

the going and a cheerful welcome to the coming, the spirit of appreciation and approbation and generous recognition and kindly thoughtfulness is over all and in all and through all to all. It is a week of reconciliation, of forgetfulness of past irritation, of gentler memories only, and of high hopes and earnest God-speed. All that has been amiss is forgiven, all that has been delightful is recalled till its fragrance becomes all-pervasive. Extravagance is avoided lest some be unduly burdened, much self-denial is exercised that none be disappointed. A common ground is sought with kindly thoughtfulness, and tact and manner combine to smooth all rough places and secure a week of harmony in word and deed. For years the memory of this short—too short!—week of simple, unaffected pleasure—this week in which all the finer qualities come so suddenly and so clearly into the midsummer light—the memory of it all is a constantly recurring benediction.

If Commencement is not this, this is what it may be and ought to be.

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“What are you giving us?” said the conductor to the passenger who offered him a hundred dollar bill.

“Take what you think is fare,” gently replied the passenger.

And the train left the track and sauntered across the fields, seeking a place where it might lie down and rest.—Yale Record.

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There are at least eleven men at the U. of N. who will appreciate this little gem:

#### THE CLASSIC HERO.

His head was jammed into the sand,  
His arms were broke in twain,  
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone,  
He ne'er would walk again.

His lips moved slow, I stooped to hear  
The whispers they let fall;

His voice was weak, but this I heard,  
“Old man, who got the ball?”

—Hamilton Literary Monthly.

## Literary.

We have become accustomed to regard Boston as the head and center of our literary world on this side the Atlantic, even though we may decline that modest appellation, “The Hub of the Universe.” The Boston critic speaks, and the American stops and listens. This is tradition, and of course there is a reason for it. Boston herself says so, and her opinion is not to be lightly esteemed.

Boston and all New England to the contrary, however, several very good ideas have been known to originate without their borders, and their influence does not seem to be absolutely essential to the development of a good style. Their literary supremacy is in no present danger of being wrested from them, but let them not disregard the feeble and spasmodic efforts of their contemporaries.

In journalism and magazine publications the metropolis stands high, but cosmopolitan New York produces few men with the inborn literary instincts of the average Bostonian. She receives them with open arms, and is very kind about publishing their books for them, but there is a sordid suggestion of dollars and cents about 12 mo volumes and royalties that might prove offensive to the truly literary man. Perhaps the atmosphere of Boston is less conducive to mercenary labor.

Will the great, unconventional West ever reach the plane of the cultured East? Apropos of this, what is the matter with the South; the Old South with its traditions and legendary lore, its effete civilization and romanticism? Cannot the “home of chivalry” speak for itself? Has it no sons able and willing to sing its songs and perpetuate its legends? There is certainly abundant material for literary labor, but the laborers are few. We do not believe it is from any lack of ability. Possibly the enervating nature of the climate has something to do with it.

What a field for a novelist! Images would flock to him with scarce the trouble of calling them up. Places enough there are whose