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FATHER RYAN'S "THE CONQUERED BANNER."

THE American people are too prone to undervalue any literary effort of their fellow countrymen and with the rest of the world, exclaim that the age of poetry and great literary works belongs to the past; that the age of dreamers and prophets is no more and, that we have drifted into a more material state, wherein the aesthetic side of our nature is shadowed by love of gain and distinction. While this is a fact to be more or less deplored and without endeavoring to detract from the glory of our old and immortal sages, it is well that we remember the noble and generous minds of our own countrymen who have voiced the true sentiments of the American people, and that we cull the gems of song and story from our numerous volumes.

Of all the poets of our land, no one, perhaps, presents to us a life so open, so simple, so free from ambition and love of worldly glory as does Father Ryan, the cherished poet of the South. He was born of Irish parentage, at Norfolk, Va., in 1829, and so quietly ran the tide of his life that he drifted along unnoticed with the great army

of youth until young manhood. Then for the first time do we catch a glimpse of his self-denying nature. Manifesting in early life a great reverence for sacred things, he naturally turned toward the priesthood as his proper sphere, nor was this done without a struggle. Fond of home, friends and sweetheart, Abram Ryan did what many men praise, but what few have the spirit to do. His love was no pretention to be passed over lightly. It welled up from the very depths of his manly soul; but from the pleasures which life offered; the hopes he had cherished; the home-life which in fancy had become so dear to him, he resolutely turned from for what he believed to be his destiny, and these young people, forgetting the sacredness of true human affection, with equal self-abnegation renounced their love and, she as nun, he as a priest, they aspired to a higher life.

Zealous in his priestly office, Father Ryan wrote hurriedly and at random, with no thought of becoming a great poet, but only giving expression to the feelings which arose and surged through his soul. The prevailing tone of his poetry is one of sadness. Whether

this was caused by his keen sense of the tragic side of human life, or by the anguish of his crucified love we know not. He considered the poet's sphere as prophetic, though he never strove to be among the immortal seers. There is that solemn, pensive strain running through all his works. The reader seems to be moving about in cathedral gloom, by dreary lighted altars, with a sad procession of ghostly mourners fading into the darkness to the sad music of bewailing choirs. But the light of heaven falls on the gloom and amid tears and sighs, fond farewells and crushed happiness, hope sings a vigorous but subdued strain.

Critics may jeer and mock at the crude rhymes and simple forms of Father Ryan's poetry, for as compared with some of the old poets his craft is far from perfect, but there is something in the simple outpouring of his message to men that has outlived the storm of criticism and has brought hope, joy and resignation to the hearts of many of his readers. He paid little attention to polished expressions and nicely turned phrases. This was not his sphere. He delighted in alliteration, assonance and rhyming sound, which kept time with the musical harmony of his soul.

During the rebellion he was a staunch supporter of the Confederate cause, serving both as chaplain and soldier, and the war and its results furnished the occasion for several of his best poems. Even at the close he still cherished the lost cause. But a few

years later "The Conquered Banner" showed his true feelings. He had overcome self and, recognizing existing conditions, he gave his consent to furl that banner, but no one will know what it cost that noble heart.

In middle life the poet, priest and soldier had his prayer for rest granted. In 1886 he passed

"Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the blest;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world very weary,
Into the rapture of rest."

and we are glad to think that in that other life he realized the consummation of his blasted hopes and that he is happy with the love of his youth.

The poem, which is as dear to every Southern heart as "The Star Spangled Banner" is to us all, and which to them tells the story of their high hopes, the bitter struggles, the lost cause and the suffering and death of their noblest sons, was written by Ryan in 1868. "The Conquered Banner" is peculiarly their own, written by their brother and comrade, the sharer of their joys and sorrows, and no one of us can feel the import of it all except those whose hopes and fortunes were inseparably connected with that ill-fated banner.

Though the poem may be crude and imperfect, and its writer may not be cherished by the world, yet the sentiment is worthy of the noblest and, despite the attack of critics, so long as a pulse is quickened by the remembrance of

by-gone days, this poem will live in
the hearts of the Southern people :

"Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary ;
Furl it, fold it, it is best ;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it ;
And there's not one left to love it
In the blood which heroes gave it ;
And its foes now scorn and brave it ;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest !

"Take that Banner down ! 'tis tattered ;
Broken is its staff and shattered ;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh ! 'tis hard for us to fold it ;
Hard to think there's none to hold it ;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

"Furl that Banner ! furl it sadly !
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave ;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave !

"Furl it ! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low ;
And that Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

"For, tho conquered, they adore it !
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it !
Weep for those who fell before it !
Pardon those who trailed and tore it !
But oh ! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

"Furl that Banner ! True 'tis gory.
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Tho its folds are in the dust :
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds tho now we must.

"Furl that Banner, softly, slowly !
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For it's people's hopes are dead !"

This poem explains itself. There is nothing in thought or style beyond our comprehension. It is the simple expression of the feelings of the author and, indeed, many of the survivors. All can appreciate the sadness and recognition which is so manifest. As we read we feel the dreary hopelessness and we seem to see the banner drooping wearily over the cherished aspirations and graves of its champions.

The simplicity of Father Ryan's poetry is its greatest charm. It is a transparent casket into which he poured the richest treasures of a deeply sorrowing but Christian spirit, and no other has expressed so accurately the hopes and aspirations and, at length, the feeling of great loss of the Southern people.
C. P. M., '07.

HIS FIRST CASE.

THE girl sat upon a small, low stool—a relic of her childhood days—dreamily watching the cheerful blaze in the big, old-fashioned fireplace. No other light illuminated

the cozy room. With the exception of a large cat, which was stretched out lazily on the hearth by her feet, the girl was alone.

Outside the cold, winter's blast roar-

ed and shrieked, as it rushed around the house. Aroused from her reverie by an unusually strenuous blast the girl arose, went to the window and looked out into the moon-lit night. In the distance she could see the lights of the village and, only a short way down the road, those of a big, old-fashioned farm house. The latter seemed to hold her attention. She looked at it long and intently. When a man came out of it her face brightened; but he turned and walked toward the village. With a little disappointed shrug of her shoulders, she resumed her former position by the hearth.

The fire cast many dusky shadows around the room and delicately colored the face and made the hair of the girl sparkle as she sat there with her elbows on her knees and her chin in the palms of her hands. Her face was beautiful. But its beauty did not lie so much in its contour and color as it did in its alert, earnest, expression—an expression often seen on the face of a strong, forcible, ambitious man, but rarely on that of a woman.

At college, from which she had graduated a few months before in her twenty-second year, she had not been especially popular among the majority of her fellow students. The vainest girls envied both her looks and her intelligence; and many egotistical men admired her beauty, but dared not talk to her long lest they show how little their big heads did hold. They preferred and sought the company of the pretty faced but know-nothing girls, be-

fore whom they somehow managed to shine as great lights of learning and culture. At first this seeming inability to gain and hold their friendship hurt her. She did not know that the weaker men always choose the company of the women to whom they can talk most lengthily and interestingly of Ego. However, before she had completed her Sophomore year, her unusually sincere good nature and strong intellectual character won for her the friendship of the best and most earnest students in the college. She took life seriously—some thought too seriously; but she was refreshingly good humored and ever trying to brighten the life of her friends.

