

The alumni of Michigan University have voted to erect a hall, costing not less than a hundred thousand dollars, as a memorial of the students of Michigan who served in their country's wars.

The lands belonging to the University of Texas altogether comprise something like two million acres, scattered in blocks of varying sizes through twenty-five counties.

The new catalogue of Yale gives the total registration as 2,996, with 391 officers and instructors. The new register of Cornell shows a total of 3,230.

The elective system of courses is a question which is troubling the larger American universities at present. President Wheeler, of California University, claims that the elective system is not conducive to the best moral life. The Dean of Princeton pronounces it false because he says there is no elective system in life. The President of Colorado College thinks that when given a chance students follow the path of least resistance and do no more work than they can help. On the other hand President Elliott of Harvard and President Angell of Michigan have stated that in their experience the elective system has been a success. The fears at first entertained that the students would select one-sided courses and "snaps" were unfounded.

One-half of one per cent. of the population of the United States is college-bred. From this number 73 per cent. of the Presidents, 56 per cent. of Vice-Presidents, 45 per cent. of Senators, 36 per cent. of Congressmen, and 83 per cent. of Supreme Court Judges have been chosen.

Considerable attention is paid in last week's issue of the "McGill Outlook" to Dr. Roddick's bill for the establishment of a central examining board in Canada for physicians. It is understood that as soon as such is established the British Medical Council will at once accept the licenses from that board and allow the holders to practise anywhere in the British Dominions.

The Cornell hockey team has been obliged to disband pursuant to an order of the Faculty Committee on Student Organizations. Le Brun Cooper, manager of the team, was not a bona fide student of the University during his service as manager and did not secure the required leaves of absence previous to taking the team outside the city.

"The Early Days of Cornell," by Professor Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., Emeritus Professor of English History in Cornell and sometime Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, will soon be issued.

A scholarship of \$200 per annum has just been endowed by the Cornell Alumni Association of Buffalo. The basis of the award is excellence of

scholarship, as shown by the University records, and the appointee's need of financial aid. The scholarship is in the form of a loan, repayable in three equal annual payments without interest, beginning three years after graduation.



Primum Vivere deinde Philosophari

(Chant Royal.)

Much have I studied, read and thought,
In realms of philosophy,
To find the secret, ages sought,
Of Life: the whither, whence and why.
I dipped at large in every nation,
Tradition, dogma, revelation:
Nor needed far in each to go,
To find it likewise did not know.
—But through the arid waste of sands
This vagrant stream I noted flow:
"Yield life the living she demands."

It may have been despair that brought
To honest hearts that final cry.
—The phrase is common with the sot,
Excuse for his debauchery.
The windy ass in self-inflation,
Blabs the same "precept of creation."
And I—well, maybe, long ago,
Propounded this my doctrine so.
Now on experience it stands,
Firmly as things that lately grow:
Yield life the living she demands.

They deprecate my sordid lot,
Content in clay to live and die.
The fullest life, I lose it not;
I lack but some mad fantasy.
Firm on my lowlier foundation,
By means adapted to that station,
I can a structure cause to grow
More weighty than a gorgeous show
Of mansions in aerial lands.
Then who shall say my standard's low;
Yield life the living she demands.

My prospects end not in the pot,
Far from a state of savagery,
I seek the heights that they've forgot,
Plunged in abstracted theory.
I wrest from life a fair collation,
Life flings to them a meagre ration.
Enough, they say, from this "vain show,"
Enough, thinks life, and all I owe,
Who with their fancy-palsied hands,
Just twang the string. I bend the bow
Yield life the living she demands.

I wonder if the hermit grot,
The frenzied flights of soul on high,
At end of time availeth aught,
Hot-beds one through eternity?
Perhaps for some self-abnegation,
Is life's one fitting consummation:
The quest is not for me, I trow,
My dust to dust: then winds may blow
It out of earth to unknown strands;
I'll fare no harder that I now
Yield life the living she demands.