Or evenings bending skies were deeply blue
And studded with its jewels bright
As the moon looked down the long distance thro'
And mingled its rays of a brighter hue
With officious lamps of night.

When the evening zephyrs would kiss the cheek
Or thy form in their arms enfold
While with my love lingering my heart did seek
To tell the words, quivering lips failed to speak
The words for so long untold.

Ah well, I remember the days gone by
The happy days of joyful bliss
When response was seen in her large blue eyes
As her bosom raised with a loving sigh
And her lips hushed with a kiss.

In summer and fall I loved thee to greet
Whilst thou wended thy onward way
While the Goddess Ceres with nature's sweet
Was laying her trophies all at thy feet
And crowning thee king of day.

More stately, majestic and far more grand
Now, than in the springtime of life
Whether blessing with fruits and grain, the land
Or as leader of hosts giving command
To elements warring in strife.

Now winters age has come well upon thee
And thy cheeks are furrowed so deep
Thy hoary locks' silvery grey, Oh see!
Age's decrepitude where youth used to be
Thy form so ready for sleep.

Asleep? Aye asleep that no wakings know
Asleep through all eternity,
Joys, pleasures may both come and go
Unut'able sorrow and untold woe
But not to thee, '93.

One of '93.

Independence.

It is not our purpose, as one might suppose, judging from the caption of our article, to prepare a Fourth-of-July oration in which fire-crackers, guns, pistols, patriotism and Young America are given due prominence, wherein the absolute tyranny of the British govern-

ment is appropriately denounced, and the humiliating defeat of the lion of Great Britain in his memorable conflict with the American eagle is emphatically commented upon in terms which the village orator understands so well how to adapt to his uses. We leave all this to its proper time and occasion. Neither is the word to be used in such an exclusive sense as that man considers himself alienated from his fellow beings, and in no manner dependent upon them. No principle of physics is more fully demonstrated in the every-day experience of even the most unlettered peasant, more fully established, and more firmly stamped upon every page of science, than the fact that every material object in the universe is influenced and affected by every other material object by that mysterious power which philosophers call attraction. We cannot pass beyond its range. Therefore that a body may be suspended in space, and remain in such a state for even the briefest period, however insignificant it may be, is contrary to the laws by which the omniscient Creator has decreed that matter shall be governed. By an unalterable law of nature, it must be brought into contact with the body which exerts upon it the greatest force. Those brilliant orbs, which we nightly behold apparently suspended in the deep ethereal blue of heaven, and which sparkle with such resplendent radiance upon our own little planet, form no exception to the general rule, but, as astronomers inform us, are drawn through space at a tremendous velocity by this same power of attraction.

Take the theories of the political economist and adapt them to the sphere of every-day life. At every step the relations between demand and supply contradict the hypothesis that there may be such a thing as an independent existence. We are mutually dependent upon each other for the necessities of life. In the crowded thoroughfares of a great city, where men and wagons are in continual motion throughout the entire day, where noise reigns supreme and everything seems to be in a state of chaotic confusion, this same principle is found underlying all and shaping the general result. If the motives and incentives which impel forward each individual in this shapeless mass of humanity to the performance of his duty could be examined, it would be found that they are all actuated by the common desire to provide for the necessities of life, and that by division of labor and an exchange of products the efficiency of production is greatly enhanced.

Thus in a general sense it is impossible for man to keep himself aloof from his fellow man. Nation must have open communication with nation, or the deleterious effects of such seclusion will soon become apparent. Whenever a people decide, as did the Chinese, to surround themselves by an impassable wall, thus cutting off all intercourse with those of other nations or creeds, they at once enter upon the downward grade, and a state of degeneracy must inevitably follow.

There is, however, a certain amount of independence which is to be commended in the highest terms to every individual. Without it all progress would be impeded, man would never have risen above the barbarous state of "primitive man," and even at this advanced age would even be content to remain in that same condition in which he now exists, with no thoughts or cares for growth or improvement. The independent, original thinker has ever played and has yet an important part to play in the great drama of human life. The

world needs the man who is

"Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

the man who like Columbus peers through the mists of popular superstition, daring to maintain the courage of his convictions 'till an unheard of contingent rewards his energy and zeal.

It is to Bacon who rejected, as being inadequate to the demands of philosophical reasoning, the threadbare tenets to which philosophers had clung for so long a period of time; and substituted a philosophy based upon reason and fact, that the world is principally indebted for her system of inductive philosophy. Newton, by his observations of natural phenomena, furnished us with the very foundation upon which all science is builded, without which the entire structure must be involved in almost hopeless ruin. These are but as illustrations of the efficiency of independence of thought.

And finally, as students, or workers in any sphere of life, we should endeavor to cultivate this same faculty to the full extent of our powers. It will enable us to see the world in a new light. It will make us less dependent upon friends or classmates in our preparation for the daily recitation. It will be a source of inspiration to the instructor to show that the pupil grasps whatever knowledge he can from every available authentic source, and that he has a view of his own upon the subject in question. It will broaden the faculties of the youth so as to enable him to cope successfully with the difficulties of life. It will tend to make man less like a machine, and more like an intelligent, reasoning being. We should never however, insanely imagine ourselves independent of, or grow careless or indifferent toward the

school which has prepared and fitted us for our life's career, but always remember that its success or failure to a certain extent affects the success or failure of the individuals who have been under its fostering care, and that a long list of prominent names and successful alumni points to a prominent and successful institution. Thus the welfare of the school and the pupil are indissolubly linked together, and it behooves all students who have ever received instruction within the walls of W. M. C to act well their parts in life so as to reflect credit upon their alma mater.

N. PRICE TURNER, '92

The Lombards.

CHAPTER I.—THE NAME.

THE historian of the Lombards is a certain Paulus Diaconus, called Paul the Deacon. His name was Paul Warnefrid. He was a Lombard gentleman of the eighth century. His monument is a history of his own people from their *origin* down to the year of grace 774.

"He may not always be quite accurate," says Charles Kingsley, "but you will get no other work accurate. In the long run you will know nothing about the matter save what he tells you; so be content with what you can get."

It may be added here parenthetically for the benefit of those who wish to verify Kingsley's statement, that Paul's history can be found in any library well stocked with ancient manuscripts or early prints, such as the Bodleian of Oxford, the Peabody of Baltimore, or the Astor of New York. It will be a dust-covered, ponderous tome of Latin whose story will begin, as most ancient histories did, with an account of the creation,

usually orthodox, whence it proceeds with the subject to be treated. The writer advises the general reader to take Kingsley at his word. That's an unbiased conclusion reached after careful examination of Paul's work or rather the work of Paul's printer and bookbinder.

Paul, true to the spirit of his times, can not allow his people to be outdone in point of antiquity. In attempting to "work back" he did not suffer himself to be daunted by the failure of *facts* upon which to proceed. No; when these failed him he was shrewd enough to have recourse to myth, a source which never denies the despairing historian that wherewith to eke out his fact.

But in Paul's case the completeness thus secured hardly atones for the imperfection and uncertainty it introduces as to the truth and the fiction in his story. It is impossible to draw the line between his fancy and his fact.

For instance, he gives the Lombards a Scandinavian, hero origin. According to Paul they spring from a race probably altogether mythical. Sweden, he thought was an island. It was so in his time according to the scientific method—it was surrounded by water as far as explored. "The North" was unknown, a land of gods and of giants as the evil spirits are called in the Norse mythology—and we must draw our own mythology from the same sources as did Paul.—It was a land inhabited by "Yotuns, Elves, Trolls, Scratlings and all manner of uncanny inhumanities"

Neighbors to these, if not in deed their offspring, Paul finds the Winils, his own earliest ancestors, for by this name he calls the original Lombard stock. We shall see him presently draw out from this name 'Winil' by which he first designates his people, that other name 'Lombard' by which they are known to

us. To be sure it is a process of derivation about as violent as that by which a certain writer derived 'Middletown' from 'Moses.' He simply took off the —iddleton and hung on the oses. Paul's philology was a little more ornate. The substance of his tale is:

The Winils, finding themselves becoming too numerous for their island—Leania Insula,—in true Greek fashion—history repeats itself—sent out a colony. The out-going colony early encounters a race of 'Wendels' greatly out-numbering them but, with whom they bravely contend. To insure the final issue of the strife their patroness, Gambara, seeks the aid of Woden—the Jupiter of Norse mythology. The Goddess Freia, Woden's wife, intercedes for the Winils, and finds out for Gambara that whichever army—they are drawn up ready for battle—first greets Woden after next sunrise will win the victory, But Gambara can not communicate with her clients, the Winils in time to insure that; they are too far off at war. A fig for what the goddess can not solve; here is her solution: By the advice of Freia, Gambara procures the Winil women to bring their long hair forward—not over their ears only—but over their chins and fasten it upon their lips, so as to give them the appearance of men with "long beards."

Woden was so pleased with their appearance(!) that he granted the victory to the Winils. They not only impose in such heartless fashion on their Supreme God but actually immortalize the deceit in their national name. From that time they are called "Langbarda."

True the name "Lombard" or "Lombard," has been supposed to be derived from the name of an ax peculiar to certain early Germanic tribes. But why not let Paul have his own way where it is not possible for any one to know any

better? See for materials, "The Roman and the Fenton" Kingsley.

G. W. WARD.

Nature's Teachings.

A student may spend a life-time in studying the structural and dynamical phenomena of the world, yet he will finally be compelled to acknowledge that all life is shrouded in mysteries.

The Chemist may collect and analyze compounds until he can name and define every substance in the kingdom of nature, yet he can not tell us the form or size or weight of an atom or what powerful cohesive force holds these particles together to form solid bodies.

Thus it is with every observer of nature, we know that certain forces will produce certain results, and that these results are uniform and invariable according to certain physical laws.

Behind all this, there are mysteries hidden deep in nature which can never be comprehended fully by the human mind, and yet a little thought will convince us of the fact that on every object in the universe there is written some beautiful truth which is symbolic of those wonderful attributes and virtues of the human soul.

Everything in the world, whether in the physical, mental or spiritual realm grows and develops according to certain uniform laws. These laws if they are real and just are always in perfect harmony with each other and stand in intimately connected relations, so we can not fail to appreciate and see the wonderful beauties of our glorious universe and how each object represents in itself some attributes of man's highest nature, which emanated from and is in accord with that Divine Nature which is the original and immutable source of all things.

If we go out at mid-night and gaze up at the firmament above us are we not filled with sublime thoughts?

There in the midst of apparent confusion, we see those burning gems that were set in the infinite dome of heaven in the dawn of creation, yet there they remain, from century to century, unchanged.

The whole order of human society has been revolutionized but the hosts of heaven are marshaled forth in the same order and there is still the same harmony and the same beauty perceived.

Does not this glorious sight impart to man faith, constancy and above all humility, that he is only a weak creature and so insignificant compared to a Being who governs and controls all things?

The starry heavens have constancy written upon them but another expressive symbol of immutability is found in the sea.

The progress of knowledge has increased the wonders of the deep, and added beauty to its mystery. The poet calls the ocean the "image of eternity" and says that it is "homeless, endless and sublime."

The ocean is full of wonders but it teaches chiefly the great lesson of *trust*; when it groans beneath the lash of the wind and its billows surge to and fro, it awakens a longing for rest for enduring so much suffering.

It would be impossible in the time allotted, to present even a small portion of the truths that are written in nature, yet these give some idea of the beauty and wonders of the works of God's hand.

But by far the most wonderful mystery and the climax of all beauty is the human soul, and we are so filled with awe and amazement when we think of its grand capabilities and possibilities that we exclaim with the poet of poets;

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!!"

E. J. H. '94

The Strength of Unseen Powers.

FROM the creation of the universe, when by some mysterious power there were hurled into existence those immense planets we see hurrying and scurrying through the heavens as if to avoid being seen by mortal eyes, from the time when these enormous bodies of matter were sent rushing with tremendous velocity through space, there have been conflicting powers, which are the characteristics of time, and which have entered even into the affairs of eternity itself. So in the affairs of men, alien powers continually marshal their forces in proud array for terrible war, and, though to man nature generally appears to have a peaceful reign, yet her subjects are continually convulsed in internal strife. The sun restrains Mother Earth with his iron grasp, and well it is that he is strong, for there comes to her assistance (though in vain) the opponent of all peace and quiet—Centrifugal Force. Old Sol, in turn, yields his homage to a greater sovereign, and obeys with the same reluctance and necessity that Mother Earth obeys him. All through the heavens and at all times these powers act and counteract, always opposing, never conceding, always at war never in peace, on the one hand subduing weaker powers, on the other bowing to the supremacy of the stronger. This is the way those magnificent beings of the upper regions spend their time, while they appear to us the most beauti-

ful creations of nature. It seems that the tendencies of these wonderful planets have descended to the smaller yet most complex and really most wonderful of created things—man, in that he has ever been the greatest opponent to man. The history of ages is greatly a record of man's making man a stepping-stone to preferment; of bloody wars, in which man says to his brother, "Thou shall be my servant, and thy goods shall be my goods—by my superior strength it shall be so;" a story of the overthrow of cities, in the smoke of whose ruins arise the spirits of humanity to give room for those of his own flesh and blood.

But take competition and ambition from him, and you draw from his sinews the very nourishment which feeds them. Withhold from his eyes the pictures of conquest, and he languishes away in his vain endeavors to replace them. But allow the gladiator to see in his enemy's eye the light of expected victory, and, though his muscles be as wool and his nerves as flax, they will become as iron and steel. Let the runner see his contestant gain one inch, and immediately he is transformed into almost temporary insanity, with his utmost powers making their greatest possible struggles.

Very often man is apt to worship those powers that make their impressions upon his physical eye only. He sees before him pictures of great tasks to be overcome, and the exercise of enormous strength put in play. He stands at the foot of the hanging gardens in Babylon, and gazing upon that great artificial accomplishment almost gives man nature's sceptre. As he wonders at this great work of human labor he is almost ready to enthrone man in nature's stead. Without taking into account the many wonders of which nature is author, instead of

comparing the power of man and of nature, seeing this wonder stand off in brilliant contrast to the comparatively poor works of other men, he makes a comparison between the works of men, and gives to the performer of this work the ascendancy above nature rather than above man.

He presses his way along with the moving multitude, and cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and his lips sing songs of adoration to the great pagan diety, upon whose dwelling-place man has expended his best talent and and ingenuity, and so great and beautiful a building has he made that the gods deign to descend from their homes among the skies and take up their abode upon earth. And thus his lips cry, "Great is Diana!" while this adoration really is also voicing the sentiments of his soul which worship the power that made the beautiful Goddess. And when Diana, arrayed in her royal dress of gold, bedecked with sparkling diamonds, reflecting the beaming smiles of the sun, with one hand blesses the worshiping multitudes, with the other she bestows blessings and gifts upon those who have made her, and man, in turn, yields them his homage, and kneeling before them cries, "Great is Diana and her *makers!*"

Those mighty giants of massive stone that inhabit the desert of Africa, raise their majestic heads with haughty mein, and gazing around upon the barren country, see none so mighty as themselves, and like Robinson Crusoe, exclaim, "I am monarch of all I survey." The dripping clouds come sailing by and bathe their hoary heads with cooling perfumes, and the gentle breezes sing sweet songs of veneration and praise in their old and childish ears, and they in their conceit, smile as they contemplate their greatness. The low murmur of

wonder of the many millions who lay grovelling at their feet reaches them as the distant roar of mighty waters, and they listen with increasing pleasure.

Time with his mighty battallions has always been repulsed from those strong embattlements, but, as time sees the obstinate bravery with which Cheops holds his own, he murmurs on his last incursion, "Ah, humanity, I know the conceit of thy heart and the purpose of thy plans, but thee and I have always been thrown into contact with opposition to each other, and Experience tells me that Cheops also will be my captive.

Great are the seen powers—seen powers, did I say? What are the seen powers? What is the line of demarcation between and unseen powers? How far are you allowed to go ere you tread the realm of powers that do their work unseen by human eye? Can we determine by the results of energy whether it should be classed as seen or unseen energy? There is no fixed rule by which forces are classified in this respect. Very often, especially among the works of man, an accomplishment that upon first sight appears to be the result of only some seen power, upon a closer examination is found to be the effect of the combined forces of the seen and the unseen. The mind, with all its brilliant capabilities, has its orders executed by the physical organs, and the one without the other would be of small consequence. Yet undoubtedly, the mind is the greater of the two, for without it, the body with all its strength would be as the engine without steam. Mind makes man a ruler. His reasoning faculties alone elevate him above the brute. Mind moves the world of human affairs, and appoints each star its place that sends its beams of enlightenment through the dark mists of ignorance. It

is the sun that dispels the gloomy shades of superstition, which it replaces by the cheering light of truth. It is the avenue to knowledge, and the possibility of all accomplishment.

Ambition, whence comes competition, though often denounced as the offspring of Satan, is the gift of God, though, alas, too often adopted by the parent of evil. When used for the proper purpose, what grand results attend it!

Great trees (so to speak) with wide spreading foliage from acorns grow. Little springs with their pure and crystal waters hidden in the strong walls of rock, swell and swell until their prison bars burst, and then out into the world of human affairs flow those rivers of activity, converting the barren land into fruitful soil. Art puts on his most attractive appearance and even dares to court dame Nature herself. Science is no longer content with the fact, but searches for and finds the cause. Astronomy does not hold the great and beautiful lamps of the heaven to the very ceiling, but lets them down to man for closer examination. The Muses awake to their lyres and beautiful harmonies are wafted upon the air. Cities are no longer villages, men no longer children, intellectuality is not stupidity, even time is hardly time any more, but has taken many of the characteristics of eternity itself. These are some of the good results of the unseen power of ambition when properly used, but, on the other hand, the contrast is terrible when this enormous power is brought to bear *improperly*.

Enormous avalanches rushing with lightning speed from the sides of precipitous mountains upon the peaceful defenceless hamlet well inspires terror into the breasts of the unfortunate and doomed inmates, and they, in their

unphilosophical condition see nothing but the terrible mass of matter that will crush them to powder, but do not think that there is an unseen power which is the cause of all this misfortune. This power of Gravity is directly the cause of many of those so-called blessings or calamities of Nature, which either fills man's life with joy or disturb it with sorrow.

Glance at the unseen forces of which philosophy tells us—heat, electricity, gravity—enter into the realm of humanity, and look upon the effects of man's abstract qualities—reputation, character, ambition—gaze upon the wonderful capabilities of the mind, and from this research turn your attention to the fact of a human soul regenerated from the foulest black to the purest white, and you will have formed the opinion that the great Creator intended, that the most important and most wonderful effects and accomplishments of his world should be performed by powers that are invisible.

The Beloved—The Magical.

"As one, who walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears voices round him, as it darkens,
And seeing not the forms from which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens.

So walking here in twilight, O, my friends!
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His word of friendship, comfort and assistance.

THUS do we ponder over the words, letters, and perhaps looks of long-gone friends; for may we not call the poet and novelist our friends also? How softly we muse over kindly and tender phrases of a well-known writer! They are dead, yet do they live in their works, and these become their monuments, and through them we are constantly kept

studying; we read them again and again, until the characters become as dear friends, whose vices we forgive and whose virtues we love. Sweet and perfect are their thoughts, calm and beautiful! They are never snatched ruthlessly from a bed of down and thrown upon thorns; what do they know of the cruelty of life? They ease us—they soothe us—but, though we too would like to become perfect, they do not inspire us. They do not crowd into our minds great ideas until we are in a whirl of excitement, and even though we love their sweet rhythm, we find ourselves turning slowly, yet surely, towards the magical, not conscious of thinking or speaking of an author; we have a vague, impassioned remembrance of men of surpassing genius, eloquence and power, of prodigious capacity both of misery and happiness, we feel as if we had transiently met such beings in real life, or had known them in the dark and dim communion of a dream.

In their works, we find no gentle, calm side of life, the productions, on the contrary, are images, pictures, busts of their living selves, clothed no doubt at different times in different drapery and prominent from a different back ground but infinitely impressed with the same, and not to be mistaken for the representations of any other of the children of men.

The personal character of which we spoke, it should be understood is not altogether that in which the seal of life has been set, and to which therefore, moral approbation or condemnation is necessarily annexed, as to the language or conduct of actual existence. It is a character, so to speak, which is prior to conduct and yet open to good and to ill, the constitution of the being in body and in soul. As we have said they did not wish to give us a bright and beauti-

ful dream of life, they do not wish to delude, they have gone down into those depths which every man may sound for himself, though not for another, they have made disclosures to the world of what they beheld and knew there, disclosures that have commanded and enforced a profound and universal sympathy by proving that all mankind, the troubled and the untroubled, the lofty and the low, the strongest and the frailest are linked together by the bonds of a common but inscrutable nature.

In all their speaking there is a chain which cannot pass away—life, breathing in dead words—the pulses of passion, the thrilling of the frame, the sweet pleasure stealing from the senses touched with ecstasy into sounds which the tongue frame and the lips utter with delight. All these are still there, the fresh beauty, the undimmed lustre, the immortal bloom and verdure and fragrance of life, these lights of vision, like as they may seem, endure like the marble. It might seem to us upon a hasty consideration, that such undisguised revelation of feeling and passion which the beaming pride of human nature, jealous of its own dignity, would in general, desire to hold in unviolated silence, could produce in the public nothing but pity, sorrow or repugnance.

But who is there amongst us that feels for a moment, that the voice that reaches the innermost recesses of his heart is speaking to the careless multitude around him? There is a great reason why this magical power should be exercised over the minds of men, but it must be done by living hands and like the wand of the magician it loses its virtue after its master's death.

When death removes such a man from our sight the magical influence of which we have spoken gradually fades away.

To those who knew as to us who read them, there has been something majestic in their misery, something sublime in their despair, but they like us were not withheld from sterner and severer feelings and from the most frequent visitings of reproach, by that awful commiseration and sympathy which a great poet breathes at will into all hearts, from his living agonies, nor by that restless and watchful and longing anxiety to see again and again the princely sufferer rising up from fresh confessions of a still more magnificent sorrow, now by that succession of affecting appeals to the frailties and troubles of one's own heart which now keeps him vividly and brightly, in our remembrance wherever his soul, tempest-like, may have driven him over land and sea, nor above all, by the cheering and lofty hope now felt by them who wish to see genius the inseparable companion of virtue, that he whose inspiration holds us always in wonder, to so often in delight, may come ere long to breathe a serener atmosphere of thought, with subsided passions and invigorated intellect, calmly rest at last in the collected majesty of his power.

O. G. B., '95.



WINFIELD H. COLLINS, Editor.

Exchanges.

WITH this issue we sever our connection with the MONTHLY. It is, however, with no little feeling of regret, as our work as exchange editor has

been very enjoyable. This in our estimation is one of the most important and profitable positions on the staff, touching as it does the feeling and thought of other colleges. To faithfully discharge the duties incumbent requires some work and no small amount of literary taste. It has been our aim to praise where we can, not fearing to censure where we must, saying always what *we do think*, keeping in mind that he is an injurious friend who does nothing but comment favorably, as one of the best ways to improve is to know our defects. We congratulate ourselves that we have never seen any enraged editor prowling around our *campus* with a shot-gun in search of the exchange editor that he might do material injury to his frail physical being. Trusting that our successor will find his work pleasant, and more worthily edit these columns, we bow ourselves out.

The December number of the *Yankton Student* comes as an improvement in appearance. In a short but pointed editorial it seeks to show what a college paper should be. We quote the following: "It should be perfectly independent in spirit, and not afraid at all times to severely criticise the actions of the authorities of its school, if these actions in its judgment need criticism. It should not forget its literary character and allow its pages to be filled with trash. It should give the local news in as bright and concise a form as possible. It should pay special attention to its exchange department."

The University Argus is one of the best exchanges we receive. It is very attractive in appearance and contains about fifty pages. It is divided into several departments, among which are: Law, Medical, Agricultural, Military

and Literary. The December number has an excellent article on "Homeric Art."

We are always glad to receive the *Howard-Payne Exponent*. It usually has short, but thoughtful and well written articles. In the January number the one entitled "The Evolution of the Ages" arrested our attention.

Among the model college magazines which come to our desk is *The Texas University*. Its appearance is pleasing in every respect, and all its departments are well edited.

The Heidelberg Argus for January has two very good productions; one on "Othello" and another on "King Lear." Evidently the seniors have been studying Shakespeare.

The last copy of *The Dial* has an interesting article on one who is said to have been the deepest thinker and greatest talker that ever lived, "Samuel Taylor Coleridge."

We are always glad to receive favorable criticisms, but unfavorable ones probably do us more good. We quote the following from the *Randolph Macou Monthly*:

"*The Western Maryland Monthly* is a magazine which well represents its institution in all save the Funny (?) Department. The jokes are of so local a character that an outsider can understand but few of them. They are entirely too personal in their careless handling of the names of the students, and they show a tendency to punning of the weakest kind, and this is a characteristic of almost every copy."

Among the last new exchanges we are pleased to add to our list the *University of Chicago Weekly*, and *Buff and Blue*

from the National Deaf Mute College. Both are creditable papers, and well represent their institutions.

Christmas number of *The Portfolio* comes out in a bright new cover. It contains an interesting debate, also a charming "Christmas Story."

The February number of *The College Mercury* is received. It is always well worth perusal. We clip the following from one of its editorials: "The habit of making disparaging remarks about one's college and its efficiency is one that ought to be frowned down speedily. Strangers sometimes hear remarks which leave a totally wrong impression of the institution under consideration. It is partially thoughtless—it is partially for appearances' sake, but whatever the cause, it is utterly wrong and hurtful. A child who would be guilty of holding his parents up to critical survey is unworthy. And so a child of the college who indulges in such disparaging criticisms in the presence of outsiders who are not in a position to judge the matter, is likewise untrue to his *Alma Mater's* best interests."

College Notes.

ROCHESTER University admits women in all its courses.

The attendance at the University of Chicago exceeds that of last year by 300.

The athletics at Michigan are under the supervision of a committee of five of the Faculty and four undergraduate members. The board has full power in all athletic matters.

Harvard's athletic field contains over 100 acres.

The Cornell University Library was increased by thirty-eight thousand volumes during the past year.

Cornell's endowments furnish an income of \$300,000 annually.

One fifth of the commencement appointments at Harvard this year go to men on athletic teams.

The fine mechanical engineering shops at Purdue were burned to the ground the day after their dedication.

The Junior hop at Lafayette comes off on Thursday, February 1st.

Dartmouth's new athletic field cost \$20,000.

The University of Wisconsin claims that its new gymnasium, to be completed by Spring, rivals that of Yale.

Ex-President Harrison has almost completed his course of lectures at Stanford University, and expects to leave for other parts of California about Feb. 1st, 1894.—*Ex.*

Prof. W. S. Tyler, who has filled the chair in Greek in Amherst College since 1833, has resigned his position.

Oxford consists of 22 colleges and has 12,000 students, including graduates and undergraduates.

A fund of \$2,000 has been raised by the class of '42 of Yale, the income of which is to be used to encourage extemporaneous speaking.

In the *Harvard Graduate's Magazine* for September, President Walker remarks: "It will soon be fairly a question whether the letters B. A. in the college degree stand more for Bachelor of Arts or for Bachelor of Athletics."

The University of Paris has over 7000 students, and in this, as well as other universities of France, there are no classes, no athletics, no commencement day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs and no fraternities.

An exchange gives the following summary of students in the following states: Kentucky, 2,514; Indiana, 4,281; Michigan, 5,383; Illinois, 10,742 and Ohio, 12,190.

The University of Michigan has added another to its list of publications. It is the "*Wrinkle*," issued fortnightly, a humorous paper somewhat after the style of the *Yale Record*. The same institution recently enrolled two Chinese women in its medical department: and at present has a Japanese Student's Association of thirteen members.