The stately, old, grandfather's clock over in one dark corner of the room struck eight deliberately. The girl impulsively leaned forward, quickly picked up the cat and caressingly held it to her breast, its warm head to her cheek, while she talked to it in an absent, half subjective manner—a characteristic habit of women:

"Kitty, why are there so many silly, helpless girls in the world? I wish I were a man. If I were, I would amount to something or know the reason. Why can't I go out into the world and accomplish something worth while? Kitty, Kitty, why am I not a man? Around me people are doing great things, achieving fame and realizing their ambitions. But I—I must stay at home. Why, Kitty? Because I am a woman? Away with such an idea! I am not going to do it. I will not suppress

my ambitions—they mean so much to me. I will go out into the world and show them what a woman can do!

"But, Kitty, everyone's against me: Father shrugs his shoulders and says something about a foolish girl, and mother kindly says it is not to be; and even—even big, kind, Jack"—here she discontinued talking for awhile and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"Kitty," she began again in a more animated voice, "he is coming this evening. And I fear that I shall have to decide tonight whether or not I will give up everything—all my hopes—for him. Kitty, he is so strong, so handsome, so kind, so sympathetic and we have been comrades so long that I am tempted to relinquish all for him. But, Kitty, he will have to argue very well, indeed, if"—

Here her little unconscious monologue was interrupted by the sound of a familiar footstep on the porch. The front door opened and quickly closed with a "bang." She heard hurried footsteps coming down the hall; and then the portiers were pushed aside and before her in the shadowy light stood the man.

"Come into my parlor!" said the spider to the fly?"—playfully and questioningly sang he.

A low, glad cry of pleasure escaped her as she smilingly went forward to meet him.

"The countersign!"—she gayly retorted. "You look very pretty in blue,"—he quickly replied. Thus they lightly talked on as they pulled a large

davenport up before the fire and sat down before its cheerful blaze.

In the yellow-red light the strong, resourceful lines and features of the man were distinctly brought out. The broad, high forehead; the keen, alert, gray eyes; and the firm mouth and chin determined an unusually strong and handsome face. The girl's was also strong, but in a different way: The lines of her face were made up of graceful curves, while his were more angular and rugged.

The conversation gradually became more serious:

"You have something on your mind. It is through this much talked of woman's intuition that I know it is something important. I am certain it concerns you, for now your expression has become so grave. I like to see you take yourself seriously—it is a good sign. Come tell me,—what is it, Jack?"

"Yes," said he, "I have heard from my examinations"

"Sir,"—she broke in with mock reproach—"do you mean to say you've been here all this time, talked with me about nothing and said nothing at all about this good news?" I know you have passed. But tell me—tell me did you lead them all?—Did you?"—she begged.

"Your bright talk made me forget myself. It is a great power you have: I do believe you could cause the most egotistical man to remember no more for awhile his overworshiped god,"—half playfully, half seriously said the

man as he handed to her a long, legal envelope.

"Why, it hasn't been opened yet!"—she exclaimed in surprise.

"No, I just got it in the village and brought it home intending to show it to my mother first. For whatever mark that envelope contains, it represents my best efforts; and everything good I have done I owe principally to the good influence of my mother, so I thought she should be the first to see it. But she was not at home so I brought it to you, who have so kindly, and undeserved by me, taken an interest in my work and encouraged me more than I can tell,"—said he very earnestly.

She said nothing in reply, but her face flushed slightly as she impatiently opened the envelope, pulled out and eagerly read the contents. All the while he sat very coolly awaiting the result. He had met the examinations with all his might; he could do no more.

With a glad cry of joy she arose, stood behind him, leaned over and held the paper before his eyes.

"You have won! You have led them all! Oh! I could kiss you for that!"—And she did so, impulsively.

He attempted to get up; but with a hand on each shoulder she gently held him down.

"Do you know," said he, reminiscently, "that is the first time you have kissed me since once when we were children, I got an apple for you off the

highest limb on the tree near the barn. Remember?"

She had kissed him on the spur of the moment while overjoyed with the news of his success. They had been like brother and sister since childhood. Her face flushed, but she paid no other attention to his remarks. And when he had finished reading the letter, she said very earnestly, very passionately—

"Oh! How I envy you your opportunity. You are now practically a member of the bar: Future success awaits but to be called forth by your efforts. But for me, a woman, there is nothing—nothing but opposition on every side. Sometimes I think it is too great to be overcome—the future looks so dark, so foreboding! And—and, oh! how I do wish I were a man!"

"I agree with many men when I say I am glad you are not,"—he said trying to evade the subject as he had often done before. He always admired her ambition and, yet, he did everything in his power to prevent and discourage her from entering any profession, principally because he did not believe in it. He also had selfish reasons, for he was nearly certain that this ambition of hers was the only thing that threatened his, if not the future happiness of both. Suddenly he decided to meet the issue fairly this evening and have it over with. So, when she had again seated herself by the fire, he arose and began walking up and down the room in a manner characteristic of him when interested in a subject.

"What can a girl do?"—she con-

tinued—"Many of her own sex and the prejudice of men are preventing her from ever amounting to anything. Her parents and her brothers tell her that the home, and not the world, is the place for her. Such nonsense! Is there so little to be done in this world that there is no place—nothing for woman to do?"

"There is so much that you women can do and have accomplished towards the betterment of mankind that it is difficult to fully realize its importance,"—forcefully and earnestly spoke the man—"It is true that many women do not appreciate their power; but one man did when he said: 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world!'"

"You! Even you, then, say that the lives of the women should be inclosed in a space of a few square feet," she interrupted, somewhat scornfully—"So that is to be their world! Is it any wonder that many women are so deplorably shallow minded when they see the future that awaits them? Why may not women enter the professions? Why? Man, all powerful, tell me! Why?"

"Your ambition is grand, it is wonderful. But you women cannot realize your ambitions in a direct way and at the same time gain the fullest happiness," began the man, speaking deliberately as he walked up and down the room. "If the present rush of women into every profession and into every line of work, heretofore, and rightly, entered by men only, continues to increase, there can be but one result:

fewer true homes and a lowering of our ideals. Business recognizes no sex; and the women who enter it cannot help but have some of their fine qualities destroyed—those qualities in a woman, to which men constantly try to attain and which endear women to men."

"But cannot they while working side by side with the men have more influence over them than if they remained at home?"—she questioned.

"No"—very decidedly, said the man. "The woman, who enters a profession in competition with men, has many little things to learn, the very discovery of which will wound her sensitive nature. In time she will become used to these conditions, but she will be less sensitive. Gradually she will assimilate the ideals of the men. I had opportunity to notice this among a class of people in a mill in town. The mill opened a department in which the labor of women could be profitably employed. Many girls discontinued their studies in the high school and boldly, and with the best intention, entered the mill, thinking that the money earned would make them less dependent upon their parents.

