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March, 1903

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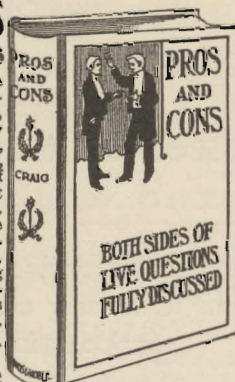
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v. 7
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no. 6And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.—*Chaucer*.

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THE OLD FIDDLER

LIST to the tune he plays, sad and sweet!
It thrills the heart and dims the brightest eye;
The children cease their shouting in the street,
And tender grow the thoughts of passers-by.

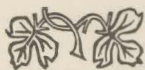
In his poor room, beside his sputtering light,
The hand-writ music on the table laid;
The bachelor stands and holds his fiddle tight,
And plays the same tune he has always played.

There is no end to this one-favored tune,
 It goes forever on, like rippling streams ;
 Telling of lovely things that passed too soon,
 Of rude awakening from youthful dreams.

It tells of love unanswered, and of war,
 Of melancholy days too full of pain ;
 That came young lives and rising hopes to mar,
 Of penitence and true remorse but vain.

It tells of death that comes chill rest to lend,
 And of the crumbling, wasting touch of time.
 And so he plays his song without an end,
 His sad sweet music with no end nor rhyme.

HRBEK, '06.



POWERS IN RESERVE

THE man to be depended on is the one who has power in reserve. A person may be able to play well his part on the stage of life when everything goes smoothly and all is harmony, but the one who can meet emergency, who can transmute calamity into greatness, is the man worth while.

This is possible only to him possessed of powers in reserve. Napoleon said, "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve."

A tree on a cliff may easily endure the gentle breezes of springtime and summer, but it needs power in reserve to withstand the furious blasts of winter. This it gains by sinking its roots deep into the earth and entwining them about the solid rock. So we in times of crises stand or fall by our reserve power.

The young apprentice may incline towards applying himself no more than is actually necessary for the time. The student is tempted to prepare a lesson no better than will warrant a fair recitation. He may be content with a passing grade for his term's work, and thus they limit their attainments in life by a lack of power in reserve.

Student-life is the opportunity for the accumulation of this latent energy. It is the knowledge, experience, character and the mental and moral wealth acquired during our college life that will count in after-life, when times of severest testing come. This we will learn to our chagrin or satisfaction.

A reserve force collected in times of opportunity has brought fame to many a man, when an occasion

THE DEMON IN WHITE



VERY railroad has its hoodoo car. If there is an accident the hoodoo car is there. If there is a fault in the track or trestle, that car always takes the plunge.

The Mason Valley Traction Company was no exception to the hoodoo rule, and No. 49 was the car. Old hands refused to run her, but as she was the finest car in the sheds, the company succeeded in keeping her on by manning her with new employees unprejudiced by superstition. Some thought the car's luck would change when Lucky Jack Harter and Bob Gray were promoted from the shops to 49, but the old hands shook their heads, saying that 49 was hoodooed and no power on earth could break the mystic charm.

Jack Harter was a dare-devil, and the mystic hoodoo connected with 49 only made him more desirous of acting as her conductor.

But even his phenomenal luck seemed unable to overcome the hoodoo of 49. On the night of the first run, while descending the Daub grade, Widow Lee's son was killed. At this point the track descends into a valley, and then up a steep grade. The rule of the road is to gain sufficient momentum on the down grade to carry the car far on the up grade. Young Lee had not heard the car, and had been carried home to his frantic mother a horribly mutilated corpse. 49 had received her taste of blood. The old hands begged Jack to give 49 up.

"'Fraid of a hoodoo! Not much," was his indignant reply. "Bob and I will run 49 if she runs into h—l for a terminal."

Two weeks later the operator at telegraph station No. 3, on the M. V. T. R. R., is drowsily indulging in waking dreams. It is eleven o'clock and No. 49, the last car, is due at 11.45. Suddenly his attention is attracted by a strange message flashing over the wires. "No. 49 running away. Cap't stop." It is No. 7 signalling station No. 6; then No. 6 calls No. 5; No. 5 calls No. 4 with the same message; then No. 4 signals him.

"No. 49 running away; clear track. For God's sake——."

