

question as at present treated applies to a society which has no existence, so that embodying it in a novel, a set of characters have to be conjured up which belong neither to heaven or earth, we cannot tell.

Lincoln does not seem to appreciate James Russel Lowell's poems. They are conspicuously absent from the City, State, and University libraries. It is strange that the works of one of America's greatest poets should be overlooked in a city that pretends to literary taste. Mr. Lowell is coming more and more into prominence. He has had many honors tendered to him from abroad in recognition of his rank among literary men. Perhaps in the future he will be regarded as the greatest American poet of the present time.

The *Contemporary Review* has an article on George Eliot which brings out many things of interest in her private life. It gives a clue to her mental life and growth, by what steps she arrived at her final conception of life, how she came to accept materialism. However repulsive her belief may be, none can help admiring the woman herself. Her self-sacrifice, independence, purity of character, noble-mindedness place her high among the benefactors of mankind.

In Literature she stands as one of the fore most writers of the age. As a novelist she is outranked by none. For depth of insight into human character, subtle analysis of motive she is surpassed by no masculine mind. She rescues women from the charge of frivolity and shallowness.

The roller rink seems to be an interesting problem just now. The whole world, so to speak, is absorbed in it. Some, or rather many, in attending it, others in theorizing about it. It is even so well worn a topic that it has been debated in this University. Various are the opinions expressed about it. It seems to have as many hues as the Chameleon. Every observer calls attention to a different one. The true solution of the question is hard to get at, for it embraces many other problems which have to be considered before this can be decided upon. It is intimately connected with the Garden of Eden, or rather the result of this, viz, the Fall. So its causes date back many thousand years and to understand it perfectly one must follow the history of man down from that time. So there is no simple, easy solution. That there is depravity somewhere, is evident. Where this comes from is a matter of dispute, the majority declare it is the rink, but we suspect they have attributed the cause to the wrong end, that it is man instead of the rink that is at the bottom of the mischief. A French r says "mankind is a rascal", we are inclined to believe him.

The editor of this department has thought best to change the heading "Criticism" to "Miscellany." He has been haunted for some time with the suspicion that Criticism was a mis-nomer. He should have acted upon this before, but irresolution as usual prevented him. Criticism implies sufficient knowledge of things to make intelligent suggestions about them. Hence there is some responsibility attached to one who professes to criticize. This we wish to avoid. It is too heavy a load. Nothing is more wearing than the consciousness that one has failed to grasp a thought though he publicly committed himself upon it, pretending that he did. The case is aggravated by the fact that he can

not recall what he has said. One of our orators has put in a plea for reticence, and we are inclined to think that his advice is good. It is certainly safe, though there are a few cases known where it met with disapproval, but these are exceptions.

The title, Miscellany, is more modest. It makes no pretences. It may mean any thing whatever. Thus it allows us greater scope. This is advisable especially during the spring term, for student's ideas, in this season, are generally wandering, of a miscellaneous kind.

I ask not for those thoughts that sudden leap,
From beings sea, like the isle seeming
Kraken,
With whose great rise the ocean all is shaken
And a heart-tremble quivers through
Give me that growth which some perchance deem sleep,
Wherewith the steadfast coral stems
uprise.
Which, by the toil of gathering energies,
Their upward way into clear sunshine
keep,
Until, by Heaven's sweetest influences,
Slowly and slowly spreads a speck of
green
Into a pleasant island in the seas,
Where, 'mid tall palms, the cane-roofed
home is seen,
And wearied men shall sit at sunsets
hour
Hearing the leaves and loving God's
dear power.

—J. R. Lowell—

Our local oratorical contest was not a brilliant affair. There were but two contestants, one of whom spent his time in making the word "reticence" mean what it does not mean and in drawing conclusions from the false assumption, and the other tangled himself up in "the law of nature" and failed even to make folks believe that he himself had any idea of what he was trying to get at. The lateness of the time at which the local organization was formed is a partial excuse for the small number and poor quality of the orations given, but we think that the orators made themselves more ridiculous than was necessary by taking subjects unadapted to oratory, and subjects, too, that were too large for the calibre of the speakers. This is hardly a fault though it may have unpleasant results for the speaker and his friends. It is better to strive and fail than never to strive at all. Rather than give the old stock orations on Freedom, Puritanism, Home or the Equality of men, it is better for a student to "get downed" by a subject that is too large for him. The average contest oration is more of a declamation than anything else, and it is a change for the better when college orators make it their chief aim to think rather than perorate.

PERSONALS.

Why did Amos Griswold Warner?
How much is Will Owen Jones?
Who is A. E. Anderson of?
Is Frank Austin Manley?
Is Henry Elton Fulmer than three times a week?
Is Roy George Coddington, or in earnest?
Can a small man Cary Sigel Polk?
Has George Hearn the latest news?