

Vol. III. No. 3.

October 15, 1895.

# The Student Record

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# — The Student Record. —

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# The \* Student \* Record

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## INDEPENDENT ASSOCIATION

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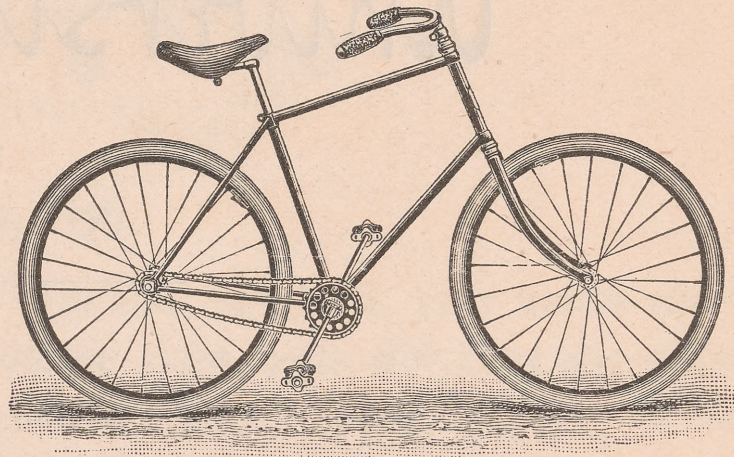
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# University Bulletin.

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Two hundred and ninety-two students enrolled to date.

---

A first class gymnasium costing six thousand dollars is worth working for, is worth personal self-denial. The students are invited to take hold of this great enterprise and push it to a glorious result.

---

A debt of three thousand dollars to furnish the gymnasium! So be it. With active effort and earnest co-operation on the part of faculty and students this debt can be paid this winter. Push the good work along.

---

The gymnasium and armory building is one of the best character. Its erection this year has been made possible by the earnest efforts of the faculty and students, who have already secured twenty-five hundred dollars. It has been decided to finish the building this term and have it ready for use by the first of January. To do this a debt of three thousand dollars must be assumed by the faculty.

Students are requested to avoid all kinds of disturbing noise in the halls of the buildings, especially during the recitation hours.

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Personal self-control, a strong hand in personal self-government, a wise disposition toward self-culture represent the highest achievement in university life.

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The Agricultural Fair Grounds have been leased by the University for ten years from October 1st, 1895, and the experimental work of the agricultural department will be extended in every branch of theoretical and practical agriculture.

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The faculty and the students of the University were honored by an invitation from the Young People's Societies to a delightful reception held in Congregational Church, Saturday evening, the fifth instant. Introductions by cards, charming music, tea and cake and a generous social spirit distinguished this helpful occasion.



# THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. III.

RENO, NEVADA, OCTOBER 15, 1895.

No. 3.

## LITERARY.

GERTIE HIRONYMOUS, '96.

### THE CHARACTER OF OPHELIA.

SHAKESPEARE has given to the literary world many beautiful characters, but probably his pen has produced none more gentle and refined than that of Ophelia. \* \* \*

Ophelia as she first appears in the play is a beautiful, gentle, chaste girl who had been taken from her home and placed among the followers of a corrupt but magnificent court. She does not belong to the royal family. However, as the daughter of Polonius, the Lord Chamberlain, she is brought more or less into contact with the court. Being of tender years and a charming girl, she soon becomes the attendant of Queen Gertrude. Cruel and hard-hearted as Gertrude is, she soon begins to love the fair Ophelia, and is greatly influenced by this sweet girl.

In personal appearance Ophelia might be pictured as a modest, graceful girl, one of the fair daughters of the northern races with beautiful golden hair and blue eyes. She is frail, too, so much so that it seems to us that her delicate life cannot long withstand the fierce blasts and great misfortunes it must endure. \* \* \*

So much for the personal appearance of Ophelia. Now her intellectual characteristics must be considered. Her education had not been neglected; she had the same instruction that all women of her time received, however meager it may now seem to us, sufficient then. She spoke little, and that was to the point. Yet in the little she said, while she tried to conceal her true emotions, she revealed her whole character in a most vivid manner. We know every feeling, the whole sentiments of her heart as well as if she had spoken them outright. When Hamlet tells Ophelia that he loved her once, and she

replies, "Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so," Hamlet then tells her that she should not have believed him. Her reply, "I was the more deceived," shows how clearly she reveals her thoughts to us. She must have had a high moral character, one in keeping with the sweet, pure life she cherished. "To know her was to love her," nor could any one help it when she cast the reflection of her own pure life upon them and made the world better for her having lived in it.