"For a time things went well; but surely and gradually they approached the aesthetic and athical plane of the men. They reached it. But they did not stop there. As in many mills their ideals become lower than those of the men. Of course this degeneration does not go to such an extent among the women who enter the professions. But

to a certain degree it does."—Here he discontinued as if expecting the girl to say something, but she did not ; so he continued—

"If women accomplished enough for the professions to make up for this loss in their finer qualities and good influence over men, then nothing could be said ; but no woman has yet produced any great work or accomplished much by any other means than by influencing others." The girl began to interrupt ; but he did not notice it and she, with a little characteristic shrug of her shoulders, remained silent.

"All the strength of a woman's character appears in her children," continued the man, "and it is in this way that she can best benefit the world—through her sons. It is an unselfish—a very unselfish way to gain an end. But the woman who raises and inspires sons has lived a full and natural life. As she watches her children succeed in the world she will feel wonderfully contented in her old age and be paid a hundred fold for every sacrifice she has made. What woman would not be proud to be the mother of a Lincoln, a McKinley, or a Hay?"

"But," she interrupted, "you overlook the fact that good parents do not inevitably have good children. I know of many parents in this neighborhood whose children are no more like them than night like day. Think what a great disappointment this must be to a woman !"

"Yes, therein lies a great possibility of disappointment," he admitted, "but

is the probability that the woman will fail to realize her ambition in this indirect manner any greater than, or even as great as it would be if she had gone out into the world ? I think not."

"And then, Jack," she continued, "the world rarely, if ever, gives credit to the mother and she, therefore, gains no personal glory or renown."

The man walked to and fro for several times in silence. Soon he began again, speaking slowly and deliberately—

"But the mother does not desire that ; she is satisfied with the knowledge that her child has succeeded. Let me illustrate my theory : A woman disregards the love of a man and enters a profession with the object of realizing her ambition in, what we termed, the direct way. We will say that she succeeds—succeeds as well as any man ever did in her chosen profession. Few, if any women have done that much ; and, basing my opinion on the characteristics of women and what they have accomplished in the past, she can do no more. She has gained a little notoriety through her work but principally because she is a woman. Her work has done little, if anything, towards advancing her profession for she has only done as well as some one else has done and no better. Any man could have done likewise. But there is one home less and a few children less in the world. She grows older and gradually and surely the glitter of realized ambitions grows duller. The desire for the love and care given only by husband

and children to the mother, heretofore suppressed, becomes uncontrollable and arouses, never to be satisfied."

"But," interrupted the girl, "she has friends, brothers and sisters. Surely in their friendship she can find a substitute for this love you refer to?"

"No," replied the man, "they have founded homes and have families of their own. They have no time to attend and wait upon her when she becomes old and feeble. Soon she goes down to the grave with no one near by who really cares for her and herself alone, minus her work. Can you imagine a more pitiful sight? She has to some extent gained that for which she strived; but has she gained happiness? Would she not gladly have exchanged her life for that of another woman, none the less ambitious, who for a time put aside her desire, married a strong, able man, and, as she mothered her children, urged and inspired him to heights which alone and uncouraged he would never have gained? All her ideals she transmitted in her children. She watched her sons slowly approach manhood. And, then, when they entered practical life, their battles were her battles; their defeats her defeats and their success her success. Who can truly say that she has accomplished nothing?—That it is a life wasted? She grew old. Her sons won success, maybe fame and riches. And how happy she was in her latter years! It is true the world did not directly praise her; but when it lauded her son it made her feel satisfied and contented.

If you would gain some idea of how she felt, the next time you see a mother and her child, speak kindly to the child and casually say something about its appearance or intelligence and at the same time notice the mother's face and you will understand."

"A very idealistic picture," she said sarcastically, "conceived by what I have always considered a broad mind, but how such a mind could believe anything like that I am at a loss to understand. That may sound unkind, but you men are all against us. To-day I became acquainted with the soul of a Negro through the book entitled "The Souls of the Black Folk." I can sympathize with that Negro because he has everything against him, even many of his own race. There are, fortunately for them, few ambitious, cultured, and especially, over sensitive men among his people. But there are many, many women just as desirous of doing something worth while as I am."

The man came and stood in front of the fire with his hands in his pockets. The cat, aroused from a nap, looked at him suspiciously and then closed her eyes. The cry of the wind and the noise caused by the blowing to of a shutter were heard, but there was quietness in the room until the man spoke:

"Perhaps I have had no right to talk as I have. In speaking I have had your happiness in view and my own. It may be a narrow-minded view, but there is every reason to believe that

women can be a greater factor in the advancement of mankind, in the home, than she could by going into a profession, where she would soon have her ideals lowered to those of the majority of the men. She would voluntarily return to a similar, but not quite as bad a state of drudgery as was occupied by the women of the early centuries and from which the institution of slavery elevated her.

"Some people may poo-poo the idea, but it is the ignorance of woman regarding many things in real life that attracts men. Few men admire the cold, practical, know-it-all woman. Byron writes, in his diary, something to the effect that woman's sphere is religion, cookery, literature, art, music and dancing—many of the things that the majority of men are disregarding and forgetting in their mad rush for the almighty dollar—and there is something in it.

"Heretofore I have evaded this subject because I thought nothing was to be gained by discussing it and that you would in time see the uselessness of trying to fulfill your desires in a direct way. But to-night I saw that you had not; and, Marie, I hope you will agree with what I have said. So much—so much depends upon your decision." His voice was very tender. She said nothing and sat there looking into the fire.

"What—what had you decided to be or to do?"—he asked, gently.

"Oh! I do not know what I shall be,"—she replied in a tired, somewhat

discouraged voice, which made the man feel like taking her in his arms. "I have thought of many things. But on all sides I see the same fierce struggle to gain one step. It is like women fighting men to gain the top of a flight of stairs. The men invariably win by their physical strength, while the women are obliged to remain at the bottom. Then the men come down and console them for their failure and never think that they are the principal cause."

They both remained quiet for a time. The loud tick of the clock broke the silence. The man finally walked to the back of the davenport, leaned forward and placed his hands tenderly upon the girl's shoulders. She neither moved or seemed to notice him. A bright, kind expression came in his eyes and his usually strong, deep voice trembled with emotion as he spoke:

"Marie, you have been more to me in the last few years than I can tell. What I have thus far accomplished I owe to the encouragement that you and mother have given me. Mother is not strong and soon will be no more and now, Marie, you would go! And soon I would then have no one interested in me. Marie, Marie, don't go! I know that I ask more, far more than I deserve and that it will be hard for you to put aside your ambitions; but I would try—try so hard to make you happy. My future would be what you chose to make it. Wont you, dear?"—he asked, awkwardly.

The fire blazed up. The man, tall, broad shouldered, and strong, awaited her reply. It was difficult for the girl to decide whether to chose probable renown or certain happiness. For awhile she remained silent. Then she answered—

"No,"—very wearily.

The man wisely said no more. Without another word he walked slowly out of the room, leaving her alone by the fire. His steps down the hall were not as hurried as they were when he entered a few hours before. The girl sat motionless until he was in the act of opening the door. Then she arose quickly, went to the door and called

very low, but distinctly—

"Jack!"

He returned to the room.

"You forgot one point on your side of the argument"—she said, smiling bravely.

