

The Vassar Miscellany.

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'89.

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THE USE AND ABUSE OF LAZINESS.

“Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.” The old command is too forcible to be thought trite, however often it and its kindred have vexed the ears of indolence. In our own day an ingenious critic has sought to throw discredit on this long-tried saying; but those readers who have followed the wanderings of Mark Twain's ant, and seen it climb blades of grass as high in proportion to its size as the steeple of Trinity Church, or engage in furious combat over a last year's grasshopper-leg, although they may see cause to doubt the wisdom of the busy insect, are no less united than before in condemning the lazy man. The crusade against indolence does not cease, it does not compromise. The adherents of the movement may now and then indulge in charity toward individuals, especially when the person concerned is self; but however lax in practice, in principle they are apt to favor the strictest prohibition. Once in a while it occurs to some one that laziness is, after all, a conservative force, protecting society from death by nervous prostration, or by failure to digest unripe reforms; but so long as one half of the world continues to support the other half, and that but poorly, the

* C. F. Patterson, Exchange Editor *pro tem.*

crying demand must be for the more radical force of industry. Yet the very zeal with which an end is pursued may blind the eyes to the most available means of attaining it. To follow an extreme course when a medium one would do as well, to throw away waste products which might be applied to some useful purpose, is not economy; and by means of a little forethought the man who is afflicted with laziness may perhaps derive some benefit from even this waste product of character.

In winter when the sky is dull and the atmosphere prophesies rheumatism, when the air in the dingy railway station is hot and smoky, and the train from the West is one hour and forty minutes late, the inmates of the waiting-room seize upon every amusing trifle that can lift them for a moment out of their discontent; but however many their diversions, an air of protest, of sullen rebellion against time, pervades the company. Probably the only contented man among them is the one who has the gift of laziness—inborn, inbred, and carefully cultivated. Not every lazy man, but only one who has learned to adapt his laziness to circumstances, can be happy during the long delay, serene in the thought that for an hour and forty minutes nothing is expected of him, and he is free to give his body to inertia and his mind to revery. Meanwhile he is perhaps congratulating himself on his patience. But wait! in due time he will meet some crucial test of patience, where indolence will not serve him; then the veil of self-complacency will fall, and he will cease to make a virtue of temperament and will own himself merely a lazy man.

That laziness is a good time-killer its bitterest enemy will not deny; but those who would fain speak a word in its defense will claim for it higher uses. There is a species of laziness which finds pleasure in monotonous work. Very nervous people who shudder at long columns of figures, long overhand seams, or pages on pages of copying, cannot understand this form of indolence; be-

cause they shun these tasks, they dub themselves lazy and praise the industry of those who undertake them. Their judgment may be right in many cases, but in others it is wholly at fault. The restless, active temperament avoids monotony, the indolent often welcomes it as a friend. These steady, automatic motions of fingers or brain, repeating themselves in endless succession, do away with all necessity for new beginnings and fresh exertion; like a piece of music played mechanically, they go on of themselves, because it is easier to keep up the rhythm than to stop. Thus laziness can sometimes accomplish as much work as a firm will, and alas! may do it with a vastly better grace. This is a paradox of human nature—indolence wearing the garb of industry and laziness become a producer.

If laziness is at times a factor in labor it forms a still larger part of pleasure. Happiness has been said by many people to consist in well-regulated activity; but in order to enjoy a certain sort of happiness to the fullest extent the mind must be at rest, unruffled by any effort of the will. Perhaps laziness is too positive a term to express this passive state, for the word seems to imply a distaste for effort, that is of itself a disturbing element in the mind. But whatever its name, this freedom from all stress of will or desire is essential to the full enjoyment of nature or art—not the highest appreciation of them, for that is in large part an act of intellect; but the absorption of the individual into a larger life, which for the moment drowns him in Lethe, annihilates him in Nirvana, then releases and sends him forth to his work in the world a re-created being.

The obverse of the golden shield is of silver, or often of baser metal. This inert side of human nature cannot be trusted; otherwise the words laziness and indolence would not be of such evil repute. The happy tendency toward ease, that might lighten so many of our minor tasks, is more apt to make burdens and vexations of the

heavier ones, or beguile us into total neglect of them. The laziness that patiently waits is divided by a narrow line from the slothfulness that procrastinates without end; a little change of circumstances, and the laziness that mingles enjoyment with monotonous labor becomes a fatal shrinking from all effort or responsibility; the passive enjoyment of nature and art when too long indulged changes to apathy and loathing. Life is not made up of waiting, mechanical work, enjoyment, or any combination of the three. "As vinegar to the teeth, and smoke to the eyes, is the sluggard to them that send him;" and the greater part of life is a sending, a mission which requires alertness of wit and promptness of will. The man who resolves to utilize, and not ignore or crush the instinct which urges him to rest and enjoy, has undertaken a hard task, but at least he has not set his heart on the impossible. He must be watchful of times and seasons, and learn to confine his laziness within the appropriate bounds. There let it remain, a store of quiet rest for time of need, a pool of shining water among the austere and solemn hills.

LAURA C. SHELDON, '87.

TRUE SOLITUDE.

In a paper on the "Aristophanes' Apology" of Browning, John B. Bury, of Trinity College, Dublin, has shown the common desire of Keats, Shelley, and Browning, "to escape from the actual world in which they perceived more evil than good," and has compared their different ways of effecting this escape. The first retired into the old Greek past, the second lived in a future world of his own creation, but the third "closed with time instead of trying to elude it," and in this struggle found his longed-for peace and solitude.

In "The Eagle," one of "Ferishtah's Fancies," and in a poem called "Longing," Robert Browning and George

MacDonald have put this craving for quiet into words. The one in a burst of merriment begs his love to "queen it on the purple" while he becomes her "slave, love's guard." Here "through the long, lone summer day," in the midst of the trees and "the wild creatures," they will lead "that greenwood life," "the world without,—inside,—the gold-roofed, silk-walled silence round about!" But he pauses; "So, for us no world?" Shall they seek to escape life's duties and life's pains?

"Let throngs press thee to me;
Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we!
Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice, hateful face!
God is soul, souls I and thou; with souls should souls have place."

George MacDonald, with a "heart full of inarticulate pain," begs for "room—loneliness and air—a home afar from men and things." He wants no queen, no flowers, but

"Great shining seas! pine forests! mountains wild!
Rock-bosomed shores! rough heaths! and sheep-cropt downs!
Vast, pallid clouds! blue spaces undefiled!"

Then his complaint turns to prayer; he sees God's face looking "forth from all men's faces," and in this discovery he finds the universe his "closet with shut door."

Thus have two poets of unequal fame and merit felt and expressed the same longing,—the one, known only through much study and thought, the other more widely known as a novelist than as a poet. This same desire has been felt by men in all places and times, as strongly in the third century as in the nineteenth, and in successive ages has been satisfied in different ways.

