

## CRITIQUES AND CRITICISMS.

The *Bates Student* for April is the first exchange which we take up to notice. It is an improvement on all its predecessors. The article on the "Relativity of knowledge" is especially good and the editorial on Biography is worthy of special mention.

The *University Reporter* has some very sensible extracts from the *Edinburgh Review* on "Religion and Science", and an editorial discussion on the best plan for running a College paper. It advocates the placing of the whole responsibility into the hands of the business manager, stipulating only that it be run in the interests of the college or university. This problem of how to place a college paper on a paying basis is one which demands a speedy solution just at present. These papers have sprung up all over the country, most of them upon a very precarious footing indeed, and have been conducted for a year or so by private enterprise, and now that the novelty has worn off are liable to suspend suddenly or at best die a lingering death. The plan of giving everything into the hands of a Business Manager seems the most feasible—provided we can secure a competent man for the place. His is by all odds the most responsible position, much more than the editor's for the excellence of contributed articles may atone for editorial delinquency. But if the Manager is a "poor stick," the best editorials cannot save the paper from bankruptcy. Let us have competent Business Managers by all means.

The *Stephens College Chaplet* is at hand once more. The April number is spicy and well written and compares very favorably with its rival, the *Univ. Missourian*. Indeed we are inclined to award it the *chapellet*. The worst thing about it is its name.

The *Packer Quarterly* is also before us but does not fulfil our expectations of what ought to come from Packer Institute. Most of the articles are too sentimental—the common fault of girls' writings. "Scintillations" is, perhaps, the best, and the Editor's Table is an improvement on the contributed part of the magazine.

The *Archangel* has doubled its size since it last visited our sanctum and is otherwise improved. We have been puzzled a long time over the tone of the *Archangel*. We couldn't decide whether its boasting and style of writing generally was a "sell" or a bit of refreshing honesty and innocence. However, we like its pluck and are glad to see it every month.

Judging by the April number, so long as we have the *Oskaloosa College Vidette*, we shall save the expense of a Classical Dictionary. The *Vidette* seems to be a compound of lives of classical authors and advertisements of religious books and tracts. One of the latter has the charmingly alliterative title of "Follies of Free Thought," which for the low price of 20 cents proposes to annihilate Pantheism, Darwinism, Spiritualism, Materialism and all the other isms of ancient and modern invention. The editors have also instituted a "new departure" from the time-honored methods of "making up" by inserting poetry in the editorial columns.

The *Crescent* comes a long way behind time but as we are delinquent in that respect ourselves we can't afford to criticise very severely. This number is however the best we have received. "Z. X." advances good arguments in favor of "Op-

tional Luendance on Recitation" and "What Product?" is above the average of such brief essays. "The factors of life are two-fold, God-given ability, and zeal in exerting it. One has been fixed by our Maker, the other must be determined by ourselves. The product of these factors is the measure of each life." Though we cannot agree with all the ideas of the writer on "Professional Education" we are bound to admit that he brings a strong argument to support his position. This article is the best that has appeared in the *Crescent*.

We feel like "punishing a pundit" in the person of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, if it may be said to have a "person." We have elsewhere commented on the nature of its criticism but must say a little more about it. It makes two statements, one of which is false and the other, to say the least, ambiguous. The *Hesperian* is conducted by the Professors of the University and never was. The editors are students who have control of its columns, and admit such sentiments as they choose. The Professors are welcome contributors but in but one instance has an article of theirs appeared in the editorial columns and then only through lack of space elsewhere. The *Gazette* says, "We find five articles signed with the same initials," leaving it to be inferred that they were in the particular number which it was criticising. We have no doubt that if that editor searched the file of *Hesperians* for the last year he might have found the five articles but he did not find them in any one number. Hereafter we hope the *Gazette* will confine itself strictly to the truth.

The *McKendree Repository* has a poem, "The Tippler's Dream," which suggests a suspicion that the author has "been there" and at the same time makes us hope that he will keep his further experiences to himself. Society reports fill most of its pages, but as it is conducted in the interest of the societies this is perhaps pardonable.

We are ready to throw the *University Review* that other "sugar plum" it so pathetically entreats, in spite of the fact that it so severely criticised us a short time ago. We are always glad of honest and sharp criticism, and endeavor to take it as gracefully as we try to give it.

We have received the April number of the *University Bulletin*.

## A Plea for Bachelors.

Being in a philanthropic mood, and having leisure to humor the whim, we allow ourself to ponder upon some of the great things of life. Perhaps we may be mistaken in our conception of what could justly be called great, and some ill-natured person may possibly take issue with us, when we state that the notoriously sweet-tempered class of individuals known as *old bachelors* are misunderstood maltreated, scoffed at and abused to such an extent, and with such impunity, that the necessities of the case absolutely demand a rigid investigation of the causes that lead to such a state of affairs. Has this once honored class (of whom Paul was a fair sample) no rights in this age of the world that the human race are bound to respect? We would most emphatically deny the insinuation that they have forfeited in any way their ancient rights and prerogatives. We would not forget that this is an age of progress, an age in which women are vociferously demanding their