Twelve hours a week are required at Harvard, and the faculty discourages those who try to take more. Could we place dependence upon the judgment of a Japanese student attending Harvard, we might well regard this number too small, for describing the University, he says: "It is a very large place where men play foot-ball and on wet days read books."

Since 1881 Yale has won eleven championship games in foot-ball, Princeton four, and Harvard one. Since 1883 Yale has won 117 games out of 122 played.

"How did your son do at college last year, Mrs. Wilkins?"

"Very well indeed. He did so well, as a Freshman, that he got an encore."

"A what?"

"An encore. The Faculty have requested him to repeat the year."

Two Turkish epistles declared by the highest authorities to have been written by Mohomet have lately been discovered and purchased by the Sultan of Turkey. It is said that the nature of their contents is such that they may revolutionize the Mohammedan world.



Alumni Notes.

JOHN DODD, Esq., member of the Board of trustees and father of Miss Henrietta Dodd, '87, and Mrs. Annie Dodd Bryan, '89, was united in marriage on Feb. 7th to Mrs. Martha J. Reed, of Church Hill, Queen Anne's County.

William P. Wright, '72, had a close call recently. His usual custom is to go over to New York each morning, riding in the smoker and seated with a gentleman friend who also has business calling him to New York daily. On the morning in January of that terrific accident, when the Dover Express ran into another New York train in a fog, Mr. Wright happened to be in another car. The smoker was completely demolished and the friend with whom he generally rides was killed.

At the recent Teachers' Association of Carroll Co. the Alumni was pretty well represented. There were Prof. J. A. Diffenbaugh, '74, the Examiner; Misses Clara Smith, '79, Emma L. Reaver, '86, Carrie L. Mourer, '87, Edna Erb, '93, Virginia Reese, '93, and Messrs. T. Clyde Routson and F. M. Hymiller, '93. Among the teachers President Lewis, '75 was there as a visitor, and Prof. McDaniel, '80, delivered a lecture on "The Introduction of Astronomy in the Public Schools as an Elementary Science Study."

The Sunday School of Central Methodist Protestant Church, Washington, D. C., is under the very efficient superintendency of Thomas J. Wilson, '78.

Let's everybody attend the Alumni meeting next commencement.

L. R. Meekins, '82, the genial City Editor of the *American*, contributed a short article on "Oyster Pirates" to *Harper's Weekly* of Jan. 27; and Miss Hattie Bollinger, '81, published a beautiful short poem entitled, "A Poem of Sea," in the *Daily American* of Jan. 3rd.

Miss Hattie V. Holliday, '81, has ceased to be a denizen of the ancient city on the Severn, and now lives in Washington.

In looking over a file of the MONTHLY we find that we failed for some reason, to record the death of Miss Kate R. McKee, '85, that occurred a little over a year ago. Since graduation Miss McKee has been a teacher, in and near Easton. It will be remembered that Mrs. Eudora Richardson Tubman, of the same class, died last summer, death thus claiming for its own two of the brightest members of '85 within a year.

A prominent Alumnus disposes of our recent circular-letter questions as follows

1. Give some particulars of your college life: "Had no 'particulars.'"
2. Give your place of residence, something of your business, &c.: "Place of residence, the planet *Earth*. Business—"Seeking more worlds to conquer."
3. Tell something of your present life, its relations in business, politics, society, church: "Have nothing to do with business, politics, or society—am supt. of ——— Sunday School, the best S. S. in the State of Md. in several respects."
4. Are you married, &c.: "No—"Woe is me!"
5. Do you contemplate any change of business or residence in the near future? "Expect to set out for *Mars*, on the first train leaving for that destination."

6. Have you contributed to the Alumni Hall fund? "Yes, and feel better for it."

Reports from Oriole, Md., tell us that Miss Carrie W. Phoebus, '88, is principal of the grammar school at that place. Miss Phoebus is Treas. of the the County Teachers' Association of Somerset Co., and is as active in Christian work as when president of Western Maryland Y. W. C. A., being Assistant Superintendent of her Sunday School at St. Peter's and an earnest temperance worker.

Dr. W. H. DeFord, '80., holds, in the State University of Iowa, the chair of Dental Pathology and Hygiene. His old friends will be glad to hear of the high rank he has reached in his profession.

An Alumnus writes to ask: (a) What are the College Colors? (b) What is the College Yell? To the first we answer, Old Gold and Olive Green. For answer to second: "Rah, rah, rah,—rah, rah, ree,—rah, rah, hulla—balloo, W. M. C.

T. Clyde Routson, '93., is Principal of Frizellburg Academy, Carroll Co.

Rev. B. A. Dumm, '86, now taking a course in the Divinity School, Yale University, recently secured, by competitive examinations in Greek and Hebrew one of the ten Fogg scholarships given by that institution.

Miss E. May Nelson, '91., is active in Sunday School and Christian Endeavor Work of her (M. P.) church, in Westminster.

Rev. B. B. James, '91., was one of the four or five who recently received perfect in Dr. Clark's department Johns Hopkins, in the course on the Subjective Method of Pure Economies.

At the recent organization of the

Westminster Ice and Cold Storage Company, Joseph W. Smith, '80 was elected its Secretary.

Some of the Alumni may not consider it worth their while to reply to our recent letters for information, but our request was a civil one as well as a simple one.



A. J. LONG, LIZZIE THOMAS AND BERTHA CHANDLER, *Editors.*

Personals.

MISS Sallie Spence, '92, spent January 27 and 28 at College.

Miss Sutton, '97, received a call from her cousin Mr. Sutton, of La Grange, N. C., February 1st.

Miss Ferris Spent January 19 and 20 in Baltimore.

Misses O. and G. Rinehart visited Frederick and Union Bridge, February 2 and 3.

Miss Effie Eichelberger of Frederick, Md., and Miss Mamie Grey, of Worcester, Mass., visited Miss Ferris January 18.

When is a Professor not fit to teach a lady who desires to go forward in her studies? Ans.: When he choose to back her.

An athletic entertainment will be given in the gymnasium on evening of the 17th inst.

A joint anniversary of the Webster and Philomathean societies will be held on Feb. 21.

Prof. Watson was called to his home in Centreville Jan. 25, owing to the sickness of his mother, whose death followed on Feb. 3.

Mr. W. B. Menefee of Keyser, W. Va. spent Feb. 5 and 6 with his son, A. E. Menefee, '98, who has been confined to his room for the past week, by a severe attack of quinsy. He is now convalescent.

Prof. McDaniel was absent from college Feb. 5 and 7.

At the anniversary of Star Society of Adrian College, the program was concluded by a piano duet by Prof. Rinehart and Miss Kinney, formerly members of the faculty of W. M. C.

Our Lectures.

IN OUR last month's account of our lectures we spoke only of our Friday evening course. We have also a Sunday evening course given by some of the ablest ministers of our Conference. So far we have been visited by Rev. A. W. Mather, of Marion; Rev. W. R. Graham, of Georgetown, D. C.; Rev. F. T. Little, of Baltimore; Rev. L. P. Dyott, of Newark, and Dr. Cushing, of Baltimore, each of whom gave us an excellent lecture.

In the Friday evening course we have had as our lecturers during the month, Rev. J. H. Robinson, of Paterson, N. J.; and Prof. Simpson and McDaniel of the Faculty.

Prof. Simpson's lecture was on the subject of fire, and was interspersed throughout with remarkably successful experiments, among which was that of the "Will o' the Wisp."

Rev. Mr. Robinson's lecture entitled "A trip to Ireland," was full of Irish humor, and kept the audience in a roar

from beginning to end. Even college folks need a little fun occasionally, and we are grateful to Mr. Robinson for his contribution to our course.

Prof. McDaniel gave us an astronomical lecture centering about the Constellation of Orion. The Prof. is in love with the Heavens (in a scientific way of course), and is enthusiastic upon astronomy. His lecture, which was partly illustrated, was very clear and forcible—one of the most instructive and entertaining of the course.

J.

Poem.

'Twas a cold and wintry night
With not e'en a star in sight,
And the girls were glad that duty
Did not call them from the door;
For the snow was falling fast,
And it looked as though 'twould last
For a week or more.

After tea and our usual fracas,
To our rooms we did betake us
In obedience to the bell,
Which told the hour our work began,
When the wind began to roar
Thro' both the window and the door
And our locks did fan.

Two Seniors sat them down at last,
With the doors and windows fast,
Fearing lest a cyclone should
Come and take them all away;
And each face was pale and scared
And to more they scarcely dared
It is sad to say.

All at once the wind did cease,
Then the Seniors hoped for peace
And set themselves to studying
About the "Freedom of the Will,"
Suddenly there came a scratch
Like the lighting of the match,
Then all was still.

Soon there smote upon the ear
Noises very sad to hear,
Like the rustling of the garments
Of some cautious, gliding ghost;
Seniors sprang upon the bed
And not a single word was said,—
Their tongues were lost.

Right on end their hair did stand
And the perspiration ran,
Down the face of these Seniors
Drop by drop, like so much rain
While the noise it did increase
And these heart-beats they did cease
Then began again.

Then one Senior she grew bold,
Took her courage within her hold
And over the edge of the waste-box
Looked with dilating eye;
For she meant to know the cause
Of this awful ghastly noise
Or know the reason why.

Down among the paper's waste,
A little mouse had crept to taste,
Crumbs which these very Seniors
Had dropped some days before.
A sadder and a wiser lot
Were those two Seniors when they got
Down upon the floor.

'94.

Locals.

—Miss P—k, '96, says she has become quite a *physician* since she has been studying physics.

—Miss C.—What is the correct pronunciation of "f-i-g-u-r-e?"

Miss W—n, '95—"Well you know *Dickens* is the standard now, and he gives both "fig'ur" and "fig'yur."

—Miss S., '94, says that she is just one day older than Washington, as her birthday comes on the 21st of February.

—Miss J—n, '95—"This handkerchief came from France."

Miss P—r, '96—"You are mistaken, it came from Paris."

—Miss N. '95, has been suffering for the past few days from a severe pain in the back of her head, which we think was caused by the kick of a Latin pony, which she was not accustomed to handling.

—Miss T. (studying English)—"Leila, what did Leigh Hunt write?"

Miss R—r, '95 (knowingly). He wrote an *autobiography* of Lord Byron.

—Miss J—n, '95—"Corinne, how does your high corporosity seem to sagaciate the salubrious season after the frognosical frost?"

Miss A—s, '95 (bewildered)—"Indeed I don't know! Mamma didn't give me any to bring back with me.

—Miss S—e, '98 (after the Christmas holidays) "Oh girls! come here quick, they are taking the trunks up on the *alligator*."

Hearts were made to break;
Cheeks were made to blush;
Eyes were made to look at boys;
Lips were made to—Oh, hush!

The above was picked up in the German room immediately after the female Sophomores had gone out.



WINTER with her hoary locks is reigning supreme and an advantage to participate in out-door athletics is not afforded to its enthusiastic admirers but they take advantage of the opportunities afforded them by the gymnasium and there spend the time necessary for the development of the body in trying to break old records and establish new ones.

The Athletic Association will have an entertainment in the gymnasium Saturday next for the general promotion of the association financially.

This seems to be the great drawback of our association is their lack of

sufficient means to meet their indebtedness during the baseball season, this can be easily remedied, simply by each member depositing in the treasury twenty-five cents per month during the winter and next spring there will be a sufficient amount to defray the expenses brought against her during baseball season. This is a method now becoming very popular among the different college associations of the State and we hope the same will be adopted by ours.

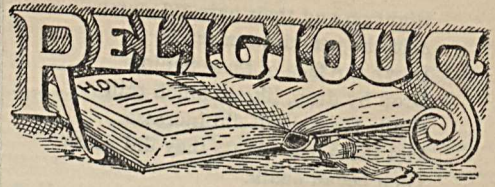
Our team and substitutes are practicing in the gymnasium daily for the development of their whole body in general, and Western Maryland will have the strongest team to represent her on the field this season, that she has had for some time past, although she lost her battery (but not her batting record) she has one equally as good for the ensuing year.

The men will take their respective positions for the season of '94 as follows: Prof. H.G. Watson, 1st b.; N.R. Eckard, 2nd b.; W. Anders, 3rd b.; A. B. Wells, s. s.; G. U. Stull, l. f.; F.W. Story, c. f.; L. A. Bennett, r. f.; R. S. Wells, p.; W. H. Forsyth, c.; T. C. Galbreath, sub.

The following games have been scheduled so far:

April 21st..Md. Agrl. College....At College Park
 April 26th ...McDonoughAt Westminster
 April 28th..Mt. St. Mary's College..At Emmitsburg
 May 5th....Md. Agrl. College..At Westminster
 May 10th..New Windsor College..At Westminster
 May 19th....Kendall College.....At Westminster
 May 26th..Pennsylvania College..At Westminster
 June 2d.....Kendall College. . At Washington
Pennsylvania College...At Gettysburg
St. John's College...At Westminster
St. John's College.....At Annapolis

We hope the State league between the different colleges will be organized, if so, we will try to make Western Maryland hold a position of which she will not be ashamed.



G. W. C. A.

THE Association having entered upon a new term, there has been a slight change in the manner of conducting the meetings caused by the new officers.

We were glad to see the spirit of work for the Master in which those who were selected to conduct our Association for the remaining school year entered upon their duties. Already some steps have been taken to increase the interest of our members, and we hope new ideas will constantly come into our minds by which we all may be drawn nearer to God and each other.

May each one of us resolve to attend the meetings regularly and take an active part in them whenever an opportunity presents itself, and surely He will reward us.

Let us congratulate those who have just gone out from office upon their untiring efforts for our good and may they realize that their endeavors have been crowned with success.

G. M. C. A.

“NOT by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord,” These are words that each one of us should ever keep in mind; words full of comfort, assurance and victory. Nothing more appropriate could be suggested as the motto for this present new term of work. The old term, with its many precious and peculiar blessings, has passed into Eternity.

The past cannot be recalled, and it is the present and future to which we must now give our attention.

New officers have been elected; the various committees have been appointed, and again the Association is in excellent working condition. Each individual should not forget that there is an individual responsibility resting upon him. Each committee should ever remember that no other committee can do their work.

Our religious meetings are of much interest; it is a very noticable fact, that the boys participate earnestly in every feature of our meetings with a religious enthusiasm. Our Association now numbers forty-five active and ten associate members. This is a very creditable membership, but why should we not even make our ranks larger until every one in college is either active or associate?

Our delegate, W. R. Revelle, to the 22nd Annual Convention of Y. M. C. A.'s of Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia and District of Columbia, reports very favorably of the work throughout the States.

Our Association has not yet failed to be represented at these annual conventions. They are indeed a blessing to us and especially so to the delegates who attend them. It brings our Association in touch with the other Y. M. C. A.'s of our district, and opens up to us new fields, new methods, and new aspirations.

There is a danger of our forgetting the vast extent of the Y. M. C. A. We sometimes are liable to bind ourselves in our own surrounding circle and fail to recognize the large family of which we are a branch.

While we may and should devote our attention and interest to our own Association, yet we should never lose sight of

the fact that the Y. M. C. A. in general girdles the earth with its Associations.

Boys, there is a greater need of our living closer to Jesus. The imperative demand is upon us to be true to the vow that we have made in His name.

Let our hearts be right and then we will have no cause to do anything, but what is right. Let us make this term one of great interest in our work, and one in which we will all have reason to rejoice, ever keeping in mind and heart the thought, "*Young Men for Christ.*"

An Oriental Story.

An eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighboring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them to themselves and went away.

After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of the men said:

"What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The other man answered:

"But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such a fool's work," replied the other, and, throwing down his bucket, he went away.

The other man continued his work till, about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water

into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. "If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labor was not useless, after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test their capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him, and, as he bade the man keep the ring, he said:

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing; now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my hand."—*The Sunday Hour*.

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Supt. of White Ribbon Herald and Blade.....	Corinne Adams
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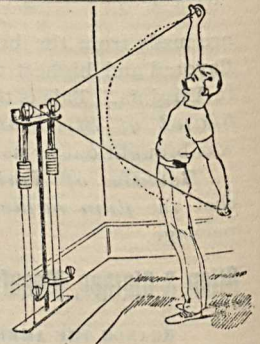
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Schedule in effect October 1, 1893.

P	M	A	M	A	M	STATIONS.	A	M	P	M	P	M		
.....	11	55	5	45	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.		
.....	11	58	5	48	CHERRY RUN.....	8	47	1	42	8	55		
.....	12	11	6	01	BIG POOL.....	8	44	1	39	8	52		
.....	12	17	6	06	CLEAR SPRING.....	8	33	1	27	8	35		
.....	12	26	6	6	CHARLTON.....	8	27	1	22	8	31		
.....	12	40	6	30	WILLIAMSPORT, P. V, AR. HAGERSTOWN. LE	8	18	1	13	8	20		
.....	1	45	6	45	LE. WILLIAMSP.T. AR	12	31	8	10		
*4	15	2	00	7	02	LE. HAGERSTOWN. AR	7	30	12	15	7	54		
4	27	2	17	7	20	CHEWSVILLE.....	11	59	7	51		
4	34	2	25	7	27	SMITHSBURG.....	11	51	7	33		
4	38	2	35	7	36	EDGEMONT.....	7	05	11	45	7	28	
.....	2	53	7	50	AR.....	HIGHFIELD..... LE	6	53	11	28	7	13		
.....	2	53	7	50	LE.....	HIGHFIELD..... AR	11	25	7	10		
.....	3	22	8	17	FAIRFIELD.....	10	56	6	39		
.....	3	52	8	47	GETTYSBURG.....	10	27	6	10		
.....	4	16	9	12	NEW OXFORD.....	10	02	5	45		
.....	4	33	9	30	HANOVER.....	9	48	4	58		
.....	4	46	9	45	AR.....	PORTERS..... LE	9	30	4	46		
.....	5	17	9	45	LE.....	PORTERS..... AR	9	27	4	44		
.....	5	25	9	53	SPRING GROVE.....	9	19	4	36		
.....	5	47	10	15	LE.....	YORK..... AR	8	57	4	14		
.....	A	M	A	M	A	M	P	M		
.....	3	53	7	50	LE.....	HIGHFIELD..... AR	6	53	11	28	7	13		
4	50	2	54	7	52	BLUE RIDGE.....	6	52	11	23	7	09	
5	10	3	20	8	16	MECHANICSTOWN.....	6	25	10	51	6	41	
.....	3	30	8	26	ROCKY RIDGE.....	10	37	6	29		
5	30	3	44	8	37	BRUCEVILLE.....	6	07	10	25	6	17	
5	38	3	55	8	45	UNION BRIDGE.....	6	00	10	16	6	06	
.....	3	59	8	49	LINWOOD.....	10	09	6	00		
5	46	4	05	8	55	NEW WINDSOR.....	5	53	10	03	5	55	
5	59	4	23	9	11	WESTMINSTER.....	5	40	19	44	5	36	
6	30	5	02	9	44	GLYNDON.....	5	11	8	59	4	58	
.....	7	12	5	32	10	08	ARLINGTON.....	8	24	4	24	
.....	7	12	5	54	10	31	BALTIMORE.....	4	30	8	00	4	02
P	M	P	M	P	M	A	M	P	M	P	M	
8	15	6	45	11	35	WASHINGTON.....	7	05	2	30	
.....	9	55	1	00	PHILADELPHIA.....	12	03	3	50	1	30	
.....	3	20	AR.....	NEW YORK..... LE	9	00	12	15	11	00	
P	M	P	M	P	M	P	M	A	M	A	M	

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Trains for Frederick leave Bruceville 10.32 A. M. and
4.54 and 6.17 P. M. Trains for Columbia, Wrightsville,
Littletown and Taneytown leave Bruceville 9.58 A. M.
and 3.45 P. M.

Leave Rocky Ridge for Emmitsburg at 8.26 and 10.37
A.M., and 3.30 and 6.29 P.M. Leave Emmitsburg for
Rocky Ridge at 7.50 and 10.00 A. M., and 2.55 and 5.45
P. M.

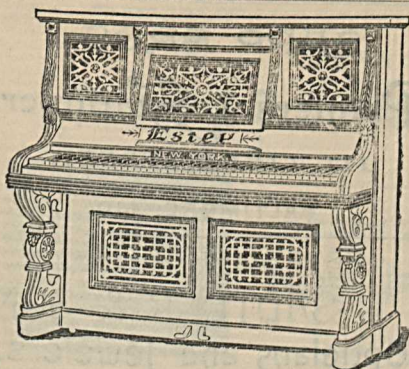
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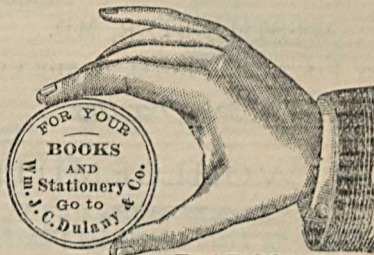
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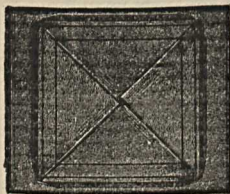
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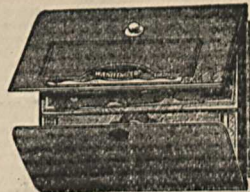
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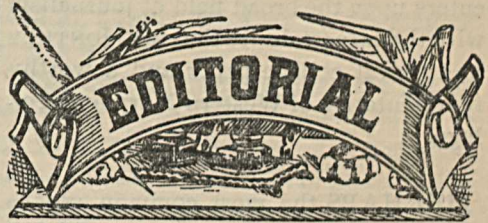
Advertising Rates can be obtained of the Business Manager, upon application.

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.

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second class matter.*



WITH this issue the MONTHLY greets its readers with a new corps of editors. It will be our aim to make the MONTHLY, what it has always been, distinctively a college journal. To this end we ask the assistance of all the students. A college journal fulfills its mission only when it promotes the interest of the institution which it represents, informs those interested in its welfare as to its work and promotes the literary ability of the students. That this standard be attained to it is necessary that the staff have the hearty co-operation of the student body.

The local column is the one around which the interest of the students seems chiefly centered and the one which the majority scan first of all. It requires no little care on the part of the editors to ruthlessly discard all locals not really locals and make this department what it really should be. The present staff hope, therefore, if our students find this column shorter than heretofore, they will also find that it has gained in quality what has been lost in quantity. It is with pleasure that we notice an increas-

ing interest in the MONTHLY on the part of the Alumni and former students of the institution. This is not only encouraging to the Editors but it gives the paper a broader scope of usefulness. We take this opportunity of saying, we will be glad to receive any contributions the Alumni may have and hope they will not wait to be called on personally for them. As we intimated before, the staff enters upon the broad field of journalism with the earnest desire that the MONTHLY be an ideal college paper and a worthy representative of Western Maryland College.

PERHAPS the most common expression in use is "I didn't think." How often we do things for which we are sorry afterwards and try to excuse ourselves by saying we didn't think. This is true especially of young people. We see persons who are continually doing things that they ought not to do, or leaving undone things that they ought to do; we see others who do the first thing that comes into their minds and we smile indulgently, and call them "so thoughtless," and sometimes this comes to be serious—this thoughtlessness.

In the first place, what are thoughts? Webster says they are ideas, "conceptions," "reflections." Philosophers might call them accomplishments of psychological impressions. These impressions or perceptions are sometimes "intuitive and sometimes not, but the mind when conscious of itself, is never without them. Therefore the term "thoughtless" when applied to a rational being is not altogether correct. Not *altogether* I say but in one sense it may be to a certain extent, that is, in the reflective or deliberative sense. It is not a question of whether a person has thought or not, but of how he thinks, and of what he thinks about.

Since we must think it is necessary that we think about something and our thoughts sway our actions. If we think of self continually it will result in our forgetting or ignoring others and their rights. Such an egotist would prefer having his conduct called thoughtless rather than selfish. Others are continually rushing into things before giving themselves time to think what the result will be. Their motives may be all right as a general thing these are of all persons the least selfish, yet sometime these same persons are going to do something on the spur of the moment which will ruin their whole lives, then they will have all eternity in which to think about it. These persons would rather be styled thoughtless than head-strong.

It is our duty not only to others, but to ourselves as well to cultivate the habit of thinking properly, and this habit may be cultivated as well as any other. We cannot afford to go through life thinking only of our own interests, neither can we with impunity rush headlong into an undertaking without considering the possible consequences. This is not what we were made for.

HIGHER education is a term much used in our day, but the degree of learning or amount of education to which it can properly be applied is a disputed question. What do we mean by the term higher education? There is a wide difference of opinion among professional educators on this point and some men foremost in college and university work contend that the old ideas as to what constitutes a liberal education have passed away, and new ideas, fitted to meet the changed demands and circumstances of the times, have taken their place.

It has been asserted on good authority that the scientific schools were doing a work not surpassed, and perhaps not equaled, by the classical colleges. In other words, they are turning out men better educated, in the highest sense of that word, than the average college graduate. The new ideas which are said to be responsible for this result are, chiefly, not to compel all students to take the same course of study, based, as of old, upon Latin and Greek; but to permit each individual to take the course best suited to his tastes and abilities.

Personally, we consider this modern plan the better, and in our humble opinion, it is bound in the course of a few years to win over to its side the most prominent educators of the present day, some of whom already endorse it. But all argument aside, it is an encouraging fact that the colleges of the country are attracting a steadily increasing number of students, and are making such changes in their method and courses of instruction as enable them to widen the scope and influence of their training. The object of all education should be to make good citizens. To this end the study of political science very largely contributes, and merits increased attention and a prominent place in the curriculum. A college course is no more than a beginning, and its chief end is to start a man in the right direction, if he has learned the valuable lesson of profiting by the experience of others, this alone is worth the time and pains expended upon his education.

IN reading an article on the subject of Success in Business, we noticed a statement to the effect that it is not always the business man who works hardest that accomplishes most, but the man who works most systematically.

System is essential to success in any undertaking, and examples of failure in the commercial world from lack of it are every day occurrences; the same truism will also apply to the life of a college student. Systematic study is too little observed by the majority of college men. The man who has a good plan of work, and follows that, cannot fail to accomplish more than he who studies in a loose, careless manner, content with reading a lesson whether he has studied it or not.

The mental training one receives by following a definite scheme of study is of no small significance. Let a student study a lesson for an hour or more, as the case may be, and then turn his attention to something entirely foreign to it, and he will have a clearer idea of the text and the subject generally than if he had put twice the time on it in a loose, rambling manner, with mind half on the book in hand and half on the next recitation. Set apart certain hours for study, and have a particular time for general reading and exercise, and more real benefit will be derived.

We do not mean that a man should become a machine, which runs by clock-work, but we do assert that a student with a certain amount of system in his college life will accomplish more than his unsystematic fellow.

Let us have more order, more solid work and less half-hearted action.

"He was little of stature." Every man is "little" somewhere—little in spots. No man is fully hemisphered on both sides of his nature. The word "little" or its equivalent, must be used occasionally in writing a true biography of the best of men.



W. G. BAKER, JR. AND BLANCHE NOBLE, *Edts.*

Sweet Hope in Christ.

BY REV. J. T. WARD, D. D.

One by one they pass away—
The friends we love;
Though we fain would have them stay,
Though we long, and weep, and pray,
Naught avails—they pass away—
The friends we love.

Never here to us again
Can they return;
Death has severed friendship's chain:
But to them we'll go, and then,
Several links restored, we can
By faith discern.

If with Christ they dwelt, and we
In Him abide,
Soon, dismissed from earth, we'll be
In His presence, glad and free,
With all the blessed company—
For whom He died.

Variety.