The instrument ceased speaking. The operator listens for no more, but rushes to the door. For several minutes he peers out into that Tartarean blackness. The wind is howling through the pines and tossing the creaking branches of the oaks. The wires are humming dismally. The drizzling rain with angry swash is dashed by the roaring wind against the station. Then he hears the faint hum on the rails of the approaching car. Dimly, through the blinding rain, he sees the distant light. Nearer it comes, flashing its brilliant light against a wall of blackness, and running at break-neck speed. Nearer! The operator can see the face of the motorman. He is leaning forward as if scanning the track, but the eyes are fixed and glassy, and the wind is streaming his hair as the car rushes on in its mad race. Now the car is in front of the operator. What screams of mortal agony reaches his ear like the cries of the tortured on the Inquisition rack, and then, horrors! he sees the figure of a demon clad in white, with long silvery hair covering her shoulders, a look of fiendish glee on her witch-like countenance, mingling shouts of derision

with those screams of deathly anguish. The operator rushes back, repeats his message, and faints on his desk.

But 49 continued her mad career until she was turned on a siding and her trolley disconnected. Slower and slower she was impelled by her wild momentum. Slower and slower and stopped. The floor of 49 was found reeking with human gore. Lucky Jack Harter's life's blood was ebbing through a wound in the shoulder. By his side lay a knife and a revolver, one of whose cartridges had been discharged. The window of the front door was shattered by a bullet, and the motorman, like a marble statue, was leaning over the motor with glassy eyes and fixed stare; one hand on the motor, the other on the brake—himself a lifeless corpse. 49 had run her race, with Death as her crew and Murder her passenger.

A physician declared Harter's wound not necessarily fatal. He was conveyed to a hospital. Medical skill triumphed in the struggle for life, and daily Harter regained strength.

But how changed! He shrank from visitors. His eyes were fixed on space in fearful perpetual stare. The muscles of his face were distorted like one who had met a fiend face to face, and lived with that sight engraved on his soul. In two weeks he was sufficiently strong to appear on trial for the murder of Robert Gray.

It was the most unique trial in criminal history. The prisoner refused to converse with anyone. He even refused his lawyer, whom his friends had retained for him. The prosecution wove a damning web of circumstances around him. The revolver was produced. One cartridge was discharged. Two showed the print of the hammer. Hence it was clear that

Harter had murdered Gray, and as the revolver had failed him in his attempt at suicide, he had used his knife. The evidence of operator No. 3 was ridiculed as an hallucination. The motive was the convenient one of jealousy. Gray was to have married a girl to whom both had paid court. The jury was out nearly an hour and returned the verdict of guilty.

"Prisoner, stand up."

Harter arose.

"Is there any reason why judgment of this court should not be passed on you?"

The court room was astonished at the change in Harter's face. The tenseness of muscle relaxed, and old time Jack Harter returned. He looked wonderingly at the assemblage and the court.

The judge repeated the question.

"Sentence," he exclaimed: "What have I done?"

"You have murdered Robert Gray."

"Not guilty, your honor," he cried. Harter had awakened from his waking sleep, and excitedly told the story of what happened on 49 that night.

"We had made up our minds, Bob and I, to run 49 until she was smashed to splinters, hoodoo or no hoodoo. After killing young Lee, Bob began to weaken, but I ridiculed him so much that he stopped talking hoodoo. I used to think of the accident every time I passed Daub's grade. One night, by the car light, I saw a hideous figure, clad in white, standing by some bushes near the track. I thought it was an hallucination. But it appeared the second and third nights, and still I blamed my over-worked fancy. Bob was too proud to speak. On this night the car was scarcely crawling up the grade with full power on. I

sat alone in the car. There I saw the ghastly figure close to the car. It jumped on the rear platform and stood peering at me with hollow sunken eyes. In its bony fingers it clutched a gleaming revolver. At last I was in my senses. That face was the face of a raving maniac. The mad woman was already standing in the open door, with revolver leveled, about to fire. I drew my knife and rushed at her. 'Crack' went the report of a pistol, and then two clicks. She had missed her mark. By a sudden blow I knocked the revolver from her hand. But she had the strength of a thousand devils, and struggled desperately for my knife. Slowly, with superhuman strength, she turned my wrist and drove the knife home. Screaming, I lay there, while she stood over my prostrate body with fiendish delight. Then I lost consciousness."

Harter was remanded to jail. Search was made in the neighborhood, and at the foot of Ward River trestle was found the murderess whom operator No. 3 had seen in the car.

The following notice from the *Buffalo Status* explains the rest:

"Lunatic escaped from the Incurable Asylum. Helen Lee, dangerous. She is armed with a revolver, and intends to avenge the death of her son. Has been traced to Daubstown, where she was seen near the M. V. T. Co.'s tracks, where her son was killed. Liberal reward for information."