"Bother the argument!"—said the man, irrelevantly.

"Logic is so cold! I only know that I love you—I love you!"

"Is not that enough?" she said, smiling.

And thus the man won his first and most important case; and the woman made her first great sacrifice.

J. H. P., '07.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

THERE are so many stories or legends about King Arthur that some people believe there was no such a person, but at the beginning of every legend there is a germ of truth. King Arthur lived in the fifth and sixth century. He was a leader of the Celtic tribes in driving back the Saxons. Arthur was slain in the battle, called by historians, the victory of Mountbadon, near Bath, England, 520 A. D. The Celts, some of whom were driven back into the highlands of Wales, and others migrated into France and settled Brittany, preserved a tradition that Arthur would come back at some future time and deliver them from their oppressors.

In their retreats they magnified Arthur, and as his story was told from

generation to generation, he became not only the conqueror of the Saxons but with the aid of his knights of the round table he conquered the whole world. While Arthur was absent from Britain, his nephew, Mordred, usurped the power. Arthur returned and in putting down the insurrection a great battle was fought. In this battle all the knights on both sides except Arthur and Sir Bedivere were killed. Then follows the passing of Arthur to the island-valley of Avilion, to be cured of his severe wound, which Tennyson so fully describes in the poem I am about to discuss.

The stories of Arthur passed from the Britons to the whole people of France, who were tired of the exploits of Charlemagne. And from them back

into England, Sir Thomas Malory collected these stories and published them in a book, "Le Morte D'Arthur," in 1485. This is where Tennyson received much of his information. The Arthurian stories exerted an influence on Spencer and Milton. In Spencer's "Faerie Queene," at the end of each book the knight is in such trouble that King Arthur comes and sets him free. In Milton's notes were found some reference to this subject.

"Morte D'Arthur" was published among Tennyson's poems of 1842. This poem is divided into three parts, an introduction, the main part or body, which was incorporated in the "Idylls of the King" as the "Passing of Arthur" and a conclusion.

The introduction shows us the scene of four men gathered at a country house on Christmas eve :

"At Francis Allen's on the Christmas eve,—
The game of forfeits done—the girls all kiss'd
Beneath the sacred bush and past away—
The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,
The host, and I sat round the wassail bowl,
Then half-way ebb'd."

Then the parson started bewailing the time while the narrator tired from skating fell into a doze. One of the men remarked that the poet had written an epic of twelve books. They pressed him to read one. Thereupon follows the main part of the poem.

This describes how King Arthur is mortally wounded and Sir Bedivere alone is left with him. Arthur commands the knight to take his sword, Excalibur, and throw it into the lake. Sir Bedivere goes to the waterside

three times before he could force himself to throw that beautiful sword into the water. He goes back to the king, who commands the knight to carry him down to the lake. Here a funeral barge comes into shore, which bears the king away to Avilion.

The conclusion tells of the effect of the poem on the men. After they have retired, the author dreams. King Arthur has returned in all his former glory. The bells of Christmas morning wake him.

This poem is written in blank verse, which is very appropriate for an epic. There are several instances of onomatopoeia, of which I give an illustration :

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he
bas'd

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Repetition is used very much in this piece; as, when Tennyson describes the conversation between Arthur and Bedivere, practically the same words are used three times. And also in describing the arm coming up, out of the lake to receive the sword he expressed it in the same manner both times. Thus he speaks the first time :

But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

The second :

But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd
him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

Tennyson copied some of his passages almost word for word from Malory's "Mort D'Arthur." Thus speaks Tennyson:

'But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Wretch what thou seest, and lightly bring me
word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hes' will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee
word.'

So says Malory:

"Therefore, said Arthur, take thou
Excalibur, my good sword, and go
with it to yonder waterside, and when
thou comest there, I charge thee throw
my sword in that water, and come
again, and tell me what thou there
seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your

commandments shall be done, and
lightly bring you word again." The
poet uses many archaic words: as,
"mere" for sea or lake and "lightly" in
the sense of quickly.

Tennyson's power of description is
very fine. He describes the hilt of
Arthur's sword in the following man-
ner:

For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz light, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery.

"Mort D'Arthur," with its atmos-
phere of lakes and mists, mountains
and plains, war and peace, life and
death, considered from a pure artistic
point of view, is not only one of Tenny-
son's best poems but one of the best in
the English language.

W. E. S., '07.

THE FLUNKER'S POEM.

Oh, why didn't someone kill Caesar before
He wrote all that stuff 'bout the "Great Gallic War?"
And why didn't someone in glorious Greece
Rise up and give lessons—a drachm apiece,
In the splendid old language Americans speak?
And then we should never have Caesar or Greek!

And why didn't someone, when German was young,
With vigor and courage destroy that dread tongue?
Why didn't they poison the man who first said,
"A Geometry theorem I have in my head?"
And why didn't somebody ruthlessly roast
That wicked old villain whose name is Pancoast.

—The Iris.

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EDITORIAL

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The past year of 1905 was one of no little importance in the history of Delaware College. It seems to have marked a favorable change in the character of our college ideals—especially in the latter part of the year, there was less rowdyism of every sort, good times a plenty and, we believe, a more conscientious attention, in all branches, to the regular college work. It has marked the minimization of that element which, in its selfish search for pleasure, disregards and frequently lowers the reputation of the College, and marked the appearance of a greater interest and, to a certain extent, co-operation of the Faculty and student-body in the betterment of every phase of our college life and in the effort to gain for this institution, that which it has not had, a reputation befitting its true character. If the students are sincere and earnest in their effort along this line, and wish to do as well as to talk, they should not overlook the fact that in one night's rowdyism they can counteract every beneficent act on the part of the Faculty and Trustees.

The year marked the commencing of a new gymnasium—we hope to live long enough to see the year that will mark its completion—the reorganization and vivifying of the Engineering Society; the passing out of the Class of 1905 and the coming in of many good fellows, the Class of 1909; the holding of a very successful field-meet; the winning of both the annual debate and football game from M. A. C.; the moving of the library to better quarters; the organization of an editorial board to publish a College Annual; and the taking away, by death, of two of our most popular students and friends, Francis Stuckert and Roland G. Cooper.

Taken as a whole, with its joy and sadness, its changes and new organizations and its improvements, the year of 1905 has left to the new year of 1906 a goodly heritage.

There is not a single member of the Faculty who has not the respect and full confidence of the students. A talk with the students of other institutions will prove that this is a very uncommon state of affairs. But for all this, there is considerable discontent among the students and it is hoped that the year of 1906, with its handicap, will see the cause of this discontent, the cast-iron courses of study, disappear or be laid on the shelf with the other relics of "ye olden times," where for so long it has belonged.



SPEAK UP.

It is practically impossible to please all the people all the time and at the same time be sincere, non-deceitful and honest: The millennium is not yet come. So it has come to pass that some people do not agree with all the opinions expressed by the REVIEW. To these persons we would call attention to the fact that the REVIEW will gladly publish letters expressing their views, providing they conform to a few simple rules which appear on another page of this paper. Everyone makes mistakes and certainly the editor is no exception. We will gladly do all in our power to correct any mistakes, and we hope that the students will take advantage of the opportunity to express their opinions. We cannot know what they think unless they speak.



