

years of the school showed unmistakeable signs of youth. The numbers are full of student life, as they should be; but very trivial things were allowed to engross the attention of the editors. One long hair on a boy's coat was sufficient provocation for a paragraph, and two, I doubt not, would have drawn forth an editorial. Selected poems, elaborate treatises on Political Economy, translations from the German of Richter, reminiscences of '49, rolls of society officers and items from other schools, made up the intellectual feast spread before the students every new moon. One source of variety, however, that should not be omitted in this mention, was an occasional poem from the pen of Prof. O. C. Dake, or some interesting paragraphs from his notebook. The exchange department, which began in a modest way under the title "Items from other colleges," developed later into "Our scissors at work among the Exchanges," and frequently occupied more than a four column page. The jokes and pleasantries were often very thin. "Our Class in Botany" is typical of many subjects that grew out of the extremely local and narrow spirit of the school. Ill-timed puns and extravagant use of adjectives marked even the editorials. Witness this from Vol. III., concerning the graduation of the "Triad of '74.":—

"The hour when these young men departed from her fostering care, was one of deep interest and earnest solicitude, as well as pride, to their alma mater in her young maternity. An hour of joy and pride, because her progeny, rejoicing in the full vigor, elasticity, lofty aspiration and hope of intelligent, cultured young manhood, were now about to enter the broad arena of life's contest, with the peculiar devices she has taught emblazoned upon their shields, as her representatives, to labor and to achieve in her name."

Or the following from the locals, concerning the High School:—

"In taste and beautiful arrangement the exercises were not excelled by any entertainment of the University. The graduating class consisted of three beautiful and talented young ladies and one young gentleman. The productions of the

ladies—Miss Emma Funke, Miss Theresa Graham and Miss Flora Alexander—were surprisingly excellent in thought and couched in splendidly beautiful language. Every sentence seemed to sparkle with word-gems and sentences of pearls. The address of the young gentleman, Samuel English, on the "Manias of Age," was a worthy production. It lacked the glitter and music with which the young ladies adorned their thoughts, but we liked it equally as well. He showed the elements of manly thought in grappling with the knotty practical problems of the day, and evinced a conception of the follies and fantasies of the age."

Students seldom happened even unsciously upon the principle that short, terse expressions are stronger than long classical derivatives. The longest form of a word was usually preferred: "gesticulation" and "conceitedness" preempted the claim of gesture and conceit. General and abstract subjects appear in profusion. Expecting more or less of this, one is not all surprised at articles on "The Beautiful in Art;" but when it comes to "Nature and Art in Intellect," he is lost in helpless wonder.

Nevertheless, some very live people had charge of the paper in its early days, and made it excellent in many ways. On account of incomplete files I am unable to say when serial stories began to appear in its columns. From a statement in the second volume, it may be inferred that there were such in the first year. A suggestion as to the grade of fiction then written by the students comes from contemporary exchange, which said of one of the numbers: "It contains a serial story and an article on Prof. Tyndall's address; otherwise it pleases us very much." When the paper first assumed the magazine form several stories of the kind occurred. "The Unknown Heirs, or the Contested Inheritance," a story of seven chapters, by X. Y. Z., ended in the February number, 1877. Two others were "Worse than War, Worse than Pestilence" and "Reciprocated Maxims." The latter was by A. U. Hancock, who has since written John Aburntop and other novels. He