Helen Lee had avenged her son, and the hoodoo was satiated with human blood.

EDWARD GUY NELLIS, '05.

OPPORTUNITY


O UR fate is what we hew
From out the solid block
Of opportunity.
Our life is what we do,
When comes to us the knock
Of opportunity.

Let each prepare to grasp,
As if it were his last,
His opportunity.
In an enduring clasp,
In haste, for it moves fast,
Fair opportunity.

If one but hesitate
Through fear, to make the most
Of opportunity,
He need not sit and wait,
He has irrevocably lost
His opportunity.

—I.

ONLY A FRESHMAN

“UST remember that you're a Freshman, and you're not supposed to speak unless you're spoken to.”

A group of Liberty College students was gathered in front of one of the halls, discussing an affair of some importance to the student body. Nearly all the group were upper-classmen, leaders in the college life; but here and there was a Freshman or a Sophomore, not taking part in the discussion, but listening to the talk of their elders. One of the Freshmen, Jack Alles by name, had paid strict attention to all that was being said, and his keen mind was busy with some solution of the problem. At length he offered a suggestion, a good one, too, and Blaine, the big center on the 'varsity, answered him with the above remark.

Poor Jack—he was a little fellow and modest—was cut severely by Blaine's remark, and deeply mortified, he tried to escape the eyes turned in his direction by shrinking behind the big form of Brown, the guard. He knew that he had committed no sin, and yet in his desire to contribute something to the common weal, he had violated a fundamental part of the unwritten law of the college. He was somewhat consoled by Brown, who remarked in a low voice: “Never mind him, little chap, you meant all right.”

The Fall term wore slowly away. Jack Alles became more used to college ways, and none had more college spirit, or responded quicker to such needs of his *alma mater*, as he could help supply. Every night found him on the “bleachers” watching the practice,

and entering with spirit into every cheer and song. He watched the big fellows rush the ball down the field, and wished that he could have a part in those deeds of prowess. Would that he could show them that even though he was a mere Freshman he was not unequal to doing some difficult task.

But wishes were of no avail. Jack, while longing for great things, had, like the most of us, to content himself with the common duties of life. But, though only a Freshman as far as the student body was concerned, his influence among his own classmates deepened and broadened.

The football season came to a close with a notable victory over the perpetual rivals of Liberty. Nothing was more natural than that the event should be celebrated by a bon-fire; and so it happened that all the next afternoon the campus was alive with men carrying underbrush, boxes, barrels, anything in fact that would help to increase the steadily growing pile of combustible material.

Jack was among the hardest workers. His size and strength were against him, but what he lacked in might he made up in spirit and willingness, and so from the time the first frame pole was placed in position, until the old tar barrel was hoisted to the apex of the big cone, he toiled with an eagerness that took no account of fatigue.

After supper came the big parade. First came a big carryall containing the heroes who had untiringly battled for *alma mater's* glory. Who could that night look back over a successful season, at every time of which each man had done his very best. Then after the wagon came the band, discoursing its liveliest airs,

then in order were the grave Seniors, the dignified Juniors, the gay Sophomores and the verdant Freshmen, with the inevitable crowd of little urchins following behind, and running along the ranks. Thus with shout and cheer and song, with glare of fireworks and noise of exploding powder, with toot of horn and martial note, the procession marched off the campus, down the hill, and through the applauding city.

Jack would have desired nothing more than to be a part of the parade, but he, with others, was assigned to the duty of guarding the big pile that no malicious-minded person might fire it prematurely. And without a murmur Jack took his post and kept it faithfully until the marchers again reached the campus, when he fell back with the crowd to view the crowning spectacle of the evening.

George Hulett lighted the big mass of combustibles. At first there was but a little point of light, feeble and flickering, but reaching out it lapped the oil-soaked material around it, setting that ablaze, and then creeping serpent-like over and around and through the pile, with a weird hissing it plunged its fangs into the powerless prey, devouring it with ever-increasing appetite, and band and students and spectators burst forth into applause.

The team that had drawn the players was standing opposite the big pile, and several of the men were still in the wagon. The crackling flames and the attendant confusion made the horses, powerful bays, restive; and when someone discharged a giant "cracker" in their immediate neighborhood, their terror was complete—they defied the driver and ran.