IS THIS ADDRESSED TO YOU?

We greatly appreciate the acceptance, by Dr. Dawson, of work on this paper as an equivalent to a part of the regular work in the English department. It should benefit the REVIEW and brighten up the English course. But, for all this, the editors had more difficulty in securing "copy" this month than at any other time during this term. The only literary contributions we received for this issue were three essays and one poem—not a single story or translation. This should not be the case. The REVIEW belongs to the students and each student should contribute at least one article a year.

You say you cannot write anything—because you tried and failed once, twice or three times. So you cry "quits"! Fine exhibition of American grit—eh? What wonderful spirit with which to grasp with the world! Think of it! a Senior, a Junior, or a Sophomore, and cannot write in your own language! And yet you calmly and apparently unconcernedly disregard every opportunity to improve your English. Your inability is not due to a faulty course in English but to *you*; and you may well be ashamed. You not only injure yourself but you are a discredit to the College.

You say you know nothing to write. In this case you had better pack your trunk and move for home—get off the earth if you can; the space you oc-

cupy, the wealth you consume and the air you breathe are of more value. Think of it! a Senior, a Junior, or a Sophomore, and have *not a single idea*—not an idea upon which to base a story or an essay! Perhaps you are awaiting an inspiration. And your wait will be long and dreary. Stray opportunities have made some men, but the greatest men—the truly great men have not only grasped opportunities, but have created them. You are allotted at most but eighty years of life—perhaps, even now, one-fourth of it has gone—and you have not time to spend in awaiting an inspiration which may never come. Be a man, meet it half way—three-fourths way or even all the way, if necessary.

Perhaps you are too modest to contribute anything. You have heard the men, who have done so, and perhaps failed, called “conceited.” But did you ever take the time to investigate the true cause of this epithet? Seventy-five times out of a hundred it is due principally to jealousy—the jealousy of the weaker man. Modesty is a noble characteristic, but too much of it may hinder the development of others of more practical use.

True, the writing for the REVIEW is only a little thing. But, in order to do great things you must first thoroughly do the little things. The REVIEW offers you an opportunity to make a beginning, benefit yourself, this paper and indirectly the College. We desire short stories, essays—particularly on themes of general and timely interest—poems, and translations from the other languages. We do not expect to receive great masterpieces, but we do want an article from *you*. At least, make an effort, contribute your best work and thereby aid in the publishing of a better paper—a paper of which you may justly be proud.



BASKET-BALL.

The present outlook for the official recognition of basket-ball as one of our college sports, is decidedly good. Up to this year, the lack of a gymnasium or a suitable place to practice has discouraged the organization of a team worthy to represent the College. But the new gymnasium does away with this hindrance; and with the enthusiastic support of the students, there is no reason why this game should not become one of our sports—perhaps, the principal one.

Unlike the football and baseball teams the basket-ball team can easily pay its own expenses and, if properly managed, greatly aid in the supporting of the other branches of athletics. Very little money is required to fully equip the players; the traveling expenses, since there are only five men on the team, are far less than in football, and the great popularity of the game makes almost certain the liberal patronage of the public.

LOCALS.

BAKER TAYLOR, '08 Editor.

Several students have organized an orchestra and elected W. E. Harkness, Jr., '06, leader. Rehearsals are held every Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the chapel. If a Mask and Wig Club is organized the orchestra expects to accompany it "on the road."

C. Shaffer, '06, has been elected temporary manager of the basket ball team. He is endeavoring to organize a team, place it on a firm financial basis and secure its recognition by the Athletic Council.

J. Tanbenhouse, '08, has returned to College.

The following sign appears on the door of a room in "The Den": "Exams are in two weeks! Nuf Sed, C!"

Notice: All photographs for the "'07 Derelict" must be in by February 15, '06.

Prof. C. did not meet his classes on January 2, '06. "And the next day it rained."

At the annual meeting of the Peninsula Horticultural Society, on January 17, Prof. F. D. Chester, of the Delaware Experiment Station, will deliver an address on "Fungus Diseases of Plants," and Prof. C. P. Close, Horticulturist of Delaware Experiment Station, will deliver an address on "Controlling Insects and Plant Diseases with Dust and Liquid Sprays."

On Tuesday, January 2, the following notice appeared on the bulletin-

board: "I will not meet my professor to-day—(signed) Blake."

Notice: All copy for the February REVIEW must be in by February 5.

Mr. William Oglesby has resigned his position as assistant in the Chemical Laboratory and has accepted a position in Philadelphia. No one has yet been secured to fill his place.

The Engineering Society met on December 21, '05, Prof. Short, having been asked to speak on "The Object of the Engineering Society," suggested means by which the Society should be run, what subjects should be discussed and how they should be prepared. He also advocated the admission of Sophomores as associate members. At the meeting of the Society on January 4, '06, Mr. William Oglesby, who was assistant Professor in Chemistry during the latter part of last year, made an address on "Cement." He covered the ground thoroughly and his talk was both interesting and instructive.

Samuel B. Stein, '07, has been elected Art Editor of the "'07 Derelict" in the place of Harrie Bell, now of the University of Virginia.

On Wednesday, January 10, the Senior Class, by leaving the chapel in the midst of a meeting of the student-body, showed how much interested it is in our college affairs.

Paul Rossell, '07, has been elected Treasurer of the basket-ball team.

Hudson, making notes in Mechanics: "This pendulum has an osculatory motion."

The Mask and Wig Club committee report that if the students exhibit more interest, a show will be organized to "go on the road" some time in the Spring.

The Athenaeum Literary Society has elected Messick, '07; J. Smith, '07, and Hamilton, '09, to represent it in the inter-society debate.

The Delta Phi Literary Society has elected Wingett, '09; Miller, '09, and Stockely, '08, as its representatives in the debate.

Miller, '08: "The best poetry I ever read was Gray's "Elegy."

Smith, T. B.: "Yes that is a fine poem, who wrote it, Scott?"

Jackson has been humming the tune, "Auld Lang Syne," but we find upon inquiry that the words are, "Nan Lang's Mine."

With a deep sense of sorrow we announce to the student-body that "Agnes" Cain and "Mary" Prouse were caught back of the gym. smoking cigarettes.

THE SPONGERS.

Give me a cigarette he said,
As he stood with his hand extended;
His eyes were heavy as lead
And no thought of the money expended.

A look at the fellow who asked,
Your hand in the pocket plunges,
Why cut old boy here's my last,
So it goes to the cigarette spongers.

H. G. L.

The following New Year's resolu-

tions have been discovered:

Whereas, We have erred and strayed from the path of righteousness during the past year, and whereas we want to be approved by our fellow sinners, therefore be it,

Resolved, That we will wake up, get an annual appropriation from the Legislature and make Delaware College a school of national reputation.

Board of Trustees.

That we will complete the gymnasium before 1925.

Building Committee.

That I will stop hiring expensive bands to play at football games.

C. W. Clash.

That I will buy a Victor Talking Machine.

Willie Harkness.

That I'll not permit Dr. W—— to "kid" me any more.