We hate to call her answer a lie when Hamlet questioned her about her father, for it seems too strong a term to apply to any of Ophelia's actions. Do we blame her for it? No, for while we cannot admire her so much, we pity and even mourn for the anguish of her life, crushed as it was with sorrow. She loved Hamlet. She loved more than she was loved. Hamlet loved Ophelia, too, but when he saw that he could not marry her he gave her up and tried to make her think that he never cared for her. She felt that she no longer had anything for which to live. We do not know whether this grieving for Hamlet or the death of her father, slain by Hamlet, was the cause of her insanity. We know she was insane. Her poor mind was shattered by some great sorrow. She went about uttering broken speeches without meaning or aim, such wild, rambling sentences, changing quickly from gayety to sadness, singing old ballads which she had heard in childhood. We agree with Laertes when he replies on beholding Ophelia,

"Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,  
She turns to favour and to prettiness."

Her sad death, which we know was an accident, was a fitting end for her troubled life. \* \*

*Continued on page 13.*





F. E. WALTERS, '96.

## MOORE'S POEM, "LALLA ROOKH."

THE history of the poem Lalla Rookh, how it, is written and what was paid for it was one of the most interesting in poetic annals. Thomas Moore, the author of this poem, had gained great popularity in the literary circles of London and was a favorite with the rich people of that city. Accordingly, a publishing company of London offered him fifteen thousand dollars to write a poem for them. The poet was very much surprised and flattered to think he should be offered such a sum of money for a piece before he had written a line of it. He accepted the offer and retired to a lonely cottage to begin his work. After four years of hard study and work he finished the beautiful romance, Lalla Rookh.

The scene of the story is laid in the beautiful Vale of Cashmere. From the beginning to the end Moore describes the places and scenes in a most interesting manner. His pictures of bright costumes, beautiful women and radiant landscapes make us think we are far away in that oriental world and see all this beauty. But Moore's description of the fair princess surpasses them all. Lalla Rookh was the youngest daughter of an oriental emperor and was a very beautiful girl. That she had a lovely disposition is shown by Moore all through the poem. She was her father's favorite, and anything he could do to add to her happiness was his greatest joy. He had arranged for her marriage with a young king, whom the princess had never seen. As the king was busy with state affairs he could not go to the home of Lalla Rookh, but was to meet her in the Vale of Cashmere, where they were to be married.

Very vividly Moore pictures the caravan of the young princess as she leaves her native land and is prepared for the long journey. Silk banners are waving and sweet music sounding. The

princess reclining among the rose-colored curtains, waves a last farewell. She is very happy when she thinks of her future husband, and although she has never seen him, she knows she will love him, as she has heard in all courts how noble and princely he is. She looks forward with joy to the time when she shall see him.

As they enter the towns on the way they are received with shouts of joy, people strew flowers on the road, everywhere they are welcome. The princess takes kindly to all and enjoys especially the dancing girls. But at last she becomes tired of all this, and a young poet is called to entertain her. He is handsome and very richly dressed. He had been sent by the king to help amuse the princess with his verses and songs. Some days he would sing to her; on others he would tell her stories, and every day she found herself more deeply interested in the young poet. Why, she could not tell. At last it dawned upon the princess that she loved him passionately, but she tried to overcome this love and think only of her future husband. Nevertheless she was very sad, and continued so the rest of the journey, especially when she realized that the poet loved her.

When they reached the Vale of Cashmere they were received with much pomp, but the princess saw none of this radiant display about her. She thought only of him whom she must soon bid farewell. The next morning she was taken to meet the king and to her great joy she found seated upon the throne the poet, her betrothed. It was he who had traveled with the caravan, a king in disguise, a poet in reality, whose song and story had won the love of Lalla Rookh. L.

## A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

Her cheeks are plump as peaches,  
Her lips as sweet as any rose,  
Her eyes are full blown violets;  
A turn-up in her nose.

—Ex.




 EXCHANGE.
 

E. A. POWERS, '96.

## THE GRAVES OF THE HEART.

There is in every heart a grave,  
 A secret, holy spot,  
 Filled with the memory of some  
 This busy life knows not.  
 Low down and deeply dug they lie,  
 These cherished graves unseen,  
 And years of blighting care that pass  
 Make not these graves less green.  
 With jealous love we keep them fresh  
 Through many wintry years;  
 And when the world believes us gay,  
 We water them with tears.  
 Not for one cause, alike, do each  
 Their secret sorrow bear;  
 Perchance some mourn a living death—  
 Yet still a grave is there.

Oh! there are things within this life  
 Which strangely, deeply thrill;  
 In music's softest, sweetest notes,  
 We hear a voice long still!

We deem the act a wanton one,  
 Upon a grave to tread;  
 We pass in silent reverence  
 The resting of the dead;

Then on the secret, hidden spot,  
 Let us not press too near;  
 Remembering that to every heart  
 Its secret grave is dear.—*Exchange.*

The *Occident* publishes some very interesting articles under the heading of "College Types," and the picture that it portrays of the "bum" applies to other colleges as well as to the U. of C. We see him loitering around our buildings or lumbering over our campus with that look of sweet content upon his face which is characteristic of his tribe. But under our present management he has found a very cool reception, and we hope few of his kind will grace our University with their presence.

