

the wisdom of their action, especially as it was taken, not because of any objection to dancing, but on account of the probable publicity of the Promenade, the implication being that some of the unpleasant features of a promiscuous dance might disturb the reputation of the institution. We think it a sad commentary on the moral character of the senior class and a still sadder commentary on the training given that class during its four years course, that it cannot be trusted to give a Promenade in the Armory for fear that it will do something disgraceful or indecent. Objections are made that many parents out in the state who send their sons and daughters here, object to dancing. But this is a state institution; not a sectarian school. How about the many parents who do not object to dancing? Provided nobody is compelled to dance, has not one side as much right as the other, when it comes to a question of rights? But this is merely incidental.

We believe an occasional—say monthly—reception or hop at the Armory, would do more for college spirit than anything else that might be proposed. Nor would it be anything much additional to what time is now spent in social pleasures. It would simply unite for the good of the whole institution and everybody in it the energy that is now expended by little cliques of fives or tens trying to have a good time.

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"Make a minute of that duel at Princeton, Mr. Shearef," said the chief to the news editor. "Can't do it," replied the subaltern. "Why not?" "'Cause there's only two seconds in it." [Verdict of accidental death caused by sudden increase of salary.]—University Magazine.

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AT THE CHURCH FAIR.

I looked on a maid who was passing fair,  
 She caused my heart to ache;  
 Another maid soon came along,  
 And she was passing cake.

—Yale Record.

## The Chancellor's Column.

### ON COMMENCEMENT.

There is a query in many minds as to the real meaning and purpose of Commencement week; and in many institutions, doubts as to what should or should not be done, have led to altercations between classes and classmates, and to a want of agreement that has sometimes ended in bitterness that even the passing years have not wholly removed. Before we are fairly in the whirl of closing exercises, therefore, a few quiet words may not be out of place.

Commencement is the close of university life for the great majority of those enrolled as seniors in the different colleges; and is, therefore, an event that deserves to be marked with a white stone. Work well done here promises that work will be well done hereafter; industry and integrity and sincerity of purpose in all the student years, mean that these qualities will characterize the man or woman in the new (and more practical?) life which each is about to enter. The world needs these qualities, and has a place for an honest worker; and so all the world rejoices with a graduate.

Despite the sorrow of parting with classmates, the bit of pain which always comes as one severs his connection with even material associates, and the little shiver of dread as one contemplates a future which must always be uncertain—the Commencement season should be one of unalloyed pleasure. The seniors are the recipients of many attentions and courtesies, they in turn become the hosts of the friends who "assist" in the various festivities, the members of literary societies prepare with special care programs that will prove the value of their work and give a reason for their existence, townspeople vie with those of the University in making the week pleasant for the stranger within the gates, honored names of those who have won more than passing celebrity are found on the list of "attractions", social circles are stirred with new life and flutter a light farewell to