Among the religious orders the Cenobites, with their cloisters, took the place of the Anchorites, shut out from men by the walls of lonely caves. These in turn were succeeded by the Dominicans and Franciscans, who found their calm in the midst of city streets and "crowded marts." So to-day the question comes to every thoughtful soul: shall we seek to escape the trials and sorrows of

this life by leaving the work-a-day world with its temptations and annoyances behind us, and go to some snug harbor where we shall be safe from wind and storm? Is the best place to find solitude the place that is most void of men and women struggling like ourselves? If we have a sorrow shall we indulge a longing for peace, and nurse it by turning away from the common sorrows of all? Instead of pausing to answer each of these questions, let us heartily say with Longfellow: "It's a treacherous peace that is purchased by indulgence. Rather take this sorrow to thy heart, and make it a part of thee, and it shall nourish thee till thou art strong again." F. H., '91.

THE USES OF PATHOS.

In the general disenchantment which the reading world has lately undergone with regard to Dickens, one fact has come to light,—that many people have been in the habit of considering pathos and excellence synonymous terms, and the power to be pathetic an unmixed advantage to an author. The critics have not been slow in denouncing this error, and the danger of false and the vulgarity of excessive pathos have been so often demonstrated that one begins to ask one's self what true pathos is, and why the pathetic element should exist in literature at all. One is the more impelled to ask this question on noticing how largely this element does exist. One comes upon it in the most unexpected places; the lightest and gayest of the poets are not free from it; even Horace's companies of rose-crowned Epicureans turn from their wine to thoughts of the vast sea on which they are to journey to-morrow,—the bark that is to bear them to never-ending exile. From the Book of Job to the latest novelist, this strange thing which we call pathos obtrudes itself, always wistful, unreasonable, expecting no answer and aiming at no result,—in classic literature centering about the idea of death, in modern writers tak-

ing failure and loss for its principal themes, but always essentially the same.

Is pathos unwholesome? May it not be to the race, through literature, the weakening and ignoble influence, that self-pity is to an individual life? The most direct answer to these questions is a consideration of the writers in whose representation of life pathos is not a noticeable element. And, strangely enough, in this number we find some of the most absolute pessimists. For pathos is not pessimism. It has something pleasing in its sadness which stamps it as the product of art, while utter despair finds no representation in art. But leaving the pessimists out of the question, and considering, for example, Milton, Wordsworth, Emerson, Hawthorne,—one finds an absence of pathos indeed, but coexistent with it a certain lack and coldness. These were not men, one feels, who “saw life steadily and saw it whole,” with all its “grand incongruities.” They were seers, who looked through life to some ideal vision of what life might be. The world is the better for their vision, but it must recognize their limitations. Thus Hawthorne can discuss sin and sorrow, curiously and exquisitely, without for one moment touching the heart; the consolation which Wordsworth finds in nature is often false and fantastic; Milton’s sadness is always personal and always loses itself in a sort of noble self-consciousness, while Emerson is capable of quoting Richter’s words to music, “Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found, and shall not find,” to prove that all beauty has an evanescent quality! But in Homer, Shakspeare, George Eliot, Thackeray,—in all writers, in fact, who have looked at life broadly, we find a recognition of life’s sadness and inexplicability, neither cheerful nor gloomy, but touching something in us deeper than pleasure or pain, and adding an indescribable fullness and richness to their representation of life. This is true pathos, and for truth’s

sake it has a right to existence. It lies midway between enervating despair and complacent far-sightedness. It is art's simple recognition of the "riddle of the painful earth."

Here, then, is a test for false pathos. For if pathos were introduced only for truth's sake, and because it represents an element of life, it could never be vulgar or weak; it would never be revelled in and dwelt upon by the author, as it constantly is in Dickens' novels and occasionally even in Thackeray's. It would blend itself with the whole composition instead of taking fierce possession of two chapters in a novel or a scene in a play. The truest pathos, too, one cannot help noticing, has for its subject what is natural and universal. We instinctively avert our eyes from unnatural cruelty and suffering and horror. The sight of such things can add nothing to our knowledge or our sympathies. We feel that they do not concern our own attitude towards life. But the greater part of the sorrow of the world is not of an exceptional sort. It is the common possession of mankind; and pathos serves a high and noble end when it so presents this to us as to awaken in us a feeling of sympathetic fellowship with our kind. Used for this purpose, pathos is no longer the "sweet voice and vague, fatal to men," against which Tennyson's Princess warns us; it is, instead, one more influence tending to create that universal sympathy and forbearance, which may solve so many of the world's problems and meet so many of its needs.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

A VALENTINE.

'Tis a song of a snowflake cold and white,
Which came to earth on a winter's night,
And lay serene in the calm moonlight—
By the window of a lady.

'Tis a song of a sunbeam bright and gay,
Which pierced the cloud of a winter's day,
To melt the snowflake where it lay
Before the eyes of the lady.

A song of a heart like the snowflake cold,
That longed in vain for a sunbeam bold
To pierce the crust and pour it's gold,
Into the life of the lady.

And then, there's a song which is sweet and true,
Of some one fair, with eyes of blue,
Who came one day and did gently woo
To warmth, the heart of the lady.

There lies before me as I write, a bundle of letters, yellow with age and crumpled with long hiding in the garret, but still alive with the impressions, hopes, fears and aspirations of eager girlhood making its first trial of a great experiment. With the aid of these letters I shall try to give those of you who were so unfortunate as not to share it, a glimpse of our experience during the first year of Vassar's active life.

On the morning of September 20, 1865, two girls, travel-worn and weary, stepped from the Albany train to the platform of the Poughkeepsie station, and looked hesitatingly about them. But there was no hesitation on the part of the Poughkeepsie officials;—with a decision born of conviction, those girls were hurried into a crowded omnibus, and before they had had time to faintly gasp, "Vassar College," they found themselves forming part of

a procession stretching in broken lines from the railway station to the college entrance. One of them writes: "We drove up in an omnibus full of girls with their fathers and mothers. I wished I were anywhere else in the world. I never dreaded anything so much as I did getting there. We came in sight of the building, and it looked just like the pictures. We drove through the lodge up to the door and alighted; then we looked to see what other people did, and, as they all posted up to the front door, we posted after them; there we stood, forlorn and solitary, till a gentleman said to us, 'Have you seen Miss Lyman?' We had not, but desired to do so. He asked if our father were with us. We said no, but we had a letter to Miss Lyman. He took it, inquired our names, and escorted us to the reception room, which was packed with ladies and gentlemen, in the midst of whom stood a tall lady with almost white curls, and a remarkable white lace cap trimmed with pink roses, to whom everyone was talking, and who seemed to be the center of attraction. The gentleman (Prof. Tenny, we have since learned) introduced us; she shook hands with us, but without waiting to say 'how do you do?' she exclaimed, 'Do you know your mother was a classmate of mine, just my age? I am delighted to have her daughters under my care!' I do not remember ever in my life feeling so relieved and refreshed by a few words. She then put us in charge of Prof. Tenny, who led us down-stairs and handed us over to Prof. Buckingham. He took down our names and sent us into a room opposite the office, to wait till our turn came to pay our bills and get our keys. We waited an almost interminable time, but at last it was over and we went up-stairs again, where we were met by a lady teacher, who escorted us to our room." I have given this long extract with its minute detail in full, as the probable experience of nine-tenths of the young women who first took possession of the sunny study parlors and dismal bedrooms

now held in loving remembrance by so many generations of Vassar girls.