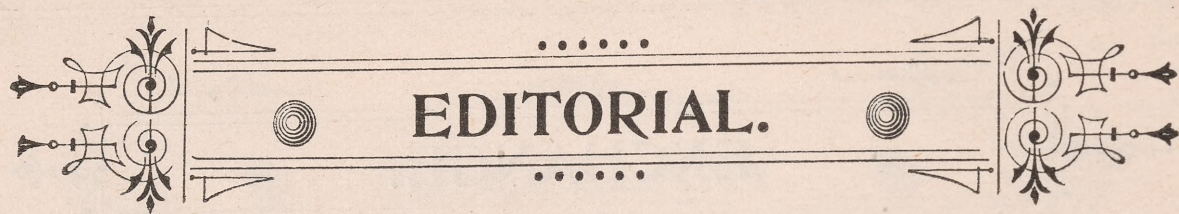
He was only an ignorant freshman,  
 A poor little verdant chap,  
 And he thought that a flunk in the class room  
 Was really a dread mishap.  
 And so when he heard that hoarse shouting,  
 And a mob burst into his room,  
 Laying violent hands upon him  
 He thought he had met his doom.  
 When from his bed they tore him  
 And banged him against the wall,  
 Or tossed him up to the ceiling,  
 Unmindful of where he might fall,  
 Can you blame then, such a green freshman,  
 Recovering from his daze,—  
 Although 'twas a mere "blanket tossing,"—  
 For presuming it had been a haze?

—*Portfolio.*

In one of our exchanges appears an article on college civil service reform. It said that "the annual convention of the National League of Civil Service Reform held in Chicago last December there was conceived the project of establishing civil service reform clubs in the principal colleges and universities of the United States and uniting them in a common cause by a national organization." It was urged that in college-bred men lies the greatest hope of success of this great reform movement, and at a convention held in Chicago, May 3d, a constitution nearly identical with that of the National League of Civil Service Reform was adopted. It states that the object of the new founded league shall be in alliance with the National League of Civil Service Reform, to impress upon the students of the colleges and universities of the United States the need of civil service reform. We think the object a good one and its results of great importance.

Princeton held her 148th annual commencement during the week beginning June 10th.





O. T. WILLIAMS, '96.

**M.** PASTEUR died in the suburbs of Paris, September 28. Probably no other man of modern times, has by self sacrifice and untiring devotion to science, contributed so much to alleviate the sufferings of mankind, as did this great benefactor. Louis Pasteur was born in 1822. At the age of 22 he entered upon his university studies and four years later was appointed Professor of Physics of the Faculty at Strasburg, having received the degree of Doctor, the preceding year. In 1863 he became Professor of Geology, Physics, and Chemistry at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. From 1857-69 numerous honors were conferred upon him as a token of appreciation for his various scientific works. Among these distinctions was the Rumsford medal which the Royal Society of London awarded him for his researches relative to the polarization of light. Crystallography was Pasteur's first specialty and in this field he made discoveries which alone entitle him to a place among scientists. But his noblest work was the result of his discoveries in the inoculation against diseases. In the prevention of hydrophobia he achieved remarkable success.

In 1886, 2,761 persons were vaccinated against hydrophobia. Twenty five of them died—.94 of 1 per cent. In 1887, 1,770 persons were treated; 13 died—.73 of 1 per cent. In 1888, 1,622 were treated; 9 died—.55 of 1 per cent. In 1889, 1,830 were treated; 7 died—.38 of one per cent. In 1890, 1,540 were treated; 5 died—.32 of 1 per cent. In 1891, 1,559 were treated; 3 died—.19 of 1 per cent.

Pasteur proved, through his experiments upon lower animals, that rabies is a contagious disease, and that by passing rabid material from one to another healthy body, a weak virus can be obtained. By inoculating a person first with a weak vaccine and then increasing the strength of the virus at each daily vaccination until the most powerful has been administered, the patient

becomes safe from infection with the disease. At the Pasteur Institute wonderful strides were made by the great Professor and his co-workers in the treatment of diphtheria. Pasteur did not reach the goal of success without difficulties and disappointments. When contending with older scientists, and theories, the French Government refused positively his request for pecuniary assistance to carry on his investigations. Professor Pasteur used to say to his students: "All the enthusiasm you have I beg you to keep; but give it as an inseparable companion, a severe control. Announce nothing that you cannot prove, in a simple, decisive fashion. Cultivate the critical spirit. Left to itself it neither awakens ideas nor stimulates to great deeds, but without it all is lost." He sacrificed social pleasures and health in the enthusiastic pursuit of his studies, and died with the conscious satisfaction that hundreds of thousands of human beings have been saved by the aid of his discoveries.

\* \* \* \*

**PROF. C. V. RILEY**, America's greatest economic entomologist, died September 15th from the effects of a fall from his bicycle. He was born in London, England, in 1843, and came to America at the age of eighteen. His natural inclinations led him to the study of insects and drawings. Later this combination of talents served him in good stead as State Entomologist of Missouri, which position he held for nine years. His completely illustrated reports upon the injurious and beneficial insects of that State stand as masterpieces of work of this kind. Later, Professor Riley was U.S. Entomologist in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, which position he held until the present year. He was a profuse writer and his contributions have probably done more than those of any other one writer to advance the cause of economic entomology in this country.