Jack Alles was standing near them. Before them

was an open space of a few yards. Beyond that was a crowd of men, women and children for whom injury or death was inevitable unless——. For an instant Jack hesitated, feeling his weakness against such an array of power, but with an "I must," he flung himself at the head of the off horse.

For his size Jack was very strong in the arms, and he grabbed the bit with all his strength, but the powerful animal swung him off the ground and galloped on. Jack clung tighter. Then he felt a terrible blow, and a sharp pain shot through his leg. Unmindful, he tightened the grip of one hand, and placing the other over the horse's nose, shut down with all his strength. The beast, snorting and tossing its head, shook off the grip, and in doing so hit Jack a blow on the head. Poor Jack, feeling giddy and sick, once more got a grip on the horse's nose, and held on with desperation.

The pace slackened. Jack felt somebody at his side, and somebody else had hold of the other horse. There were excited voices on every hand. Everything seemed queer and confused to Jack. A heavy mist fell over his vision. Here and there were little lights that danced off until they got ever so far away. And the ringing of bells and blowing of whistles and shouts of men and tramp of horses were all mingled in a grand confusion of sound that grew fainter and fainter and farther away. And then he was carried, ever so swiftly, away off into space.

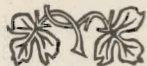
When next Jack awoke to the world, he was in a strange place. He felt weak and sick, and his eyelids were heavy. His head pained him, and his limbs seemed to be fixed immovably. Looking through half-closed eyes he saw the neat, clean room, and some-

one with white cap and gown moving about with noiseless step. He wondered what place it was, and how he came to be there, and why he felt so tired. Again he closed his eyes, and little by little the events of the previous day came back to him and he understood.

Hearing voices above him, he opened his eyes and saw Brown and Blaine standing over him. How kind they looked, and how good it seemed to see them. Seeing he was awake, Brown took his hand and held it fondly. "We're all talking of your bravery up on the hill, to-day," he said, "and we want you to get well and come back as soon as you can."

Blaine stooped over and smoothed back the hair of Jack's forehead. There was a very tender look in his eyes. "I want to thank you, little chap," he said in low tones. "We both owe our escape from injury to you." He hesitated, then went on: "Jack, I was mean to you last fall; I want you to forgive me. It's true you are a Freshman, but some Freshmen are heroes."

A. H. W., '04.



BY THE RIVER

DREAR the spot down by the river,
Where the rushes bow and shiver,
And the boat-house stands in silent gloom alone;
Where the weeping willows bend,
Almost touch the frozen sand,
As if grieving for the pleasures that are gone.

'Neath the aged weeping-willow,
Born upon a vagrant billow,
Lies a boat despoiled of rudder and of oar;
Emblem of full many a pleasure,
But a poor and worthless treasure,
Almost mocking now the joys that were before.

Rude the wind that shakes the alder,
Blowing from the frigid water,
All the scene a dismal spell is hanging o'er;
While the cheerless heart keeps time,
In a grim and soulless rhyme,
To the beating of the ice-drifts on the shore.

When the heart for aught is weary,
Haunts neglected, wild and dreary,
Seem to soothe th' annoying sorrow of the breast;
So I'll wander by the river,
Where the rushes bend and shiver,
And from rough and wild surroundings gather rest.

—H. R. GOLD.

AN EPISODE; OR, LOVE VS. PHILOSOPHY

UNDERNEATH a large willow tree, whose drooping branches the gleaming sun robbed of their dull saffron appearance, was a singularly beautiful girl. Seated on a rustic bench, a merry brook dashed by at her feet. A dapper streamlet it was whose gentle gurgling was a merry laugh to rippled smiles. But Grace was entirely oblivious to her sylvan environs. Other thoughts occupied her attention and the little brook murmured.

The greater part of the seat encircling the knotted trunk was o'erlaid with great yellow sunbeams, which golden spots innumerable shadows designed with the varied motions of the branches. But Grace sat in the shade—fit retreat for the vexed spirit—as she mused, “What can there be in this dry old philosophy which he is always reading and never notices me enough to——? Well, I am going to find out.” Impatiently she opened the huge volume she had stolen from her uncle’s library, and which he had especially bought for the philosopher, his neighbor, to enjoy when spending the day with him, and curiously read.