Two things in this world are exactly alike, although to the superficial observer the difference may often go unnoticed; yet there is a difference, and this very difference is what gives everything value, for it is by comparing objects with other objects that we learn their worth. If we find in any one thing what we do not find in others we prize it all the more, and if in one article we find a certain characteristic in a greater degree than in another we value it accordingly.

What can be more beautiful than the purity and the fragrance of the lily of the valley, the loveliest of flowers? Or

the brilliancy of the diamond whose power of reflecting the rainbow hues is unsurpassed?

Nature seems to have been aware of this beauty in diversity, for in all her productions we find variety everywhere, and man seems also endowed with the love of change, for variety, you know, is the very spice of life that gives it all its flavor.

Suppose all the flowers were roses, and if roses suppose they were all red, how weary we would get of looking at them. Their charm would be gone, and what had been a pleasure would now become monotonous and wearisome. The beauty of the autumn fields is due to this variety in the leaves of the trees, painted by the divine hand in so many different and delicate hues that baffle the imitation of mortals.

The musician is conscious of this desirability of change in his department, so in all his great musical efforts we find the loud rollicking tones, followed by the soft, sweet tones, and in those productions in which are those tones combined in the most skillful manner we find the songs which touch our poetic nature and bring the tear to the eye and the smile to the lip.

We want variety, but we want variety in union. Not different shades and colors and notes all thrown together in one conglomerate mass, regardless of the laws of the blending shades and harmonious notes.

Just as we find variety in the land of the flowers and in the realm of music so we find variety in man. In his physical appearance there are differences. There are different ways of talking and different ways of walking, and different ways of doing everything. Some are handsome and some ugly, and some neither.

But as great as is the variety in face

and form, just as great is the difference in opinions and actions. While perhaps all have some differences of opinions and possess some personality, yet the degree is not always the same in different people.

Some persons have a decided personality, while some others have it to such a slight degree that it is hardly noticeable.

Perhaps the majority of the human race belong to the latter class. These seldom, if ever, think or act for themselves, and their opinions are the opinions of the last person who talked to them, and when you tell them what you think they instantly change and say they think just as you do; they don't even hold the true opinion of themselves that they haven't any opinion. They are just like molten metal, they can be poured into any mould whatever, and can be remelted and remoulded indefinitely. It's a wonder they don't lose the power of thinking after while.

Now as to the other class and by far the smaller class. This is composed of the comparatively few who think for themselves and act accordingly. They have an opinion of their own, and they stick to it until fully convinced that it is wrong. Sometimes they make themselves exceedingly disagreeable by the tenacity with which they hold to certain opinions. Yet better these men than those who are like clay in the hands of their fellow beings. Of course these men may hold the same opinions as other men, and men who have lived years before them; yet these opinions are their own, for they have studied and thought honestly on what others have said until they believe what they have read and heard. It is said there is nothing new under the sun, and perhaps men never say anything entirely different from what

others have said, yet when a man has by his own mental efforts come to certain conclusions, even if they be conclusions that have been in existence for ages, this man has a right to call these his own and make them part of himself. These men who think for themselves are the men who act for themselves, and they govern the affairs of nations, both political and religious. These are the men who have been the leading spirits of reformatations, reformatations which have shaken and throwu down the old customs of men and re-established a new order of things. These are the men whose names will live ages after their less thoughtful brethren will be dead and forgotten.

Perhaps we often wish we could get all persons to think just as we think, but I guess we would find life rather wearisome if such were the case. If we all thought alike, what would the politicians do? What would the theologians do for something to argue about? So perhaps it is better as it is, many men and many minds, "each has his will, and each pursues his own." A. B. J., '94,

The Desire for Power.

THE habits and characters of men are varied according to external circumstances and also by the action of the will. The inherited natures are of course varied to a certain degree, but there are characteristics in each of the various species of animals, which characteristics belong to each member of that species, and one of the most prominent of these found in man is the desire for power, which is ever impelling him to strive for honors. To the man in whom this desire is not found, if such there be, Nature has not done her duty.

As a tender plant springing up from the moist earth and finding its upward

course checked by a stone, is not content to remain with this load upon it, a sickly white vegetable until it dies; but turns its course to find the light where it can obtain nourishment and grow into a beautiful tree, giving joy and gladness to all around. So men and women with their upward progress checked by obstacles may turn their course, obtain nourishment in some other direction, tower above their hindrances and spread out their accomplishments as foliage to adorn their field of work. Thus Dickens when his youthful ambition to be a soldier was rendered impossible by a broken leg, turned his attention to literature and gained the highest prominence among English novelists. But ambition is not equally evident in all. Natures exist so weak that after the first failure of an attempt to cultivate their powers, they choke down this desire and are content to remain in a happy state of ignorance and ease, apparently unmindful of the strife around them. The attempt may have been so small as not to be evident, but the poor spirit is crushed and is content to remain forever in the dust of obscurity. Others possess this desire for power to such a degree that, though their faculties for sustaining power may not admit of their holding it, yet they persevere, striving, striving, for power never to be obtained.

There is that class of people so created that they not only possess to a great degree the desire for power, but they are endowed with the faculties to obtain that for which they strive. And although each attempt may be satisfied with success, it is like the drunkard's thirst; the more he drinks the stronger the appetite, and its effects may be compared to the effects of the liquor. When the man perceives that he has attained a high degree of power, he can easily con-

vince himself that on account of his attainments he is excusable for any misconduct on his part: and caught in this delusion he becomes guilty of foul deeds.

This desire for power is possessed by some to such a degree that they consider no means for the attainment of its satisfaction too foul to be employed. Thus deceiving themselves, trampling under foot moral laws, propriety, and their very characters. So many as victims of sinful ambitions have fallen from the ranks of noble characters, realizing only too late their mistakes.

Yet this should not discourage us in our attempt for honors. Of no use is the man to the world who is content with his lot not to seek power. He makes no inventions or discoveries and takes no part in changing the potential energy of the world into Kinetic. Taking the world as it comes he is knocked about, not caring whither he goes. To the men with ambition not to be checked is the civilization of the world due. It is that which

"Causes all the ebbs and flows of nations,
Keeps mankind sweet by action,
Without that the world would be a filthy settled mind."

The child at school, seeing his fellow-students so far ahead of him, thinking it useless to strive for a higher standing, spends his time in idleness, and not only does not gain pre-eminence but also knowledge. While the more ambitious pupil toils up the path of knowledge and though he may not gain the coveted honor as leader of his class, yet he has obtained knowledge to assist him in obtaining a higher position in life than if he had been content to spend his time in idleness, because he saw no chance for him to lead the class.

When a desire for power in a certain direction is very strong, as when a man

is eager to gain prominence by the invention of some machine which to the world seems impossible, the ambition is called fanaticism. But how much of our present civilization we owe to so-called fanatics no man can estimate. There is not always a selfish motive in this strife for power. The student at school, knowing the ambition of his parents for his promotion, is inspired to work with more zeal for the pleasure of his parents. The politician, if he is possessed of a noble character, toils day after day, exerting all his energies, accumulating power for his party. It is in this unselfish strife alone that any satisfaction is found. If by our zeal gladness is brought to the heart of others or honors are brought upon our party, it is a satisfaction to feel that our efforts have not been for vain personal pleasures.

It is a duty we owe ourselves to take part in this great struggle. For the nation is the aggregate of the individuals, and as the individuals, so the nation. But our ambition must not be wholly selfish. All must take part in a grand harmonious struggle with high ideals before us. The result—a noble nation.

B. M., '95.

Hidden Secrets,

EACH man's soul is his domain. It is his whole world. In it, he moves, acts, lives. With it, he designs, creates, accomplishes. A God given power, capable of directly or indirectly performing great good or immeasurable evil. It is the essential link of the chain uniting Heaven with earth, God with man.

When great political questions, involving perhaps the destiny of a nation, are being discussed—when politicians and statesmen have exhausted their power of rendering their views and

opinions more explicit and exact—then a decision must be made. The bill is presented to the President. A great mind, the representative of a nation is at work. The result of that work is seen in his approval or veto, but the work itself never will be known. It is a secret to the man, inasmuch as it is the man himself. Hidden causes were at work. There were suggestions and opinions of others, some corresponding with, others opposite to, his first formed ideas, which prompted his final resolution. But beyond all this, there was an action, that for which we cannot account. This it is that determines one man from another. No two persons have exactly this same *something*, though perhaps the same results as others can see them. The rugged mountains behind which the setting sun is throwing her last rays, presents sublimer thoughts, perhaps to you than to me. Surely there are no two who are effected in precisely the same way, with exactly the same thoughts. So with the President's message, only reasoning the other way. The mountains were the same cause which produced a different effect in you and me. The President's message was the same effect produced by a different cause. This different cause is the unknowable, known only so far as one man knows his fellowman. It is the secret which every one has, because it cannot be made known.

The very phrase, "God in Nature," reveals to us that there are and always have been secrets hidden from man. Concerning the word "God" there is an awful mystery gathered. The soul cannot grasp it. "From everlasting to everlasting." There must have been a beginning, yet there was none. There must be an ending, yet there is none. The soul, glancing over the past ages for the beginning of eternity, looking

farther back into the past, and on beyond, where all becomes dark with a gathering mist of doubt and skepticism, is only equalled in her despair by looking on the present, peering a way on into the future, searching farther and yet farther for the other extreme of eternity, where all is bounded by the curtain of human impossibility. This is a secret known only to God. It is not intended for man as yet. Perhaps the time will come when the secrets of the Divine shall become the universal knowledge of all mankind. Year by year, as the appointed time comes round, man is solving the mysteries of the hitherto unknown, and revealing treasures long since hidden by hands Divine. But an essential element is time. Much of our present knowledge was not known even a few centuries ago. Many investigations are now in progress, revealing slowly but surely certain phenomena and certain results which are the same as when the Creator pronounced all things good. And through the accomplishments of scientists and those searching for truth in the past, a new stimulus is added for the study of these hidden secrets in the future. The young man of to-day arming himself with the results of the labors of yesterday, pushes on into new realms of undiscovered truth, and to-morrow brings into the light, that which has been waiting only to be uncovered, when it shall in turn be the means of disclosing another. The past is the ladder, which resting upon the present, aids us in scaling the heights of the future.

There was a time when the very idea of believing that the earth is round, was scoffed at; and to venture to make known such a belief was at the risk of being placed in an insane asylum as a lunatic. Today, the first thing taught to the young child on entering school is that he

is living upon a sphere—a body of the same shape as the ball with which he plays. This sets the young mind thinking and not infrequently fears of being thrown from this land into some unknown, about the hour of midnight, find place in his young imagination. The finding by chance of a small piece of shining gold in our western states was the key that opened the vast territory of our Rocky Mountain area, disclosing in vast quantity the most valuable of metals. Not only has the beautiful been found in these hidden places, but the useful has had to yield its secrecy as well; and as the result, we have iron for the smith, coal for the millions and salt for the world.

A secret of the Almighty's wisdom is displayed in the manifestation of these unknown. It was only as civilization advanced, as the time came when these products became a necessity, that they were revealed. The same things which satisfied the man of a century ago, fail to satisfy the man of to-day. Man grows with the centuries.

The man of science bears the same relation between nature and the unscientific man, as the interpreter does to the one interpreted. He is the medium connecting the one with the other. Without him all nature would be undefinable; it would be a chaos. With him it is explained, it is harmony. The astronomer sweeps the heavens with his telescope and studies the heavenly bodies as they never before were studied. The relations, causes and effects, which one bears toward the others, are established truths and no longer phenomena. The natural scientist breaking the rock, analyzing the water and recombining the results, is not only learning more of nature, but advances through "Nature up to Nature's God."

What a grand result they are accomplishing. But the work is as great as the result is wonderful. The truths as we find them to-day cost many a sacrifice. They are the music from the harp whose chords must be struck before they give forth the beautiful cadences which lie hidden within its strings. The result is hard to produce, but when it is brought forth no one hears the same sweet music as he who struck the strings. It came from his soul and returns whence it came. All is beautiful to the looker on, but to him it is more—it is harmony. Yet when nature shall have yielded all her secrets unto man, when the unknown shall have become lost in the known, there remaineth yet a hidden mystery, the relation of the supernatural to the natural, the infinite to the finite.

G. T. C., '95.

Slavery of Prejudice.

THE power of forming a decision, is one of the greatest gifts to man. A gift which has resulted in a blessing or curse.

The conclusion is often reached void of reason and justice. Principles are moulded by circumstances. Actions are criticised from the surface. The character of man is no safeguard against its fierce assaults. Men holding public office have been paraded by press and people as rogues and thieves, and yet under the administration of these very "thieves," the country has progressed and the nation risen in prosperity.

That prejudice is universally found in man, and has a predominant existence is no longer a theory, but a practical realization. The child tenderly loves and caresses the dog which is denounced as vicious. The world may brand the boy a coward, yea a villain, but the fond mother ever believes him pure and

innocent. You may rule the party by "rings" and "bosses" but the man grounded in its principles calmly rocks in his easy chair and dreams of the safety of his beloved country.

Every revolution has met the same foe. Every invention has contended with the same narrow judgment, impairing its usefulness. That terrible steam engine madly plowing over the country could only divide the farmer's farm, destroy his cattle, and with its sparks consume his home. A proclamation to elevate mankind, boldly tacked on a church door by a zealous monk, incurred the wrath and burning indignation of a million slaves, slaves to a pet creed, slaves to a tyrant clothed in majestic solemnity—His Holiness.

It has been established by knowledge and experience that the prejudice fostered by man is the direct result of a biased judgment.

The American youth with his impetuous spirit, rushing into new and untried experiences, regards those things harmless which gratify his personal feelings, and injurious when they produce pain. His mind recognizes their consistency and advocates their truth, for verily consistency and truth always produce harmony between soul and body. "Inharmonious actions are associated with inconsistent ideas."

With these convictions the sensations are his criterion for action. He, who is thus moved, is bound by shackles stronger than ever bound the cowering slave of '61, and more galling than those which seal the destiny of Russia's captives to Siberia's wilds. The student declares that study useless whose intricacies not only refuse to be solved but produce weariness and a loss of time. Every young man who tarries at the wine has been repeatedly warned by science that

he cannot take a poison into his system without injury; moreover the moral law declares him a suicide who destroys his body, and yet he refuses to believe his act wrong because that very poison produces an agreeable sensation—hence it must be harmless.

Among the individual victories fought and won by man was "freedom of speech." Milton sounded the proclamation in 1600, the echo of which America's sons heard coming o'er the troubled waters of '76 announcing to all, freedom of thought and unlimited speech. An honor which has ever been the crowning glory of man's freedom. Yet no element of liberty has ever been so basely corrupted.

Men dare to insist that a man has a right to believe *anything* if he be sincere. Never was there a greater stigma upon intelligence or a darker stain upon civilization.

Who will say that the Anarchist has a right to openly thrust his principles in your face, destroy your home and take your life, though he firmly believes he is doing the right; or that the sincere advocate of a certain party should persist in remaining true to a party which is corrupt—ruled by vicious men and degrading to a nation? Away with such a conception of freedom, such a degradation of the true spirit of liberty. Under this infamous law the blind man has the same right to declare there is no sun, or the Atheist there is no God.

Freedom never meant such absurd ignorance, such cancerous slavery—a slavery sapping the very vitals of truth and honor of the true man. A bondage which can only led the Republican to declare that no Democrat can be a loyal citizen, or the Populist to see no virtue in the Prohibition party.

American Congress of to-day is but a succession of decisions and repeals.

Reforms in parliamentary government, though established as right and pronounced good, are utterly ignored by the enemy. Tariff reform is a political football. McKinley's bill has scarcely "been put into play" when commercial centres are thrown into excitement by its annulment in the Wilson bill.

As long as statesmen, blinded by prejudice, debase their noble office and legislate for party victories and triumphs, Columbia will continue to stand with bowed head, and with a throbbing heart cry out: "How long? oh, how long, my sons, will ye endure such corruption."

This discrepancy of man's nature has followed him in all his paths. Bound by the same fetters, he declares that he is a Wesleyan or Calvinist, Protestant or Catholic, therefore this not only gives him the authority, but makes it a duty, to place his brother among the burning fagots. Those Johnsonian men who announce that their way is the only true way, are to be pitied far more than the poor man with no church to shelter his meager soul.

Society has written upon the leaves of its iron-clad constitution, that to be my friend and associate with me, you must be rocked in the cradle of luxury and be reared by Congressman Smith or Banker Jones.

The preamble of the same constitution declares labor a disgrace, poverty a crime. Money is the maximum of character; honor and truth the minimum.

Would you see the true broad-minded man. Look upon the honest seeker after truth. His principles sustained and elevated by his intellect. His face aglow with the light of victory. His battle has been fought and won. He now stands upon the open plain and challenges opposition, "bears opinion to a loftier seal, blots out the error of oppression and leads in a universal freedom."

K. G. M., '95.



W. H. FORSYTHE, JR., Editor.

Exchanges.

WE are glad to welcome among our new exchanges *The Peabody Record*. It presents a good appearance, and contains some interesting and well-written articles. The one entitled "Which has had the greater influence on our institutions, Jefferson or Hamilton?" reflects credit on its author.

"The Yale faculty has decided that there will be no boxing in any public contest given by the students."

We notice the above statement in the *Brown and White*, which also contains an excellent editorial on the Chlorine affair at Cornell several weeks ago. We heartily endorse their sentiments.

We see upon our table *The Geneva Cabinet*. It contains several very well written articles; one humorous one on the "Ear." We give a quotation from it. "The ear is one of the most exposed and maltreated things that a man's head is fastened to. There are two of these unfortunate creatures. One is situated on the starboard and the other on the larboard side of the head. The fact of their being two of them indicated that they are to serve as a kind of ballast to keep the head level." Throughout the entire article there is portrayed humor of a fascinating nature.

The *Association Bulletin* published by the Y. M. C. A. of Baltimore is a breezy little paper and well sets forth the great work which it represents. We are glad to number it among our exchanges.

We are pleased to see the familiar form of our old friend *The Owl*. The article on Sir William Wallace is a good exposition of the life of that noble patriot.

The *Ursinus College Bulletin* is one of the cheapest papers that enters our sanctum. The subscription price is only fifty cents per year. The literary department, however, is as a rule good.

Our Young People is a welcome visitor at W. M. C. We think it a live and interesting paper.

We notice *The Amulet* for February contains but one literary article and several short poems; the rest of the space is taken up by matter which is not so necessary for a good college journal, which *The Amulet* seems to be.

A man and a Vassar maiden,
With wind and wave attune;
Talked low of love and football,
'Neath a mellow Newport moon.

The Vassar maid had hinted
That Vassar girls might play
At Rugby, 'gainst his college—
And beat them too—some day.

"If you should play," he whispered,
"Your college against mine,
I'd like to play left tackle
On the opposing line."

Then drooped her head, the maiden,
With blushes red as flame,
And said, "Since this may be so,
Let's have a——practice game."—*Ex.*

We desire to express our sincere thanks to the gentlemanly and courteous editor of the *Delaware College Review* for a copy of his very excellent magazine, which was benevolently intended, we suppose, for our enlightenment and edification. We were compelled to notice a bitter Phillipic which evidently did not emanate from the pen of Demosthenes directed against ourselves, their humble servant. Bringing

our microscope to bear upon it we were unable to detect anything in it which by analysis showed any relation to sense. It reminds us of the advice of an old lawyer to his son, "when you have a bad case that will not admit of argument, abuse your opposing attorney." "The intellectual freak and narrow minded" ex. exchange editor takes such a broad and expansive view of life, that he is unable to become so undignified as to deal in personalities.

Ex. Exchange Editor.

College Notes.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY has purchased for \$80,000 the library and manuscripts of the Historian Brancroft.
—*Ex.*

The six colleges and universities in the United States having the largest number of graduates are: Johns Hopkins, 262; University of Chicago, 256; Harvard, 254, Cornell, 161; University of Pennsylvania, 154; Yale, 143.

The students of Chicago University have formed a Students' Express Company, incorporated under the State law with a capital of \$10,000.

Professor Turner, of Edinburg, receives \$20,000 salary, which is the largest remuneration of any college professor in the world.

The first regular football team in this country was organized at Yale in 1782.

The students in Iowa College have subscribed \$10,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building.

Oxford consists of 22 colleges and has 12,000 students, including graduates and undergraduates.

There are 28 Protestant theological seminaries in India, with 350 students enrolled.

The University of Michigan sent out a class of 731 last year, the largest ever graduated from an American university.

The oldest German university is that of Heidelberg, founded in 1836.

There are 430 colleges in the United States, with 122,523 students.

Mr. Stanford, of Australia, will give \$1,500,000 to Stanford University.

Student self-government will be tried at Cornell for a year.

A bequest of \$5,000 has been made to Harvard for scholarships for poor but deserving colored students.

Professor Henry W. Torrey, one of the oldest professors of Harvard University, died December 15, at the age of 80 years.

The faculty of Jefferson Medical College has voted unanimously to institute a four years' course to begin with the season of 1895-96.

The subject of the joint debate in which Harvard defeated Yale was: "*Resolved*, That independent action in politics is preferable to party allegiance." Yale had the affirmative and Harvard the negative.

The University of Michigan has 50 of its own graduates in the faculty.—*Ez.*

One hundred and two members of the House of Representatives are college graduates.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is Doomsday.—*Emerson.*

We mean to go straight on. We mean to be as good-natured as sunshine, but as persistent as fate.—*F. E. Willard.*



Alumni Notes.

WING, we suppose, to lack of time, our Alumni Editor failed to send us his usual letter in time for the March issue of the MONTHLY. This will account for the scarcity of alumni notes.

The *Missionary Bulletin* for February contains an account of the good work being done by Mrs. Tsune Hirata Kojima, '90, in the mission schools of the Methodist Protestant Church in Japan. Miss Hirata was an earnest worker while at college, and we are sure a large part of her success in teaching the young in Japan is due to her untiring efforts to aid those around her.

The January number of the same paper has an interesting letter from Rev. I. F. Smith, '93, who, with Mrs. Grace Phillips Smith, '92, is laboring for the cause of missions in the "Land of the Rising Sun."

C. B. Strayer has been principal during the present scholastic year of a private school in Union Bridge, Md. He occasionally pays flying visits to Alma Mater.

W. P. Caton, '92, is in the second year class, in the Department of Medicine, at the Maryland University.

Miss Mamie Elliott, '93, is teaching the young idea how to shoot, in the kindergarten department of Eli Lamb's School, Baltimore, Md.

We clip the following from the *Baltimore Sun* of March 8th:

About seventy-five members of the Baltimore Alumni Association of Wes-

tern Maryland College held a social reunion at the Eutaw House last night. It was decided to invite Dr. T. H. Lewis, the president of the college, to deliver a lecture at the next meeting of the Association. The officers are: President, L. N. Whealton; Vice-president, G. W. Ward; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Edna Tagg.

Joseph S. Mills, '90, is occupying the chair of chemistry in the Washington High School. Mr. Mills has made a specialty of chemistry and splendidly fitted for the position he holds.

D. E. Wilson, '93, is taking a course in law at Columbian College, Georgetown.

The Sunday evening sermon, before the students of the college on March 11, was preached by Rev. J. W. Kirk, '83, now pastor of West Baltimore M. P. Church.

The position of principal of the Hagerstown Female High School is filled by Amon Burgee, '87.

Rev. C. L. Queen, '93, is now a member of the West Virginia Conference of the M. P. Church, and is stationed at Palatine, West Virginia.

Rev. O. D. McKeever, '93, belongs to the same Conference, and is pastor of Harrisburg M. P. Church.

H. E. Gilbert, '93, is attending the Maryland University, in the Department of Law. We understand he is taking the first two years' course in one year.

Miss Nannie Thompson, '90, was recently on a visit to Miss Mollie Shriver, in Westminster, and attended the Society Anniversary, February 22.

Rev. J. B. Whaley, '89, has been east for the first time since his entrance at the University of Chicago, in October,

'92. He visited college on the 14th. After the Session of the Maryland Annual Conference, of which he is a member, he will return to his work at the University.

Quondam Notes.

Miss E. B. Baukhages, '89-'93, is taking elocution lessons, under the instruction of Miss Gilbert, at Washington, D. C.

Miss Annie L. Hill, '91-'93, is principal of a school in Howard Co., Md.

Miss Bessie F. Lemen, '89-'93, is attending school at Lutherville Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. C. H. Kues, '90-'93, is attending school in Baltimore preparing for the ministry.

Mr. S. McKinstry, '89-'93, paid a flying visit to Westminster last week.

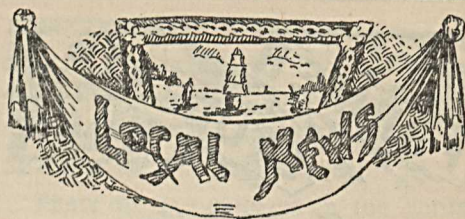
Mr. Edgar F. Warwick, '92-'93, who was compelled to retire from school on account of his health, is sick at his home in Westover, Somerset Co., Md.

Mr. Elmer K. Lewis, '90-'92, was mate on board the schooner Whealton when she was wrecked off the coast of Virginia. The boat was loaded with ash lumber. Fortunately all escaped, after subsisting for ten days on potatoes and water,

J. L. Owings, '90-'92, is a clerk in Banks, Darby & Co., Furniture Store, Baltimore, Md.

Frank Shaw, '89-'93, is studying under a tutor at New Haven, Conn., preparing to enter Yale this coming June.

The man who tries to defend himself by saying that he gives as much as somebody else, knows that he is not giving half enough.



WILL ROGER REVELLE, LYDIA R. WOODWARD AND CORINNE ADAMS, *Editors.*

Cupid's Warning.

The supper hour is past, and from the halls
Come sounds of music, laughter, and strange
calls;

Proclaiming plainly as they rise and swell
The passing of the hour 'till lecture bell.

But in the college parlor all is dark;
At first it seems deserted too, but hark!
Within the room a solemn voice we hear,
Whose cold, sepulchral voice strikes chills of
fear.

And looking round, accustomed to the gloom,
We see a curious scene about the room:
For lo! the op'ning shadows now disclose
Full twenty girls, all in unstudied pose.

With eyes dilating, and with bated breath,
They listen to a tale of ghosts and death;
Rehearsed in ghostly and sepulchral tones,
Accented now and then by mimic moans.

Ere yet had ceased the cry of "one more please,"
A whirring sound was heard among the trees,
And straightway there appeared (now this is
truth)

Right in the middle of the room a youth.

He bore bright wings of silver and of snow,
A quiver on his back and in his hand a bow:
Unto the girls he bowed—they looked aghast,
Each thought she saw some spirit of her past.

And there was silence, 'till at last Miss P—
Unto her neighbor whispered, "Aint he nice,
Just see those wings—Oh! he is just my style,
And if he stays here he and I will smile."

Came back reply, "Who ever heard the like?
Why need you have a spirit for a strike?
Suffice it to subdue an earthly host,
Let not ambition point you to a ghost."

Again was silence, which the stranger broke,
As in a voice like music thus he spoke:

"Dear girls, you have no cause for fear and
dread,

For I am not a spirit from the dead:

"My work is with the living and the real,
And you have felt—yea, you now feel,
A witchery that fills you through and through,
And shows the nature of the work I do.

"You never heard the twanging of my bow,
You never saw my swiftly flying arrows go,
But thousands, millions, of these golden darts
Find resting-place in throbbing human hearts.

"Their mission is to cleanse and elevate,
Sustain, ennoble, and to stimulate;
To make the heart a harp of purest tone,
Life's song to echo and to bar its groan.