Once installed in their rooms, the first duty of the enterprising students was plainly to explore. All day long, through the halls, art gallery, library, museum (then on the fifth floor), laboratories on the first floor north, through the observatory and over the grounds poured a flood of girls,—doubtful, critical, homesick girls, side by side with those who thought the opening of this college for women the visible token of the coming millenium—everywhere girls, and everywhere their kindred to the fifth degree of cousinship. By tea-time, the outside world had said its farewells and withdrawn, leaving teachers and students to gather in a comparatively orderly manner about their first college meal,—the confused and helter-skelter serving of refreshment at noon hardly warranting that title. From the dining-room we went to chapel for evening prayers. Probably few, if any, who heard that service, can now recall the chapter read or the hymn sung, but many will remember the grateful quiet and solemnity that followed the feverish excitement of the day, and no one can have forgotten the shining face of the Founder, as he sat on the platform beside Dr. Raymond; no adjective can fitly describe it; it was the face of one who comes again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. As we looked, we began dimly to understand that from those to whom so much was given, it was fit that much should be required; and many a young heart there resolved that Mr. Vassar should never have reason to fear that he had made a mistake.

The days that followed the opening were unique in the history of the college, but inevitable, when an institution springs into existence numerically full grown. The Faculty found itself confronted with more than three hundred young women ranging from fifteen to thirty years of age, of widely differing acquirements and training, many of them fired with wild and incongruous ambi-

tions. To examine, classify and arrange this heterogeneous mass into an organized and working whole was a task that required time and patience. Some of the students chafed under the delay, but most of us bore our enforced leisure with heroic fortitude ; and while wandering over the grounds and laying broad foundations for life-long friendships, we were being brought into a harmony with one another and our surroundings, of untold value to us in the formative years that were before us.

In about three weeks, a fair degree of order had been evolved from chaos, and the daily routine was begun. It was not precisely the routine known to the Vassar girl of to-day. The college was in its infancy and walked in leading-strings. The laws, made to fit the needs of the preparatory, had not learned to courtesy to the mature specialist of thirty-five. She stood in line for an excuse from walking, or for permission to go shopping ; her feet never strayed beyond the college grounds without the protecting ægis of a teacher, possibly ten years her junior. On Monday evenings she went with the rest to an appointed recitation room, where she gave her corridor teacher a verbal abstract of the Sunday sermon, and reported any failure to "do her minutes" (vernacular for the required exercise).

Bulletin boards were unheard of in 1865 ; the Students' Association a wild dream of the future. We were not then the self-confident and strong-voiced damsels we afterwards became. Dr. Raymond was the medium of communication between the students, when the formation of a literary society was agitated ; and the dauntless maiden, who rose in her place and read aloud the proposed constitution, in the presence of the Faculty, teachers and students in chapel assembled, drew forth a chorus of oh's and ah's at her daring. But as Dr. Raymond put all the necessary motions—and seconded them, too, for all record to the contrary—and to his office of chairman added that of guide, philosopher and friend during the balloting

for officers, he effectually preserved us from the stigma of a masculine method of doing business. In grateful recognition of his services, we elected him president of the infant society,—christened *The Philalthean* by the advice of Prof. Knapp,—a position which he retained until the close of the college year, when Miss Dickinson was chosen his successor. By that time, much practice in chapter meetings, and on the committees in which our souls delighted, had given us a familiarity with our own voices, that by no means bred contempt; we had also Cushing's *Manual* by heart, and we pined for a presiding officer, whose rulings we could dispute and whom we could call to order without feeling that we were undermining the foundations of the college. Who so fitting for this enviable office as one of our four Seniors elect?

For the close of the year brought another great change to our college status. We were divided into classes, and took our seats in chapel with due regard to rank. Hitherto we had been seated alphabetically, beginning with Miss Adams in the first seat of the left hand corner, and ending with Miss Young in the last seat of the right,—collegian, preparatory, regular and special on a dead level of studentship there, as well as in the first catalogue.

Ah, that first catalogue! Of what sighs and tears and wrath it was the cause; how we flouted it ourselves and refused to send it abroad, not alone because of its "plentiful lack" in the requirements for admission and in its one course of study, that would strike a student of to-day; that was an admitted fault, but one to be remedied in the future,—the crying sin of that catalogue was its smooth, cream-colored cover, a cover that one high in authority had termed "lady-like!"

When we appeared in print upon our own basis in the *Vassariana*, our first college paper, no one could sneer at the daintiness of our publication, though there were not wanting supercilious brothers and cousins to hint a paucity of ideas on the part of editors, who filled five of

their twelve columns with the names of the Faculty and teachers, and with lists of the officers of the various societies and clubs, relieved by the programmes of our first concert and of the "Inaugural Celebration of Founder's Day."

Founder's Day was put into the calendar by Mr. Vassar himself, who asked that his birthday be a perpetual holiday. That it should also be a festival was the decision of the authorities. On that day we opened our doors to a kindly responsive public, that listened patiently as we read our essays and poems, spoke our pieces in character, and sang and played for its entertainment, according to a programme that grew somewhat monotonous by repetition, but which we then thought delightfully original. The unique feature of the day was the reception of the Founder at the lodge. The light, holiday dresses of the girls, as they marched two by two down either side of the broad avenue, formed a pretty picture for the guests looking from the windows, the view unobstructed by the evergreens in their struggling infancy. As Mr. Vassar's carriage drove through the lodge the young ladies fell into line beside it, and escorted the dear old man to the college, the tears rolling down his face meanwhile. The usual collation followed the literary exercises, in its turn succeeded by much promenading in the corridors. Dancing was unknown there in Miss Lyman's time, though after the gymnasium was occupied, it was frequently indulged in between classes.

A Commencement without a graduating class was a manifest impossibility; a public meeting of the Philanthropic, something like Founder's Day with the Founder left out, was therefore appointed for June 27, to serve instead of a Commencement. The next day the exodus took place, accompanied by much confusion and vexation of spirit regarding baggage, and the first college year of our *Alma Mater* was at an end.

The time allotted to these rambling reminiscences has come to an end. I can say nothing of our relations with the corps of instructors,—a relationship closer and more personal than in most colleges for men; more so in those early years than is likely to be the case at present.