right to vote—regardless of the consequences that would necessarily follow the granting of such a right—while we would not forget that, we protest against the combined and merciless attacks made upon a comparatively defenseless and guileless race. They, indeed, have rights, and, without regard for the consequences, we fearlessly advocate the same. In our peregrinations through life, and in those relations we are compelled to sustain in the great social arena, we have time and time and again been called upon to witness the most embarrassing and helpless condition of bachelors. There can be no exaggeration in saying that nothing is more calculated to enlist the sympathy and condolence of sympathizing friends than to remain, and most ungracefully wear the title of, an *old bach*. Yet, however deeply humiliating and mortifying the application of the cognomen may be there can be no relief except in a surrender of long cherished, and jealously guarded rights. The question resolves itself merely into this: Shall they, after stemming the current (aye, and bravely) for years, be coerced at last, and with crestfallen, hopeless aspect base'y submit to their indefatigable foes? Echo answers, Never! Let spinsters howl and ceaselessly bewail their lonely condition in life. Let their anathemas and execrations be hurled remorselessly at our defenseless heads. Though we may be tossed hither and thither, lone mariners on the vast ocean of single blessedness, with scarcely a light-house to guide us to the shores of the great beyond, yet the consciousness of the holiness of our cause and the misery we are entailing on the human race, more than requites us for all sufferings, self denials and inconveniences. Now, paradoxical as it may seem, nevertheless it is true, that while poets have written of love and of all its kindred joys, scarcely a word has been said of the joys and sorrows of the *old bach*. And we might exclaim, in the language of the immortal Ward, why is this thus? Is it possible there is nothing in the life of a lonely and friendless, yet supremely happy man, that savors not of the poetical? Is there no poetry in independence? Verily, if we but scrutinize the situation carefully and methodically, ample material may be found for volumes of rhyme. To be sure miserable villifiers persist in speaking of the buttonless shirts and kindred evils which belong exclusively to the life of the bachelor; but we answer all such arguments by saying that there is no rose without its accompanying thorn. But to look for a moment at the other side. Notice, if you please, the average benedict; note the frightened expression on his face, the nervous apprehension he evinces upon the approach of his *better half*; catch the wild expression of his eye, if you can, when she, addressing him in an endearing tone using her accustomed phraseology says, "go out some wood, you old brute!" We merely call your attention to this matter and without further comment leave the subject in your hands. S.

## Fate.

"What has been was, and what is to be will be," there's no dodging that. But is this any reason why you should shift the results of your own laziness, errors, and weaknesses on to FATE's poor shoulders. FATE has to bear unjustly so many mishaps, miseries and didos of poor mortals, brought on generally by some in-

dulgence, habit, vice, or lack of will-power of their own, that it isn't much wonder she is often angry. Poet—picture her as a sort of a twin sister to FURY. But we don't blame her in the least; if we were FATE, we have no doubt that our own sweet temper would sometimes get ruffled.

In our opinion FATE is a myth. She will do well enough to preside over the Past, but let her not invade the dominion of the Future. The future is absolutely in your own hands. What you will to do you can do, provided, as a German philosopher says, "you will to do right." But you must do right in the little things as well as the great things of life.

"Can every one attain whatever station he desires to reach? Why you talk absurdly! Facts don't prove it. I don't believe such enthusiasm." That's just it. You are like the old lady who prayed for a certain blessing, because she had heard that, if ye have faith, ye shall receive, but being disappointed in her hope, significantly remarked, that she knew it would be so all the time. The trouble is, few ever earnestly form the determination to accomplish anything noble, or worthwhile in life. The privations, toils, and discouragements, are too formidable—the more reason why those who do possess the necessary heroism and will must succeed; and every one who is thoroughly impressed that he has the necessary qualifications, has them, *quod erat demonstrandum*.

Of course, after you have shuffled your cards ever so scientifically, and arranged the "hand" you intend to deal yourself in the most satisfactory manner, this same mythical goddess—whom we don't believe in—will sometimes "cut" and disarrange all your plans. But you need not be discouraged; "slip the cut" or "take a new deal"—remember in this game against the world and destiny, you do all the "dealing," and if you persevere you are sure to make a "lone hand" and go out on a "march" at last.

## DON'T DISGRACE YOURSELF.

Students will have their fun, and so they ought. In fact, we all rather enjoy a cute trick, or a good-natured prank. But every person's dignity and sense of propriety, if he have a spark of nobility in his make-up, will keep him within decent bounds. Those young men—little boys would be more flattering under the circumstances—who emptied the Janitor's can of kerosene into the University well Friday night, and tore up the trees planted last Arbor day, and then set them out again after the style described in Hafed's dream, certainly must have a dearth of common-sense, or they would not be compelled to resort to so silly and low an expedient for amusement. You have put the professors to much inconvenience and damaged the property of the University, while you have received in exchange therefor only the contempt of your fellow students, and the self-consciousness that you are a cowardly sneak. Try to be manly under all circumstances. One need not lay aside his honor and manhood for the sake of a frolic—these are the real elements of genuine fun. The persons who are guilty of this last meanness are pretty well known, and if they have not already left the University, will be invited to spend a period with their ma's, if their sharpness is repeated.

Proof correction—1 is wrong side up.