

where the constituency is large enough, the separation of news items and minor editorials for daily or weekly paper, while the higher literary work and comment on current topics might be reserved for the monthly magazine. The point he makes is emphasized the more by the appearance of a sonnet from his pen entitled "Nippon," in the same volume as the athletic notes and the university chronicles. The sonnet, written before the peace conference at Portsmouth, is thought worthy of quotation below:

Stern are his manly lips, his childish eyes

Weird with the gleam of strange barbaric things.

Around the world his sudden foot-step rings,

As casting off the Past's obscuring ties,

His fierce ambition seeks the Future's prize.

Upon the bloody sands, full armed he springs,

And who shall speak the message that he brings?—

Where is the seer dare trace his destinies?

A mystic nature his from ours apart,

His thoughts are not our thoughts, not ours his blood;

In his right arm is might, and in his heart

Error and truth, and wickedness and good—

Child of the Rising Sun, humanity,

E'en though it doubts and fears— must honor thee!

CLASS RULES FOR '09.

1. The wearing of *skull caps* and *Derbies* on the campus is strictly prohibited.

2. The smoking of *pipes* is considered injurious to babes, so you will please refrain from their use.

3. The *steps* of the *main building* are reserved for the upper classmen and will accordingly be left unobstructed by Freshmen.—*The Lantern*.

Compare with above, the sober resolution of the senior years in Massachusetts' Institute of Technology as found in number two of *The Tech.*:

"No Freshman shall wear any hat, cap, sweater, jersey, or sleeveless shirt bearing any preparatory school numerals, initials or insignia of any kind. However, sweaters or jerseys bearing such insignia may be worn inside out, or with the insignia on the back of the wearers. Preparatory school pins, if worn at all, should be worn so as not to be in sight."

SLUMBER SONG.

The great white gulls have gone to sleep

Dreamily sleep, my love;

And clear-eyed night shines over the deep,

Dreamily sleep, my love;

For bright rayed stars are out, my sweet,

And the gold rimmed moon her virgil keeps

Where restless waves are sighing,

The moon glides on, the soft clouds drift—

Still sweetly sleep, my love.

The South Wind blows, the white sails lift,

But nestle close, my love.

The ship sails out, like a dream-land ship.

Like mist the crisp foam flying,

And the songs of the sailors waft clearly and low,

To where my love is lying.

—Catharine Rittenhouse
in the *Minnesota Magazine*.