

heeded and his work stands to-day as he left it, the pillar of a great temple—the temple of international law.

One of the greatest characteristics of the American people is the sympathy they have for other people's striving for independence. This seems to be a popular American trait which is not found among the people of any European nation. It can not be accounted for by the fact that our nation was struggling for freedom only a century ago; for other nations have passed through the same experience, England wrested absolutism from King Edward III and cast the shadow of liberty in Magna Charta. The reform bills of 1832 and 1884 extended suffrage to all classes and oppression is a thing of the past. Napoleon scattered the principles of liberty over France and other European countries, yet nowhere in these countries do we find so warm a sympathy among all classes in favor of home rule in Ireland and freedom in Russia as in our own; just now our people are beginning to have a tender feeling for the so-called nihilists in Russia, a class composed of the educated and most refined of Russia, who are working hard to free themselves from the shackles of an ignoble and illegitimate despotism, to break the prison doors of Siberia and return the inmates to their rightful places—the guardians of the people's heritage. Surely there is something genuine about the American as a sympathizer. The love of freedom is not borrowed from mother countries but is truly an outgrowth, a development akin to our civilization.

The place of a literary society in an institution like this is a subject worthy of our emulation. We believe too much praise cannot be bestowed upon them. In all ages of the world's history and in every land beneath the sky which has attained that degree of civilization to permit the establishment of schools and colleges, the literary society has been, and yet is, one of the most important functions of such institutions. In all colleges in our own country the literary society has been one of the most important factors in moulding the minds of men and preparing them for active and independent life.

The object of a college education is to increase the mental power and knowledge of the individual. The work of the literary society supports that of the college by giving to each student an opportunity to use his powers independently, and hence the facts and figures gleaned from text books become more firmly fixed in the mind. The literary society is also an instructor in the art of self government. Every member knows and feels that he has an equal chance with his associates, and every one is here taught the lesson of submission to the will of the majority. In short I may say that society work is indispensable to all students, both old and new.

Many students enter college, select a course of study to pursue, never thinking of the most important part of their college education—the work of the literary societies. They plod along through several years of their college course before they begin to realize what there is in them, and many fail to appreciate their full worth until they are thrown among the active and trained men of the world, then it is that they see their mistake. They are not able to cope with, nor have not the individuality and independence of the men, who have been trained in the literary society. This particular piece of the editorial staff believes that the man who has been reared in the literary society is bound to be the superior of his friend who has not had this training.

We believe, indeed assert, that the society one meets in the society hall is the very best. It is the best because there is no caste based upon wealth and standing and family rela-

tions, but a caste based upon brains, and every student will do his best to stand the peer of his associates, and for this he is universally respected.

Let all students make it a point to join a literary society and do their share of the work, so that when they come to look back over their college career they will be the wiser for the opportunities they were permitted to enjoy and can say with the old patriot "I did my whole duty."

SKETCHES.

I do not bet on elections—I know better, by experience. But I have a few ducats to wager on the truth of a certain statement. To wager anything on this certain subject may be irreverent; but the holders of the bet may decide that when my proposition is proved false. To return to the subject, however. I am not afraid to risk a few dollars on the truth of this declaration. That when Gabriel blows his trumpet loud and clear the contractor of the new industrial building will be busily engaged in laying brick and hoisting mortar on the University campus. Any takers?

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When she shuts the door on Friday nights, she knows not the trouble that I shall know; for I hasten homeward Friday nights with fear and terror in my soul. The way is dark and wrapped in gloom, and the sidewalk planks have never been there. The copper waits on the corner for me and bids me hustle to my waiting room. I hear the tomcat wailing in those hours of night as he walks the fence with savage growl, while the bulldog chants a mournful hymn and concludes it at times with a savage bite. The slugger waits in the alley dim, with his stocking of sand and padded foot. He thumps me beneath my plug hat rim and gobbles my money—the blamed galoot. A baby's squall fills the midnight air, the town clock strikes with a mournful stroke, the mosquito sings in his hidden lair, and my ears are filled with the startling roar. With quaking heart I reach my room, I look in the glass with anxious eyes; my cheeks are white as the lily's bloom, and my hair is streaked with gray. But I am going to the land where I belong, where fearful terrors may never abide, where the sluggers cease to trouble and the wicked forever rest.

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Shadows sometimes fall upon the pathway of a student. You have often thought, though never expressed it, that you were a poor, lonely, homesick mortal with more than the average amount of moodiness persistently clinging to you. Time hangs heavy upon your hands now and then. In particular, Sunday evenings were always attended with an old-fashioned reverie, from which you came forth with the thickest cloud of despondency around you that one ever felt. You always attended church. You do still. But in the earlier days of your student life you were in the habit of filling up the old cob pipe and beginning to wish that you were home. You knew that the folks had all been to church, that your sister as well as somebody else's sister had been to church also—yes, there was the trouble. That was the reason you felt gloomy. Then after you pictured to yourself the scene at home, you suddenly awoke and began to estimate how many flunks were in store for you tomorrow. Then you took consolation in the fact or theory, that a brilliant student always flunks on Monday morning. When you looked at the fire and saw that it was out, you felt still "bluer". By the time you were ready to sleep you never