What memories crowd upon me, as I look down the long list of names headed, "Officers of Government and Instruction," in that once despised first catalogue! All, save Prof. Van Ingen, have found other fields of labor; many have gone above. But whether here, or there,—

"Still to these I own my debt;
Memory, with her eyelids wet,
Fain would thank them even yet!"

MARTHA S. WARNER, '68.

Orpheus, sweet-voiced, found a reed by the stream-side;

It was straight, and pliant, and long;

And he fashioned it into a pipe, on the bank-side,

To add to the charm of his song.

Softly, softly he blew, by the stream-side,

And it echoed out over the plain.

Far and sweet it thrilled from the cliff-side

With a breathing of passion and pain.

Well pleased, he sat and played by the stream-side

In the alders' shade, all day;

Then, weary, flung the pipe by the path-side

And carelessly went on his way.

Great Pan came wandering down to the stream-side,

From shrub and brake brushing the dew,

And, his keen eye spying the pipe by the way-side,

He seized it and gleefully blew.

But the pipe whose note through valley and hill-side

At the breathing of Orpheus, the man,

Had rung, would yield no tone, by the stream-side,

Though blown by the great god Pan.

A BIT OF BOHEMIA.

The attractions of the great city, who knows them? But many and varied as they are, none among them is more entertaining than a queer little Italian restaurant,

not many blocks from Union Square. You may pass it a dozen times a day, and never notice the shabby basement door with the notice hand-written upon note paper, "Pedlars & tramps are not admitted." If you belong to neither of the proscribed classes, enter the long, low room, some evening about seven, and indulge in a taste of foreign life.

You are welcomed by a careless glance from the half-dozen women and three dozen men already seated at the the two long tables. Take your seat at one of them, facing the other with its background of dim gas-jets, and wraps suspended from pegs.

They serve you at once a queer colored vegetable soup rich and appetizing. While you discuss its merits, ask a question or two of the gay newspaper man at your elbow, and let him talk about the place and its patrons. He tells you it is the one place in New York in which to find true Italian cookery, unpolluted by the French or Spanish.

The whole dinner, including wine, costs forty cents. The table is a rendezvous for the nations. Your new friend declares that one evening he heard thirteen languages spoken here, and at that time there were in the room representatives of every land in the world, with the exception of the North Pole.

But while thus cosmopolitan, the place is yet vividly Italian, and its Italian character is nowhere plainer than in the second course of the dinner. This consists of a substance resembling macaroni that has been pulled out until each piece is at least two feet long, while the thickness has proportionally diminished. You are told that it is wholly bad form to cut this reptile-like food; you must eat it as the Italians do. Thereupon you suddenly cease to feel hungry, and spend the time in observation. They, to the manner born, lift a mass of this slippery thing upon the fork, give the wrist several expert twists, and then, with lightning rapidity, place it in the mouth. If by misfortune a string escapes, it is gradually recovered

in the most nonchalant manner imaginable. It is a fascinating operation, though by no means one to inspire a desire to emulate the operator. You are haunted by a thought of the possibilities of manslaughter by strangulation, should an enemy seize the dangling end of one of those disappearing cables.

This attenuated macaroni is followed by a highly seasoned stew that you pronounce excellent, though its lavish garnish of green peas gives it a peculiarly foreign appearance. A salad, served with boiled fowl, succeeds; and this is followed by a dish, picturesque, but awful to temperance eyes. The pretty waitress, who, by the way, is mistress of Italian, Spanish, French, German, and English, with other tongues more or less hypothetical, appears, bearing a huge platter from which rise curling blue flames. These, parting now and then, show a rich, deep yellow within. It is an omelet floating in blazing brandy. This delicacy, delicious as well as picturesque, is followed by the more conventional nuts and raisins; but the foreign air again asserts itself with the appearance of the coffee. On the tray beside each tiny cup, is a small wine-glass of brandy. This is poured out over lumps of sugar, and then, as each guest is ready, he seizes a toothpick, lights it at the nearest gas jet, and sets fire to the brandy and sugar. As it burns, he pours the blazing liquid once and again over the sugar, till everything ignitable has burned away, then he adds the syrup that remains to his coffee. The result can only be appreciated by those who have tried it. With this custom, the Italians will never become Prohibitionists.

But though the dinner is in itself novel and tempting enough to claim all attention, you will attend far less to it than to the other features of the evening. The people, —who are they? Well, the tall, dark man, with the oblique eyes, who sits at the head of the table, is the leading tenor of the *troupe* of a noted *prima-donna*. Is it easy to imagine Lionel eating macaroni? The tall, slender

woman opposite, quiet and modest in every look, is a ballet dancer of no small reputation. Near by are two women whose father has just made a fortune, and they will now return to Italy to spend it. That heavy, handsome man, who seems asleep, yet sees every least movement in the room, is the head of a great commercial house. Next to him is the best teacher of Italian in this country. Beyond, is the editor of a well-known periodical. Scattered here and there are musicians, artists, newspaper men, all the varied elements that go to make up what we know as Bohemia.

In the midst of dinner, the door is opened to admit three street musicians, a harp and two violins. One of the violins is played by a woman, low-browed and dark, neither young nor pretty, but Italian in every look. The three are greeted by a volley of bravo's, and they at once take the cases from their instruments and begin to play the old Italian melodies, that in spite of the modern devotion to Wagner, we still love so well. There is nothing new, nothing you have not heard a hundred times at opera, concert, and on the street; but there is a magic in the place, and an expression on those strange faces that make of the hackneyed airs revelations of beauty.

Now and then the woman's voice is added to the other instruments; and however rude and untrained an Italian voice may be, there is in every one that something, not to be defined, that wakes the music-loving soul as no other thing on earth.

At last dinner is almost over. The women are playing with nutshells; every man in the room is enveloped in smoke, and beneath the last note of "*Non e Vere*" the vivacious faces have grown tender and wistful. There is a pause, while the delicate blue clouds from the many scented cigarettes hang heavy in the air, pierced here and there by the flame-tongues that rise from the burning sugar in the coffee cups. Should you see Mephistopheles just now come forth from the smoke, and as in "*Auer-*

bach's Cellar," familiarly address those fierce jets, you would feel that it was only in keeping with the general magic of the scene. Suddenly, in the intensity of the hush, the harp clangs, and the violins begin a wild, inspiring melody, that might be German in its fervor, did not its maddening sweetness prove its birth. It is a national air of the Neapolitans. Its effect on the company is like a trumpet. Some start to their feet with wild gestures; some stretch half-way across the table, the cigarettes in their fingers forgotten; a few lean far back in their chairs with half shut eyes, in very ecstasy; and when the refrain is reached, and the Italian woman, with black eyes flashing, seems to raise herself aloft, and fairly to hurl herself into its sweep and rush, every Italian in the room who hears her notes, pours forth not voice alone, but heart and soul and spirit; as if that wandering street musician were the spirit of his land, and he would defend and worship her in song.