## BITS OF FUN.

ROSALIA MURPHY, '98.

## DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH.

He—In Massachusetts there are thirty thousand persons, all natives of the United States, who cannot speak the English language.

She—Impossible!

He—It is true.

She—And native Americans?

He—Certainly, and all under two years of age.

I saw her at the social dance,  
This little girl so fair,  
And at each time I had a chance  
I watched her eye with care.

The evening gay was flying fast,  
And hope had fled from me;  
When, Ah! too sure, we met at last,  
And to the next social we'll be.

Miss H.—When the boys drill they look as if they were planting corn.

Miss B.—Possibly the larger part of them are trying to plant "corns."

Little drops of water  
Little grains of sand,  
Serve the milkman's purpose  
Defile the grocer's hand.

—H. S. Life.

Mr. L.—I was around Cape May yesterday.

Mr. B.—That's a lie, for I saw you down town.

Mr. L.—Well, that's all right; the "cape" was around pretty Miss May.

Johnny had an appetite for apatite,  
Such a chemical his appetite couldn't sate,  
But when he got lead acetate  
That was the last he ate.

Professor in Rhetoric—"Mr. L., what is anteclimax?"

Mr. L. — "An embargo on tobacco chewing."

## A FOOT NOTE.

I rose with great alacrity

To offer her my seat.

'Twas a question whether she or I

Would stand upon my feet.

—Ex.

Stranger—How worn and dilapidated these chairs look.

Proprietor—Well, I guess you would look the same if you had been sat on as often as they have.

"Life is real, life is earnest,  
But it might be more sublime,  
If we were not kept so busy  
Dodging microbes all the time."

—Sel.

"Disco, disco, I can never learn it," said she,  
"Especially the subjunctive; won't you help me?"  
"Yes, I'll teach you by example for awhile.  
*Didicissem, didicissem*, I should smile."

Our Sammy drank to-day,  
But he'll never drink again;  
Q. E. F., K. Cl.,  
Q. E. D., K. CN.

Boatsman (near the river)—Say, did you see a boat around here anywhere?

Mr. X. (a newly elected Freshman)—Yes, I just saw one going up there through the brush.

"An old couple living in Gloucester,  
Had a beautiful girl but they loucester;  
She fell from a yacht,  
And never the spacht  
Could be found where the cold waves had  
toucester."  
—Exchange.



## Athletic and Society Notes.

J. R. MAGILL, '97.

The Freshmen held a class meeting immediately after General Assembly on the 2nd inst.

The Junior class held a meeting recently at which the officers for the ensuing year were elected.

Members of the Faculty, their wives, the Alumni and co-eds are honorary members of the Social Club.

Rev. Mr. Unsworth addressed the General Assembly on the 9th inst. The lecture was exceedingly interesting. All present enjoyed a rare treat.

Dr. Phillips read a paper on Evolution before General Assembly on the 2nd inst. The subject was handled in a manner that showed the speaker had given it much thought.

Stanley, Commercial '96, has been eminently successful in the bicycle races, both at the State Fair and the Ormsby County Fair. In the races at the latter place he carried off the honors by winning two medals.

A social club was formed a short time back, its object being to provide innocent amusement for its members and to give opportunity for a closer acquaintance with each other. Its first meeting held on the night of Friday the 4th was a great success.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held on Monday the 7th inst., J. B. Higgins was elected captain of the track team. D. R. Finlayson was elected baseball manager and G. R. Bliss was chosen manager of the football team. Following are the members of the baseball nine: J. Sullivan, p.; J. S. Egan, c.; Everetts, 1st. b.; J. B. Higgins, 2nd. b.; A. Cahlan, 3rd. b. and captain; J. Magill, r. f.; C. E. Loder, c. f.; Cahill, s. f. Every day shows marked improvement in the playing, and it is expected in a few months that this will be the crack nine of Nevada.

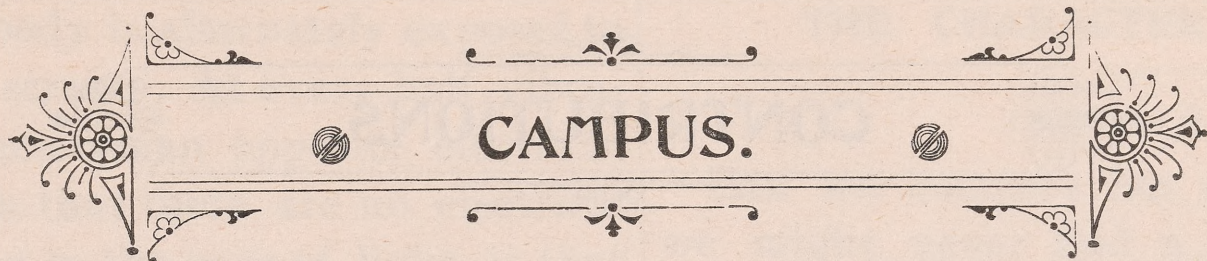
The Young People's Societies of the Methodist, Baptist and Congregational churches gave a reception to the Faculty and students of the University, on the night of Saturday the 5th. There was a large attendance and every one spoke of having spent a very enjoyable evening.