Oscar Hudson.

That I will stop growing.

A. P. Hewes.

That I will study twenty-six out of the twenty-four hours.

Herbert Ridgely.

That I will get married the day after I graduate.

L. E. Voss.

That I won't try to sing tenor any more.

Pop Wingett.

That I will not "soak" my watch to play Bennie.

Kid Rothrock.

That I will have Shakespeare beaten a mile.

H. Augustus Miller, Jr.

That I will be a lady-killer or burst.

Paul Torbert.

That I will give up trying to reform those bad boys in the dormitory.

Karl Herrmann.

That I will sic the janitor on my room twice a year at least.

Jacob Taubenhause.

That I will hire negro cooks after this.

George Francis.

That I will not try to manage the baseball team unless I am elected by the student-body. Jimmie Neill, Jr.

That we will stop smoking cigarettes.

"Agnes" Cain.

"Mary" Prouse.

That as I have lost my pass, I will not go home so much. C. C. Fulton, Jr.

That I will make at least one good joke this year. Julian C. Smith.

That each one of us will bring in a Freshman next September.

The Student Body.

Dr. H——: "Mr. Hunter, what is work"?

Hunter: "I don't know, Dr." (Of course.)

DEBATES AND ORATORICAL CONTESTS.

THE annual debate between Maryland Agricultural College and Delaware College will take place in the College auditorium, at Newark, in the latter part of March. The subject for the debate is:

Resolved, That Labor Unionism has exerted a beneficial influence on the industrial development of the United States.

Delaware College has the negative side of the question. Each college will be represented by two speeches.

The subject for the inter-collegiate debate is also the one for the inter-society debate, which will take place in the latter part of February. The Athenæan, whose turn it was to choose a side, has decided to attack the thesis. Each society will be represented by three speakers.

The contest for the Oratorical prize, offered by the Alumni will be held on the same night as the inter-society debate if there are not more than two competitors. In case there should be more than two a different evening will be selected.

In the past it has been possible for one man to receive both a debator's and an orator's prize, but the Alumni have decided that hereafter one person may not receive both prizes.

This year Delaware College will probably be made a member of the Maryland Oratorical Association, which is now composed of St. John's College, Washington College, Western Maryland and Maryland Agricultural College. The contest for the prizes offered by the Association takes place in the latter part of April, and if we are admitted to the Association a representative will be selected at the time of the oratorical contest.

Open Letters.

The Review invites letters from the members of the Faculty, Alumni and Student-body. Letters of not more than 500 words, bearing the writer's name, and free from offensive personalities will be published. The writer's views need not necessarily coincide with those of the Review.

LIKE ONE I HEARD.

Bright Things Over Which People Have Laughed.

Two Of A Kind.

A private, anxious to secure a leave of absence, sought his captain with a most convincing tale about a sick wife breaking her heart for his presence. The officer, familiar with the soldier's ways, replied :

"I am afraid you are not telling the truth. I have just received a letter from your wife urging me not to let you come home because you get drunk, break the furniture, and mistreat her shamefully."

The private saluted and started to leave the room. He paused at the door, asking : "Sor, may I spake to you, not as an officer, but as mon to mon?"

"Yes ; what is it?"

"Well, sor, what I am after sayin' is this," approaching the captain and lowering his voice : "You and I are two of the most illigant liars the Lord ever made. I'm not married at all."—Everybody's.



The Minister Helped The Boy.

A little boy was trying to ring a door-bell but could not reach it. A minister, passing by, walked up to the lad and said :

"Here, my boy, let me ring that bell for you."

"All right ; will you, mister?" said the boy his face all on a grin.

The minister rang the bell.

"Now, run like the devil, mister," said the boy as he took to his heels.—L. H. Journal.

Tingnistic.

The teacher asked if there was any little girl in the room who could tell what disarrange meant. The word must have been unfamiliar, for several minutes passed before a little Italian raised her hand. She said she had heard her father say it early in the morning when he was lighting the fire.

"And when it not light," she said, "I heard him say, 'Damna disa range.'"—Exchange.



A Musician, Too.

An Eastern newspaper says Jack London, on his last visit to New York, was introduced to a musician in a cafe.

"I, too, am a musician in a small way," London said. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life."

"How was that?" the musician asked.

"There was a great flood in our town in my boyhood," replied London. "When the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued."

"And you?" said the musician.

"Well," said London, "I accompanied him on the piano."—Short Stories.

DE ALUMNIS.

KARL L. HERRMANN, '08, Editor.

John P. Henderson, C. E., '96, and Miss Maud Helen Keeney, were married at Rockville, Connecticut, on December 27. Mr. Henderson is assistant engineer on the Connecticut River Bridge and Highway District.

Eugene Reybold, C. E., '03, and Miss Margaret E. Moore, choose January 3 as the day for their wedding, at Delaware City. Mr. Reybold is a U. S. Engineer, and is located in Wilmington.

On December 20, at Chatam, N. Y., Algier W. Powell, M. E., '04, was married to Miss Elsie L. Mason. Mr. Powell is with the Fruit Growers' Exchange, at 97 Warren street, New York City.

It has been announced that James Conner, C. E., '03, is engaged to be married to Miss Mary Fader, of Newark.

W. Owen Sypherd, A. B., '96, read a paper on "Chaucer's Relation to Old French Love-Vision Literature," before the Modern Language Association, at Haverford, on December 28. Dr. Dawson, who represented Delaware College at the Association, heard the paper and the author highly spoken of by distinguished educators.

Dr. William Marshall, B. A., '01, is now the resident physician at the Delaware Hospital, in Wilmington.

Charles D. Stockley, B. A., '01, is now practicing law in Wilmington.

W. H. McDonald, C. E., '04, paid his friends in Newark, a short visit.

J. Stanley Frazer, C. E., '04, spent his Christmas vacation in Newark.

Some one saw Matthew Kyle, C. E., '03, at the Pennsylvania Railroad station, in Wilmington, instructing a work man, much to his displeasure, how to use a rule.

E. W. Warrington, B. A., '05, now of Princeton Theological Seminary, was at Newark on December 22. He is well satisfied with his work, both in the University and in the Seminary and finds his work at Delaware has laid an ample foundation for advanced studies.

H. W. Kennady, E. E., '05, also paid us a short visit. Other visitors were H. H. Vernon, E. E., '05, and J. P. Thompson, E. E., '05, both of Schenectady, N. Y.

E. C. Davis, C. E., '05, who has been in Keneva, was seen recently by some of his friends, who say that work seems to agree with him.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

W. E. HARKNESS, JR., '06, Editor.

On his way home from Princeton Theological Seminary, Mr. Earnest Warrington, '05, our president last year, paid us a short visit. He was heartily greeted by everyone and seemed to greatly enjoy spending a few hours among the boys.

Readers of this paper have perhaps observed that the present editor of this department has invariably spoken in

an encouraging strain concerning the Y. M. C. A. work here. It has seemed better to be optimistic and to give a word of inspiration rather than to find fault and complain. We all know that one can accomplish more when he has encouragement to spur him on. The man who works in the constant fear that he is almost surely going to fail in his undertaking, works at a great disadvantage.