"But tell me—have they done all this for you?
And have they made you modest, noble, true?
If so, what meant that strange, revolting sight
Around your dining hall but yester-night?

"What meant those luring looks and senseless
grins?

Is that the way true love an answer wins?
Does love play such sad havoc with the wit?
If so, my darts no other heart shall hit.

"But no, it is not love at fault, but you,
Oh! cease this farce and to yourselves be true;
And sometime you shall learn what blessings
lie

In these swift darts that from my bowstring fly,

"Continue thus to make the heart a toy,
And you shall never know love's fullest joy.
And now, with love and hope for each of you,
My mission ended, I must say adieu.

"So saying, Cupid (for the youth was he)
With modest bow and graceful bend of knee,
Moved silently and gracefully from sight,
Into the darkness of the starless night."—JOB

First Joint Anniversary of the Philomathean and Webster Literary Societies.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

President's Address.....Miss Ala. B Jones
Anniversary Oration..The Grandeur of Nations
William G. Baker.

Violin Duet.....Sounds of Love
H. E. Nelson and L. C. Freeny.

Recitation Brotherhood
Miss Nannie C. Lease.

Octette, "Gipsy Life.".....Schumann
Misses Jones, Murchison, Davis, Gunkle,
Messrs. Freeny, Keen, Nelson, Revelle.

PART II.

"PLACER GOLD."

Dramatis Personae.

Nathan Bardwell, a farmer.....W. G. Baker
Quincy Bardwell } his sons { D. E. Stone
Ned Bardwell } S. S. Strayer
Joseph Murphy.....Bardnell's hired man
C. L. Daugherty.

Squire Crosby, a miserly farmer..W. R. Revelle
Mike O'Connor.....Crosby's hired man
J. W. Smith.

Charles Mayhew }Gold Mine Swindlers
Richard Blynn }

M. L. Veazey, N. O. Gibson.

Sheriff, a timid man.....Paul Reese
Maria Bardwell, Nathan's wife.Mary H. Baxley
Belle, the orphan.....Wilson Strayer
Nellie, Crosby's daughter....Corinne Adams
Matilda, Crosby's hired girl.....Lena Parker
Gipsy, the waif.....J. Pauline Barnes

The impression of the audience which generally resolves into the critics, was, that one of the charms of this entertainment came of its freedom from monotony and the absence of all tedious delays. For this great credit is due to excellent management of committee selected from both societies, and to Messrs. Smith, Posey and Nelson for easy adjustment of well-painted and appropriate scenery.

A College Literary Society that can produce with considerable degree of talent, orators, actors, musicians, artists, essayists, when occasion requires, is a moment of no small importance, and that real merit and talent exists in these societies is evinced in the fact that one holds the coveted prize for oratory, the other for composition. The evening began by a cordial address of welcome from Miss Jones, delivered in her usual gracious manner. Miss Jones, as president of the Philo. Society, was untiring in her efforts to promote the success of the entertainment and was heartily assisted by Mr. Cain, the genial and clever president of Webster Society. Mr. Baker was conspicuously fine, both in his oration and the portrayal of "Uncle

Nathan," in the drama. A rather complex individual, gay and happy, meditative, sorrowful, despairing, savage and finally joyous. Mr. Baker interpreted these moods with an accuracy that betrayed close study and clear thinking for he sustained the character throughout with remarkable realistic force. The same could be said of Mr. W. R. Revelle, whose costuming and acting so perfectly adapted to the time, deluded one into believing it all real.

A violin duet by Messrs. Freeny and Nelson was warmly received, and a recitation by Miss Lease deserves especial mention, so well did she manage her voice and gestures.

As both Societies can justly boast of some very good voices, the "Octette" was a delightful success; Mr. H. E. Nelson's bass coming from the depths of the earth and Miss Murchison's soprano rising like a sweet bird-call. But in the bridal scene, it was hardly fair for Mr. Dan Stone to look so tremendously handsome and try to eclipse the bride, who was all a bride should be and had the genuine look too. The two Irishmen were perfect (if Irishmen can reach that plane of felicity) and surely the brogue was an imported one, for "Paddy from Cork" could not have done better. Noticeably fine was the scene at the well with Mike and Matilda, as also the sudden appearance of the "swindlers," when Mike climbs a tree and Joe hides in a hollow log. Miss Parker as scolding Matilda and Mr. Paul Reese as the timid sheriff, "dawnt ye knaw," brought rounds of applause with every appearance. Both of these young people are prime favorites in the school. Mr. Strayer as "Ned" proved the ideal young man leaving his sweetheart and his home; and though somewhat better in tragedy than comedy, Miss Barnes

took the part of "Gyp" the sweetheart exceedingly well, and her defiance of "Crosby" was quite up to the standard. In an antique gown and Mrs. Owings' bonnet, Miss Baxley made quite a dear old lady and ably supported "Uncle Nathan," while Mr. Veasey and Mr. Gibson in fierce whiskers acted the complete villain and swindler. Indeed there was so much excellence throughout the whole performance of the evening that in writing of it, one can but continue a stream of praise. Not to be forgotten was the beautiful introduction of the drama by the entrance of a bridal procession marching to Schumann's Haying song, and every subsequent scene was varied and full of interest till the last curtain rang down to some far-away notes of "Home Sweet Home" as Uncle Nathan came back to the farm.

One of the best entertainments ever given at College was the verdict of an appreciative audience, and too much cannot be said in praise of the hard workers who brought about this happy result and kept pace with their classes at the same time.

VISITOR.

Lectures.

OUR Friday evening lectures this month have been good, entertaining and we are sure, profitable as well.

Prof. Black's lecture, February 16, on "Paleography," evidenced extensive research and careful preparation. Though to the average person a somewhat dry subject, it was made interesting by the way it was treated, and his peculiarly graceful manner of delivery added much to its appreciation.

February 23, the students of the college were present at the M. E. Church and heard the great lecture of Rev. William Thompson, of Baltimore, on "Mar-

tin Luther." We are sure it was enjoyed by all, but more especially by our amateur elocutionists, as it was both written and delivered in a dramatic style.

The last one so far was a lecture, entitled "The House We Live In," by Prof. Watson. It was written in the popular lecture style. A pleasing mixture of sense, humor and wit, which kept his audience in an uproar of laughter. Many useful facts thus impressed upon the minds of his hearers we are sure will be lasting. Its beneficial effects will undoubtedly be seen in a larger attendance and livelier participation in gymnastic exercises.

Though properly speaking, the Sunday evening services do not come within the province of lectures; we think a word concerning them in this connection not out of place. Rev. C. D. Sinkinson, of New Jersey, and L. J. Smith, of Washington, each preached to us very thoughtful sermons. We wish to mention especially Rev. J. M. Holmes, whom we had the pleasure of hearing twice. On both occasions he spoke eloquently and convincingly. He drives his meaning home as with a sledge hammer. But best of all, he recited his poem, "Christ Walking on the Waters." It was a treat. Seldom do we hear the recitation of poetry by the poet. The living utterance, the poet soul thrown into it, gives it life and power. Our last Sunday evening service was conducted by Dr. Lewis. After giving a thrilling and vivid description of the Christian Endeavor Convention, which was held last summer at Montreal, Canada, in which convention he was one of the prominent speakers, he preached a very able sermon. W. C., '94.

The sins that shine kill the quickest.

Personals.

Messrs. C. B. Strayer, H. E. Gilbert, W. P. Mills, G. Watson, D. W. Lewis, T. P. Revelle, all of class of '93, Mr. C. H. Kues, '94, Miss Esther Ebaugh, '91, Mr. B. B. James, '91, Mr. A. S. Crockett, '91, Mr. R. C. Ferguson, '95, Mr. Wallace Sellman, '95, and Miss Maude Brewington, '97, visited the College February 22-23 to attend Webster and Philomathean Anniversary.

Mr. Guy Heitzman of Baltimore entered College as a student on February 19.

Mr. L. A. Bennet, '94, received a visit from his father February 19.

Mr. Paul M. Strayer of Baltimore visited College February 21-22.

Mr. Clinton Moore, '96, has left College to engage in other pursuits.

Mr. W. H. Forsythe, '94, was compelled to leave College March 2 for a while on account of sickness.

The Glee Club, assisted by the Guitar and Banjo Club and the College Orchestra, will give an entertainment in College Auditorium on the evening of March 29 and at Union Bridge on the evening of March 30.

Miss Gertrude Veasey, '93; spent February 21 and 28 with Miss Miriam Lewis, '96.

Miss Maude Brewington visited at the College February 22 and 23.

Miss Wilson Strayer, '96, was favored with a visit from her mother February 22.

Miss Keller, '98, and Miss Nellie Wise, '98, spent February 9 in Baltimore.

Miss Edna Norris, '95, visited friends in Union Bridge February 23 and 27.

Mr. and Miss Litsinger were visited February 22 by Mr. and Mrs. Conrey and daughter and the Misses Clunet.

Miss Cerulea Dumm, '90, spent February 22 with Miss Leila Reisler, '95.

Miss Nannie Thompson, '90, spent February 22 and 24 with Miss Keating, '96.

Miss Barnes, '94, was called home to attend her brother's funeral February 12.

Miss Esther Albaugh, '91, visited Miss Kate Smith February 22 and 23.

Miss Mary Baxley, '97, received a visit from her brother February 10.

Miss Lenora Stone, '86 is visiting her aunt, Miss Lottie Owings, at Levine Hall.

Mrs. E. Miller and Miss Fleagle called to see Miss O. and G. Rinehart February 10.

Mrs. Plank and Mrs. Milburn spent February 22 with Miss Plank, '96.

Mrs. Lemon spent February 22 with her daughter, Miss Virginia Lemon, '97.

Locals.

P—!

Pu—!!

Pun—!!!

Punny-puns

Will kill any-one;

So if a friend,

You wish to spare,

Cause not his end

With a punning air!

—"By John Rodgers"—it's so.

—Prof.—"What is the definition of a gallon?"

Mr. M—r, '98.—"A large gal."

—S—e, '98, says people in Spain are called Spaniards because they have long noses.

—Prof.—"To whom did Alexander leave his kingdom?"

Mr. B—ly, '96.—"To the strongest man of his kingdom, Nick Carter."

Quoth young William to his sweetheart:

Did you get my billet-doux?"

"What was in it?" asked the maiden,

"May I kiss you?"

"Billet, doux!"

—Prof.—Pointing to angle on right side of perpendicular said it was a right angle.

Student.—Professor, is the other one a left angle?"

As a rule

Man's a fool;

When it's hot, he wants it cool;

When it's cool, he wants it hot;

Always wanting what is not;

Never liking what he's got;

I maintain, as a rule

Man's a fool.—"Shandy Maguire."

—T—r, '97, says that Nebuchadnezzar was the smartest man in the world.

—On the evening of Prof. Watson's lecture on "Exercise" as pertaining to health, the students consumed 299,586 gallons of air from Mother Nature.

—What act of folly does the washer-woman commit?

Putting out the tubs to catch soft water when it rains *hard*.

—"Mamma, what is the use of keeping that whip you use on me behind the motto 'God bless our home?'"

"Can you suggest a better place?"

"Yes, mamma, put it behind the motto, 'I need thee every hour.'"

—When will the Junior banquet be(?)?

—Student (alarmed)—"See here! waiter, there's a pin in this soup, suppose I had swallowed it."

Waiter—"It wouldn't have hurt yer, sah. Didn't you notice that it am a *safety pin*, sah."

—"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

—WANTED + Some sarcastic genius who has an easy flow of language to write an essay on "Wit, Humor and Funnythings"(?).

—Senior's past-time—Playing checkers.

Junior's delight—Doing nothing.

Sophomore's wisdom—Making puns.

Freshman's jokes— — —.

—A paralyzer — Contemplating psychological investigation necessitates supplanting metaphysical pabulum. Transmit appropriate dissertations.

The receiver of the above message has not been heard of since. (Joke warning.)

—WANTED.—Several cages for the parrots of Smith Hall.

—Teacher — Georgie, what is your papa's name?

Georgie.—Papa.

T.—Well, but he must have another name; what does your mother call him?

G.—She calls him Darling.—*Primary Department.*

—New version of "Daisy Bell"—sung by several Ward Hall occupants: "Mabel, Mabel, send me an answer true."

—Miss Plank.—"Mr. Mills, don't you think Miss — very affected?"

Mr. M.—"O, yes, but I believe that's her natural way."

ON THE TRAIN.

—Miss D.—"Mr. Mills have you any uncles?"

Mr. M.—"Yes, I have a grand uncle."

Miss D.—"My uncle is very nice, but I wouldn't exactly call him *grand*."

Just then fate was propitious; the train stopped at Mt. Hope.

—After our last exhibition at the gymnasium Misses Reisler, Chandler and Thomas agreed to try something new

under the head of Physical Culture. They have succeeded very well, and are now ready to give instruction in their new game.

—Miss Herr, the other night, while looking at the stars, exclaimed: "Oh look there's *Obrien*," it is supposed that she meant *Orion*.

SOCRATES AND CRITO.

—Socrates:—O Crito! The many have learned of affairs in which there is evidence that you are an offender in the case for which we are now sitting.

Crito:—And so say the many, O Socrates! But do you not think it more expedient to care for the opinion of the one knowing than of the many not knowing.

Socrates:—Surely, I do, Crito:—Why then, O Socrates, do the many call me from my pleasant occupation, to arraign me before this most "August Assembly." But proceed with the examination.

Socrates:—Having considered these things well, O Best Friend, we, the many, demand answers to the following: In the first place, were you or were you not cooking eggs in your room last night?

Crito:—I was cooking eggs in my room last night.

Socrates:—Well then, O Crito, did you or did you not get those eggs out of the pantry?

Crito:—I did not get those eggs out of the pantry.

Socrates:—Having heard these statements, it seems to us, that we ought to ask this: Did you or did you not eat any of those eggs that were gotten out of the pantry?

Crito:—O Admirable Socrates, have you brought me up here before the many to answer a charge of taking eggs or a charge of eating eggs?

Socrates:—We have heard enough, you are innocent, and are at liberty to go out from among us.

—The Preparatory Department for February celebrated Longfellow's birthday. Both the young ladies and young men did themselves credit with their compositions, recitations and music.

—Weekly items of College news appear in the Methodist Protestant of Baltimore and Our Young People of Pittsburg.

—There is a great deal of color associated with the Freshman Greek class. The text book is red; the author is white and the teacher is Prof. Black.

—"There's music in the air." The banjo and guitar club, the orchestra and the glee club have the atmosphere so filled with music that it is hard to think unless you do it to music.



WITH the approach of the spring and summer months, when the inviting outside extends to human nature a heartier welcome than the cold and cheerless indoors, a new impetus is given to the athletic side of college life. The foot ball, long since having scored its last goal, has been placed to one side, and in a few weeks the base ball, once more anxious to see light, shall be counting up its runs. What our record for the coming season shall be remains to be seen. If the practice shall amount to an excellent playing in the future, as the management and arrangement of the schedule has resulted in success in the past, we can predict a certain victory. We think it can safely be said that never before has the manager of the base ball department produced his season schedule with as much promptness and satisfaction to all parties, as he has succeeded in doing this year. Always before, owing to the fact of negligence and delay on the part of the manager, certain misunderstandings would result, and in consequence thereof, dates would now and then pass by unfilled. But with the opening of another season the work has started off with a new earnestness which cannot help but accomplish a better result.

On Feb. 17, the Athletic Association gave an entertainment in the gymnasium in which were plainly shown the effects of the training which the participants had undergone. The programme was interesting, an important feature being that of a game of basket ball. The audience was large and appreciative, and when it dispersed after the exercises, it was with more than a feeling of satisfaction for the pleasant evening they had spent.

At a recent meeting of the association it was decided that a delegation representing our institution be sent to the convention which shall meet in Baltimore some time in the near future for the purpose of forming an Intercollegiate Foot Ball Association between the various associations of this State. This, we think, will be a great help in the furthering of a social spirit between the colleges of Maryland, and also of forming such an organization by means of which, at the end of the season, a satisfactory record may be had showing the relative standing of each separate association. Why it should be confined alone to the department of foot ball is not known. Probably a more liberal spirit manifested at the convention may broaden the field and make it include the department of base ball also. We hope this will be the case.

We received a challenge from the Y. M. C. A. of Baltimore to play a game of basket ball on the 22nd of February. We were sorry we could not accept.

Some good work has been accomplished in the gymnasium during the past month. Attendance has been better, and more individual work done.

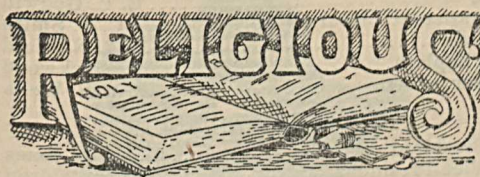
Mr. C. M. Zepp has the February record for the pull-up—22 times.

Mr. A. Wells broke the college record by clearing the rope on the swinging rings at 9 ft. 1 in.

Messrs. Eckard, S. Wells, A. Wells and Tull are the class leaders in the gymnasium.

New jumping standards and kicking machine have been added during the month.

Forward, March! Echoes from the gym.



Y. W. C. A.

EVERY human life is a force in this world. On every side our influence pours perpetually. If our own lives are true and good this influence is a blessing to other lives. Let us never set in motion any influence which we shall want to have gathered up and buried with us.

How can we command this outflow from our lives that it shall always be blessed? By being faithful in all duties, in all obligations, in act, word and disposition, all the days in whatever makes up influence. There is a silent personal influence, like a shadow, that goes from every one, and this influence is always having its results and impressions where ever it touches. Our influence depends more upon what we *are* than upon what we do, and this is the truth we want to bear in mind always and especially in our Y. W. C. A. work. We feel indeed that we are doing a good work, and that success has been ours. But we should not be satisfied with ordinary success; a religion that is satisfied with ordinary attainments, indeed that is ever satisfied at all, is not a true religion.

Let us strive to attain that religion that in its ideal includes not only "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just," but also "whatsoever things are lovely." S. '94.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

THE first business meeting under the direction of the new officers was held on Thursday evening, March 1, and some very interesting reports were heard from the different committees.

We find that they have all been doing effective work, and that none have been idle, yet we think there is room for more effective work to be done. The meeting was made more interesting by an address on "The Business Test," by Prof.

Ward, and also a recitation by Mr. Ben-net, entitled "The Convict's Christmas Eve."

The association intends sending missionaries to New York again this coming vacation, and already decisive steps have been taken in that direction.

A committee has been appointed to select suitable candidates for this work. We think this city work to be one of great importance. From the report of our missionaries of last year we learn that good work has been done along that line, but that there is need of more just such work.

One associate and nine active members have been received since the last report, and we are glad to note the increase in attendance of the Wednesday evening meetings. We now have a regular attendance of from forty to fifty, and yet there is no reason why we should not have more; and in fact, no reason why all should not attend.

It is the intention of the committee in charge to make the meetings more interesting and attractive.

We realize the fact that the days are growing longer, and the time for holding the meeting is now coming to be before dark and the tendency of the boys will be to spend the time from supper until study hour down town or on the campus. Boys, let us not do this, surely we can afford to take one evening in each week from our pleasures and give it to the Lord. It is the duty of every member of the association to attend these meetings, and if each member will do his duty it will not be long until those who are not members will follow their example; but we think it should be regarded not so much a duty as a privilege to attend these meetings, for what is more pleasant than doing the Master's will when done willingly and honestly?

We cannot close without saying something of the reading room, which is now being pushed to completion. Measures are now being put into effect by which we will soon be able to accommodate those who wish to give some of their spare time to reading. We have a very good room in the Y. M. C. A. building, which is being fitted up for this purpose,

and in it will be placed all the magazines and periodicals that we can obtain. This reading room, we think, will be one among the best things the Association has instituted on the hill, as it will be a place where the students may spend the time that otherwise might be spent in unprofitable pursuits. It only remains for us to stir up an interest in this work and the reading will do the rest, as it will be of such a character that will lead the mind upward to that only true source of all knowledge, the Lord Jesus Christ.

In looking over the list of new students we find that there are from twenty to thirty of the students that have taken no stand for Christ and His church. This means twenty or thirty souls drifting away from God, and it means that it is our duty as Christians to do all in our power to bring them back. Boys, let us put forth our best efforts to bring these souls to Christ before this school year shall close; and let us remember that the Lord is on our side, and if we trust in Him we will surely conquer.

While we ought to be very solicitous for the salvation of all, we may lawfully feel peculiar concerns, that persons whose talents and characters fit them to be very useful, should not only be saved but do the most good in their power. Let us keep this motto ever before us. Blessed is he who is allowed to render any good service to God." —'96.

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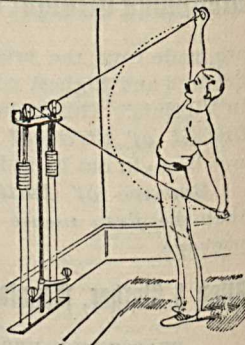
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P M	A M	A M	STATIONS.	A M	P M	P M
			LEAVE. ARRIVE.			
.....	11 55	5 45CHERRY RUN.....	8 47	1 42	8 55
.....	11 58	5 48BIG POOL.....	8 44	1 39	8 52
.....	12 11	6 01CLEAR SPRING.....	8 33	1 27	8 38
.....	12 17	6 06CHARLTON.....	8 27	1 22	8 31
.....	12 26	6 6WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.,	8 18	1 13	8 20
.....	12 40	6 30	AR. HAGERSTOWN, LE	8 05	1 00	8 05
	1 45	6 45	LE. WILLIAMSP'T. AR		12 31	8 10
*4 15	2 00	7 02	LE. HAGERSTOWN, AR	7 30	12 15	7 54
4 27	2 17	7 20CHEWSVILLE.....		11 59	7 51
4 34	2 25	7 27SMITHSBURG.....		11 51	7 33
4 38	2 35	7 36EDGEMONT.....	7 05	11 45	7 28
.....	2 53	7 50	AR. HIGHFIELD, LE	6 53	11 28	7 13
.....	2 53	7 50	LE. HIGHFIELD, AR		11 25	7 10
.....	3 22	8 17FAIRFIELD.....		10 56	6 39
.....	3 52	8 47GETTYSBURG.....		10 27	6 10
.....	4 16	9 12NEW OXFORD.....		10 02	5 45
.....	4 33	9 30HANOVER.....		9 48	4 58
.....	4 46	9 45	AR. PORTERS, LE		9 30	4 46
.....	5 17	9 45	LE. PORTERS, AR		9 27	4 44
.....	5 25	9 53SPRING GROVE.....		9 19	4 36
.....	5 47	10 15	LE. YORK, AR		8 57	4 14
.....	A M	A M			A M	P M
.....	3 53	7 50	LE. HIGHFIELD, AR	6 53	11 28	7 13
4 50	2 54	7 52BLUE RIDGE.....	6 52	11 23	7 09
5 10	3 20	8 16MECHANICSTOWN.....	6 25	10 51	6 41
.....	3 30	8 26ROCKY RIDGE.....		10 37	6 29
5 30	3 44	8 37BRUCEVILLE.....	6 07	10 25	6 17
5 38	3 55	8 45UNION BRIDGE.....	6 00	10 16	6 06
.....	3 59	8 49LINWOOD.....		10 09	6 00
5 46	4 05	8 55NEW WINDSOR.....	5 53	10 03	5 55
5 59	4 23	9 11WESTMINSTER.....	5 40	19 44	5 36
6 30	5 02	9 44GLYNDON.....	5 11	8 59	4 58
.....	5 32	10 08ARLINGTON.....		8 24	4 24
7 12	5 54	10 31BALTIMORE.....	*4 30	8 00	4 02
P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	P M
.....	8 15	6 45WASHINGTON.....		7 05	2 30
.....	9 55	1 00PHILADELPHIA.....	12 03	3 50	1 30
P M	P M	P M	AR. NEW YORK, LE	9 00	12 15	11 00

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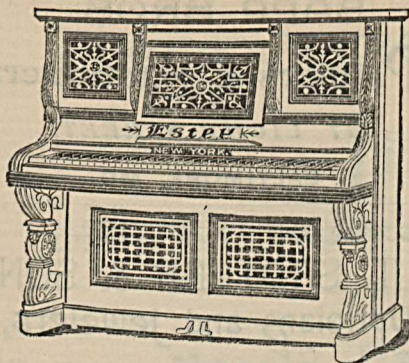
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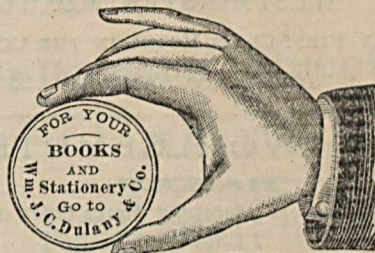
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Western Maryland College Monthly.

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THE action of some of the Universi-
ties in admitting their students into
the government of the institution has
brought the subject prominently before
the minds of educators throughout the
country. That every college will have
to meet this question in the near future
can hardly be denied. That in every
college sooner or later the student body
will have a share in the governing
power is equally evident.

In one respect many bodies of students
possess this prerogative at present, or at
least are worthy to be entrusted with it.

Public opinion is everywhere a strong
ruler, and the college is no exception.
Whether that sentiment quickly asserts
itself in favor of right conduct and as
quickly condemns an act derogatory to
to the individual and the school at large,
or neither it approves or disapproves the
right and is silent when something more
than a harmless joke is done, will deter-
mine whether the students of that insti-
tution as a rule conduct them as becomes
a college man or otherwise.

It is obvious that the conduct of a
student is in many cases governed by

the opinion he thinks his fellows will have of that conduct. To this extent the student body is responsible for the character of the college. The faculty is necessarily hindered in their attempts to prevent disorder if a majority of the students look upon that disorder in silence.

The recognition of the students in school government will mark a great advance in educational work. Perhaps it would not be wrong to say the idea is but typical of the broad American idea of self-government, which is so strongly rooted in our institutions.

In the political world there are numerous examples of the people possessing the law-making power, without the ability to use their privilege intelligently. The result is, a liberal government fails.

If students expect to be in time admitted to a share in the government of their Alma Mater, it is reasonable to ask of them that by their conduct and by the sentiment in their ranks they prove themselves capable of using their power for the advancement of the institution. Until they do this it is not fair to expect a hand in its administration.

THIS, the last term of the year, is without doubt the busiest of the three. There is so much to do we hardly know what to do first, and yet there have been other last terms before this one; there have been other students—certainly not *more* industrious than we on the whole, who have difficult lessons, exercises of commencement week, and beautiful spring weather, to say nothing of numerous and sundry other troubles (dressmakers and junior suppers for instance) to contend with. And these same students have gone through

it all, and graduated with honor, some of them without neglecting their college paper.

We wish to impress on our students the fact that the life of an editor is not unalloyed bliss. There are times when we think, down deep into our hearts, that our individual happiness does not rest entirely on publishing this paper. There are other reasons for our having it published.

A fact very much to be deplored is that students have rather an erroneous idea of what we mean when we ask them for articles for the paper.

If they happen to have an essay on hand, which has been written for some other purpose, sometimes they will be kind enough to let us have it (and this is exactly what we wish of course), but if there does not happen to be one already written, the idea never seems to cross their minds to write one.

Now our reputation as a school depends to some extent on the character of our paper; and I think if our students would think of this, they would help us more, even if it put them to a little extra trouble, for I am sure when we once come to think of it, there are few of us who would not do more for the good of our college than is asked of us two or three times a year by the editors of the MONTHLY.

So please do not think that it is to the interest of the editors alone that you contribute your share to our paper, but to your own interest and that of your school as well.