Precisely as Ursae Minoris reached its extreme eastern elongation, Kakum Kakum assembled his disciples for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. From what the writer could obtain the following are the names of those honored: H. R. N. J. I., E. A. Powers; H. R. C. W. II., C. R. Ford; T. K. L. B. T. III., J. S. Egan; H. R. F. G., A. W. Cahlan; H. R. R. R., G. R. Bliss.

The football and baseball coaches are expected daily to arrive. President Stubbs has exerted every effort to procure the most able men to fill these positions. There is no visible reason why the University should not have a football team that would rank with any team on the coast, if the proper man were in charge. Recently the team has fallen into a state of disorganization which baffles all efforts to the acquisition of that efficiency which is sought. Hereafter, it is hoped, this fault will be remedied by having an experienced man to properly manage its members.

Fall Field Day will be held on Saturday the 26th, at the Fair Grounds. The inauguration of the new day portends greater progress for athletics among our students. Although the contest will be between the Sophomores and Freshmen, yet all will share in the deepened interest in athletics generated by the occasion. We hope the day will be marked by a large attendance, and much enthusiasm. Following is a list of the events: 100-yard dash; 120-yard hurdle; 220-yard dash; 440-yard dash; 880-yard dash; 1-mile run; running broad jump; running high jump; putting 16-pound shot; throwing 16-pound hammer; pole vault, height.





G. R. BLISS, '97.

Two young ladies are taking a course in wood mechanics.

Jos. Durkee, '95, has a position as fireman on the N.-C.-O.

F. H. Stadmuller, '92, departed for San Francisco on the 3d instant.

Sam Davis of the Carson *Appeal* was on the Campus during fair week.

P. P. Frandsen, '95, is teaching school at Silver Creek, Lander county.

N. Dunsdon has withdrawn from the Normal School and is taking Freshman mines.

John Hamlin, '99, was absent from his classes last week, owing to the death of his brother.

Miss Mary North, '95, has accepted a position as teacher at Secret Canyon, Eureka county.

Miss Louise Lazier has withdrawn from the U. of N. and returned to her home in Virginia City.

F. C. Frey left for Minas Prietas, Mexico, on the 3d inst., having spent his vacation with his parents.

A. M. Lewers departed for Washington on the 30th of September, after having spent his vacation at home.

Miss Brambila of Carson was on the Campus during fair week visiting her brother Robert of the class of '97.

Hon. H. C. Cutting, '91, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, visited the University on the 7th and 8th instant.

Miss Arda Van Duzer, Normal School '91, has returned from an extended visit to her brother, C. D. Van Duzer, Normal School '89, at Washington, D. C. Miss Van Duzer has a position as teacher in the public schools of Reno.

Miss Jennie Jamison, Normal School '94 and vice-principal of the Verdi school, visited the University on the 9th inst.

Mrs. J. W. Haines of Geno, a member of the honorary board of visitors, spent several days with her daughter, Miss Maude.

J. Dunsdon has returned and entered the Normal School. He has not regained the use of his arm occasioned by his sickness last spring.

S. C. Durkee, '95, departed on the 5th inst. for Patterson's borax works in Northern California to enter upon his duties as Superintendent.

Miss Anna Schadler, '94, assistant principal, and Professor Story, principal of the Gold Hill High School, accompanied by a number of their pupils, visited the U. of N. during fair week.

Edgar Sadler, son of Lieutenant Governor Sadler and formerly a student of the U. of N., will leave shortly for China, where he intends to learn the tea business in the employ of Macondray & Co.

D. V. Jones of Reno, who attended the University two years ago, has entered the Georgetown Law School at Washington, D. C. Dwight always showed an inclination toward the study of law, and he will undoubtedly do credit to himself in his chosen profession.

The cadets are drilling in the setting up exercises, marchings and facings preparatory to receiving the rifles. During drill hour the Campus is covered with squads, and there is abundant chance for the old boys to see how they acted when they first began to drill.

Professor Hillman has been engaged in collecting seeds of different plants and arranging them for display in the Experiment Station and for the use of his class in botany. Prof. Hillman has taken the trouble to gather the seeds, thus saving the class the trouble and allowing more time for the study of them by the students.



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 CONTRIBUTIONS.
 

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 THE THEORY OF LIGHT.
 

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**M**ANY different theories regarding the phenomena of light have been advanced from time to time. The old theory, established by Newton, supposed light itself to be a substance emitted by a luminous body, and traveling in all directions. While this theory explained some of the ordinary phenomena of light, it was entirely inconsistent with many others. The later and generally accepted theory, the so-called "wave theory"—explains light as a phenomenon due to disturbances set up in the ether, and propagated through the ether in undulatory waves, which travel in straight lines perpendicular to the wave front.