That ends the evening. A few minutes more, and you are again in the midst of real life and February weather, half dazed by the transition from poetry to prose, from sunny Naples to snowy New York.

It was a dainty envelope, with the stamp of the Royal Irish Linen on its creamy face, and it seemed to breathe a faint, sweet odor of violets as it lay there on the Sanctum table. It bore an aristocratic crest, too, whose device was a tiny crimson heart pierced by a slender, gold-tipped arrow, and beneath it the motto which adorned the "broch" of Chaucer's coy Prioress—" *Amor vincit omnia.*"

It lay on the table with the Sanctum mail on St. Valentine's day,—mixed up with a huge pile of exchanges; innumerable and urgent requests for advertizing space from our leading firms; manuscripts of short stories and serials, sent by our best known writers in Europe and

America, with earnest appeals for consideration on our part ; with manuscripts also of poems, sonnets, lyrics and stanzas from the pens of our most gifted and famous poets, each accompanied by an autograph letter from the author beseeching us to do our best for him ; envelopes without number, containing checks for next year's subscription, and all the other bric-a-brac which is commonly supposed to litter up the Sanctum table.—We turned from all this wearily, and we must confess our editorial heart considerably accelerated its motion as we broke the seal of the dainty envelope, expecting—well never mind what—and behold ! we read :

“CUPID TO THE MISCELLANY.

Dear Miscellany :

Cupid can't decline
When called upon to write a Valentine.
For every customer must be obeyed
If one would wish to drive a lively trade.
An' were I idle soon my bow'd be spoiled,
For want of wherewithal to keep it oiled.
So when this heavy order came from you
I hunted all my last year's barrels through—
By telephone, consulted with the Queen,
On writing billets to a magazine.
True, I can send you samples of all styles,
But then they always mention “sunny smiles,”
“Hair that glistens,” “eyes of tender blue,”
In short, I haven't any that will do.
Though very sorry to refuse your terms,
We fear you must consult some other firms.
Regretting sincerely that it should be so,
Believe us

Most truly yours,
Cupid & Co.”

Editors' Table.

At last the long-anticipated pleasure of semester examinations has come and gone, and in its stead we have only the tender, half-sad memory of a joy departed. As we stow it away among our mental records of other delights of a kindred nature we involuntarily turn about and take a glance at the unknown fields beyond us. We think once more of the course we have marked out for the next semester, and wonder if our choice has been the wisest.

If, through some convenient prophetic vision, one could only catch a glimpse of oneself a few years hence, how much easier would be many of the problems of the present; for then we might arrange the present to fit the future instead of making the future dependent upon the decisions, perhaps ill considered, of the present. Not being gifted, however, with the coveted power of seeing our future selves, have we no alternative but to settle, hit or miss, the questions whose answers will affect us far more in a few years than they can now? We do not like to think so. We each have, or should have, some general plan of life to be taken up and developed when our college days are over; some general purpose, though perhaps as yet not well defined, to which all the work and study of the present may contribute. To be sure, plans are apt to be thwarted; but that is no reason why we should never make them, for a plan only partly carried out is better than no plan at all. By fitting ourselves for an ideal future we may be preparing for the real future.

In reading a newspaper account of an Intercollegiate Alumnae Meeting, held in Boston some time since, one of the gratifying things noted, was a remark to the effect that "One distinguishing feature which always character-

ized the Vassar Alumna was her ability to conduct a meeting in a thoroughly prompt and business-like manner, at once graceful and dignified." It was a compliment, and a deserved one, we hope. The various class organizations, clubs and societies, which make up so large a part of our social life in College give ample scope and training in just this line.

They are all conducted on thoroughly business-like bases, and their presiding officers are expected to be conversant with Parliamentary rules. In fact, one of the first things a student does on being elected to fill one of these high offices is to quietly add Robert's Rules or Cushing's Manual, to her private library, "for future reference." However, there are certain tendencies growing up in our midst, which, if unchecked, bid fair to spoil our good reputation. Bear with us, and we will point out a few that have come under our notice.

Firstly.—The matter of attendance.

"Two-thirds of the members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business,"—so reads the clause in most of the constitutions of our clubs and societies, and yet it not infrequently happens that when a meeting of a certain class, or of "T. and M.," or of the Tennis Club, or of any of our other various organizations, is called, no business can be transacted because it is impossible to get a quorum, and "whips" must be sent hither and thither to induce careless or unwilling members to attend the meetings. We need not "point the moral." If a person voluntarily becomes a member of a certain organization, in the very act of signing the constitution he tacitly pledges himself to abide by its rules and regulations; and when he either carelessly or intentionally absents himself without excuse, from its meetings, he is not only showing a lamentable lack of party feeling but is literally breaking his word.

This brings us to our secondly, which has reference to the utter ignorance many of us have of the provisions of

the constitutions we sign. To sign a constitution blindly is not only wholly unbusiness-like, but makes it possible, nay, more than possible, for us to innocently violate many of the provisions it contains. It makes it possible, for instance, for us to move that the roll-call and reading of the minutes be omitted, when our constitution distinctly says that "a fine shall be imposed for unexcused absence, and it shall be collected by the Secretary." So that by thus making it impossible for the Secretary to know who is absent, we wholly invalidate the clause. Either revise the constitution, striking out the clause, or else live up to it. Roll-calls are not pleasant things to listen to always, and if there be no provision for fining absentees, it is easy and proper to omit this little ceremony; but the reading of the minutes of each meeting requires but a short time, whereas if it is habitually omitted—as is so often the case—it involves an extra meeting just at the end of the year, for the express purpose of reading unaccepted minutes—a trial equally hard for the Secretary and her hearers. Let us be parliamentary and avoid this extra session.

Thirdly and lastly, when one is present at a meeting at which a certain measure is brought up for free discussion, it is not right to vote for the measure just because a neighbor happens to do so, and then leave the meeting and immediately denounce the measure. It is unbusinesslike, undignified and unfair. Express your opinion when opportunity is given, or (at least after voting for the measure), "forever hold your peace."

We have not meant to be severe, but the evils we have mentioned are patent to us all. They arise largely from sheer carelessness, but they are evils which, if allowed to grow, will deprive us of half the discipline which our college organizations ought to give us.

We wonder if everyone knows the delights of "getting acquainted." Probably not every one, for we now remem-

ber hearing a friend remark that she usually dreads the ordeal, and especially because she is never sure whether it is going to be worth the effort; perhaps she will not like the new acquaintance after all.

Ah, but we may make the most delightful acquaintances, and even friendships, without the least danger of lack of sympathy afterwards. We may be as cautious at first as we choose without fear of exciting prejudice, and then when we are fully convinced of congeniality of tastes we may pursue the acquaintance as rapidly and eagerly as heart desires. And how can we do all this? Through books. It is an ideal way to make friendships.