Very soon she frowned in her perplexity. “Philosophy”—she skipped a page—“contemplation of the beautiful.” Bang went the book, and she leaned her chin on her hand. “That was so nice I just was afraid to read more because it might mean something else. H’m, so that’s what philosophy is. Well, how can he be so indifferent then? I know I’m pretty. I am afraid it means something else. Well, now I’ll ‘sophize,” and her dainty lips came together in marked

decision, while a solemn look of profound thought tried to presume upon her mood. “If he loves the beautiful—I wonder if my hair is alright; I guess I’ll take this pin out. There—. And if I am pretty”—impulsively she half arose, looked around and then sat down, saying “Oh, well, there is no harm; I am not a Narcissus,” and quickly she ran to a little spring lying in a recess along the bank and for a long time critically looked at herself. She was a charming girl, looking into the eyes of one just as sweet, and she was pleased. With a lingering glance she rose and took her seat, meanwhile excusing herself thus: “I am not conceited though; just establishing my premise.” Her uncle was a man fond of argument, and this use of his word often spoken in her hearing gave a dignity to her deliberation. Seated on the bench again she continued to ‘sophize. “Let me see—if he loves beauty, and if I am beautiful and I make him look at me so—why, then it follows; what follows?” A roguish smile answers. “What’s that?” She quickly turns, and her head is at once basked in the sunlight, and she knew well how charming she must be, her golden hair needing only to be uncoiled. There, directly opposite her, sitting on the other side of the tree, deep in thought, was the philosopher. She was pleased, mostly with herself, but with him she was vexed. “He never sees me when I am pretty. If he would only turn. Oh, dear, I might sit here forever and never be noticed.” Thus she gazed at him fretted and disquieted, and at last gently called:

“Mr. Sigismund!” He did not hear her, and louder she called:

“Mr. Sigismund! Mr. Sigismund!”

"What, my dear?" he answered, still absorbed.

"It's a freezing cold day to-day, isn't it?"

"Yes, my dear," he replied.

"H'm, I thought so." She was exasperated now, and rising, went around to him with all the grace of a charming woman.

"May I introduce myself to you? Your friend Grace," she said mockingly, with a profound salaam. Slowly he comprehended, and deliberately invited her to a seat.

"I did not see you, Miss Aphis, I guess."

"I hope so. Do you now object?"

"N—o," he said, with hesitation. A long pause followed, during which Grace's eyes were just a little teary.

"Can I do anything for you, Miss Aphis?" he asked.

"Yes. Put that book aside and listen to me."

While he reluctantly obeyed, she ran around the tree and, with an effort, brought round the big volume she had been reading, and said: "I was just reading—Mr. Sigismund," she said sharply, "I am talking"—for he had again fallen into a reverie.

"Excuse me, my dear. What book is that?"

"That's a book of philosophy."

"May I see it a moment, dear?"

"Never. I know what that means. You just listen to me while I read." At once he was interested, and, as she was hunting her place, she read the last word on each page quite unconsciously, "radically— from—love—all—joy—is—Oh here—philosophy, I remember that word. Now listen, Mr. Sigismund."

"Excuse me, Miss Aphis, but who did you say

was the author of that book? Now, on the contrary, perfect beatitude is the contemplation of—"

"Oh, yes, I know—the beautiful."

"But," he continued, "love is but a"—

"Exactly—a fruition of that contemplation," eagerly interrupted Grace.

"My dear child"—

"Mr. Sigismund, I am no child, but, on the contrary, a woman, and I do not want to be treated as a child. Look at me!" Gravely he raised his soft gray eyes to hers, and before his steady gaze her own eyelids dropped down to meet a deep blush o'erspreading her face. "Look away now, Mr. Sigismund—but anyway, I am a woman and I want you—"

"But, Miss Aphis—"

"You may call me Grace, tho'—"

"But that will confound you and the virtue of which I was about to speak."

"Well then, why not call me dear," she said demurely.

"Just as you please then, dear—"

"Why not as you please?" Again Grace's eyes swelled with tears and her lips quivered. "Can't he understand?"

"Well then, my dear—"

"Oh, but I didn't say you could use—my."

"That is so." The philosopher looked embarrassed, and glanced at his fair friend bewildered. Slowly he moved away from her. He did not understand.

Impetuously Grace rose and approached him, but he had sought refuge in his big book in which he was helplessly lost, and the appeal of her eyes, aided by

two glistening tears, were lavishly wasted. With a little sigh and a shrug of despair she turned, and with drooping head retired. From afar she looked back. The philosopher was moving farther away with awkward stealth.