In treating this subject the first question that arises is, "How are the waves set up and how propagated?" In order to transmit any form of energy from one place to another, we must have some medium. We cannot conceive of motion taking place between two substances without the aid of some intervening conductor. This medium is spoken of as the all-pervading ether. It cannot be removed by any means known to us. If we assume that there is such a substance, capable of transferring energy, we must assign it a definite density and elasticity. As regards the constitution and relation of ether to the ordinary matter surrounding it, we are unable to state anything with certainty. To do so would be to explain the nature of matter, a subject on which the scientist's knowledge is deficient.

If the ether were displaced by the vibration of particles of matter imbedded in it, being elastic, it would tend to return to its former position, and in so doing to communicate the vibrations to the rest of the ether surrounding it. Scientists differ greatly respecting the density and compressibility of ether. According to some, the ether is of different densities in different substances. If this were true, different wave lengths would be equally refracted and reflected in passing from one medium to another,—a result which

experiment fails to show. It is more probable that the action between the ether and ordinary matter is such as to unequally retard varying wave lengths.

The vibrations are transverse and not longitudinal. It is only by transverse vibrations that the waves could be propagated. For, if the vibrations were not perpendicular to the wave front, they could not affect the rest of the ether. We would not have light traveling in all directions, but in a single straight line.

Some doubt has lately been expressed as to whether it is possible for anything to travel with the rapidity of light. Velocity is dependent on two things, the density and elasticity of the substance transmitting the vibrations. It is one of the properties of a perfectly elastic gas that it transmits all energies instantaneously. The ether, if not perfectly elastic, is very nearly so, and in consequence must transmit all wave disturbances very rapidly.

Light and sound differ from each other in the manner of their vibration. Sound, unlike light, is produced by alternate compression and rarefaction of the air, and sound waves cannot be propagated in a vacuum. Considering the resistance it has to overcome and the density of air, sound travels with a comparatively high velocity. If we estimate the difference in the elasticity and density of air and ether, we can easily see that a vibration in the ether must necessarily travel much faster than one in the air.

In the last few years a good deal of attention has been paid to observing the relationships between light and electricity. Indeed, it is highly probable that the two phenomena are due to the same cause, that is, an electric stress in the ether. This condition of the ether explains both equally well. All the phenomena of light and electricity can likewise be perfectly well explained by such an electric stress. We have conductors and non-conductors of light, as well as of electricity. The velocity of electricity corresponds very closely to that of light. Every par-



ticle in a luminous body is alternately exposed to an opposite electric stress. At every half vibration the particle receives an opposite electrical charge. The reason that there are no electrical phenomena produced in the case of light, is that these charges, being opposite are attracted; their electricities combine and neutralize each other.

Therefore, light is probably an electric stress, produced by molecular disturbances in the all-pervading, homogenous, ether. When this stress is relieved, we have a system of light waves traveling with great rapidity in undulations perpendicular to the wave front.

But as yet the explanation of light is a mere theory. Nothing absolute can be asserted until we find out the real nature and properties of ether and of matter in general.

When the real constituents of matter are discovered all phenomena which are now so puzzling to scientists will doubtless be made clear as day.

F.

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U. of N. Social Club—Meets fourth Friday evening of each month. F. E. Walts, Chairman Managing Committee.

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#### THE CHARACTER OF OPHELIA.

*Continued from page 5.*

Can we compare her with history? Possibly we might never find a parallel case, a similar character. Yet we must and can compare her with life, for often such sweet characters have been seen, and if not brought directly before our eyes, have lived and died exerting an elevating influence over others. Ophelia as a character is true to life. \* \* \*


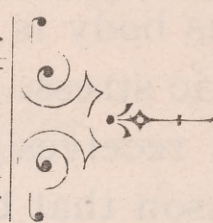
Hers is a character that no one but Shakespeare could have drawn in the way he did. He describes her love, madness and death with the greatest tenderness and pathos. He makes her just the opposite of the Queen, and the great contrast between them is vividly portrayed.

The effect the character has upon us is that of love, pity, admiration. We love Ophelia from first to last. We feel as soon as we learn that her life is to be connected with that of Hamlet, that she is destined to a life of sorrow. We admire her purity, we pity her weakness, and we weep for her insanity. We are filled with tenderness, and mourn her death, yet we feel that death, since it releases her from her sorrowful life, is a blessing. Ophelia dead and dying, is the same Ophelia that first won our love. She was far too good for this cruel world in which she had been cast. So lived one who "loved not wisely, but too well." V.

Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boysen, the Norwegian philologist and professor of Germanic languages and literature in Cornell, died suddenly in New York City, October 4th. "The Story of Norway," "Lives of Goethe and Schiller," "Tales of Two Hemispheres," "Falconberg," "A Daughter of the Philistines" and "A Mammom of Unrighteousness" are among his literary productions.