THE musical organizations of a college are not as a rule so highly valued by the students as their athletic teams, but in our judgment they are quite as important. Many men indeed are wont to judge an institution by the

strength of its base ball clubs, apparently forgetting the real merit of the school and the other organizations which go to make college life attractive. Might it not also evince a lack of appreciation of the elevating influences of music and a need of a deeper sense of the aesthetic on the part of the individual? An institution may boast of its base ball or foot ball teams, but if it has no musical organization it lacks one of the most pleasant factors of college life, and in fact is far behind the times. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but it also has the power to raise the drooping spirits of the enlightened man, and cause him to put aside for the time the difficulties incident to the "bank-note" world.

There is an idea prevalent that the average man goes to college now-a-days to become a foot ball player. Certainly such a notion is erroneous, but it is true that the other side of the average student's nature can be cultivated to a greater extent without any loss to his physical constitution.

Let the college man indicate the fact that while he firmly believes in out-door sports, he has not forgotten those things which develop his aesthetic nature. It is every student's duty who has any musical talent to actively promote the interests of the musical clubs at his college, and those who are not musicians can aid them to a great extent by their hearty support, both financially and otherwise. We trust the recent concert given by the various clubs of Western Maryland will give a new impetus to work in that direction on College Hill.

A convention was held in Baltimore on Saturday, March 31st, for the purpose of organizing a State Foot Ball Association. Five colleges were represented

and the Johns Hopkins University. Officers were elected and Constitution adopted.

Such a league, it seems to us, cannot fail to have a stimulating effect upon college athletics in the State of Maryland. By promoting legitimate rivalry it will increase the interest in sports at each institution connected with it and thus the individual student will feel concerned about the standing his college team will take in the league, and do his utmost to promote it. College loyalty is always commendable; and these friendly contests on the athletic field are splendid places to wave your hat and shout if necessary for the success of your college.

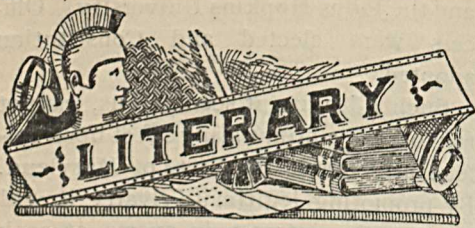
We understand the league is to have charge of referees and umpires, which will remedy a great deal of ill will and contention. It also decided that all gate receipts shall go to the home team, and no guarantees be given.

These are only a few of the important changes which the league will make in present customs, but they are all changes for the better and they should place foot ball on a firmer basis among the colleges of Maryland.

Why the league could not have included base ball as well we do not understand.

The colleges associated are Western Maryland, St. John's, Maryland Agricultural, Baltimore City and Washington and the Johns Hopkins University.

—Once Dr. McCosh visited the class room of the late Dr. Noah Porter at Yale College, and noted his method of conducting a recitation. When the two were left alone he said to him, "Why, Dr. Porter, half the men had their books open behind the seats!" "Oh, well," was the answer, "I am glad to get them to open their books on any terms."—Sel.



W. G. BAKER, JR. AND BLANCHE NOBLE, Edts.

A Poem of the Sea.

BY HATTIE BOLLINGER, '81.

O wondrous regions of the depths profound!
Where wind and wave their mighty notes
resound;
Where dwell unnumbered hosts of living forms
Where wand'ring man is oft beset with
storms.
Yet man delights to know the ocean's lore,
To search its depths, its utmost bounds
t'explore;
And though from age to age he roams the seas
Those regions yet are filled with mysteries.
When angels sent to man with heavenly arts,
Behold great crimes which grieve their
sinless hearts.
Well might they swiftly to those realms retreat,
And rest on isles embalmed in perfumes
sweet.
O sea stupendous, glorious, sublime!
O King of Kings upon this earth of thine,
Thy gracious works our wond'ring eyes behold!
Divinely wrought by Thee, by Thee
controlled.
So vast the boundless oceans seem to me,
And yet, oh God, what are they all to Thee!
As if within the hollow of Thy hand
Those waters lie which round our globe are
spanned.
Of power great like this we would not know,
If in Thy Book Thou had'st not told us so,
Then make a joyful noise to God, ye lands,
And let the floods rejoicing clap their hands!
—*Daily American*, Jan. 3, 1894.

Plain Talk on the Diamond- Maker.

BY PROF. S. SIMPSON.

We are glad to publish in this number an article from the pen of Prof. Simpson, who occupies the chair of science at Western Maryland. It illustrates his great success in presenting a difficult subject in such a lucid and interesting manner that no one can fail to thoroughly grasp the problem.—[EDITOR.]

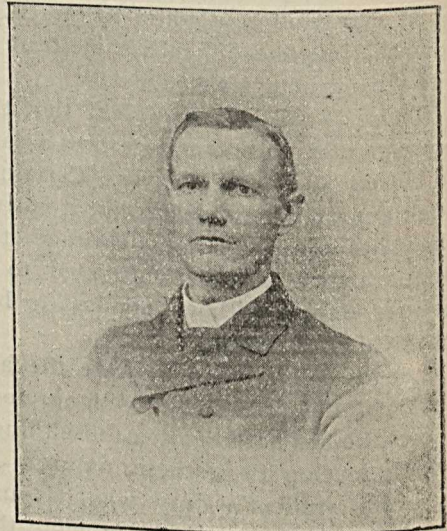
Would you like to visit the shop in which is done the finest work in the world?

Come with me to the Palace Hall of nature's art. But we must be content to stand on the outside, to gaze admiringly upon the gems jewelizing its fair exterior, and to knock at the crystal-decked door only to find it shut fast, as all true fellows and brothers have done before.

How long has this workshop been built?

It was in operation long before the pyramids of Egypt stood by the Nile waters, or the flower-gardens swung above the splendid city of Babylon, or even before the ark of old Noah brought our fathers across the flood.

Who is the chief agent in this ancient workshop? He is a messenger of God named Crystallizing Force.



PROF. S. SIMPSON.

Do you have any acquaintance with him?

Certainly; I have seen him in other places making things most beautiful indeed; but when he works in the Diamond Palace the door is shut and no man admitted. His work in this shop is to make the rarest of sparkling gems. I can't tell you how long it takes to finish a costly diamond, nor do we know what machinery is used in the process; but we have found out this much—we know what he makes diamonds out of. He takes common black fire-coals, or the smoke and soot on your lamp chimney and turns them into this most glittering jewel.

Once there lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, a watchmaker named Hunsman. The steel in those days would not make good watch springs, and Mr. Hunsman discovered a way to make better steel. He was very careful to keep the secret to himself. He built high walls around his shops, hired faithful workmen under a binding oath that they would never tell. The Sheffield cutlery men tried long and hard to learn the process. At last, one midwinter night, while the snow was falling fast, and the bitter cold wind was howling across the moor, a belated traveler, apparently sick and exhausted with fatigue, begged the men to let him in to sleep by the furnace. This traveler was a master-workman from Sheffield, strong and well; but he did all that to find out the new method of making cast steel.

But many men have given their whole life and spent vast fortunes to get into nature's gemshop and learn how to make diamonds out of carbon, or common charcoal. Nature can keep a secret, men can't.

Nature may work ten thousand years upon a diamond the size of a pea. Men have not got that time to spare. The best that the man of science can do is to make an imitation gem, called paste diamond.

These, and most other artificial gems, are made out of a fine quality of glass called "strass," which is slightly colored with the oxides of cobalt, antimony, copper, manganese, and the Purple of Cassius.

Diamonds are usually polished in one of the three forms. This gem is the hardest known substance, and can be polished only in its own dust. Two diamonds are fastened and rubbed together with great mechanical force; the dust is collected, mixed with oil and put upon a smooth steel disc which revolves very rapidly, and against which the diamond is pressed.

This work, which is long and difficult, is done in Amsterdam, Holland, by a firm which is now putting up machinery to polish the largest diamond in the world.

It took two years to polish the Pitt diamond, or Regent, a fine gem belonging to France, 131 carats, or $\frac{7}{8}$ of an ounce in weight. This jewel, which is valued at \$3,000,000, cost France \$700,000.

The most valuable diamond in the world is the "Orloff," a Russian gem which adorns the point of the Ruler's sceptre. It weighs 195 carats— $1\frac{1}{3}$ ounces—and is valued at \$20,000,000.

Yes; common charcoal, or carbon, is the diamond-maker; and this substance takes a part in everything connected with life. There is not a living thing, from the microscopic insect to the elephant, from the tiny moss to the giant tree, which does not contain carbon as an essential part. Dry wood is half carbon; a man of a hundred and fifty pounds' weight has in his body thirty pounds of carbon; and every smallest particle of sugar has in it twelve pieces of carbon and eleven pieces of water.

Can we get the carbon out of sugar?

Easily; just pour a spoonful of strong sulphuric acid on half the quantity of sugar and the water will leave the sugar and unite with the acid; or put the sugar in a clean shovel and heat it. The heat will drive away the water, and in both cases the carbon will remain in the form of charcoal.

We breathe from our lungs every day about a half pound of carbon in the form of an invisible gas called carbonic acid. The same gas is made abundantly in burning a candle, lamp, paper or wood.

Just fit up a bottle with funnel tube and elbow tube. Fasten to the elbow a rubber tube extending over the bottom of a cylinder. Now put some limestone in small pieces, or some marble in the bottle and pour through the funnel tube some muriatic acid until the acid gets above the end of the tube.

This same carbonic acid gas that comes from the lungs, and that is formed in burning, will now pass out through the elbow tube over into the cylinder. Collect three jars of the gas. Take up one jar and pour the invisible gas on a burning candle; the light goes out. Lower a match in one jar; it ceases to burn. Put a bird or a mouse in the jar; it dies.

This is why we should keep some place open so that the impure gas in our breath from the lungs may pass out of the room. Every room should have two openings or apertures, one next the floor for pure oxygen to come in and one on the opposite side next the ceiling for the foul air to pass out.

In the island of Java there is a deadly place called the Poison Valley. It is thirty feet deep and three hundred yards across. The place is full of this gas and the ground is covered with the white bones of birds, beasts and men that have incautiously gotten in and surrendered their life for want of pure air.

How thankful we should be for pure air

which God has spread all over this globe as an invisible ocean, in which birds fly, men live, and clouds of crystal hang in blessings above our head.

The Relation of the College to the University.

THE day is fast coming when a college graduate will no longer feel that his education is "finished." That day may never come to the product of the business "college" and other small schools, but it is significant of limited intelligence when a student passes through a course in the liberal arts and comes out "lacking nothing."

Without discussing the various and interesting ideals that are being advocated by educators and put into practice by the colleges, we may assure ourselves of universal agreement on one thing, that an essential feature of college training is to give the student a desire for more and put him in the way of getting it. The college graduate has entered a new sphere, he is among the nobility, and he must live nobly. To live nobly he must advance. And she—it is not necessary for her to sit down and forget what she has learned in order to get married. She may marry some one at the top if she will go there too.

The foundation has been broadly laid, the view is extended until all lines of knowledge are seen in their proper relations, the mind has been trained to strength and discrimination, and the tools have been given it. Henceforth the student must *work*, and he must confine himself to some one domain of thought if he would do his best work. In college his chief business was to liberalize; out of college it is to specialize. He steps out of college into the *University*. The college is not more truly a necessity than the university. And it

will not live without the university. If every university in the world were destroyed to-day, the students who graduate next June worthy of their honors would soon form new ones. The university is not a fixed up thing. It is the union of students for the investigation and propagation of truth, and it is natural and inevitable. See therefore, the intimate relation between college and university. Indeed some one would confound the two but while it may be best they should overlap, the essential idea of the university is distinct, and it is also *imperative*. It says to the college graduate, "Thou art mine henceforth; come to me. Thou hast walked through the palaces of learning and seen the glories of them. I will teach thee to add to these glories. Thou hast seen kings upon their thrones; thou mayest stand before them, perchance rear thine own throne. Thou hast seen mankind blessed by the labors of earnest souls—thou hast been blessed, I will teach thee to bless the world."

Thus is the university the sequence and the glory of the college. While the college depends for what it teaches upon the university. A student is not thoroughly educated until he has done university work, then, and then only is he mature, a youth no longer, but a full-fledged man, ready to go forth into life. Of course there are apparent exceptions to this law but it is a law nevertheless. Many men are doing university work who never went inside a university, and some of the best results are given to the world by self-trained men, but their secret is the secret of the university, and the best place to learn that secret is *in the university*. Those who attain it elsewhere are few and heroic.

Clear then is the privilege and duty of the college student. It is to yearn for his graduation day not that he may step

off the platform a finished product but that he may receive a formal recognition of entrance into the intellectual life, a commission admitting him to the university. And just in proportion as this ideal and hope is held by college students does their work approach what it should be. It makes no difference as to this whether the hope is ever realized. For some it cannot be. But nothing less than such a hope dominating all can make the college course successful in the high sense.

Those colleges are now coming to the front whose graduates throng to the universities. No higher honor can a word bestow than to say this of a college. And alumni of Western Maryland may be pardoned some just pride and exultation in her recent impetus in this direction. Her name appears this year in catalogue not only of Yale, Johns Hopkins, and Chicago, but of Cornell and Harvard as well, and I am sure the one loyal wish of us all is that the coming ranks of her graduates will keep it there and do honor to her noble faculty till Columbia, Pennsylvania, Clark, Princeton and Michigan shall likewise herald our alma mater with themselves.

It has been proposed that our graduates at the various universities say a word as to the characteristics or special advantages of their respective schools. In response to this I may say that I think an excellency of Yale is its symmetrical organization, so that one may, *if he wishes*, have facilities for broadening while pursuing his specialty. My work, for instance, has been in the Divinity School, Graduate School and College while I have had access to the dissecting room of the Medical School and have instruction in the use of the microscope, &c., in the biological laboratory of the Scientific School. Of course these advan-

tages may be found more or less scattered in any university city, but here they are all grouped together, and others I have not mentioned. The psychological laboratory here is one of the six or eight in this country, and if I had a ladder I could go to lectures from my window.

B. ALFRED DUMM, '86.

Yale University.

The Image of Thought.

BEFORE the art of writing, before man formed an alphabet and certain characters to represent this alphabet, he was enabled to converse, and this by means of words. Without this accomplishment he would be little more than a dumb animal, capable, perhaps of making sounds, but these sounds able to express nothing. His ideas must be kept to himself, and from this very lack of contact with those of his fellow-beings must needs become narrow and to a certain extent void.

And here the doubt arises as to whether we would have any thoughts at all, for do we not think in words? Notwithstanding Mr. Stedman's belief to the contrary, I find it impossible to conceive a thought not expressed in words, even though these words are never spoken.

Suppose we had some kind of language that consisted of motions, by means of which we could converse with our immediate neighbors alone; even this would tend to keep the universe in one perpetual groove and prevent any expansion or progress, such as has been going on as far back as we can learn. In such a case no histories could have been preserved, no libraries containing the teachings and literary productions of past generations would have been amassed, and no modern writings could be handed

down for the enlightenment of future generations, for as Byron expresses it:

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions
think;

'Tis strange the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages. To what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper survives himself,
His tomb and all that's his."

And words, subject like all things else to the laws of mutability, have so progressed both in meaning and orthography since the days of Chaucer, Shakespeare and their contemporaries as to be scarcely traceable to their original Latin and French forms.

Where our ancestors were probably well trained to the use of one word, we to express the same idea have several. Yet these synonymous words are not exactly co-incident, but differ only by a faint shade, which we are, however, readily able to detect. We may wonder how language came to possess synonyms, why, when one word was discovered which adequately expressed an idea, another should be constructed. Had language been formed at one time or by one nation, this would probably not have happened. In primitive times the inhabitants of the earth were divided into tribes, each with its own distinctive language. As these tribes united, new laws and customs took the place of the old, but their languages were thrown, like chemicals, into a common mortar, the result being a language materially unchanged. Yet, where formerly there was but one word for an expression or article, this combined language now afforded several.

Each tribe, though to a certain extent clings to its own language as the last remnant of its individuality and even up to this day we are able to distinguish

the inhabitants of certain localities by their characteristic expressions and idioms. But not only are synonymous terms an aid in expression, but as great is the aid rendered by the relative position of words. 'Tis true that Longfellow while writing his magnificent "Hiawatha" must have conceived many grand and wonderful thoughts, yet of what possible value would have been the thoughts had he not possessed the rare power of expressing them so beautifully? Is it not the choice and fitting words and their rhythmic arrangement that present to us so vividly the rustling leaves, the sighing wind and the rippling water! Do not the words seem to flow from the very soul of the man? It is Addison who says:

"Words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man and writing or printing is the transcript of words."
J. M. T. '94.

Nature of Poetry.

THE closing years of the 19th century are very prolific in the production of critics. In this, an age of action and emulation, every man is trying to challenge and maintain the principles upon which his vocation rests.

The *mathematician* in all his advancement and perplexity holds to his mathematics, the *geologist* to his geology, and the *chemist*, surrounded by theories and mysteries unpropounded, still firmly stands on soil unknown.

And in this modern time of impetuosity, when the whole world with upturned eyes has become critical, and in this *curious* evening of the century when the hum of readers and mists of thought ascend from every village; when poetry is read as well as written; the question that comes to every one is, "What is Poetry?"

According to Shelly, "Poetry is rhythmic, imaginative language expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion and insight of the human soul."

There are so many tender and holy sensibilities that flutter round in our inner world, which, like angels, can never assume the bodily form of outward action; so many rich, full flowers stand therein which have no seed; that it is fortunate poetry has been invented, because it easily treasures up all these inborn spirits and the flower fragrance in its limbs.

The very nature of poetry gives it unchallenged prominence over all the other arts. It is conceded that poetry is language; yet it is something more than language; it is something greater than what we understand by the ordinary every-day term Language. It is this that takes the wings of imagination; soaring into the divine; bathing its tips in a prophetic dew, and bringing to us a revelation and a vision which comes only through insight and the power-divine. It is the *straightest* message from the *inaccessible* soul. It is the spontaneous outflow of powerful emotions—that which comes out of the natural feelings, one touch of which "makes the whole world kin."

Poetry is that production falling from the impassioned, fire-touched lips of its maker whose songs are majestic with sympathy, ardor and consecration, whose words sometimes "are wrung from the the nation's heart forged at white-heat."

The *grandest* and the *greatest* element underlying poetry is love, not that demoralizing passion of sensuality; not the worship of that which is false, meaningless and untrue; not that which raving humanity has debased, crushed and trampled upon; but it is of a noblier, grander, higher, diviner love. A true

poet must be a lover; he must be a lover of God, of nature, of humanity, of women and little children, of the beautiful, the good and the true. Love is the one and absolute essential foundation of all great poems.

The poet is a prophet, a seer and an interpreter between the divine and human. He sits between the sacred shrines and utters oracles of the divine to eagring, thirsting humanity.

Poetry is simple, serious and passionate. It touches the heart of one and all. The heart that throbs within the bosom of the naked savage is as much affected as the heart that palpitates under the purple of the emperor or the silk of the *finé* lady.

It is not the object of poetry to mesmerize, puzzle, arouse or to excite. True poetry has a far nobler mission than this. It is the voice of all that is best in humanity, speaking from man to man.

The poet is endowed by nature with an inward sense by which he can reason from the beauty before his eyes to the light and eminence of more excellent spiritual beauty, which is light, majesty and divinity.

There is a beauty and sublimity in poetry which enthralls the æsthetic sensibilities of mankind. The poet participates in the Eternal, the Infinite, and the One.

Poetry is not necessarily confined to versification, and poetry and versification are far from being synonymous terms.

The preface of a certain book upon being examined critically was found to be capable of scansion, and it only had to be arranged into lines and verses to show that it was pure poetry. The critic had the preface scanned and remodeled into a metrical form, thus enhancing the attractions of the book to a great extent.

Perhaps one-half of the real poetry in our literature is not expressed in a metrical form, while the versification that has no valid claim to the title of poetry is painfully common, painfully common (?) Yes there is to-day scattered broadcast among us such productions of the would-be-poets that does indeed detract from the very name of poetry. There is a very vast difference between true poetry and mere doggerel, such doggerel as "Thirty days hath September, April, June and November, all the rest hath thirty-one," &c. This rhyming and measuring out of words merely for convenience is not poetry. A poet must be endowed by nature with certain gifts without which he is not a poet.

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauties of the world and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar.

A religious man is not one who merely says his prayers and sings psalms, so a poet is not a man who merely writes verses. Both require feeling, sincerity, faith and passion; without these they cannot become either the one, a Christian, or the other, a poet.

Poor, misty verses with no meaning are so abundant that they swarm about the head of the reading public like the miasma of a plague-infested swamp. It is these misty verses, this poetry of disease, that seems to have a charm for the sick and silly. It is this clouded fancy that presents itself before the eyes of the public only for a time; for all true poetry is as clear as the sunshine, *intelligible* and lives in the world for ages.

These inane versifiers are most popular among themselves. These would-be-poets and poet-apes are the persons who weary the public ear with vain babble, and who if they could see their own compositions in prose-plain, might stand aghast at their own *stupidity*.

The gad-flies of poetry who are perniciously forcing themselves upon attention and lowering their assumed crafts in the esteem of a community by the production of their cynicism, pessimism and hopeless doubt.

These nonsensical rhymers have yet to learn that nonsense is none the less nonsense, because it is in rhyme, and that rhyme without a purpose or a thought that has not been better expressed before, is a public nuisance only to be tolerated because it is good for trade.

It is prevalent among these aspiring would-be-poets that their crowning glory, like that of a foot-ball player, is their long hair. So that now in Pennsylvania when a young lady is introduced to a gentleman she addresses him as "How are you, Mr. Long Hair, I suppose you are either a foot-ball player or a poet?" These so-called poets have joined hands with the foot-ball player and they faithfully avoid the tonsorial artist's shears.

Now in conclusion may the avenging sickle of popular criticism silently mow from the field of poetry these would-be poets with flowing locks, these cynical, nonsensical rhymers of pessimism, these inane versifiers and god-flies of poetry.

Let a funeral pyre be raised with their meaningless compositions of absurdity and inscribe on their tombstones in glowing colors the *momentous* words, "Poeta, nascitur, non fit," that the passer-by may know that a poet is born and not made, and in the language of Sidney, "I think, and think I think rightly, the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains doth worthily of all learnings honor the poet's triumph!"

W. R. R., '95.

Subscribe to the Monthly.



Exchanges.

THE question is often asked, Of what value is the exchange column in a college paper?

The way many exchange departments are conducted there is no value. For instance, many columns are filled with clippings usually humorous, taken from other journals, which are all very good if used moderately, but if nothing else is found we conclude the editor has lost his pen, but has recently purchased a pair of scissors.

Nor in our judgment is it the business of the ex-editor to be always writing harsh criticisms of his contemporaries. Criticise fairly, and if you notice a needed improvement suggest it as you would to a friend, but don't make it a point to disparage usually and praise occasionally.

Such an exchange of opinion among college men cannot fail to be beneficial. For example, an article may appear in a college journal expressing the author's views upon a certain subject. The editor of another paper reads that article, disagrees with the author and kindly states his reasons. It is plain such a result would be beneficial to both editors and in fact to all who read the two opinions. This exchange of ideas and friendly greeting from one college to another is the mission of the exchange department.

The *Cadet's Review*, published by the Maryland Agricultural College, issued its first number in February. We welcome it among our exchanges and wish for it a prosperous career.

The March number of the *Dickinson Liberal* contains a serial, "Lost in a Seaport Town." We consider this a good feature of a college magazine, and think the art of fiction-writing might be profitably pursued to a greater extent than it is by college students.

The *Lutherville Seminarian* evinces a decided lack of knowledge about a system of co-education. With weak satire and bad logic it shows how very far behind the times it is, in that it never knew or has forgotten that all the larger institutions are adopting a co-educational system. Then, too, envy should not be cultivated.

We were pleased to notice in the *College World* that our friends Prof. Rinehart and Miss Kinney had given a splendid musical entertainment at Adrian. The *World* also contains an excellent editorial on the work of the smaller colleges.

The *College Forum* for March has an article on "Reading," which contains some good suggestions. The editorial department is not up to the standard of the rest of the journal.



Alumni News.

PRICE TURNER, '92, is President of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Queen Anne's County.

We like to hear our sister graduates "talk out in meetin'" and have opinions of their own. And so it was refreshing to hear Mrs. Loulie Cunningham Funderberg, '81, say: "I am strongly opposed

to the Wilson Bill." But then, Mrs. Fundenberg lives in that coal and iron region of Pittsburg.

The death of the mother of Prof. H. G. Watson, '89, occurred on Feb. 2.

Miss Janie B. Thomas, '93, is Secretary of the Benevolent and Aid Society of St. Paul's Reformed Church, Westminster.

Frank W. Shriver, '73, is a member and one of the trustees of Epiphany Baptist Church of Philadelphia. Mr. Shriver is a half partner in the business of the Greig Carriage Co., said to be the largest in Philadelphia.

After Miss Cerulea E. Dumm, '90, takes up her residence with Dr. L. W. Bates in Westminster, as she expects to do this spring, perhaps in the language of all that is mysterious, "Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke" will not find space quite such a discouragement to congeniality.

Rev. T. M. Johnson, '92, is a member of the N. C. Conference of the M. P. Church. Since his severe illness of last summer and fall he has been stationed at Henderson, N. C.

Western Maryland's literary societies prepare their members especially for the kind of work Messrs. Harper and Mace, '90, and Richards, '91, were called upon to do on the stump last fall for their respective political parties, the Democratic for the first two and the Prohibition for the last.

Miss Kate C. Jackson, '92, is teaching in the public schools of Cambridge, Md. She is also one of the teachers in the Sunday school of the Episcopal Church at that place.

We won't say anything about the "Manuals" at Western Maryland, but our old friend, K. Robey, '90, now at

Cornell, in the Junior Class of the C. E. course, was not one of the *chlorine* fellows. He will finish his course in '95, but will probably take a post-graduate course until '96. Tobey tells us: "Am a Democrat by a large majority, balance Prohibition."

Miss Dollie Whittington, '88, is principal of the public schools in Cape Charles City, Va.

G. E. Waesche, '91, also in the Junior C. E. course at Cornell, tells us: "Am not prominently connected in business, but am a Kentucky Colonel in politics."

An alumnus writes: "I would like to send you my autobiography that you might publish it complete in the WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE MONTHLY as a sort of romance, letting it run through the year's edition, having it 'continued in our next' whenever a climax is reached, such as the following: 'Twas early morning of the 1st of April, 1890. Skurrying clouds obscured the face of the full moon; while nature slumbered, wrapped in universal white. As noiselessly as the morning, four beardless but intrepid youths stole from grim Ward Hall with purposes intent on perpetrating their annual April fool joke. (Continued in our next.) The next time you send me an alumnal letter, please enclose stamp so I can make use of it if I don't reply.'"

During his pastorate at Palatine, W. Va., Rev. C. L. Queen, '93, has been very successful in his work, fifty accessions to his church being a result of his ministry. We clip the following from the *Fairmont Free Press* of Fairmont, W. Va.: "Rev. C. L. Queen has been appointed to the Palatine Station. Rev. Queen is a graduate of Western Maryland College and comes highly recommended. He is a scholarly Christian

gentleman, full of energy and vim, and gives promise of an earnest worker and will reflect credit on his profession. We may expect good results from such an earnest worker."

Rev. Dr. M. W. Chunn, '82, writes us: "I am pastor of the Free Thought Societies in Luverne, Minn., and Rock Rapids, Ia. I lecture in Rock Rapids every Sunday morning and in Luverne every Sunday evening. The sermons that I enclose will give you some idea of my religious position. You are free to publish everything that I have written in this letter. I request you to publish an account of my religious position. I wish my old friends to know just where I stand." (*Jackass, No. 1.*)

We quote the following from one of Mr. Chunn's sermons, which needs no comment: "Choose ye this day, which God ye will reverence—the God of science—another name for eternal and unchangeable law, or the God of evangelical theology—another name for passion and partiality and caprice."