Your conversation is never tedious to your companion—you say nothing; your silence is never monotonous—he could not hear were you to speak; he never talks to you on uninteresting topics—you never give him the chance. The advantages are every one on your side. You choose the theme for the evening, and straightway, without appeal or spur, he launches into a stream of his purest and most finished language, his deepest thought, his keenest wit, his liveliest fancy, his happiest narrative. Furthermore, he is never jealous if press of work compel you to seeming neglect for a time. You may not seek him for a week or a month, and at the end of that time he is as ready as ever to amuse, to instruct, to aid you. The more thoroughly you know him, the better you like him, and the more truly he is your friend.

If you do not believe this to be a charming and easy method of making friends, try it and be convinced.

There are some of us who, at this greater or less degree of advancement in our college course, although we have long had a vague suspicion that there was something wrong about our methods of work, have but just succeeded in locating the difficulty with tolerable certainty. We point it out in the hope that here and there a younger sister may, profiting by our experience, avoid some bitter

moments. It is from this experience that is born the emphasis which we would place on the importance of having a system for our work. It is odd that it should take us so long to realize that the principle of order, so essential in almost every department of life, must be carried out with equal stringency in study. One would consider it absurd for a man to plant his orchard otherwise than in straight rows, with fixed distances between the trees; for by no other arrangement could each nursling attain its fullest and most fruitful growth, without waste of room. It is just as absurd to suppose that a disorderly mind, into which subjects are cast in any hit-or-miss fashion, can develop as symmetrically as under more favorable circumstances. It pays to take the time and thought requisite for the formation of a system, even though not quite so great a quantity of work be accomplished; for what is done will be far more valuable.

The prejudice held by many against orderly minds is a wholly mistaken one. The orderly mind is not necessarily of the cut-and-dried type. The rigid mind is not necessarily an orderly one. Clearness and system, however, are correlative; and the one is well worth striving for through the medium of the other, even though it be at the expense of much pains in the formation of new habits, or, harder still, in the breaking of old ones.

HOME MATTERS.

On Friday evening, January 18th, Col. Carrol D. Wright delivered a lecture before the college on the subject of "The Value of Statistics." A Freshman was heard to remark on entering the chapel, "If Col. Wright can make such a subject entertaining, or even instructive, he must be a wonderful man," and after listening for fifteen minutes she concluded that she would never again pronounce any subject dry and uninteresting.

The abuses which statistical science suffers at the hands of "machines," "nebulous statisticians," and visionary men were vividly portrayed in the first part of the lecture. But Col. Wright did not leave us with the impression that his favorite science is so misused as to be of no value. He showed us that only with its aid could the great questions of the tariff, prohibition and equipoise of capital and labor be settled. His delightful humor made all the more telling his clear, strong presentation of the value of statistical science.

On Sunday evening, January 20th, Rev. E. A. Lawrence, of Sing Sing, delivered an address before the Young Women's Christian Association on the "Plea of Pagan Asia to Christian Women." Mr. Lawrence has spent twenty months in visiting the mission fields, and brings back an appeal to the women of America.

He showed that the work of missions is definite, extensive, and difficult. It means not merely the conversion of the heathen, but the upbuilding of Christian commonwealths. The four pillars which form the foundation of such a structure are the Christian Church, the Christian University, Christian Literature and Christian Philanthropy. These must be established by the missionary. Christian Philanthropy is largely founded on the work of the physician, especially of the woman physician, who, by her knowledge and skill, can find entrance into the most exclusive homes. The pillar of Literature is raised by giving the people the Bible, Sunday-school literature, text-books, newspapers and periodicals. This work is most varied and has a mighty influence. The University must be established. Schools of all grades and kinds are needed to prepare the native to be an efficient helper. But the planting of the Christian Church is the most important work. The gospel is not enough; there must be organizations. The native church must be independent,

self-supporting, self-governing. In all these departments the missionary is the leader. He is the founder of institutions, the father of churches, the first moving cause in results that go on to eternity.

Throughout his address Mr. Lawrence showed the great need and worth of women workers in the foreign field, and at its close made an appeal to the students. He wished us to give the question of service a fair and individual consideration. He told of the missionary whom the students of Wellesley support, and suggested that Vassar have a representative. It seems most natural that the Christian world should look to our colleges for help in such work. A number of Vassar girls are already on the field. Should we endeavor to support one of these, or send some one who is now preparing to go, it would greatly increase our missionary interest.

On Friday evening, January 25th, Doctor Ritter, in the third lecture of his interesting course, traced the development of the organ from the simple combination of Pan flutes to the complicated structure of the organ of the present day. Representatives of the typical organs of each century were thrown upon a screen, behind which Mr. W. C. Carl, the musician of the evening, played compositions corresponding to each period upon our own organ. In this novel way we were carried back to the very times in which these instruments were made and used. Hand in hand with the development of the organ itself, went the development of organ music from the simple melody of Gabrieli in the sixteenth century to the inspiring harmonies of the fugues of Bach. Among the most beautiful selections of the evening were the Concerto by Handel and the Finale by Widor. A Fantasia and Fugue of Doctor Ritter's own composition, both of which showed great variety of movement and depth of feeling, completed the programme, which was as follows :

1.	Fantasia,	A. Gabrieli.
2.	Passacaglia,	G. Frescobaldi.
3.	Vorspiel, "Der Tag der ist so freudenreich,"	D. Buxtehude.
4.	Vorspiel, "Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her,"	J. S. Bach.
5.	Toccata, C major,	J. S. Bach.
6.	Concerto,	G. F. Handel.
7.	Prelude and Fugue,	J. S. Eberlin.
8.	Adagio,	F. Kühmstedt.
9.	Finale from Organ Symphony No. 2,	C. M. Widor.
10.	Postlude,	Henry Smart.
11.	Fantasia and Fugue,	F. L. Ritter.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges, January 31st, was marked by the rare pleasure of a sermon from Dr. Lyman Abbott on the subject "What is it to be a Christian?" The question was discussed under two heads: exclusive, treating of those whom Christ rejects,—“If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me;” and inclusive, treating of those whom Christ accepts,—“Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.” All conclusions under either head were drawn from the words and acts of Christ himself, as set forth in the Gospels. The first line of thought emphasized the necessity of the Christ-spirit of self-sacrifice and love for humanity; the second, the freedom of the Divine love to all who possess this spirit, regardless of creed, orthodox or otherwise; for “no belief, and no lack of belief, need keep anyone from coming to Christ;” and he who gives his life to the uplifting of his fellow-men, though without belief, is more truly a follower of Christ than many a churchman of the strictest sort.

The direct simplicity and earnestness of expression made the breadth and beauty of the truths set before us still more impressive, and many a heart will long treasure as an inspiration the influences of Dr. Abbott's sermon.