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 .....  
**LEISURE MOMENTS.**  
 .....  

**DUTY VERSUS CONSCIENCE.**

THE military school of X— had settled down to the quiet of evening studies as the bugle after the recreation half-hour following supper had sounded "call to quarters," and the cadets going to their rooms, took up books to prepare the morrow's lessons. After the lapse of a few moments the sound of hurrying footsteps died away and the only sounds heard around the huge barrack building were the steady tramp, tramp, of the cadet sentinels as they paced up and down the lower floors of each hall, or from the outside and through open windows the song of katydid, cricket or tree toad as they filled the balmy September evening with their music. The night was clear and the stars shone with more than usual brilliancy, but in some way they seemed to Fred Errol to be without their usual lustre, while the lovely evening sounds jarred on him as a string out of tune. He sat at his window and thought over and over the events of the day, and the more he brooded, the more sore he felt and the less satisfied with himself. He had tried as he ever had, to do his best, but his best had for some time past been undermined in such an insidious manner by the very boy who had formerly been one of his best friends, that it seemed with the failures of the day that he must lose the game he was playing for, and which meant to him so much. Why should Jim Dickson have lied so deliberately to the mathematical instructor that morning about the problems and told him that he understood them all when he had got them every one from him (Fred), and had promised to return the paper to him before recitation. He had not returned the paper till after recitation, and so as Fred was given the hardest one, and not having the paper to refer to, he had succeeded in just working it out before the close of recitation, and the instructor had given him only a medium mark against a perfect one for Jim.

Jim had not worked them out, but he (Fred) could not honorably tell the instructor so. Then again at morning drill, what a mean thing it was for Jim to have borrowed Fred's nice clean gun to mount guard with that morning and leave him his own dirty gun. He had failed to return that till after the drill inspection, and so poor Fred got a demerit for a dirty gun. It was a mean, dirty trick, and Fred could not help but believe that Jim had purposely done it, and it came over him like a revelation that all the trouble he had had for the past three weeks had come through Jim. He could not tell on Jim, for that was mean and unmanly, and he certainly could not go to Jim and complain to him and he was too proud to upbraid him or let him know that he could hurt him. Yet Jim, rich, popular and genial, had all the academy on his side, while he (Fred), poor and working his way through, was obliged to study and work hard so as to obtain the standing he had. They were both working for the same object—the appointment to a cadetship at the Military Academy of West Point, which Mr. West, the Congressman of the district, had promised to the boy at the X— academy who should have the highest standing in class and was most distinguished for military deportment. Fred needed the appointment, for he was to be the support of his widowed mother and his sister Mollie when he had finished his education. Mrs. Errol was slaving and pinching herself and daughter that Fred might get through school, and to go to West Point would insure the honorable profession and support that no other calling opened to him. Jim Dickson did not need it, for he was the only son of rich parents, and had the world open to him. Jim was bright but lazy, as recent events had proved, very tricky and unreliable. A feeling of envy and jealousy of his old comrade had taken possession of him and he seemed to lose no opportunity to throw odium on him, and discredit all his endeavors to obtain the prize.



And as Fred thought that the term so close to the end was to decide the contest which was practically between him and Jim, and that his high standing was lowered, the thought of his mother's disappointment surged through him and the tears rushed to his eyes. But even as they trickled down his face and the vision of his dear old mother sewing so patiently, living so lowly at home for his sake, came to him, and at the same instant the closing words of her last letter appeared in clear and startling characters to him. "Remember, my son," she had written, "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Be patient to the end, working hard and steadily, calling on your God and mine for assistance and guidance." He brushed the tears away, and with a "God bless her," murmured softly, a resolution took possession of him to try again, and harder than ever, and by strict watching and care, with the Almighty's assistance, to win. With a cheerfulness and alacrity that a few moments before had seemed impossible, he took up his books and bent himself to his work, and only laid them down for the few moments necessary for him to go and inspect his division at "taps" to see that the cadets in his squad were in their rooms. Fred was a Sergeant and therefore the inspector of a subdivision of barracks, and as such he had a right to burn a light for one hour after "taps." He did so and kept it till the clock on the barrack tower striking eleven told him it must go out at once. He undressed in the dark, and with a light heart turned in and in a few moments was sound asleep. How long he slept he knew not, but waking with a start, felt sure that he had been disturbed by some noise. All was quiet at first, but after a few moments a door of barracks in another hall slammed; then he heard the rush of hurrying footsteps, softly but swiftly running across the area of barracks below. Jumping up, he went to the window, and peering down into the gloom, after a few seconds he could make out indistinctly a huddled figure in the darkest part of the area, and a low, moaning sound coming from it told him some one was in trouble. It was but the work of a moment to put on his trousers and shoes, and buttoning his

coat on the way, he was soon at the foot of the stairs and hurrying across to the bundle prone on the ground.