With this consideration in view, I have refrained from saying anything in the way of criticism. But it seems to me that it is now only just to call our attention to the fact that we are not making the progress we should. One cannot fail to be impressed with this if he will glance through the various exchanges and note what the Y. M. C. A. is doing in some other institutions. Weekly devotional meetings are being held, while other things are being done besides the courses in Bible study, to show that the organization in these colleges are alive.

Cannot we get a little of this spirit in our branch at Delaware? Let us not think that we are doing well enough. When an association reaches this conclusion, it is likely to come to a standstill, or even to lose ground.

Something must be done! Why should we not have a general meeting and see what *can* be done. This has been desired by many of us for a long time.

THE JOHN BARRETT PRIZES, 1906

Three prizes—a first prize of \$100,

a second prize of \$75, and a third prize of \$50—have been established by the Hon. John Barrett, United States Minister to Colombia, to be awarded to the authors of the best papers on any one of the subjects named below. Mr. Barrett states the object of the prizes to be "to promote the study of the history, peoples, politics, resources and possibilities of sister Republics," and to develop throughout the United States "a wider interest in our political and commercial relations with Latin-America, and to foster a more general study of Latin-American history, institutions, political, social and educational conditions, material and industrial resources, and commercial possibilities—especially as they affect the growth of closer ties of international comity and confidence."

The prizes are offered subject to the following rules of competition:

(1) The competition is open to any student, man or woman, registered during the academic year 1905-6 in any American college, university, or technical school. Undergraduate, professional and graduate students are alike eligible.

(2) Papers submitted by competitors must not exceed 10,000 words in length.

(3) Papers, accompanied by the full name and address of the writer and statement of the class and college, university, or technical school to which the writer belongs, must be mailed or delivered to an express company not later than September 1, 1906, address-

sed to the President of Columbia University, New York, N. Y., marked "For the John Barrett Prize."

(4) The prizes will be awarded by a Committee of Judges chosen for the purpose, and the results will be announced through the public press as soon after October 1, 1906, as practicable.

(5) The paper awarded the first prize will be transmitted by the undersigned to the Director of the Bureau of American Republics, who will cause it to be published and circulated as one of the publications of that Bureau.

(6) All papers submitted in competition, other than the one to which the first prize is awarded, will be destroyed as soon as the prizes have been awarded, unless, at the time of sending, a competitor asks for the return of the manuscript and furnishes a fully stamped and properly addressed envelope.

(7) Papers must be submitted in typewritten form.

Any one of the following subjects may be chosen:

I. POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC.

(a) The Monroe Doctrine and its influence on the political and economic development of Latin-America.

(b) The influence of the Panama Canal on the commercial and political development of Latin-America.

(c) Present conditions and future possibilities of the trade of the United States with South America.

(d) The present material and economic progress of South America.

nomie progress of South America.

(e) The practicability and utility of the proposed Pan-American Railway.

II. HISTORICAL.

(a) The influences and conditions that worked for the independence and establishment of the South America Republics.

(b) The influences and conditions that worked for the independence and the establishment of the Central American Republics and Mexico.

(c) The character and achievements of Bolivar as shown in the struggle for the independence of Northern South America.

(d) The character and achievements of San Martin as shown in the struggle for the independence of Southern South America.

(e) The conditions surrounding and circumstances influencing the overthrow of the Empire and establishment of the Republic in Brazil.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER,

President of Columbia University

ALBERT SHAW,

Editor of Review of Reviews

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY,

President of New York City College

ATHLETICS.

W. V. DERBY, '06, Editor.

BASKET-BALL.

The recently organized Delaware College basket-ball team played its first game in the Wilmington Opera House, on Saturday night, January 13, and was beaten by the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, the score

being 31 to 18.

Nevertheless, considering the fact that the Delaware five had no fit place in which to practice and had only been coached for a few days, the team made a very creditable showing. Their opponents played a very fast and hard game, especially in the last half.

The team lined up as follows :

Delaware.		U. of P.	
Shaffer . .	forward	.	Hodgson
Newman			
Miller . .	forward	.	Johnson
Robin . .	centre	.	Sewell
Hauber . .	defense	.	Olpit
Baldwin . .	defense	.	Gorrell
Voss . .	defense	.	Osman

Goals from field—Baldwin, Schaffer, Miller, Hauber, Robin, 3 ; Hodgson, 4 ; Gorrell, Johnson, 3 ; Sewell, 3 ; Olpit. Goals from fouls—Johnson, 5 ; Hodgson, 2. Referee—Speer.

On the same evening the second team played a preliminary game with the Goldey College five and defeated them by the score 16 to 8. The line up was as follows :

Delaware.		Goldey.	
Burns . .	forward	.	Bowers
Newman . .	forward	.	Rudolph
Jones . .	centre	.	Yetter
Baldwin . .	defense	.	Atkins
Taggart . .	defense	.	Mowbray

Goals from field—Newman, 1 ; Jones, 3 ; Baldwin, 3 ; Taggart, 1 ; Mowbray, 1 ; Bowers, 1. Yetter, 1. Goals from fouls—Bowers, 2. Referee—Speer.

Mr. Samuel Saunders, who formerly played on the Trenton, N. J., team, which was champion of the country

for several years, has been engaged to coach the Delaware team. He is well satisfied with the showing made by the men and believes there is material in the College for a fast team.

Manager Shaffer has nearly completed making arrangements for games with the following colleges and universities : Bucknell University, University of Virginia, University of Maryland, Swarthmore College, New York University, Jefferson Medical College, Temple College.

The time and place of these games will be announced later.

POOR JONES.

Who was it had a little gun ?
Who was it had a little bun ?
Who was it had a little fun ?
T'was Jones.

Who fired the shots heard round the town ?
Who was it gained such wide renown ?
Who thought he owned the College grounds ?
T'was Jones.

Who was it declared in words quite loud
That he would fight the "whole d—crowd"
And two or three would kill he vowed ?
T'was Jones.

Who was it seized right in his height,
By students almost dead with fright,
Who stopped his constant talk of fright ?
T'was Jones.

Who was it then in doleful moans
 Did wish us all in hottest zones?
 Who vowed he'd break most all our
 bones?
 'Twas Jones.

Who was it landed in the jail
 And who our bones to break did fail?
 Did some one say that he got bail?
 Poor Jones.

Now, Mr. Jones, when you get sober
 Just take your time and think it over;
 And you will find that it's all bosh
 To think that rum's a good tooth wash.
 W. F. W., '09.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

CHARLES P. MESSICK, '07, Editor.

"The only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything."—Roosevelt.

The football number of "The Courant" is a very creditable issue and reflects favorably on its College.

"Good night!" he sighed and yet one more.

"Good night!" she cried "Adieu! Adieu!"

The parlor clock struck one before
 The lateness of the hour struck two.
 —Exchange.

"The Tome" is one of the best papers of its class found on our table.

"The Chisel" is almost a model paper. The several departments are admirably arranged and the interest taken in the topics of the day is very commendable.