President Diffenbaugh, during the latter part of February, was in Richmond, Va., attending a meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association.

A. C. Willison, '85, was unanimously elected on Feb. 19, first vice-President of the National League of American Wheelman at their convention held in Louisville, Kentucky.

P. B. Hopper, '74, has purchased an interest in the *Centreville Record*.

Prof. W. R. McDaniel, '80, has been invited to deliver a lecture before the North Carolina Teachers' Association June 19.



WILL ROGER REVELLE, LYDIA R. WOODWARD AND CORINNE ADAMS, *Editors.*

The Junior Banquet, '95 to '94.

THE Montour House was the scene of a brilliant affair on Friday evening, April 6. The occasion was the banquet given by the Junior Class in honor of the Seniors. Promptly at 6.45 carriages rolled up to the College to convey the guests to the hotel, and it is needless to suggest that they, with happy expectant countenances, were soon on the way down town.

After a short time spent in putting a finishing touch upon a stubborn curl, or a lingering glance at a polished slipper, the Seniors entered the spacious parlors of the Montour where they were received with a charming greeting from Miss Reisler, the hostess of the evening, Mr. Ward, Pres. of '95, and Misses Rinehart and Weller.

Then followed one of those pleasant, informal chats when class meets class, with all rivalry forgotten, bound together by a united love for Alma Mater, when every one is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the occasion that nothing is heard but the pleasant sound of merry voices.

Each gentleman was handed a card containing the name of the lady whose escort he was to be, whom having formed, all followed the hostess and Dr. Lewis to the banquet hall where a tastefully arranged table awaited them. At each plate lay a beautiful La France rose tied with steel ribbon, the combination being

the colors of the Senior Class. In fact, the whole table presented a most attractive appearance, the numerous pyramids of fruits and other delicacies lending a peculiar charm.

After all had done ample justice to a most tempting menu, Mr. Ward declared speech-making to be in order by proposing a toast to the Class of '94, to which the President of the Senior Class responded, and in turn proposed a toast to the Class of '95.

Mr. Gilbreath, historian of '95, next proposed a toast to "Our College," and the merry clink of glasses which followed told how dear such a sentiment was to all present. Dr. Lewis responded and honored the occasion by stating the fact of an important change in the College course adopted by the Board of Trustees. This was heartily applauded.

Mr. Story, '95, gave as the third toast of the evening "Our Girls," and, if possible, the boys drank their health with more enthusiasm than any previous sentiment. Next followed Mr. Murray, '95, and his best wishes for the success of our musicians was echoed throughout the hall, to which Mr. Godwin, '94, responded.

From the dining hall the two classes reassembled in the parlor, where, after a short informal consultation, the Seniors bade the hospitable hostess "Good night" and were soon en route for College Hill.

The sentiment of "Auld Lang Syne" which was sung before the banqueters left the festal board expressed the feelings of all who were present at the Junior Banquet. It was a splendid success, and the fact of its being down town gave it a uniqueness possessed by no previous one. The Seniors will ever hold the banquet given them by '95 among their most pleasant recollections of Western Maryland.

Glee Club.

THURSDAY, March 29, was a typical March day, snow, rain and clouds conspired to "make the face of nature sad," but not even their united efforts availed to prevent the assembling of a large audience in College Auditorium to hear the concert given by the Glee Club of Western Maryland College, assisted by the Banjo and Guitar Club and by the College Orchestra. By eight o'clock the spacious hall was well filled and with very little delay the Glee Club appeared and sang the first number on the program, "The Jolly Old Crow." In response to hearty applause "Call John" was sung as an encore.

Number two on the program for the evening was Vollstedts "Lustige Schwes-tern," played by the College Orchestra, which upon this occasion appeared before the public for the first time. A ripple of applause greeted the members as they came upon the stage, showing the sympathy and interest of the audience in this new child of Western Maryland College. The interest and friendly feeling thus shown were fully justified before the evening ended and the friends of the orchestra wish it a long life and continued success.

Another new organization that made its debut upon the same evening was the Banjo and Guitar Club, composed of seven young ladies and eight young men. A chord in the popular heart was touched immediately upon the appearance of these young people and the picturesque and pretty dresses of the young ladies did much to increase the attractiveness of the scene. Skilful fingering and perfect tune made the various numbers played by this Club specially to be commended; and each of its three appearances were greeted by the audience in a way that showed intense appreciation.

Vocal music always touches and appeals to the human heart—if it be truly music and not mere noise—and so upon this stormy March evening several hundred people were charmed and helped by “concourse of sweet sound” from the throats of members of the Glee Club. While the various selections rendered were all well received, special mention ought to be made of the chorus “I’ll Return,” sung by the full Club and the quartet, “The Chapel,” sung by Mr. Stone, Prof. Black, Mr. Litsinger and Mr. Nelson. These two numbers showed special care in preparation and seemed to an untutored reporter to be the gems of the evening. The entire program rendered was as follows:

PART I.

1. “The Jolly Old Crow” Decker
Glee Club.
2. “Lustige Schwestern” Vollstedt
Orchestra.
3. “Corinthian Courtship” Koschat
Glee Club.
4. “Darkies Dream” Lansing
Banjo and Guitar Club.
5. “The Chapel” Kreutzer
Messrs. Stone, Black, Litsinger and Nelson.
6. “Davy Jones” Irwin
Glee Club.
7. Humaniphone.....
Glee Club.

PART II.

1. “I’ll Return” Rieger
Glee Club.
2. “Silver Leaf” Strebe
Banjo and Guitar Club.
3. Selection—“Faust” Gounod
Orchestra.
4. “Negro Medley” Shattuck
Glee Club.
5. “The Mill Dam” Babb
Banjo and Guitar Club.
6. “The Owl and the Bat” Steele
Glee Club.

On the following evening the Club and Orchestra made their appearance in the pleasant town of Union Bridge, where they were received by as appreciative an audience as musicians could wish. The same program was rendered (with a few exceptions) as at Westminster. The Town Hall was crowded almost to unpleasantness and the audience gave their undivided attention.

Their appreciation and courtesy was shown to a more marked extent after the entertainment when a bountiful and graceful repast was furnished at the hotel.

After a pleasant and joyous evening the musical clubs returned the next day to college, all feeling that our Alma Mater has talent equally well to be compared with other institutions.

Recital.

ON the evening of March 9th an entertainment was given in the College Auditorium by Miss Gilbert, of Baltimore, and her special class in elocution. The fine program was very well rendered which reflected great credit on Miss Gilbert’s work as a teacher. Miss Cochran, in her usual manner, recited excellently the introduction of Longfellow’s “Courtship of Miles Standish;” Miss Lease, in the character of Priscilla, and Mr. Baker as John Alden, rendered their part in an excellent manner. The trial scene from “The Merchant of Venice” was given in a most pleasing way by those already named and by Miss Barnes as Portia and Mr. Benett as Shylock. Miss Gilbert, in a monologue, “Pauline Parlovia,” from T. B. Aldrich, showed herself to be an elocutionist unusually charming; also she recited “Money Musk,” and “What’s a Boy Going to Do?” after two encores. Miss Lewis and Miss Westlake, of the

musical department, furnished very delightful interludes in the program by vocal and instrumental selections.

Easter at the College.

THE morning of the last day of our examinations dawned bright and fair and ushered in at once the close of a long week of mental toil and anxiety and the beginning of a holiday gladly welcomed by all. With eagerness did the students hurry to the examination rooms, impatient to be free from the great burden of college life and to make plans for the enjoyment of the next few days. One o'clock witnessed the close of study hour and the departure of many of the students who were to spend their vacations at their homes, while the remainder of the school adjourned to the dining room to refresh their wearied bodies with dinner. This meal over, a meeting of the boys was called in the gymnasium, and to the girls, who were walking up and down the "path," some mysterious business seemed to be on hand, which suggested the idea of an impromptu entertainment.

Sure enough, at the supper table an invitation was extended to the young ladies and the faculty to be present at a mock trial held in the auditorium at 7 o'clock. When that hour had arrived those assembled to witness this new species of impromptu, beheld the stage furnished to represent a court room, and an interesting case of trespassing on forbidden ground was read from the docket. The principals, Miss Anna Love Primrose (Mr. Pennington) and Mr. Hamilton Allen (Mr. Cain) were represented by Attorneys A. J. Long and K. G. Murray for plaintiff, and W. G. Baker and E. C. Godwin for the defendant. After a rather exciting trial in which

objections and challenges played rather a prominent part, and Judges Story, Revelle and A. N. Ward were compelled to resort to extreme measures to preserve order, the jury, having listened attentively to the rather ridiculous and contradictory testimony of the witnesses, agreed to disagree, standing eleven men for the plaintiff and one for the defendant. So ended the first feature of our holiday entertainment.

The girls, not to be outdone by their masculine friends, provided an entertainment for the following evening, which afforded much amusement. The opening chorus, advertisements, Mrs. Jarley's wax works and the Saturday night scene receiving great applause and exciting much laughter.

As both boys and girls had now expended their effort in attempts to entertain each other and relieve the monotony of a vacation passed at college, the prospect for the future looked gloomy. But at breakfast on Saturday morning the spirits of all were cheered by Dr. Lewis' kind invitation to an entertainment to be given by him in the library that evening. When the students assembled at the appointed hour, they found the library converted into a small lecture hall and received the pleasing announcement that Dr. Lewis would entertain them for a short time by reading some selections. The young ladies, with their banjos, furnished pleasing music to begin the entertainment with, and then our president held our close attention for about an hour while he read several selections from Uncle Remus and that rather aggravating story "The Lady and the Tiger." When the latter was finished the young ladies retired and each boy was asked to approach the door of Smith Hall, where the name of his partner was announced

by Prof. Watson. To make it more interesting, each lady was given the fictitious name of some princess. A vote was now taken by groups of four as to whether it was the lady or the tiger, and resulted in a victory for the latter. The formal programme thus ending, the remainder of the evening was devoted to games and social enjoyment of various kinds, and when at last the hour for departure came, the company reluctantly dispersed unanimously voting this entertainment the most enjoyable of all.

AMIGO.

THE last of the series of Friday Evening Lectures was given March 16, by Professor Ward, who spoke on "Norse Mythology." The lecture was interesting and instructive from start to finish, not only because of the pleasing manner in which it was delivered, but also because it showed clearly the religious beliefs and customs of our ancestors. A system indeed almost as elaborate as that of the Greeks themselves.

Personals.

The Athletic Association sent Messrs. Murray and Eckard to represent her in the State Football Association League, which met in Baltimore March 31st.

Mrs. G. W. Freeny and Miss Beulah Gordy visited the College during Easter. Mrs. Freeny is the mother of L. C. Freeny '96.

Mr. C. L. Daughtery was called home March 17-27, on account of his grandfather's death.

Mr. Chipman, '98, was favored with a visit of his mother and sister during the Easter holidays.

The Glee, Banjo, and Guitar clubs and Orchestra had their pictures taken in a group on March 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe spent March 24 with their daughter, Miss Anna Forsythe, '97.

Miss Keyworth, of Baltimore, visited Miss O. Rinehart March 31.

Miss Ala Jones, '94, was visited March 26 by her brother, Mr. F. R. Jones, '92.

Miss Edna Norris, '95, received a short visit from her sister, Miss Edith Norris, April 2.

Miss Katie Smith spent March 30 - April 1 in Union Bridge.

Mrs. Myers paid her daughter, Miss Madge Myers, a short visit March 26.

Miss K. M. Smith was visited March 10 by her brother.

Miss Whaley, '94, spent April 3 and 4 in Baltimore.

Locals.

Two loving souls with their hearts aflame,
Gently throbbing with love's sweet dream,
Each tenderly lipping the other's name
Sat slowly nibbling their strap and bread.
With a love they could not well disguise;
A merry twinkle in their sweet blue eyes
Like the stars that peep from the summer's
skies

They slowly nibble their strap and bread.
A shy sweet look; a stolen glance
With loving eyes that fairly dance;
And unspoken love that their depths enhance,
Slowly munching their strap and bread.
As if laughing aloud at a merry jest
From her "darling chum" whom she loves the
best,

She looks again—you know the rest—
While she slowly nibbles her strop and bread.
A Prof. turned 'round with a knowing look
Out from his pocket he hauled his book;
And in an instance her name he took,
Then slowly chawed on his strap and bread.

* * * * *

A maid came out with a mournful face
And silently bowed at the word of grace,
But narry a grin illumined her face
While she slowly munched at her strap and
bread.

Spring!

Freshman Canes!!

Junior Banquet!!!

Glee Club Concert!!!

—"Mister, is that the moon or sun up there?"

"I don't know; I'm a stranger in these parts."

—Prof. (in Latin class)—Mr. S— what is *Acheron* (means Hades)?

Mr. S— (doubtful)—It is a town in a—a—

Prof.—Yes, it is a town from where no traveler ever returns.

—"What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?"

"Absence of body."

—Veni, Vidi, Vici—I came, I saw, I conquered.

Tramp's version—I came, I sawed, I corded.

—Captain—Let go the anchor.

Deck-hand—I aint a-touchin' it.

—From Judge.

—Lovers' ode:

The moon is full

Love, then I think of thee;

The times are dull,

Love, then I think of thee;

The grass is green,

Love, then I think of thee;

The crowd is tiresome,

Love, then I think of thee.

The moon so full,

The times so dull,

The grass so green,

The crowd so tiresome,

All! all!! make me

Think of thee

And vast eternity.

—Charlie—I will die for you, my darling. Will you be my wife?

Clara—Get your life insured before you die, and I guess it is a go.

—"Selfishness, the fountain of all evil, is not known to the idea of perfect love."

—Prof.—What is the lowest form of animal life?

Girl student (scornfully)—Man.

(She will change her opinion in the future.)

—"Hullo, Bill," said tramp No. 1, "Whatcher going to do for the winter?"

"I've got a place in the Postoffice."

"What do you have to do?"

"Keep an eye on the police, so's I won't get put out." —Puck.

—E Son's Long Hair Club—This organization established in former times will only admit male students with full credentials from the faculty, and witnessed by the female students. Conditions for admission:

First: "That in the past I have been guilty of using Sutherland's Seven Sisters hair restorer."

Second: "That I do not use the dangerous instruments—hair curler."

Third: "That I will henceforth wear such length of hair upon my cranium that the barbers may rage in fury for their fee."

COLLINS, Prest.; A. N. WARD, Vice;

VEASEY, Sec.; DEAN, Gen. Man.;

CHIPMAN, Boot Black; LAKIN, Boss.

—He—Didn't you see me kiss my hand to you last night?

She—Why, Mr. —, I wasn't near the window then.

He—I wonder who it was!

She—I don't know, but the servant girl told me this morning she guessed she'd try it another week.

—"Do you know Hazel?"

"Which Hazel?"

—Groom—A ring around the moon is the sign of rain.

Bride (sweetly)—And a ring around a woman's finger is the sign of—

Groom (sadly)—Reign.

—Miss R—t' 95, says that Gibbon wrote the history—Incline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

—Miss C.—When asked to describe William Paley's personal appearance, said: "He was sick all the time and had corpulence in his old age."

—Miss T. '94—Where does May live? Miss P. '94—Plymouth, N. Carolina. Miss T.—O yes, that's where the Pilgrims landed.

—Miss N.—'95—My brother ate the dead men out of a crab one time and most died from it.

—Miss T—s '95—He was a Hannibal wasn't he?

A game of ball
With yell and call
A boy with bat is standing
The pitcher hurls
The batter curls
And now his heads expanding.

—It is told of Bryan who lives in this latitude that he is very fond of onions, and in his eagerness to devour some ate the most of Depfer's Hyacinth bulbs, with relish. O, how great.

Miss B——n, '97.—Pauline, Miss Ferris says come up off the path, if you don't you wont be able to go to *Mortality* to-morrow.

—Miss C——n, '95.—Studying math.—"Girls, if the angle is 120° , why can't it be a right angle as well as obtuse; when you substract angles you add them, don't you?"

Up from the dining hall one fine day,
Tripped a maiden fair;
The song on her lips was happy and gay,
And her heart was without a care.

Red as a rose was the maiden's cheeks,
And her eyes were as blue as the skies;
But suddenly she stops with a little shriek,
And the light from her blue orbs dies.

The face that was formerly so free from care
Is white and anxious now;
She sinks half fainting upon a chair,
And presses her hands to her brow.

The girls gather round her in a way
That is decidedly school girl like,
"Do tell us what is the matter," they say.
She'd forgotten to smile at her strike.

—Lost—A vluable programme for making caramels; any one finding the same will please return it to Miss P—r, '94.

—On a certain rainy day one of the higher classmen was heard to remark, "What a miserable Tage."

—The latest fad for every school girl, is pasted down in a little *spit curl*.

Our excellent photographer in Westminster, Mr. J. W. Baldwin, has recently fitted up his studio in a most elegant style, and we think is second to none in this part of the State. Mr. Baldwin's work as an artist is fully apace with the times and merits the patronage of all who may have work in his line.



WITH the approach of spring and the fine days which we are having, we hear the old familiar cry of the base ball manager, ordering the boys to go and toss the ball once more, which delights each boy and which has caused him to long for spring; each determining to improve so that he may get on the first team, which is the desire of each college boy that plays ball.

We are delighted to see the interest which is manifested by our boys this year in base ball. Although foot ball is

becoming very prominent in colleges, yet we see it cannot take the place of the old game of base ball as each has its period.

Owing to the sickness of our base ball manager, Mr. Forsythe, Mr. Story was elected manager. (*pro tem.*) Under Mr. Story's management the club is practicing each day by playing a full nine inning game with the second team and each team is improving rapidly.

As was stated in the last issue of the MONTHLY that a delegation representing our institution be sent to the convention which shall meet in Baltimore for the purpose of forming an Intercollegiate Foot Ball Association between the various associations of this state.

Two delegates were sent from our association to represent our college

The meeting was held at the Johns Hopkins U.

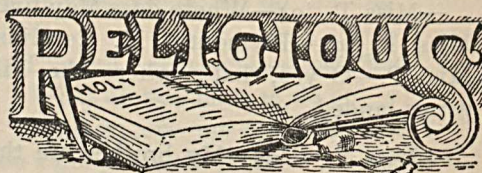
Two delegates were sent from each of the six colleges in Maryland. The following colleges were represented Johns Hopkins U., Maryland Agricultural College, St. Johns College, Washington College, Baltimore City College and Western Maryland College.

The object of the meeting was to draw up a constitution which should be adopted by the colleges, for an Intercollegiate Foot Ball Association. The constitution was drawn up and adopted, with the provision that the colleges would except, when the constitution is read before each College Athletic Association. We hope that this Intercollegiate Association will give new interest to foot ball so as to make each strive to win the trophy.

And we hope that the coming season will be a proof that the boys are improving in base ball so as to make a standing which W. M. C. may be proud, as our club plays all the colleges in Maryland.

APRIL SCHEDULE.

April 9, New Windsor, at Westminster; April 14, Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore; April 21, Maryland Agricultural, at College Park; April 28, Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg.



U. W. C. A.

THE Y. W. C. A., under its new President, Miss Lease, is progressing quite as much as formerly, and by her untiring efforts, together with the hearty co-operation of the members. No doubt the Association will be very prosperous this year and accomplish great good for the Master's sake.

Great efforts have been made to make the meetings as interesting as possible, and instead of having one leader, several girls lead the meetings. This lends great interest. Also the lookout committee has been appointed, whose duty it is to see the girls before the time of the meeting, and remind them of their duty to lay aside for a few minutes their daily duties, and hold sweet communion with their God.

I am afraid our girls get a little careless sometimes about attending the meetings, and this committee will, no doubt, eventually do great good.

The last missionary meeting was especially good; the program consisting of reading, recitations, essay and music. Thus by continually working, our Association will grow better and stronger, and then the life of each of its members be strengthened and purified.

J. M. C. A.

WE as an association are still making advancements in our various departments of the Christian work, and are ever trying to carry out the injunctions of God's word, upon which is founded our principles, our faith, our all.

We have been steadily progressing during the entire year, and now as the year is drawing to a close let us not take any backward step, but rather let us concentrate our every effort to the accomplishing of whatever we have undertaken.

Since the last report our new reading room has been completed, and we have placed upon its tables such periodicals as we hope will not only interest those who read them, but also prove beneficial.

A new Bible class has also been organized and is now in full working order. We have at this time three such classes with a goodly number of members, all of whom have pledged themselves to certain duties, which must be carried out if we are to become familiar with and have a clear conception of the word of truth.

But why not have more such Bible classes?

Why not each one of us become a searcher after the truth and thus become better acquainted with the author of our existence and preserver of our lives.

We are commanded to search the scriptures, and since they contain the will of our Heavenly Father, it becomes our imperative duty as well as a grand privilege to know His will concerning us.

We think that special mention should be made of the interest that has been manifested by all in the prayer meetings. Let us continue this interest and show our appreciation of these meetings by

our presence, and also our willingness to perform whatever duty may be assigned us.

We should set a guard against anything that would come into our lives and interfere with the performance of any duty enjoined upon us, ever remembering that the success of our association depends upon our personal interest and individual effort.

We sometimes get the idea that there is not very much that we can do, and so we just step aside and wait for somebody else to do the little that we might have done. This is a two-fold wrong. First, because it increases the burden of our brother, and second, it makes of us religious dwarfs.

The Christian who never can do very much and is not willing to do what he can will not occupy a very large space in Heaven, for he will have become so crowded that there will not be anything left of him but rust, and that will crumble to pieces at the stroke of the Almighty on the day of receiving.

Let us be active, living, Holy Ghost Christians, ready and willing to obey the orders of our great commander.

And then we should ever remember that our association is a *Christian* association, and not an athletic association, or literary society, or beneficent society that pays to its members a normal sum when sick and promises to each a decent burial. As an association of Christians we are to be Christ-like, and to be Christ-like we must have the spirit of Christ.

Christ is the great light of the world, and we are the lower lights. If we would let our lights shine we must have applied to our hearts the power of the Holy Ghost, so that our whole being will be charged with God's love and our lives become bright and shining lights in His Kingdom.

There is one more branch of our work that we wish to mention; and in this we should all feel a *special* interest. It is our city mission work. The good that has been done by those who have represented us in this work is beyond estimation. It is true, to carry on this work costs us some sacrifice, but as followers of Christ, can we not afford to sacrifice for His cause? "It is more blessed to give than to receive." By giving to the cause of Christ we are laying up treasures in heaven; and if our treasure is in heaven, then we have an interest in heaven. The time is not far in the future when we shall elect two delegates to represent us in the field next summer. Let us pray much that God may direct us in selecting the right boys, and also that our hearts may be offered to a ready respond to do whatever is enjoined upon us in carrying out this noble work.

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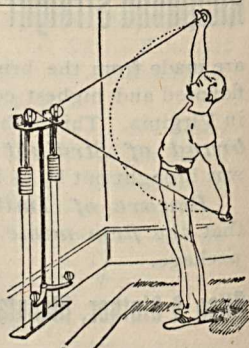
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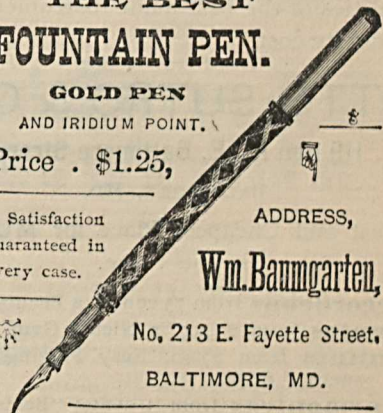
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P	M	A	M	A	M	STATIONS.	A	M	P	M	P	M	
						LEAVE.							
						ARRIVE.							
.....	11	55	5	45	CHERRY RUN.....	8	47	1	42	8	55	
.....	11	58	5	48	BIG POOL.....	8	44	1	39	8	52	
.....	12	11	6	01	CLEAR SPRING.....	8	33	1	27	8	38	
.....	12	17	6	06	CHARLTON.....	8	27	1	22	8	31	
.....	12	26	6	6	WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.....	8	18	1	13	8	20	
.....	12	40	6	30	AR.	HAGERSTOWN, LE	8	05	1	00	8	05	
						LE.	WILLIAMSP'T., AR	12	31	8	10	
*4	15	2	00	7	02	LE.	HAGERSTOWN, AR	7	30	12	15	7	55
4	27	2	17	7	20	CHEWSVILLE.....	11	59	7	41	
4	34	2	25	7	27	SMITHSBURG.....	11	51	7	33	
4	38	2	35	7	36	EDGEMONT.....	7	05	11	45	7	28
.....	2	53	7	50	AR.....	HIGHFIELD.....LE	6	53	11	28	7	13	
.....	2	53	7	50	LE.....	HIGHFIELD.....AR	11	25	7	10		
.....	3	22	8	17	FAIRFIELD.....	10	56	6	39		
.....	3	52	8	47	GETTYSBURG.....	10	27	6	10		
.....	4	16	9	12	NEW OXFORD.....	10	02	5	45		
.....	4	33	9	30	HANOVER.....	9	48	4	58		
.....	4	46	9	45	AR.....	PORTERS.....LE	9	30	4	46		
.....	5	17	9	45	LE.....	PORTERS... AR	9	27	4	44		
.....	5	25	9	53	SPRING GROVE.....	9	19	4	36		
.....	5	47	10	15	LE.....	YORK.....AR	8	57	4	14		
.....	A	M	A	M	A	M	P	M		
.....	3	53	7	50	LE.....	HIGHFIELD.....AR	6	53	11	28	7	13	
4	50	2	54	7	52	BLUE RIDGE.....	6	52	11	23	7	09
5	10	3	20	8	15	MECHANICSTOWN.....	6	25	10	51	6	41
5	19	3	30	8	26	ROCKY RIDGE.....	10	37	6	29	
5	30	3	44	8	37	BRUCEVILLE.....	6	07	10	25	6	17
5	38	3	55	8	45	UNION BRIDGE.....	6	00	10	16	6	06
.....	3	59	8	49	LINWOOD.....	10	09	6	00		
5	46	4	05	8	55	NEW WINDSOR.....	5	53	10	03	5	55
5	59	4	23	9	11	WESTMINSTER.....	5	40	9	44	5	36
6	30	5	02	9	44	GLYNDON.....	5	11	8	59	4	58
.....	5	32	10	08	ARLINGTON.....	8	24	4	24		
7	12	5	54	10	31	BALTIMORE.....	*4	30	8	00	4	02
P	M	P	M	A	M	A	M	P	M	P	M
8	15	6	45	11	35	WASHINGTON.....	7	05	2	30	
.....	9	55	1	00	PHILADELPHIA.....	12	03	3	50	1	30
.....	3	20	AR.....	NEW YORK.....LE	9	00	12	15	11	00
P	M	P	M	P	M	P	M	A	M	A	M

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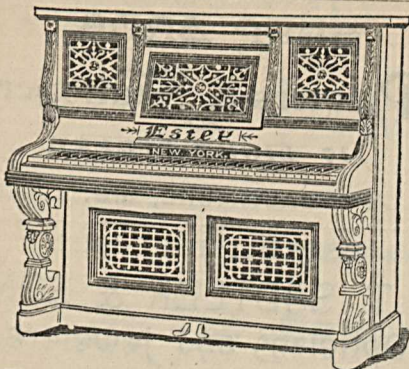
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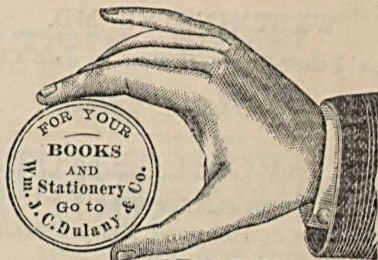
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Western Maryland College Monthly.