By the scheme of evening work now forming a part of the course in Senior Astronomy, the members of the class

have the satisfaction of rendering really valuable service, while acquiring for themselves a knowledge of instruments and their practical applications. During the past semester they have practiced in groups of two in the meridian room, and the results of their work in obtaining time, reduced by themselves, have been sufficiently accurate to aid substantially in carrying on the time department of the Observatory.

The week of examinations is over, and the new semester is fairly under way. May it prove as pleasant and profitable as the past half-year, as it undoubtedly will if we but do our part; and to those for whom it is the beginning of the end, may it bring all that can set a good and blessed finish on the days they have passed and the life they have lived under the sheltering wing of our *Alma Mater*!

COLLEGE NOTES.

On Saturday evening, January 19th, *Qui Vive* had an unusually delightful meeting. President Taylor addressed the society on "Ancient and Modern Charity." In spite of the many presentations of charity in different phases, to which we have recently listened, President Taylor's talk was rich with new thoughts and suggestions, and while instructive was most entertaining. He spoke of the relief-giving practiced by the early Christians; of the degeneracy in methods which speedily followed; of the legitimate outcome of Rome's indiscriminate "largess" system as seen at present in the hordes of beggars that infest all Southern Europe; of the idle, dependent life led by many people, and especially by monks in mediæval times; and finally, of the efforts now being made to secure the best possible methods of giving aid.

After the address, the committee served refreshments, mundane but always acceptable accompaniments to the best literary feast.

The remainder of the evening passed all too swiftly in social enjoyments. In the midst of one of the songs by the Glee Club, the omnipresent bell warned us to repair to our rooms if we would not spoil the appearance of certain memoranda.

An arrangement has recently been made which greatly increases the value and convenience of our Reading Room. We now have a carefully prepared catalogue of the important articles in the leading periodicals as they come to the Reading Room; also a bulletin which contains newspaper clippings under the various heads, "Law," "Education," "Foreign Matters," etc. By these means we can easily find the subjects which are most interesting and valuable to us. The loss of time consequent upon the former common necessity for individual research on particular topics is avoided by the new plan. Its originator has the hearty thanks of the students for this thoughtful provision in their behalf.

(Student making a "judicious review" for examination.)

"'He seldom uses Oxymoron;' Oxymoron, Oxymoron—what's Oxymoron? Well, I don't care; if I can only remember 'he seldom uses Oxymoron,' that's enough."

President Taylor, in one of his rare Chapel talks, recently urged upon the students the importance of keeping informed regarding current events. Could one but realize that the newspaper of to-day contains the material for the history of to-morrow, his sound advice would be easier to follow. It requires an effort to go regularly to the Reading Room when one is so busy, but the end is worth the effort.

The following clergymen have conducted our Sunday morning services for the past month: President Taylor, Jan. 13th; Dr. M. R. Vincent, of New York, Jan. 20th; Dr. E. Winchester Donald, of New York, Jan. 27th.

Miss Hubbard must have heard the desire several times expressed for "an organ recital right after examinations." At any rate the bulletin announced one for Sunday evening, February 3rd. At nine o'clock we gathered in the Chapel for a treat and we were not disappointed. The music was especially sweet and restful after a week trying to both instructors and students.

Miss Mary Burta Brittan, Class of '82, has given twenty-five dollars towards our fund for the American School at Athens.

The results of the elections of officers for the second semester so far as they have been made are as follows:

CLASS OF '90.

President—Miss Patterson.

Vice-President—Miss Haskins.

Secretary—Miss Pike.

Treasurer—Miss K. Cochran.

CLASS OF '91.

President—Miss Bentley.

Vice-President—Miss Lawrence.

Secretary—Miss Bradley.

Treasurer—Miss Vickroy.

CLASS OF '92.

President—Miss Temple.

Vice-President—Miss Starrett.

Secretary—Miss Robinson.

Treasurer—Miss Reed.

CHAPTER BETA.

President—Miss M. B. Baker.

Vice-President—Miss Boyden.

Secretary—Miss Harris.

Treasurer—Miss Carbutt.

CHAPTER DELTA.

President—Miss B. R. Clark.

Vice-President—Miss Haskins.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Ober.

QUI VIVE.

President—Miss Borgman.

Vice-President—Miss Rockwell.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Haskins.

PERSONALS.

'74.

Wm. B.

Born, January 4th, 1889, a son to Mrs. F. F. Wood, of New York.

'75.

We copy the following from the *Sioux Falls Press* of December 26th, 1888.

News was received here yesterday of the death at Sisseton agency, on the 24th, of Miss Cornelia F. White, who had charge of the Indian mission school there under the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. Miss White was a cousin of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Johnson, of this city. A year ago last summer she spent several weeks in Sioux Falls; and she will be very pleasantly remembered by many residents of this city. Miss White was born in Athens, Georgia, of northern parents, on January 24, 1853. She inherited a bright mind and frail body. Consequently, while never strong, as a student and a teacher she was always a hard worker. She was graduated at Vassar College in 1875 and has taught uninterruptedly ever since. She was professor of Latin and Greek at Wells College, at Aurora, N. Y., during Mrs. Cleveland's attendance there. Later, Miss White was lady principal of Mt. Auburn Institute, at Cincinnati, O., which place she left less than three years ago to devote the remainder of her life to work among the Indians.

Miss White was a remarkable woman. While as open-hearted and simple as a child, few women, or men either, of her own age were superior to her in intellectual ability or attainments. She excelled in every study. It mattered not whether it was Latin, Greek, French, German,

mathematics, metaphysics or what, her mind took in everything and she practically mastered everything she undertook. While, therefore, she could acceptably fill almost any position to which a woman might be called, the work of lifting up the Indians appealed so strongly to her heart, that she turned her back on many flattering offers to take up a work which she thought to be of a greater importance. Others, she said, would teach wealthy young ladies as acceptably as she, but few were willing to leave the refinement of civilized life to identify themselves with missionary work among the Indians. There are in the world to-day many men and women of devout and unselfish lives; but there has rarely lived one of richer endowments of mind and nobler impulses of heart—one more thoroughly consecrated to the work of living for others, or one so unremitting in her efforts to accomplish the desired good, than she who has just laid down the cross—though cross she esteemed it not—to wear the crown.

'84.

Born, January 13th, a son to Mrs. Catharine Patterson-Crandall.

'87.

Miss Hoy is the New York correspondent for the MISCELLANY.

Married, in Watertown, December 6th, 1888, Miss Mary Taggart to Mr. Morris G. Tanner.

Married, in Roanoke, Mo., January 29th, Miss Gussie Harvey to Mr. William Mell.

Miss Coates, formerly of the class of '89, who left college a year ago, has returned and joined '90.