E. FRANKLIN FARQUHAR, '05.



"PURTY"

PURTY? Wall, I jes reckon my wife air purty. And she's a good un, too, pardner. Ye see, she was'n born an' raised in these yere mountens like I was. She come into West Verginny with her Pap and Ma, going nigh on to seven years ago, come next September. They was purty poor, and moved into that leetle house down in Joe Place's clairin', near the old saw mill. Soon as I seen Valley I 'llowed I was goin' to marry 'er or bust a hainestring. Then sev'ral other young bucks 'round these yere parts 'gan to run around her like dogs around a rabbit-kivver. But I hauled wood all winter and a lot of bark next spring, and sent to Chicago and got a crackin' new buggy, and I hooked up my old sorrel mare and tuk her to meetins and picnics and sich like, an' in the fall I tuk her birds and squirrels, an' us't to set up late nights with her, an' then I asked her to marry me, but she would'n' have me unless I give up chawin', said no gen'leman done it, but I warn't no gen'leman, jes a mountaneer. But I thought a heap o' that gyarl, so I didn't chaw a bit till the preacher jined us together. Then what d'ye think my woman done? The fust time she went to town she bought me a dozen big plugs o' "Sailor's Delight," said she jes' wanted to see how much I thought on 'er. So I been chawin' ever sence, but if ever I ketch that kid o' mine puttin' terbacker in his mouth I'll whale the skin off on him.

M.

EXCHANGES



PERHAPS half the magazines that come to the Board have an Editor's Corner or department of college philosophy, wherein the editor delivers himself periodically of the wisdom that accumulates in his garret. Many of these studies or sketches are fair examples of college thought, but still more represent the editor himself, blasé, excessively candid, imbued with the learning of many ancients, pointing with artistic scorn to the naughtiness of this wicked world. Has the wicked world already scorned his greatness? And why? "Pray, gentle shepherd, tell me why?" All great minds, perhaps, are chafed and sorrowed by the same coldness. Let us hope.

"THE TWO VANREVELS."

The first portent of decay is luxury. The nation that has attained the sublimest heights of perfection is doomed by the human law of reaction to a decadence as base in appearance as was its grandeur mean at heart. Its glory is not self-supporting; it stands tottering for the nonce, supported by the inertia of its position, then impelled by the rude throngings at its base, it falls and is shattered to a thousand fragments, and naught remains but the dust of it to flicker in the glare of the coming era.

"College Philosophy" in the *Dartmouth Magazine* is an example of realism certainly not flattering to the college man. It is a record of opinions of the worldly-wise, and is undoubtedly correct. Is there anything uncanny about the surroundings of Dartmouth? One of the "weird sisters" writes a story on

the "Royal Flush." This is about the fourth of this variety that has appeared in the magazine this year.

The *Virginia Mag.*, with its eighteen pages of ads., must be a paying proposition. "Vision of Charles XI.," is the second translation from Mèrimée that has appeared this year. This is very creditable to the University. "His 'V'" is a good story. The poetry of this number is excellent.

The Inlander shows great improvement. Sichel's "Madonna" is the best frontispiece of the year, with "Green River" in *The Williams Lit.* a fair second.

The Charleston Mag. is a new exchange with us. It is like a twin brother to *The Gettysburg Mercury*. Its last number is weak in most of its departments. The January number was better. "Some Impressions of Carlyle" is its redeeming feature.

The Columbia Lit. is uniformly good, but lacks color, as does also *The Red and Blue*. "Romance of a Punt" is well told.

The Brunonian throws in a few timely remarks on the Pinero drama. At it says, nausea is its final reception. The Pinero play, "Iris," which appeared in Easton a short time ago, showed distinctly the meagre strength and great unwisdom of the realistic school. "Elder Dobey's Prophet" is a caricature of an old religion, as is the "Unbelieving Cow" of a new Christian religion. They were better omitted. This magazine maintains its position at the van of the printer's art.

Morningside is a newcomer and welcome. We find in it nothing worthy of special mention, unless it is the "Complaint of Narcissus," which begins classically enough, but finds the pace too hot.

We are glad to notice the pertinent, strong thought expressed in *The Nassau Lit.* editorials. To the sane discussion of unanswered questions should be devoted the time that is too often spent over the "sweet nothings" of the "Editor's chair." The tone of *The Nassau Lit.* is sound and mature throughout.

POWER.

A healthy brain, six feet from ground ;
A haughty spirit, girt around with brawn ;
Proud eyes whose glance was full of scorn,
A will like iron, and as strong :—
A man.

Yet once I saw his high head bow,
And weakness overspread his brow—alas !
A dreaminess was in his eye,
His will was broken. You ask why ?
A lass.

—C. L. R. in *Brunonian*.

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