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AFTER the present scholastic year
Western Maryland instead of one
will offer three courses to her students,
all leading to the degree of A. B. This
is a step forward. Our honored Board
of Trustees has always been conserva-
tive in the management of the college,
but never slow to act when the proper
time came. At the meeting held in
Washington a few weeks ago it decided
that the time had come when our college
should abandon the iron-clad course
heretofore pursued and give students
their choice of three courses, Latin,
Scientific, Classical or Classical-Biblical.

The time is now when a student to
be successful must to a certain extent
be a specialist. He must know all about
some things and something about many
things. This, of course, is the principle
upon which the present system of study
in universities rests and elective courses
in colleges tend to accomplish the same
end. A man selects his vocation or de-
cides upon the branches best suited to
his capabilities and then chooses a
course in college accordingly. Hence
the need of elective work. Each of the

three courses organized in Western Maryland will require four years for completion and lead to the same degree. Their establishment marks a new era in her history, and is only, we hope, an indication of many greater advancements which will be made from time to time.

The College Register for '93 and '94 will contain a full description of the courses and requirements for admission into them. They will be ready for mailing in a few weeks and may be had upon application.

COLLEGE journals are as varied in their character, appearance and merit as the number of schools which they represent. Some necessarily lack features which make others most attractive. This difference would be due in most cases to the difference in size of the institutions and the number of contributors, but more frequently to real honest work on the one hand in the preparation of articles and carelessness or thoughtlessness on the other.

In reading a large number of exchanges this similarity strikes one as well as the differences—the nature of the subjects on which most articles in college papers are written. In the majority of instances students select subjects which by their very nature are abstruse and philosophic and require rather the hand of an experienced writer than that of the young aspirant to literary renown. We would not imply that the college journal should publish articles only on common-place topics, but one written on some lofty metaphysical or ethical subject in poor style, in our judgment is not near so desirable as one possessing originality, a good style, having a less pretentious theme.

What is the nature of the articles found in the greatest magazines of the country? They too are varied, but the larger part of them contain articles upon live topics, questions of the day, subjects in which there is room to inject at least some originality. This accounts for the great influence the standard journals of any nation have in shaping the political and religious ideas of the people.

Now, one of the greatest needs in the world of college journalism is more practical writing and less indifferent theorizing upon subjects long ago "worn out." Subjects indeed which have been amply developed by Bacon, Emerson and their equals.

Why not write about something which pertains to practical life? An opinion on questions of educational interest, a review of some book or other topic not written about over and over again will not only lend additional interest to college papers, but will be of more real benefit to the contributors themselves.

More time, more original work is the need of college journalism. The primary object of a college paper is the training given to the students in literary work through its columns, but it has another mission—to instruct all who may feel its influence.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of the college has endeavored to supply a long felt want by opening a cozy reading room in their hall. As yet the tables contain only such literature as comes to the Association, increased by some contributions of interested members. Its usefulness would be greatly augmented if some generous friend would subscribe for some of the best magazines and have them every month in the room for the students.

The Association intends doing this itself as soon as the treasury has sufficient funds. Most likely however it will not be done before next year. Many of the students show an appreciation of the room by spending many spare moments there, but the interest should be more general. The more it is used the more likelihood there is of it being amply supplied with reading matter. The need of this room has been felt for a long time and now that the Association has placed in it as much literary matter as possible the students in general should lend their aid toward its continuance.

WE take pleasure in giving this month to the readers of the MONTHLY a portrait of Professor W. R. McDaniel, A. M., of the Department of Mathematics and Astronomy, in connection with an article contributed by him. Last month we had a portrait of Professor Simpson, and an article which we feel confident was enjoyed by all the readers of the MONTHLY.

The staff hopes to make arrangements to issue a souvenir number at Commencement, which will be printed on the best of paper, double the usual size, and containing cuts of the athletic teams, other organizations, and buildings in which our readers are interested, besides portraits of members of the Faculty. This venture has not been fully decided upon, but we think it is assured. It will be a departure from past custom and its success will depend upon the interest manifested by the old students. Let all who feel an interest in affairs at Western Maryland send in their subscription.

Don't lend your COLLEGE MONTHLY. If it is not worth the subscription price it is not worth borrowing.

WE often hear it said that habits once formed must be abandoned step by step, that it is almost impossible to leave off old habits with a single effort, and yet this rule, like all others, has its exceptions. College students associate with each other every day. Those of the same class recite together for two, three or four years, and it seems to be the most natural thing in the world to meet and have pleasant informal talks with classmates. Habits are formed, through years of association with your own class, but broken off in a single day—graduation.

When one leaves college his time is necessarily occupied with other matters, but surely he cannot forget the pleasant days of college life and associations formed there. The familiar lounging places on the campus, the faces he used to see there must certainly sometimes arise before the minds of the busiest. Is the vision not accompanied by a desire to visit your old home, to meet those you knew at college? Why not renew the old friendships? Why let the good habits be broken off in a day? If the old students would make an effort to return to college sometime during commencement week, we are sure they would thoroughly enjoy it. Class reunions have been rare occurrences in commencements past, but if several classes would make the start they would soon prove to be among the most pleasant occurrences of commencement week.

Many classes which have been Alumni for years have not been together since their graduation. To such we suggest that they have a re-union at the commencement of '94. Live again the glorious time of the past and show to under-graduates that college spirit is not dead.



W. G. BAKER, JR., } Editors.
BLANCHE NOBLE, }

Visions.

Agleam with sunshine and the scent of Spring
And violets, between the tangled grass,
That caught the dew
And touched the wing
Of joyous lark and bobolink.
Tender willows drooped and waved and dipped
In fragrance, on the river,
When pure lilies turned toward the
Blue of heaven
In sweet, white idleness.
Apple-blossoms leaned beyond the fence,
And purple lilacs crowded through
The open gate
To meet the yellow daffodils
Down by the wall.
The pasture-land was rife with dandelions,
The air was soft with mellow tinkle
Of contented bell-notes,
And the hum of bees was in the clover.

Reality.

A ghastly figure leaned upon a staff,
To gaze with red, malignant eyes
Into an hour-glass that hung
Upon a thread as fine as hair.
The fetid wind came loud and hoarse,
Where the river, thick with blackness,
Roared and rent the shore,
And leaped to yellow foam
Upon the night.
The glass swayed to and fro,
The sands fell one by one,
The ghastly figure touched the thread,
The glass crashed on the rock—
And, bubbling hot with drops of heart-blood,
The river rushed to the Eternal.
Then lo! beyond the seething torrent,
Ghastly, silent, grim and mocking
The same chill figure hangs another glass
And stands upon a new-made grave.

March, 1894.

At the Observatory.

BY PROF. W. R. MCDANIEL.

No dome-like tower on College Hill
proclaims where the astronomer
keeps his nightly vigil of the skies.
But a modest, shop-like little structure
8x16 and not much taller than a man,
standing in an open space on the very
crest of the hill, presumes to the dignity
of being called the "Observatory."
What claim can it have to so great a distinction? Let us see.

It is an evening in early May, the
golden glow of springtime twilight lingers
on the distant hill-tops and hovers
over the rich, green intervening valleys.
Some friends have accepted an invitation
to visit the observatory. They cross the
threshold of the unpretending structure,
the door closes behind them, and there
they are, shut up in a box, as it were,
wondering how they are to get a breath
of air, much less see the stars. But
while they are waiting for day to yield
completely to the night, they look about
them. There in the centre of the room
rises from a firm foundation the iron pier
which supports a cannon-shaped tube
about four feet long and six inches in
diameter at its larger end. This tube
is so mounted that it may be easily
turned in any direction, and so nicely
poised that it remains steady in any position
in which it may be placed. It is
by means of these circles attached to
the polar and equatorial axes of the
mounting, whose silvered rims are so
finely divided into degrees, minutes and
seconds of arc, and hours, minutes and
seconds of time, taking one measurement
on each, that the astronomer is enabled
to point directly to the object which he
desires to view, and when he has found
it that beautiful piece of clockwork
mechanism in the head of the pier will

R.—

revolve the telescope tube at the same rate the object passes across the sky, and so keep it constantly in view. But there in the large end of the brazen tube is the most important thing of all—the objective—the keen eye that pierces the blue depths of night and brings the mysteries of the universe to light. That precious piece of glass might fill pages itself in telling its experience, from its casting in Paris, through its shaping and polishing in the shops of the Clarks, to its final setting by the instrument maker. Wonderful achievement of human skill—the telescope! An engineer's transit—a very useful adjunct to the work of the telescope, some field glasses, some astronomical pictures, star charts, and a few needful odds and ends complete the present equipment.

A bolt or two is slipped, a rope is pulled and presto! the entire roof rolls smoothly from overhead revealing the deep blue dome of night thick-strewn with glittering jewels. Well up in the West hangs the silver crescent of the moon and very naturally the first look must be turned that way. It is a very favorable view for the sunlight falling upon it sidewise, as it were, produces the deepest shadows and makes the mountains and craters stand out all the more distinctly by contrast. What a rugged old globe it is, thickly pitted with craters of extinct volcanoes, some depressed below the surface, some hollowed out in elevations, some standing singly, some crowded and heaped one upon another. Pictures of moon scenery are not uncommon, and though some may be exaggerations, they nevertheless give a pretty fair notion of what is to be seen. The most distinct impression of the observer is no doubt the utter lifelessness of the moon. Its peaks are bleak and rocky, its valleys stony and

barren, it shows the effects of terrific explosions, mighty eruptions and other igneous agencies and is left the mere frame work of a world, a "burnt out cinder," and as a modern astronomer has put it "could no more support human life than a Humboldt glacier could grow a rose." However much romance and poetry the moon may afford us, they, like its light, must be borrowed, for in itself it has only the dreariness of desolation and the coldness of death. Yet it is very interesting to look at and with the help of a map, we can locate Mt. Kepler, Mt. Tycho, the Crisian Sea, the Lake of Dreams, the Sea of Serenity and the Bay of Rain Bows.



But Jupiter is hastening to the horizon and we must catch him ere he disappears. What a pretty picture he gives us—he the earth's "biggest brother planet," appearing ordinarily only as one of the brighter stars, looking now much as the moon does to the naked eye, triply belted and attended by four glistening little points in line with

the belts, which we know are his moons. The fifth moon escapes us. Mighty Jupiter with his satellites revolving about him under his gravitational mastery—a type in miniature of the whole solar system.

Over in the East is Saturn. No field of view ever awakens greater admiration. It offers all that Jupiter offers and adds the supreme feature of the ring system. Here is the gigantic globe attended by moons and girdled by flat concentric rings,—the opening between the rings and planet being plainly visible. Entirely unlike anything else in the universe so far as known—no wonder it is interesting. But if it is interesting simply as an object to look at, how much deeper its interest when studied as a part of the solar system and as throwing light on the baffling question of how the universe came to be as it is and whither is it tending.

Let us turn now to the stars. In doing so we step over the borders of our own sun's domain and enter that of other suns, for the stars are all suns. We must penetrate a distance that is measured by many "light years" and a "light-year" is the distance that light traveling 186,000 miles per second will travel in a whole year. There sparkle Vega, Arcturus and Spica. How different from the objects we have been looking at. Not only with our own but with the largest telescopes they have never been drawn out of their almost infinite remoteness so as to disclose to human eyes any appreciable surface. They forever gleam and flash and hide with the supernal radiance of a burning point the awful secrets of their being. But they are not all alike. Notice the color—Vega, a delicate bluish tinge, Arcturus, a bright reddish hue, while Spica is decidedly yellow. Truly, "One star dif-

fereth from another star in glory."

What is that "curious twinkling, as if gossamers spangled with dew-drops were entangled there. One might think that the old woman of the nursery rhyme who went to sweep the cobwebs from the sky had skipped this corner, or else that its delicate beauty had preserved it even from her house-wifely instincts." To the eye—a dim, hazy patch of light—a star cluster; in the telescope—a spectacle of gorgeous sublimity, a multitude of brilliants, varying in magnitude, contrasting in color and arranged in exquisite geometrical designs. It is related that the young queen Berenice, when her husband was called away to the wars, vowed to sacrifice her beautiful tresses to Venus if he returned victorious. He did return in triumph, and true to her vow Berenice's locks were shorn and hung in the Temple of Venus; but the same night they were stolen. The king was furious and the queen wept bitterly. But the celebrated astronomer Conon met the difficulty by assuring them that Venus had placed the lustrous ringlets among the stars, showing them in evidence thereof this silvery swarm. And so for centuries the world has recognized the constellation of Berenice's hair.

Another turn of the glass and still a new object is presented—the Ring Nebula—a whitish cloud-like form, a "ghost-like luminosity," of which the astronomers have much that is interesting to tell us. It is cloud-like only in appearance, for it is no mass of watery vapor gaining its light from some foreign source, but a mass of gaseous material, glowing with a weird radiance of its own and in which creative processes are still at work.

But enough for one evening. And our friends leave thinking this is a look

into heaven more splendid than the imagination of Bunyan pictured, for "here is a celestial city whose temples are suns and whose streets are pathways of light."

The Johns Hopkins—A University.

By F. R. JONES.

AS a people, we seem to have entered a new era in intellectual development; an era which is characterized by the great demand of college graduates for a more advanced instruction in scientific and philosophic thought which only a university of the true stamp can furnish.

To such men, the question of greatest importance is, where can such an institution be found? Having already acquired collegiate training, a graduate does not wish to harrow the same field over, but what he wants is a university where he can pursue original research under the guidance of men who have gained renown in some special line of work.

Have we such institutions in America, or must young men eager for original work go to foreign countries to acquire this privilege?

We hold that there *are* such institutions, and it will be our endeavor to show that the Johns Hopkins is a fitting representative of the American University idea.

However reasonable the assertion that we have in America institutions of learning, which bear the imprint of a university of the true stamp, may seem to the average American, yet that very assertion or claim is denied by no less an authority than Professor Von Holst.

I fully recognize the fact that it is rather presumptuous to express an opinion contrary to such an eminent historical

scholar, but to do so will not only be asserting a fact, but also echoing the general consensus in the old world and the new.

Let us examine Professor Von Holst's arraignment of American universities. He says:—*

"There is in the United States, as yet not a single university in the *sense attached to this word by Europeans*. All the American institutions, bearing this name are either compounds of college and university—the university, as an after-growth, figuring still to some extent as a kind of annex or excrescence of the college—or hybrids of college and university, or finally a torso of a university. An institution, wholly detached from the school work done by colleges, and containing all the four faculties organically connected to a *Universitas literarum* does not exist."

Professor Von Holst furnishes the argument for his own refutation when he says: "There is in the United States, as yet, not a single university in the attached to this word by Europeans." True, we have not in the sense ascribed to the word by Europeans (*i. e.* Germans); but, does this necessarily prove that in America we have not a university? Probably the European idea of what constitutes a university is more particularly applicable to European conditions, and ought not to be used as an iron rule with which to measure the product of an essentially different environment.

One might say there is not in America, as yet, sovereign power in the sense attached to this word by the average Continental European, but, does this prove that in America there is no sovereign power?

There is fallacy in such an argument, unless it can be conclusively proved that the European type is the only true type of a university.

Professor Von Holst simply asserts

*In an oration delivered at the first Convention of the University of Chicago, January 2, 1893.

that the American universities are not like those found in Europe. This may or may not be a good thing for the European universities, but it does not prove much. But *is* the European university the only true type? Has Europe all those qualities that go to constitute a university in its true sense? To this question, on the one hand, we can answer *yes* and on the other hand just as emphatically *no*; yes, in so far as it has reference to Europe; no, as regards America. In so far as the institutions of America differ from those of Continental Europe, in just that proportion will the products of those institutions differ.

But what constitutes a university in European sense of the word? Professor Von Holst mentions the following qualifications:—

I. It must be "an institution wholly detached from the school work done by colleges."

II. It must contain "all the four faculties organically connected to a "*Universitas literarum*."

III. It must have as its prime object "the teaching of *how* additions to the treasury of knowledge are made."

This, no doubt, correctly defines a European university; but, that it defines what an American university ought to be is not so evident.

The first qualification, adduced above for a university, is that its work must be wholly detached from that of the college; but should there be a complete divorcement between the two provinces of work? Would it not be a better statement of the difference to say that there ought to be a line of demarcation and a gradual shading from one into the other.

A writer in *Scribner's Magazine* says:—

"There must be practically something in common between the college and university, however great the theoretical difference may be."

Professor Gildersleeve very neatly draws the distinction:—

"The university differs, or let us say, ought to differ, from the college, inasmuch as it should be a great laboratory of systematic research. On the other hand it differs from an academy of sciences, inasmuch as it should be a great centre of instruction.

This idea is so clearly set forth by the editor in the *Educational Review* that I cannot forbear another quotation:

"Theorists of a certain impractical sort insist upon calling the American college, even in its highest type, a *gymnasium*, but there is absolutely no ground for the assertion. Plenty of work that in Germany is relegated to the university is done in the American college. With us the elementary school, the high school, and the college divide among them the work of the *gymnasium*: the college and the university, again, divide the work of the German university.

Our system is the more noble, the more diversified, and the better adapted to our civilization."

As a second requirement for a university, Professor Von Holst holds, "that there must be the four traditional faculties, Philosophy, Medicine, Law and Theology." Why all this should be required under all circumstances he does not explain. Rather than make a vain attempt to include the whole universe of thought in the required scope of a university, it would be better to carry one or more faculties to as near perfection as possible.

It certainly seems evident enough that no such arbitrary distinction as a *four-ply-faculty* should be made the *sine qua non* of the American university.

Upon the third point, Professor Von Holst strikes the key-note of what constitutes an American university. It is not the complete disruption of the college work from that of the university; not the maintenance of the traditional four-faculties; not the European type

copied to order, but the German idea of the "combination and interaction of research and training," together with the "teaching of *how* additions, to the teaching of knowledge are made." This is the qualification upon which an American institution's claim to the dignity of a university must rest; it is the Germanic idea Americanized, and as the other American institutions our universities are peculiar to the soil; the product of American considerations.

Accepting the criterion of an American university to be as set forth, we claim for the Johns Hopkins that it is not only the author* of this type, but also that it is at present its most fitting representative.

Whilst lacking two of the three requirements as set forth by Professor Von Holst, yet it is the embodiment of the university idea. The characteristic features of this institution may be outlined thus:

I. ACADEMIC TRAINING.

Professor Von Holst's definition would tend to do away with scholastic training and relegate it entirely to the college. The Johns Hopkins, whilst making it imperative upon graduate students to come quite thoroughly trained in college work, recognizes that as one advances other methods of training are necessary.

II. METHODS OF INVESTIGATION.

Original work certainly constitutes a most important qualification of a university.

Says Professor Von Holst: "In university teaching the *How* is of as much importance as the *What*, and in some

*In an investigation of this subject several years ago. it was found that the University of Virginia had, for several years, recognized the principle of separation between college and university work but as this is only one of the requirements for a university it can make no claim to authorship.

essential respects much more important than the *How Much*. * * * *

"The university has not only, in the way of a college, to impart knowledge. It must also teach how additions to the treasury of knowledge are made. * * * A university which merely turns out efficient professionals has only done one-third of its work."

How to investigate is of supreme importance. Unless the student knows this he has failed to acquire the very tools of advanced work and will never make a success either in original research or as a teacher of men.

In the Johns Hopkins this fact is thoroughly recognized by all departments and the professors emphasize it at every opportunity. In the Historical Department, with regard to which I can speak with more confidence, this is especially the case, for here the idea takes practical form in a course of lectures upon "Historical Method," the object of which is to teach the men *how* to obtain, criticise and select materials for historical writing.

III. THE "COMBINATION AND INTERACTION

of all these characteristics," together with the one to follow, are found.

IV. ORIGINAL RESEARCH.

This characteristic we hold to be the most important. It is here that the Johns Hopkins excels all other American universities—from its very inception this was of paramount importance. Upon this foundation was the work built, and upon it has the institution gained world-wide renown. That it has been amply repaid for the stand it took is very clearly evidenced by the valuable contributions to science by its professors and students.

One has but to recall the great impetus given by it to biological science, the inventions made in physics, the discoveries made in chemistry, the contributions to Greek philology, and the work in institutional history, to recognize the high standard of original investigation that is characteristic of this institution.

This spirit characterizes all the departments, but in none is it more evident than in the department of history and politics. Here this kind of work is all important; and the influence exerted by the historical studies under the efficient editorship of Profesfor H. B. Adams upon the world at large has been great and has tended to promote historical methods.

Freeman's saying that "History is past politics and politics present history" has become classical largely through its having been adopted by the Johns Hopkins School of History as its motto.

In characterizing the Johns Hopkins University, Professor H. B. Adams thus tersely says: "It is a training school for men of learning, science and letters, a local academic exchange and an international university clearing-house."

Echo.

WHEN the ancients believed that the woods and streams were peopled with nymphs and when they personified all nature they named one of the wood nymphs Echo. She was very fond of talking, and in conversation always had the last word. But one day when Juno was searching for her husband, whom she feared was in company with the nymphs, Echo by her persistent talking detained Juno that the nymphs escaped. When Juno discovered that Echo was the cause of the nymphs' escape she

decreed that Echo should hence forth speak only when she was addressed and then could only have the last word.

Thus it is supposed that the meaning of the word echo has come down to us meaning "the relation of a sound by reflection from any substance." The echo is like the original in every respect except in force.

The echo of words and sounds is made by a wall or cliff sending back the sounds, perhaps reduced in intensity. This is clearly shown by any one speaking very loud against a mountain side or hill. In trying to answer another person at a distance when all is still and peaceful, your own words come back to you. This brings to mind a thought, in the declining years of one's life there are echoes of his childhood that come to him. How real it all seems, as if it were but yesterday!

The knowledge that we have at present is the echo of the knowledge of past generations, it is not the thought of one generation, but of all preceeding ones. Our alphabet is the echo of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, the twenty-two hieratic characters, which were called the Phoenician alphabet and used as "one of their exports," in this way the Greeks obtained it and passed it on to the Germans.

Governments have not been lately founded, they have not been the growth of a few past centuries, but are echoes of governments that commenced centuries ago. The echo of a government has more force than the one of which it is an echo. Our government is not inferior but superior to past ones. Yet the government of Rome at present is the tame echo of her past greatness. Rome of to-day is less powerful than ancient Rome.

As sounds have echoes so have per-

sons. Their characters are echoes of their motives, and their actions echoes of their characters. We have said that the echo has the same qualities of the original and the reproduction is like the thing reproduced. So one's character represents his motives and actions. The echo of his life will be like his character.

We are building our characters every day in our school life that will be reproduced in later years—there will be an echo. The time improved or wasted will determine the kind of echo that shall follow. There will be an echo in both cases, but in one it will be full, rich and living; in the other it will be empty, harsh and not living long. Men of noble characters have left living echoes, they improved every flying moment as Lincoln, Grant and many others whose memory we cherish with fond reverence. Perhaps the echoes of their characters have done more for some persons than sermons. At the name of George Washington every patriot's blood warms within him, the echo of his brave deeds coming before him inspires a new zeal within him to do more for his country.

The echo of this nineteenth century will be heard in the coming twentieth one. The improvements on our inventions will make it a powerful century. The near future has great possibilities. Its echo in the following centuries will do much towards their advancement.

Power.

POWER in the sense in which it most affects us is, some one has said, "that quality or attribute of any being which produces change in the nature or circumstances of things."

Some persons think power may be both active and passive, but power which cannot exert itself is no power at all,

and without will, an understanding power cannot exert itself, therefore inanimate things can have no power. We say "the grass grows," "the sun rises," "the seasons change," we speak of the force of gravitation, but we do not mean the grass has the ability in itself to grow, the sun to rise or the seasons to change, nor do we mean a body has in itself the power to attract other bodies at a distance from it, but apart from and beyond all this there is a power which governs all. And from whence comes this power? Is it not that it comes from the creator of all matter, the great Father himself?

Granting the theory of evolution to be true, we can imagine our monkey ancestors exulting over various feats of strength which they were able to perform and which placed them above their companions. As ages come and go and civilization advances we still recognize this love of superiority and the men of to-day are still wearing themselves out trying to surpass their fellow strivers, not in feats of physical strength, but in intelligence.

The explanation of this evolution is very simple. The monkeys would never have exerted themselves to any purpose had they been devoid of will and understanding, and as their mental powers became more civilized and cultivated they saw better ways of becoming eminent than by mere physical exertion. They discovered that they had brains and turned them to inventions, discoveries and various other industries by which they might win wealth and renown. To-day a man is born in poverty, he becomes ambitious and in spite of drawbacks acquires an education, wealth, renown, and we call him powerful, not on account of what he is, but on account of what he has been able to become.

Political economists treat of what is called balance of power, which denotes such a disposition of things that no authority is able absolutely to predominate, or to prescribe laws to others. The only means to preserve this equilibrium is for no power to be superior to others. This in individuals is, I think, impossible. There are minds which will rise above the ordinary, which will not be kept on a level with the commonplace, which together with energy and ambition will raise their owners to positions which fit them to be leaders of men. It is so with nations also, since nations are made up of individuals, and however much England or any other nation may try to interpose in behalf of the weaker one, the most powerful will gain the ascendancy at last, even though the existence of the weaker may be prolonged by a few years.

Power is merely a comparative term. We measure it only by the different degrees which different persons possess of it. Samson would have been considered weak had the Philistines been stronger, and although the powers of Longfellow would always have been admired, Longfellow himself would not have been considered much of a genius had there been many Miltons in the world. Moreover, do not even our Carlyles, Miltons and Caesars dwindle to nothingness when compared to the Ruler of all things?

Is not every one simply an individual in the eyes of his Creator? And yet men are torn by their little jealousies and envies. They toil and strive and shorten their lives that they may win a little worldly renown. They are not satisfied with the three score years and ten so graciously allotted to them. They must make a name that will live a century or two after all that is mortal of them has

passed away—a *century* or *two* in those thousands upon thousands of years! Verily, "God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see His wondrous manikins here below."

Immutability.

THE world rolls on, ever on, let what will happen to the individual who occupies it; the sun rises and sets, seed-time and harvest come and go, generations rise and pass away, law and authority hold on their course while hundreds of souls are contending with struggles and emotions that seem to be externally new. It is not strange that multitudes have formed the conception of a mighty unchanging power, which is grand, natural and an infinite blessing to all who have reached the nobler conception, and the spirit can but reflect on how all things go on the same as before it became conscience of its existence, and how all would remain the same if it were to be withdrawn. It has long since become the habit or opinion of people to imagine things in a state of constant change. To contradict this assertion to a certain degree, let us turn our attention for a few moments to this world of ours. It has ever been supposed that in the fresh mornings of the world, when the heir of earth entered upon his great inheritance, all things were fair and indeed perfect. The mountains, hills, plains and rivers teach us that since the formation of the world, nature has ever remained the same. Every race started with a full grown and perfect life, with homes of loveliness and beauty; they had but one pattern and teacher, whose precepts and examples if they would follow, they would at last reach the attitude where the soul in its glory will know no change. Among Nature's

great store the flowers contradict the phrase "all things sooner or later change." In general, they have ever been chosen to express the desires and disposition of the human heart, the dark and wicked, as well as the loving and good, acting as companions and comforters in all the changing scenes of life. When time with its three stages presents itself to us, we find it yesterday, to-day just the same, still creeping on from age to age. The future is before us with all its glorious promises and charms unrevealed. The smiling present is ours, and it alone can be claimed as such; past opportunities are gone, future ones may not come, let us then be happy in the present moment, and not put it off for time over which we have no control. Man has ever been seeking for the author of his destiny through the immensity of space; the pains and sorrows, disasters and deaths, which enter into the history of his life, are nothing new; these are constantly rising in his path-way casting a shadow over the bright light of his future; and from his very first existence true greatness and joy have come from living with the great destiny of an immortal life ever in view. Death, which is ever our own, does not end all; when man has finished his course on earth he shall rise again crowned and completed, simply to be transplanted to that home of radiancy where he shall reap in joy the harvest sown by a generous hand. Let us then, as Webster tells us, not work upon marble which will perish, nor upon brass which time will efface, but upon immortal minds, imbueing them with principles and the just fear of God, engraving on these tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

—'96.