Someone who has looked deeper than the casual observer gives this his-

tory of baseball: The devil was the first coacher. He coached Eve, and when she stole first, he stole second. When the servant of Isaac met Rebecca at the well, she was walking with a pitcher. Sampson struck out a good many times when he beat the Phillistines. Moses made the first home run when he slew the Egyptians, and Cain made a base hit when he slew Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. David was a long distance thrower, and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.

This is from the "Transcript." We await with interest a history of the other sports.

"A Vision," in the "Western Maryland College Monthly," is a poem of merit.

We would call attention to the editorial on "College Spirit" in "The Manitou Messenger."

Notice "The Pastime of Eternity" in "The College Student."

He used to call his girl "Revenge." Cognomen rather neat.

When asked the reason why, he said "You know, 'Revenge is sweet.'"—Ex.

The essay on Mohammed II, in the "M. H. Aesolith," is very well written. It gives one a fair knowledge of the leading events of the time. It is instructive as well as interesting.

"The Hedding Graphic" contains several good productions. It is a well managed paper.

Don't worry about your work. Do the best you can, let the rest go. Smile all the time, cram for exams. Then if you flunk blame the faculty.—Ex.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

L. E. CAIN, '07, Editor.

It has been announced that the graduation theses will be abolished after this year at Columbia.

The Juniors in many colleges have already announced the committees for the "Proms." as well as intended publication of college annuals.

Jefferson College recently suffered a great loss in the death of Dr. Wm. Smith Forbes, who was an eminent scientist.

A report about the University of Pennsylvania states that her number of foreign students is rapidly on the rise. From the countries represented last year there is at present an average increase of nearly sixty-five per cent. over last year. Bulgaria, British Columbia, China, Hungary, Roumania and Turkey are among the new countries represented.

The executive council of Columbia have recently published their resolutions which are in substance, viz: To abolish the present game of foot-ball; to advise the president to take the necessary steps toward improving the present demoralizing conditions in

athletics; to obtain, as far as possible, participation in athletics of the whole student body; to hold contest among the students instead of contesting against other institutions; to hold all inter-collegiate contests on their own property as far as practicable.

The committee from the two universities of California resolved to recommend that the faculties substitute something else for the present game of foot-ball or modify it so that many of the existing evils would be eliminated.

Some of the late endowments are: Mr. John William Taylor \$100,000 to Owen's College, Manchester; two anonymous donors, to Yale University, \$75,000 to found a lectureship; Dr. Albert Goldspohn \$25,000 for erection of a Science Hall at Northwestern College; Miss Ennie Walworth \$10,000 to Oberlin College; Dr. A. F. Elliott, to University of California, \$200,000 for erection of a public hospital; Mrs. Helen C. Coburn \$10,000 to Radcliffe College, \$40,000 to Philipps-Andover Academy, \$75,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie \$100,000 to equip an Electrical Laboratory at Union College, providing the College raises an equivalent amount.



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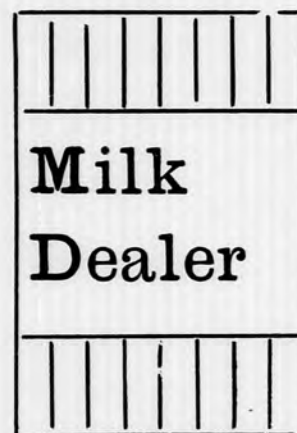
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
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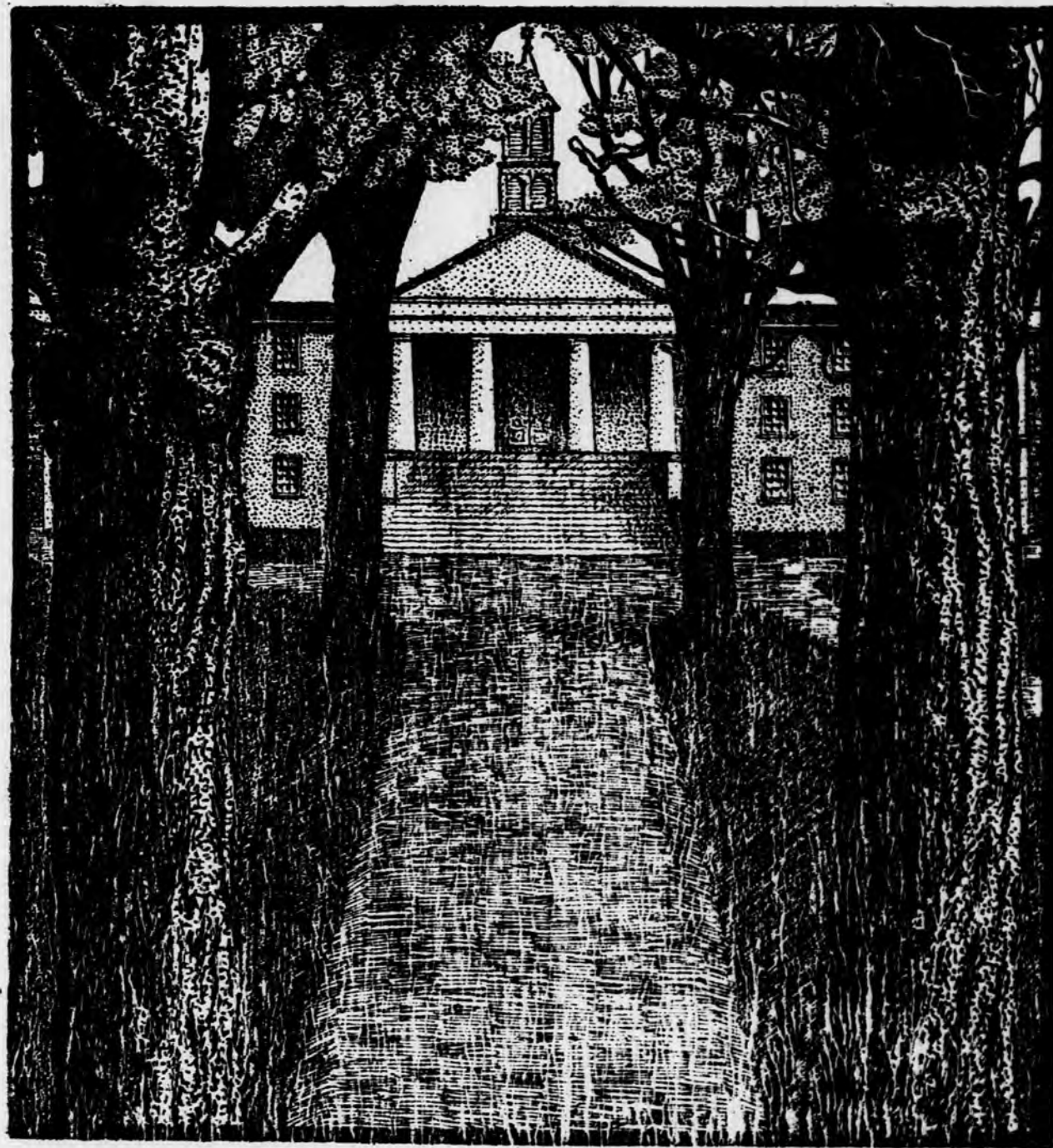
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