

ing lecturers, and to pay their salaries by raising the college fees. I believe that these departments are the most important practical ones in the college, and instead of lecturers we should have professors in each of them. To pay the salaries of the lecturers by raising the fees, indirectly means that each student will be taxed ten dollars to pay for the scholarships given. It can very fairly be questioned whether this is just to the majority of students. If scholarships must be given, it should be done by private individuals. If the Senate wishes to get scholarship endowments, the quickest way to effect the purpose will be to let the public understand that any scholarships given must come from them.

I hope that the result of Saturday's meeting will be a unanimous appeal to the Senate for the abolition of the present system.

W.

### THE SULIOTE.

A POEM OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

The din of the battle was hushed on the plain  
As the even stole out through its portals of flame,  
And night wandered down in her garments of gray,  
And threw her dark veil o'er the dusk of the day.

Not the clatter of steed or the rattle of drum,  
Not the word of command from the lips that were dumb,  
Not the flare of time's trumpet could wake in their pride  
The bosoms all hushed by the rivulet's side.

Alone on the plateau the tremble of trees,  
The dream of a murmur that stole from the seas,  
And the low sobbing night-wind that moaned over head  
As it breathed in the ears of the dying and dead.

For the blossoms might mingle on mountain and lea,  
The harvest moon kiss the sweet lips of the sea,  
But the echoes that wake the soft hush of the glen  
Had fled to the silent valhalla of men.

But a dreamer to-night slept alone on the vale,  
And he passed at the hush when the even turned pale;  
His gift to his land wandered red from his breast,  
But the war-drums were hushed when he passed into rest.

No more he will see, as in boyhood's young dream,  
The cottage smoke curl by the mountain gorge stream;  
No more he will hear in the bright misty morn  
The mountain crag echo the goat herder's horn.

The soft eye that dimmed when she bade him farewell,  
Must wait all in vain his return to the dell;  
The trees and the streams when the suns were so glad,  
The sweet home of childhood when he was a lad.

So must change all our mem'ries, the scenes are the same,  
But the loves and the voices are only a name,  
As a soft wind at noontide steals over the heath,  
Through the sun and the shadow we move on to death.

No one there at even came over the grass,  
No gentle foot woke the soft rest of the pass,  
No one in the dreamy dusk knelt by his side,  
Or sobbed out a prayer as the suliote died.

But out there alone where the soul in its flight,  
With the rivulet wandered out into the night,  
He stretched him alone on his cold earthy bier,  
Ungrieved by a mourner, unwept by a tear.

And the leaves may be green on the mountain glen tree,  
The soft breath of midsummer come from the sea,  
The long years may pass over Vardara's vale,  
As stealth at even the flight of the quail.

But the suliotes passed to that dim distant shore,  
Where the home on the mountain shall see him no more,  
Where never the night winds may rustle a tree,  
Or waken from sleep as they pass to the sea.

HURON.

### OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

How we always loathed that instructor of our youth who told us, in the face of our better judgment, that a pound of feathers weighed as heavy as a pound of lead! How we always longed to get his bald head under a fourth-story window and experiment thereon with both.

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Of the "preachy" fellows I've any acquaintance with, the biggest is the 'Exchange' man of the Williams *Athenæum*. His last sermon is on the management of college papers, and is full of pulpit twang. Here is an example of what he wants to teach:

A first-class college paper should not be carried away by every wave of popular prejudice that may move through its college; its position is above and in advance of the general tone of the students as a whole; it represents the better element always, and not necessarily the average. From its very position, it should be able to discover much of what is unreasonable and hasty in these feelings of antagonism towards professors and college officers, which are apt to exist among students.

This is quite prodigious. What a comfort it must be to be now unwashed by waves of popular prejudice, especially if those prejudiced happen to be the subscribers on whom the existence of the paper depends. I would like to see the superior beings who are above the general tone and think the average very small potatoes. It is a pity too that we have not one of these mortals to tell all about our hasty antagonism to the College Council *in re* Co-eds. I do wish I could believe that Spot, the imp, and others of the Firm belonged to the 'better element' of which the *Athenæum* editors are members. Then at last the 'Varsity might please a shadowy minority by giving up the ghost within six weeks. Good-day to you, little deities of Williams!

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"Who was the greatest Athenian poet?" asked the schoolmaster. "Periklès," replied the slow boy in the farther seat; "he was versed in war, versed in peace, and ver——" But the pedagogue interrupted him to say that was the verst he'd ever heard; and just then lightning struck the antique tower of the village school, and, without coming to a vote, the house adjourned.

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A tale of woe and valorous deeds comes from a western town. The scene opens with the maiden and youth skating. The intelligent family dog Carlo is also present. "If you want to see a comical sight just watch Carlo after this stick," and accordingly the youth (who has never been seen at the College without that stick) sends it whizzing over the ice. Off rushes the dog at top speed, slides over in attempting to stop, and—crashes through.

The melodrama now begins, for the poor brute's attempts to get out are ineffectual. "Oh," exclaims the maiden in accents piteous, "what is to be done? We can never return to your aunt's without dear old Carlo." The youth, in mental review, passes rapidly over the points of the situation; he sees it is a critical one; he feels the chance has at last turned up to distinguish himself before Miss ——; and he knows what everybody else in his Year knows, that he is a powerful swimmer. With a look of stern decision, the reply is returned to his companion's exclamation, "He *shall* be saved." Within seven twinklings of an eye he grasps a rail and plunges.

I now come to tragedy. The Arctic water numbs the muscles of the intrepid swimmer, and the weight of the animal is too much for him to push up on the ice. The youth just managed to crawl out. Carlo sinks.

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In the *Chronicle* (Michigan University) of January 21, there is a letter by 'Quills' to his chum. The theme is a description of a girl he meets at a dance in the "delightful hug," where he is stopping. Taking advantage of the abundant supply of expressions from *Patience*, an ingeniously-prolonged account is given of "Æsthetica's" attractions.

Her Oscar Wilde sentimentality is awfully (*sic*). Her appearance is just quite. Her dancing is extremely utter. And her conversation is really too too. Never before had I realized the full capabilities of our venacular (*sic*). To judge from a half column more of such desperate verbiage, the capabilities of the vernacular are alarming. Another column is devoted to showing how the damsel's æsthetic diet would be an economical boon to a man of small means; the same distressing effort after humorous effect being kept up throughout. But the acme of the writer's repulsive style is reached in the concluding paragraph, part of which I quote:

As she took my arm with a nestle-close-to-me air, I felt thrills of delight traverse my spinal column. A young man more sentimental than I am (you know I am a plain, matter of fact, romantic sort of creature) would have said