Subscribe to the *W. M. C. Monthly*.



Exchanges.

W. H. FORSYTHE, JR., *Editor*.

WE have with us this month the souvenir issue of *The Midland*. It contains photographs of the members of the faculty, staff, foot ball and base ball clubs and college building, accompanied with quite a lengthy history of the college. It also has a well-written article on Practical Science Problems. The staff is to be congratulated on their souvenir issue.

The April number of the *Geneva Cabinet* reflects much credit upon its editors. It contains a well-written editorial on the "Apology for Lynching." Its other literary matter is of a high order.

The recent outrages in Cornell, Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams, Tufts, Brown Yale, and Delaware and others, call for more college presidents of the stripe of Dr. Wayland, who once said to the trustees of Brown University, "Gentlemen, my resignation is at your disposal at any moment, but if I remain here, I am going to have order, if I expel every student in the university," and he had order. Student criminals are to be dealt with like any other law breakers.—*Ex*.

The Owl for April contains an excellent article on Modern Plastic Art. It shows careful thought and preparation.

We have received the second issue of the *Cadets Review*. It bids fair to sustain the impression of its first number.

The *College Student* for April contains the second of a series of articles on "The Prussians in the Campaign of Waterloo." They are very interesting and instructive.

The faculty of Harvard University has voted not to allow the students to use Sander's Theatre or any college-room for political purposes. It happens that the new rule affects only the Republicans, as the Republican Club is now the only active political organization in the university. The club will make a formal protest to the faculty.

A Colored Medical School has recently been established by the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society in connection with the New Orleans University, 1428 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La. It admits both men and women students. There is but one colored doctor to every thirty-five thousand colored people in this country.

From an article in the *Dickinson Liberal*, on the condition of the American Ballot, we quote; "Voting is a trust held by a few for the interest of the many. To use it conscientiously, is to promote order and happiness, and this is a moral obligation devolving upon every individual voter. To abuse it, is to perform the part of those whose prey upon society for their personal profit."

The faculty of Wesleyan University have given the students a voice in the government of the college.—*Ex.*

SPELLING.

If an S and an I and an O and a U,
With an X' at the end spell Sioux,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if also a S and an I and a G
And an H E D spells cide,
There is nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit siouxeyesighed.
—*Ex.*

18,950 students have graduated from Harvard.—*Ex.*

Ohio claims one-tenth of the 90,000 students in America.—*Ex.*

Johns Hopkins University issues eleven periodicals from its own press.—*Ex.*

TAPSIS LINGUAL.

"Do you know the language of flowers?"
she said,
As she gave him a rose-bud, beautiful,
very,
He happened to step on a thistle just
then,
And gave her the whole Vocabulary.
—*Ex.*

"IN A NUTSHELL."

June, Porch, Vines, Trees,
Kate, Chair, Charles, Knees,
Vows, Money, "Yes," Blush,
Arms, Kiss, Bliss, "Hush!"
Road, Step, Tom, Stealth,
Bush, Peep, "Love?" Wealth?
Winter, Tom, Kate, Sleigh,
Vows, Boasts, Appeals, "Nay,"
Silence, Thoughts, Kate, "June,"
Tom; "Patience, Charles, Soon,"
Year, Letters, Charles, Kate,
Summer, Rivals, Night, Late, Kate.
Charles, Tongue, Tom, Fist,
Charles, Temper, Pistol! (Missed),
Tussle, Charles, Grass, Back,
Tomorrow, Arrest, "Pistol, Attack."
Kate, Doubt "Which?" Advice.
Tom, Kate, Church, Splice.

Exchange.

We notice a different form of the *Howard Payne* exponent. The staff has been enlarged and the paper itself is an improvement on the former issues.

The author of the article entitled, "The Defenders of our Nation;" in the April number of the *College Forum* is a little too radical. We admit that "Grant and Lincoln were golden treasures," but not because they defended the nation against slavery. There were certainly others who opposed them by equal greatness. They should be given their dues.



A little Journey in the Alumni World.

HISTORY, we are told, but repeats itself. And it is as true within short lapses of time as within its longer sweepes. To the casual reader of "Alumni News," the Alumni Association, too, may seem to partake of this general nature of sameness, of repetition from year to year. But great changes are going on. Our little journey through the world during the past year has made us acquainted with more ambitious people—Alumni—than we ever before knew. While on this little journey in the world we were impressed as never before with *Alma Mater's* influence. Her influence is not only one of yesterday and to-day, but forever, for bonds formed within her walls grow stronger and stronger, I verily believe, with the tide of the years.

I was coming up the Chesapeake on a Bay Line steamer, in company with an alumna, one day last fall, and our conversation naturally turned to the days that had been and, thank God, still are. To the west of us could be seen the low line of blue hills of western Maryland; and it seemed strange that the land to the east should have so many prominent citizen sons and daughters of Western Maryland, though excluded from a representation in its unhappy naming.

And I wish I had space to tell all that was said that day by those two graduates from Maryland's best college, as they steamed along over the most beautiful body of water in the world. Perhaps you, reader, would be interested in its

gossipy nature—for it was *gossipy*, though of that kind which is always good; for we were talking of brothers and sisters.

There was P. B. Hopper, '74, of Centreville; and Josh Miles, '78, of Princess Anne, both with Congressional bees in their bonnets, though both from the same district. Then over there at Snow Hill resides Calvin B. Taylor, of classical mien, now Superintendent of Schools of Worcester County, and having some prominence in the political world as well.

One of the alumni was prompted to tell of a little trip through the Eastern Shore last summer, when a number of graduates were seen. Miss Dollie Whittington, '88, of Cape Charles, was seen. She was just returning from a trip for her health. A short time afterwards she was appointed principal of the schools in her town, having previously filled an assistant's place. Dorsey Lewis, '93, was at the depot as we passed through Parksley, and expected to leave for the University of Maryland in a few days, and said his sister expected to teach during the coming year on her native heath—all of which came to pass. Then there was Mrs. Gunby, '87, of Marion Station, who finds the happiest sphere within her own home circle: and the bright, talented Miss Stevenson, '86, now a schoolmarm at Crisfield; and J. Fletcher Somers, '81, both a druggist and an M. D., and having an abundance of success, just like his classmate, Dr. G. W. Todd, of Salisbury, whose popularity as a physician robs his beautiful wife and little daughter of most of his time. Then there was Ohrum, '83, of Laurel, who was well pleased with his field of labor because it had been a successful one, and it was learned that he was fully as popular with his congregation as his predecessor, J. W. Kirk, '83.

Then there was Josh Tull, '90, attorney-at-law, in Princess Anne; W. I. Mace and J. F. Harper, likewise, excepting in Cambridge and Centreville respectively; Prof. Wm. S. Crouse, '71, and Miss Edith Richards, '86, teachers, faithful and experienced, in the St. Michael's schools. No less competent did we find Miss A. Laura Jones, '89, and Mrs. M. Emma Jones (*Willis*), '74, first and second assistants, respectively, in the Chesapeake City schools; and Miss Marion E. Money, '90, a typical teacher and first assistant in the Elkton schools. But Baltimore was reached and the Eastern Shore narrative ended,

Here our little journey took us into all the Universities and all the musical institutions save one. And Western Maryland's men were found working for all kinds of degrees, Ph. D.'s, M. D.'s, LL. B.'s—and they are going to get them, too, as Day and Barwick, '91, since have, now Drs. Day and Barwick, if you please.

But others were seen in Baltimore who are already bearing the heat and the burden of the day: Rev. J. W. Kirk, '83, at West Baltimore; Rev. B. B. James, '91, at Remington; Rev. S. O. Crouse, '71, at Chatsworth; Revs. Bennett and Mowbray, '86, W. McLease, '89, and Miss Sadie Abbott, '87, of the Baltimore Postoffice; Stocksdale, '87, and Baughman, '83, both rising business men. But our little journey was too short to see everybody—the men and women who are occupying high stations in life as teachers, preachers, business men, wives, educated in body, mind and heart as well as men and women ever were.

Continuing to Westminster, the town was reached that has more graduates than any other—none of whom, outside of the college, were ever known to

answer an alumnal letter, excepting the President and Secretary of the Association, and Miss Shriver, '90. But then, these boarding and town students never did love each other, hence, the latter's silence in after years. This little journey took the writer over hill and through valley of the Western Shore, many graduates were seen, most of whom are too well known to necessitate mention. In going along through Ohio N. H. Wilson, president of '87, was hailed. Washington, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Oregon, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, each had a representation from the Alumni Association, and so the little journey was made pleasant all along its way. Two homes were entered in the course of the little journey in which death, during the year, had already preceeded the writer. Six had been made happy by the grand consummation of Cupid's work.

Arthur F. Smith, '92, was called upon to mourn the loss of a sister who died April 12th, 1894.

At a meeting of the Epworth league held in Frostburg, Mr. Smith was elected one of the delegates to attend the third annual convention of the District Epworth League which meets in Pittsburg May 24 to 27.



Locals.

WILL ROGER REVELLE, CORINNE ADAMS
AND LYDIA R. WOODWARD, *Editors.*

—Don't—!

Don't smile—(?)

Don't bum—

Don't make common puns—

Don't canter—! Don't saunter—!

Don't laugh at a joke when not funny.

Don't send your spring poetry to the COLLEGE MONTHLY when you cannot find other refuge for it.

Don't—! Don't—!! Don't—!!!

—Wanted—A rattle for L.—at the Senior table.

—S.—“Say, W—, do you see?”

W.—“See what!”

S.—“Seaside.”

—Motto—When in Rome, do as the Romans do (?)

When in Turkey, then do as the turkeys do (?)

When in Greece, do as grease does— (melt).

—“To hope and not be impatient is really to believe.”

—Prof.—What part of the face resembles a school mistress?”

Student—“The eyelid—because it always has a pupil under the lash.”

—What member of the base ball nine while in Baltimore with an avaricious appetite and being destitute of cash was compelled to remain on the outside of a restaurant and smell the oysters fry (?)

—Humaniphone—V—y, '96—When out of tune, as follows: Do— do— ra—. When in tune, Dora.

A Freshman down the path was walking,

An act not known for sin;

Until across the grove he gazes,

And then he begins to grin.

—Some students are a great deal like rivers. When their heads are swelled you realize it from their mouths.

—Miss L.—By the way, Susie, is it a sin to feel a trifle of vanity when I am called handsome by a gentleman?”

Susie—“No; but a terrible responsibility hangs upon the gentleman.”

—Latest novel—“Mystery of Room 24; or, Who Shot the Yellow Dog.”

—Whom did the hat box?

What Freshman wants to join the Glee Club?

What class uses a *bib* at the table?

Who is it that does not shave, so that he may not dull and wear away his razor?

What class has the most dexterous pony-riders?

What relation is worse than a mother-in-law? A carb-uncle.

Which is the worse sinner, the man who can sing and won't or the man who can't and will?

—Prof.—“Mr. W—, when a man is from Poland, we call him what?”

Mr. W—“We call him a Pole.”

Prof.—“Well, suppose he is from Holland?”

Mr. W— (doubtful)—“Why—er-a—we would call him a hole.”

—Base ball team at Gettysburg—for dinner:

Waiter—“Will you have some roast beef or corn beef?”

Mr. B, '94—“I will take some of the fresh if you please.”

Waiter—“What do you mean by fresh?”

Mr. B—“Oh, I will take some of the corn.”

—Wordly wisdom—Johnson—“Dat's a mighty pore dawg ob yours, Yallerby. His bones mos' stick out froug his skin.”

Yallerby—“Hah! Dat's jes what makes him a good watch dawg. He kaint lie down wivout hurtin' ob hisself.”

"Man wants but little here below,
He is not hard to please;
But woman—bless her little heart—
Wants everything she sees.

"Age comes to every man, but fate
Is kind to woman fair;
For when she reaches twenty-eight
She stops right then and there."

—Why is our music teacher like a
locksmith? Because she is always
fingering on the keys.

—S—y, '95—"Stull, do you know
Annie?"

Stull—"Annie who?"

S—y—"Any-body."

—Prof.—"Miss White, when did
Henry VIII. reign, and when did he
die?"

Miss White—"He reigned in 1609,
and died in 1508."

—Miss F—e, '97—"Dora, did you
ever notice, that one of my eyes is larger
than the other?"

Miss P—e—"No, which is the
larger?"

Miss F—e—"I don't know, but my
left one is the smaller."

—Miss B—n, '95—"Sic semper
tyrannis, Edna, did you ever hear that
expression?"

Miss N—s, '95—"Well I guess I
have. I saw it in one of Dick's letters.

—Miss Davis, '96—"John, won't you
get me some milk?"

John—"How much do you want, a
quart?"

Miss Davis—"No, I want two pints."

Am she went, and be she gone.
Have she left I all alone?
Oh, cruel fate to be so blind,
To take she first and leave I hind.

—Mary, what is the matter with the
sewing machine?"

"I don't know, Miss, I guess it is out
of repair."

—Miss Price, '96—"Girls, did you
know Mr. Smith and Mr. Veasey are
going to recite a solo in chapel next
week."

—Miss Barnes (with concern)—"Mar-
garet, I'm really afraid your optic nerves
are affected, you can't half hear lately."

—Prof.—"Name some gregarious
animals."

Miss J—, "Birds."

—"Why do you sit so far back in
church?" asked the Rev. Mr. Thirdly
of Gilgal.

"Oh, you know," replied Gilgal,
"that distance lends enchantment to
the pew."
Judge.

Admittance By Ticket.

THE attendance at the evening enter-
tainments of commencement week,
during the past few years, has been so
large that it has been impossible to ac-
commodate all with seats. In consequence
of having a mass of people crowding the
seats and standing in the aisles, there
have resulted no little discomfort and so
much confusion that the pleasure and
success of the entertainments have been
considerably interfered with. The pres-
sing necessity of securing seats to all
present and of avoiding overcrowding has
been evident to all who have witnessed
these immense crowds. Smith Hall will
seat 700 in addition to the faculty and stu-
dents, and as the floor is elevated in the
the back of the hall, one can see and
hear from that part of the room almost as
well as in front, so that it may be said that
when the rear of the room is not over-
crowded, any one seat is about as desir-
able as another.

In the hope of giving greater satisfac-
tion to our friends whom we are glad to
have with us on commencement occa-

sions, the faculty has decided on these simple measures:—

1. Admittance to all evening entertainments will be exclusively by ticket. 700 tickets will be issued for each evening, each ticket representing one seat, and no seats reserved except for the faculty and students.

2. Tickets will be distributed free of charge to anyone applying for them either in person or by mail, on and after June 11th to Prof. W. R. McDaniel.

3. Entertainments will begin at 7.45, doors will be open at 7.15, seats to be selected by ticket holders on arrival, "first come, first served."

But in order to accomplish the best results we must have the co-operation of our friends. We must ask them to take the slight trouble of sending a note specifying the number of seats desired for each entertainment enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. The sooner this is done the better. If you have any interest whatever in the College consider yourself invited to be present, and send for tickets. If it is found by any one that the tickets they hold will not be needed, it will be an accommodation to have them passed to those who will use them, or to have them returned to the College so they can be sent to those who have applied after the 700 is exhausted. Should any one come unexpectedly, having no ticket, and there are any tickets on hand, they will be supplied.

It is hoped that all the friends of the college, trustees, alumni, old students, patrons, their families and those interested in any way in the college will appreciate this effort that is made for their comfort and pleasure on these occasions. For list of the evening entertainment see commencement program elsewhere.

By order of the Faculty,

W. R. MCDANIEL, *Secretary*.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Sunday, June 17, 10.30 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, by President Lewis. 8 P. M.—Sermon before the Christian Associations, by Rev. J. F. McCulloch, Fairmont, W. Va.

Monday, June 18, 7.45 P. M.—Elocutionary Contest and Calisthenic Exhibition.

Tuesday, June 19, 10.00 A. M.—Field Sports. 2.00 P. M.—Society Reunions. 7.45 P. M.—Society Contest.

Wednesday, June 20, 10.00 A. M.—Class Day Exercises. 4 P. M.—Alumni Business Meeting. 7.45 P. M.—Instrumental and Vocal Concert.

Thursday, June 21, 9.30 A. M.—Commencement.



OUR first game of base ball was with Maryland Agricultural College, April 19, and they defeated us, principally by our misjudging the ball, as their grounds were so undulating, and also by their batting. Had we put in our other pitcher I think M. A. C. would have been disappointed. When we took the field it began to rain, our pitcher could not control the ball, and they scored seven runs. This was very discouraging to us. When we came to the bat "Old Sol" once more shed his brilliant rays on mother earth and gave their pitcher control of the ball, but nevertheless, we knocked him out the box in the first inning. When they try W. M. C. grounds perhaps we will be able to cross bats with them more successfully.

We next played Pennsylvania College. Fate seemed to be against us in this also, for in the first inning, two men out and no runs, a fly ball came to our sure-catch left fielder, just as he went to catch it slipped and fell, as the bases were full

there came in three runs. The grounds were in very bad condition the first inning, and as our men were not decked out with spikes they could hardly stand up. We lost this game by errors, as one of our men was very much rattled, as he could not stop a ball, and they seem to take advantage of this and knock every ball to that position, but we did not lose it in our batting, as our opponents have tried to make everybody believe. It seems to be a usual thing with the Pennsylvania College to fill the papers with erroneous scores and number of hits and men struck out by each side. We beg leave to differ with them that we were outbatted, as W. M. C. made 12 hits and Pennsylvania College made 8 hits. W. M. C. battery (Wells and Miller) struck out 9 men, Pennsylvania battery (Keefer, Gilbert and Tate) struck out 1 man.

The third game was played with Johns Hopkins University and resulted in an easy victory for Western Maryland. Seven of the eight runs made by Hopkins were scored in the first inning, but when the home team settled down to work their runs became few and far between. The unity with which our men played was encouraging.

The good work of W. M. C. battery, an excellent catch by Stull and Bennett, and the fielding of Anders were the features on our side, while Williams was perhaps best on the 'Varsity. Below is the score:

WEST. MD. COLLEGE.	R	H	O	A	E
Sellman, p. & 3b.....	1	1	1	3	0
A. Wells, s. s.....	2	1	1	1	0
Anders, 2b.....	3	1	3	2	0
Galbreath, 1b.....	0	1	8	0	1
Miller, c.....	2	0	8	0	1
Bosley, r. f.....	1	1	1	0	0
S. Wells, p. & 3b.....	1	2	1	1	0
Bennett, c. f.....	1	0	3	0	0
Stull, l. f.....	3	2	1	1	0
TOTAL, 14	9	27	8	2	2

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVER.	R	H	O	A	E
Williams, l. f.....	1	0	1	0	1
Johnson, s. s.....	1	1	0	1	2
Nelson, 1b.....	1	1	10	0	2
Lackey, p.....	1	1	0	7	2
Pindell, c.....	1	0	4	2	4
J. Parker, 2b.....	1	0	2	2	1
H. Parker, c. f.....	1	0	2	0	1
Deutsch, 3b.....	1	0	3	0	1
Stroebe, r. f.....	0	0	2	0	0
TOTAL, 8	3	24	12	14	

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL
W. M. C.	1	3	2	0	1	3	2	2	x	14
J. H. U.	7	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	8

Struck out—by Sellman, 10; by Lackey, 5. 3 base hits—A. Wells. 2 base hits—Sellman, Nelson. Base on balls—Wells, 5; Sellman, 1; Lackey, 5. Umpire—F. W. Story.

The race track is being prepared on the athletic field. The sports will be held on Tuesday of commencement week. The events have been announced. Let every man enter.

Spring marks the advent of the athletic season, and the girls are not far behind the boys in this line. Although we can't play base ball and get beaten, we can play tennis and beat.

The first meeting of the girls Tennis Club was held April 25., when officers were elected as follows:—

President, M. Edna Norris; Sec. and Business Manager, J. May Thurman; Treasurer, M. Belle Cochran.

The following six new members were admitted:—

Corinne Adams, Cornelia Dixon, Bertha Keller, Ella Millard, Sadie Myers and Blanche Noble. The girls have been practicing faithfully and with much success, so that by Commencement we hope to be able to creditably compete with our brag players on the other side.



Y. M. C. A.

THAT the progress of our association continues is evinced by the interest manifested in the regular meetings. The committees have diligently sought to make them attractive, and thus far have been highly successful.

Our President, Mr. Murray, has done much to make the meetings profitable and the association a success. It was through his persistent labors the young men's reading room was established. Since its institution about six weeks ago it has constantly grown in favor.

Without placing other periodicals on the table the interest thus far shown would doubtless be continued; but, in order that the success already attained may be more complete, we will in the coming year add several leading magazines. When this is done we think our reading room will bring all the students into closer connection with the association, and thus enable us to reach some that we could not otherwise have reached.

Among the pleasant occurrences of the month was the visit of a delegation from the association of Johns Hopkins.

Messrs. Hall and Newell are earnest, energetic Christian workers. The meetings were full of interest while they were here, but the attendance was not as good as it might have been. Suffice it to say that those who did attend were well repaid. We would say to those who stay away from these special meetings that they lose some fine thought.

On the Sunday afternoon of April 29th the Y. W. C. A. took a prominent part in the meeting and added very greatly to the interest. Their recitations were highly enjoyed.

We are now looking forward to the visit of Mr. E. Lawrence Hunt, International College Secretary of Y. M. C. A., and are making every effort for its success. It will be a matter of no small concern, for it will bring us into touch and sympathy with college associations of the world.

Now comes the crowning work of the year. The work to which all the other more or less tends. That work is the mission in New York City. It is not necessary that a catalogue of the sins and crimes of the lower classes be made, nor is it expedient that a picture of their shame, misery and disgrace be painted. We know these things exist and that is enough to arouse every earnest Christian worker. The reclaiming of those lost souls is a great work, and needs the united effort of those who are working for the salvation of fallen humanity, and the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom.

We are going to send two young men to work among these people during the summer months. Doubtless many would like to be sent; but, as we can send only two, let us do all in our power for their success. They will need money, and, more than that, our prayers. Let us show our liberality by contributing to their support, and our love for them and the cause by sending daily petitions to the Father in their behalf. Thus will our prayers and alms go up before the Lord as a memorial.

'97

Y. W. C. A.

WE are glad to think that our association is still making advancements.

The attendance that usually becomes smaller during the third term has so far shown but slight decrease.

We think a marked degree of interest is shown in the work by a greater number than for some time and the interest continues to grow.

The desire to make some improvement in our hall has gradually become stronger until the present time. Now some active steps have been taken toward making a few necessary additions, which we hope will be a great comfort to us and also make the room more attractive. We are particularly desirous that this work be done before commencement, and with the aid of all our members and a little extra work on their part we do not doubt but that it can be accomplished.

We have had no accessions to the association this term, but by continued earnest prayer and renewed efforts, we hope that several may be induced to join us before the year draws to a close.

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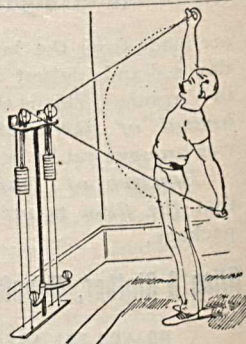
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P	M	A	M	A	M	STATIONS.	A	M	P	M	P	M			
						LEAVE.	ARRIVE.								
.....	11	55	5	45	CHERRY RUN.....	8	47	1	42	8	55			
.....	11	58	5	48	BIG POOL.....	8	44	1	39	8	52			
.....	12	11	6	01	CLEAR SPRING.....	8	33	1	27	8	38			
.....	12	17	6	06	CHARLTON.....	8	27	1	22	8	31			
.....	12	26	6	6	WILLIAMSPORT, P. V.,	8	18	1	13	8	20			
.....	12	40	6	30	AR.	HAGERSTOWN..LE	8	05	1	00	8	05			
.....	1	45	6	45	LE..	WILLIAMSP'T..AR	12	31	8	10				
*4	15	2	00	7	02	LE.HAGERSTOWN..AR	7	30	12	15	7	55			
4	27	2	17	7	20CHEWSVILLE.....	11	59	7	41				
4	34	2	25	7	27SMITHSBURG.....	11	51	7	33				
4	38	2	35	7	36EDGEMONT.....	7	05	11	45	7	28			
.....	2	53	7	50	AR.....	HIGHFIELD.....LE	6	53	11	28	7	13			
.....	2	53	7	50	LE.....	HIGHFIELD.....AR	11	25	7	10				
.....	3	22	8	17	FAIRFIELD.....	10	56	6	39				
.....	3	52	8	47	GETTYSBURG.....	10	27	6	10				
.....	4	16	9	12	NEW OXFORD.....	10	02	5	45				
.....	4	33	9	30	HANOVER.....	9	48	4	58				
.....	4	46	9	45	AR.....	PORTERS.....LE	9	30	4	46				
.....	5	17	9	45	LE.....	PORTERS... AR	9	27	4	44				
.....	5	25	9	53	SPRING GROVE.....	9	19	4	36				
.....	5	47	10	15	LE.....	YORK.....AR	8	57	4	14				
	A	M	A	M				A	M	P	M				
4	50	3	53	7	50	LE.....	HIGHFIELD.....AR	6	53	11	28	7	13		
5	10	3	20	8	16	BLUE RIDGE.....	6	52	11	23	7	09		
5	19	3	30	8	26	MECHANICSTOWN..	6	25	10	51	6	41		
5	30	3	44	8	37	ROCKY RIDGE.....	10	37	6	29			
5	38	3	55	8	45	BRUCEVILLE.....	6	07	10	25	6	17		
.....	3	59	8	49	UNION BRIDGE.....	6	00	10	16	6	06			
5	46	4	05	8	55	LINWOOD.....	10	09	6	00			
5	59	4	23	9	11	NEW WINDSOR.....	5	53	10	03	5	55		
6	30	5	02	9	44	WESTMINSTER.....	5	40	9	44	5	36		
.....	5	32	10	08	GLYNDON.....	5	11	8	59	4	58			
7	12	5	54	10	31	ARLINGTON.....	8	24	4	24			
P	M	P	M	A	M	BALTIMORE.....	*4	30	8	00	4	02		
								A	M	P	M	A	M		
8	15	6	45	11	35	WASHINGTON.....	7	05	2	30			
.....	9	55	1	00	PHILADELPHIA.....	12	03	3	50	1	30			
P	M	P	M	P	M	3	20	AR.....	NEW YORK.....LE	9	00	12	15	11	00
								P	M	A	M	A	M		

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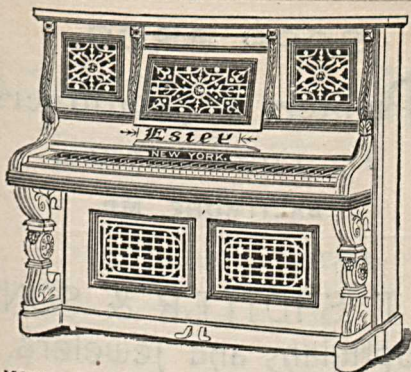
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