Since our last issue the following alumnæ and former students have visited the college: Mrs. Lillie Gray-Hoyt, '77, Miss Harriet D. Drury, '81, Miss Estelle Bartlett, '82, Miss Sweet, '87, Miss Lester, of the Art School, '87, Misses Ward and Edwards, '88, and Miss Negus.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

We often wonder if some of our exchanges are not under the erroneous impression that exchange clippings improve with age. We cannot help thinking so when we see passed about from month to month some of the poor skeletons which in their pristine vigor answered tolerably well for jokes, but which on the seventh or eight reading—some could claim even a higher number—cannot elicit more than the shadow of a sickly smile. A witty scintillation flashes from an inspired pen into one of the college papers; it is copied, clipped and scissored until its very humor becomes triteness. We are apt to forget that there may be enough even of a good thing.

In the contact we have had for the past year with our exchanges, and the friendship we have come to feel for them, most of them have come to have for us their own individuality. We always find them what we expect them to be. Home matters give the dailies all they can attend to. Many of the weeklies and fortnightlies spend their energies, for the most part, in the discussion of questions of local interest, though they occasionally treat subjects of general importance. The *Yale Record* and its relative the *Columbia Spectator* are always full of rollicking, good-natured fun. The literary monthlies, leaving all lighter subjects to less aspiring journals, devote themselves entirely to a literary course. Yet often among the profound sayings of this last class we come upon a gleam of humor, as in the story of "An unexpected Debut," in the *Williams Literary Monthly* for January. Both the plot of the story and its dialogue are the work of a humorous imagination. The department called "Chat," in the same paper offers some quaint suggestions.

The *Phillips Exeter* publishes its second paper on "College Reforms," in which are discussed, particularly, the questions of religious freedom and student government.

The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* gives us a few harmoniously expressed thoughts on "The Influence of Latin Hymns."

The *Yale Literary Magazine* goes temporarily insane and indulges in a soliloquy the results of which come to us in the form of "An Interview."

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* gives voice to some reflections on "The Religious Novel," and defines its sphere in a forcible manner.

The biographical sketch of "Benevenuto Cellini," in the *Harvard Monthly* is no less amusing than instructive.

The *Wellesley Courant* for January 4th offers a startling "Solution of the Weather Problem," and the one for January 25th draws a brief parallel between the various societies of Wellesley, Smith and Vassar.

The *Amherst Student* is engrossed with discussion of compulsory chapel attendance.

We congratulate the Syracuse University on the acquisition of its new and valuable library.

The second number of the *Collegian* comes to us with even better promise than the first. It opens with a scholarly treatise "On the Teaching of English Literature in the College Curriculum." A foreign letter treating of student life in Berlin, and letters from various American Colleges fill several pages. Yale, Williams, Hamilton and Wellesley are represented in its literary department. This new paper fills a long standing vacancy in college journalism; its aim is to foster an inter-collegiate co-operation in literary matters that hitherto has seemed impossible.

The present and future of "The American Drama," in *Harper's Weekly*, is discussed by some of the leading playwrights of the day. The subject is full of interest.

The biographical sketch of Gérôme in the *February Century*, by one who is on terms of intimate friendship with the great master, brings with it the inspiration which always comes from hearing of great people of our own

time. Mr. Kennan alternately entertains us with the fluency of his narrative, and rouses our burning indignation by the pictures of abuse and suffering he depicts. "The Romance of Dollard," reaches its tragic end. George W. Cable continues his "Strange True Stories of Louisiana." "Under the Redwood," gives us a glimpse of the rude life in the uncultivated parts of California. Albert Fleming writes enthusiastically of the "Hand Spinning and Weaving" industry in the unique village of Elterwater, Westmoreland. The collection of portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots, especially the "Morton portrait" plead more eloquently than words for the woman who has the condemnation and the sympathy of all times.

BOOK NOTICES.

The MISCELLANY has recently received from Washington, the "Report of the Commissioner of Education, 1886-'87," compiled by N. H. R. Dawson, Commissioner of the Bureau of Education. It contains educational reports from nearly all of the states, voluminous statistical tables regarding education in schools of all grades, from the kindergarten to the college, and many chapters on other matters relating to the general educational interest of the country.

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR ALUMNÆ.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Boston Association of Vassar Alumnae was held at the Hotel Brunswick, December 31, 1888, at 11 o'clock. Mrs. Woodworth, '70, presided. After the reading of the minutes of the last two meetings, Miss Lewis, '71, chairman of the nominating committee, presented the following list of officers for the ensuing year :

President—Miss Cushing, '74.

First Vice-President—Miss Brewer, '73.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. Griffis, '77.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Howe, '82.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Neff, '81.

On motion, the secretary cast the ballot for the Association and declared the officers elected.

A communication was then read from the secretary of the General Association, stating that at the last annual meeting of that association it was moved and carried that the Branch Associations be requested to appoint, at their first annual meeting following the election of a trustee, a nominating committee, who should report at the next annual meeting, having assured themselves that the nominees they present are willing to accept the nomination. In accordance with this request from the General Association, Miss Day, '78, Miss Folsom, '71, and Miss Hazard, '79, were appointed a committee to present nominees for the position of Alumna Trustee at the next annual meeting.

Miss Foster, '72, chairman of the committee on constitution, then gave an informal report on a proposed plan for a constitution, and asked for a general expression of opinion concerning it. In addition to the discussion at the meeting, the chair requested the members to communicate in writing with the chairman of the committee on the points at issue.

The following papers on the college were then read: A report on the departments of mathematics and astronomy and the hygienic condition of the college, from Miss Whitney, '68; on ancient and modern languages, from Miss Leach, '85; on history, from Miss Salmon; on science, from Miss Wieman, '84; on English and ethics, from Miss Reynolds, '80; on the social and religious tone of the college, from Miss Smith, '87. At the close of the papers and the discussion they suggested, it was moved and carried that the secretary send a letter of thanks to

those who had contributed papers, and express the Association's sense of the value of such detailed accounts of the work at Vassar as had been given them. Miss Cushing, '74, then spoke on the needs of the college, and called attention especially to the plan of starting a Students' Aid Society among former students and others interested in the college, for the purpose of assisting worthy students to take the course at Vassar.

The business meeting then adjourned.

Forty-five persons were present at the lunch, including a number of former students not graduates of the college. At the social meeting after lunch the plan of forming a Students' Aid Society was again discussed, and the chair finally appointed the following committee to take steps toward forming such a society: Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Mackay, Miss Hayes, '81, Dr. Culbertson, '77, Mrs. Shannon, '72.

A paper on the first year of Vassar's active life, by Miss Warner, '68, was then read by the secretary, and was followed by other accounts of Vassar in the past, from Miss Hubbard, '69, Miss Foster, '72, and Miss F. M. Abbott, '81.

The final business of the day was the appointment of Miss Hubbard, '69, Miss Foster, '72, Miss Howe, '82, to draw up resolutions in regard to the recent death of Mrs. Priscilla Braislin-Merrick.

On motion the meeting then adjourned.

ELIZABETH M. HOWE, Secretary.