"What's the matter here? Who are you?" he inquired, as he knelt down to examine the prostrate figure. "What, is it you, Jim Dickson?" and he was about to leave in disgust, when Jim, hurriedly calling to him, said:

"Don't leave me, Fred. I've sprained my ankle pretty badly and hurt my head, and I can't move. The Officer of the Day is inspecting the other side of barracks, and pretty soon he will be around here, and if he finds me here he will put me in arrest. I've been down to Camptown with two or three of the fellows, and he suspected as much and asked me about twenty minutes ago if I had been out, and I said no, and that I had no intention of going out."

"I understand, Jim, you've been drinking, and you got to your room just in time to escape being caught, and you lied to him. But I don't see why you left your room again, and how you came to hurt yourself," replied Fred.

"Yes, I know I took a glass or two, but it was not much, and as soon as I left my room, I went out on the roof of the porch and jumped down here to go to Camptown again. But the liquor I had must have been pretty strong, for I seemed to tumble, and I am pretty badly used up, I think. Don't let me be caught, Fred, for I'd be court-martialled for lying, drinking and being out of quarters without permission, and that is sure dismissal. Oh, Fred, for the sake of old friendship, help me to my room. He's coming now. Do, for God's sake, Fred, help me," and the poor boy was piteous in his appeals. Fred's heart was touched. Here was his revenge. He might go away, and Jim was sure to be found out and dismissed and the appointment was then his, Fred's. But the temptation was for a moment only, and as the thought flashed over him that the dear old mother would rather he should lose everything and her life be all toil and hardship than to do one unworthy or unmanly action, he turned quickly to Jim, and with the quick decision of a manly resolution, said:



"I will help you, Jim, but be quick and listen to what I tell you. I will carry you to the hall of my division and lay you down there, and you must crawl in the first room and stay there as quiet as you can. I will stay outside, and if he questions me, I will throw him off the track, and when he has gone to the next division I will get you to your room. I don't think your ankle is much hurt, just a little twist, and if you go to the hospital to-morrow it will be all right in a couple of days."

Even while talking, Fred picked up Jim, and carrying him across the area was just about to go in the hall when across the next division came the Officer of the Day. He could not see who it was, but he knew cadets were just passing inside, and he called out sternly, "halt!" but instead of halting Fred went up the steps quickly and opening the first door, told Jim to get under the bed, and then turning around went outside and down the steps to meet the Officer of the Day coming up.

"Did you hear me call halt, sir?" the latter demanded.

"Yes, sir," replied Fred.

"Why, then, did you not stop at once?" demanded the officer.

"I could not, sir."

"You could not. Were you with any one?"

"Yes, sir," and as Fred answered his heart went in his mouth, for he foresaw the result of his questioning.

"Who was with you?" asked the officer, and then coming up nearer he recognized Fred and exclaimed, "Mr. Errol, I am surprised to see you out here, sir. Why are you not in your quarters?"

Fred saw the danger staring him square in the face. He might have lied and said that no one was with him and that feeling ill, he was obliged to get up, but he could not bring himself to a lie, although it would save him. Yet by owning the truth he could also save himself, but at the expense of dismissing Jim Dickson, whom he had promised to save. He would not lie, and he would not break his promise. It was a matter of duty and conscience in conflict. It was his duty on being ordered to tell who his comrade was,

but it was right that he should keep his promise to this latter. He resolved then to tell nothing, but take all the blame himself.

"Who was your companion, Mr. Errol?" demanded the officer.

"I cannot tell, sir," replied Fred.

"Do you mean that you cannot because you do not know, or simply because you will not?"

"No, sir," replied Fred, "I do know, but I have given a promise and I cannot tell."

"But I order you to tell, sir."

"I refuse to obey the order, sir."

"Then go to your quarters in arrest, and to-morrow morning report to the Commandant at office hours."

With a dazed head and sorrowful heart the boy turned around after saluting and went up stairs to his room. The blow had fallen, and now for protecting a fellow student in trouble he was to suffer. It could not be that he could tell the truth and he could not lie, therefore he must keep silence. Under such circumstances there was left for him but dismissal in disgrace and the blasting of all his hopes for West Point, all his plans for his future, all his ambitions for his mother and sister. Through the rest of the night he tossed sleeplessly on his pillow and tried to make out whether he had committed a mistake, and the only way out was to send word in the morning to Jim Dickson. If Jim was half a man, he would release him from his promise, and then he could tell on being ordered to, but he would not ask Jim for that. But in the morning when the story had spread around the barracks that Fred Errol was in arrest for leaving quarters at night without permission and for refusing to obey the orders of superior authority a number of the boys came to his room to sympathize, perhaps some to gloat over his trouble. From them he learned that Jim had gone to the hospital, and the doctor had ordered him to bed there, and to remain for some time. So it was impossible to get news or word to him. During the day he was sent for by the Commandant, who questioned him, and on his again refusing to tell the name of his companions or the reason of his being out of barracks, charges were preferred against him and a court martial ordered.

*Continued in next Issue.*



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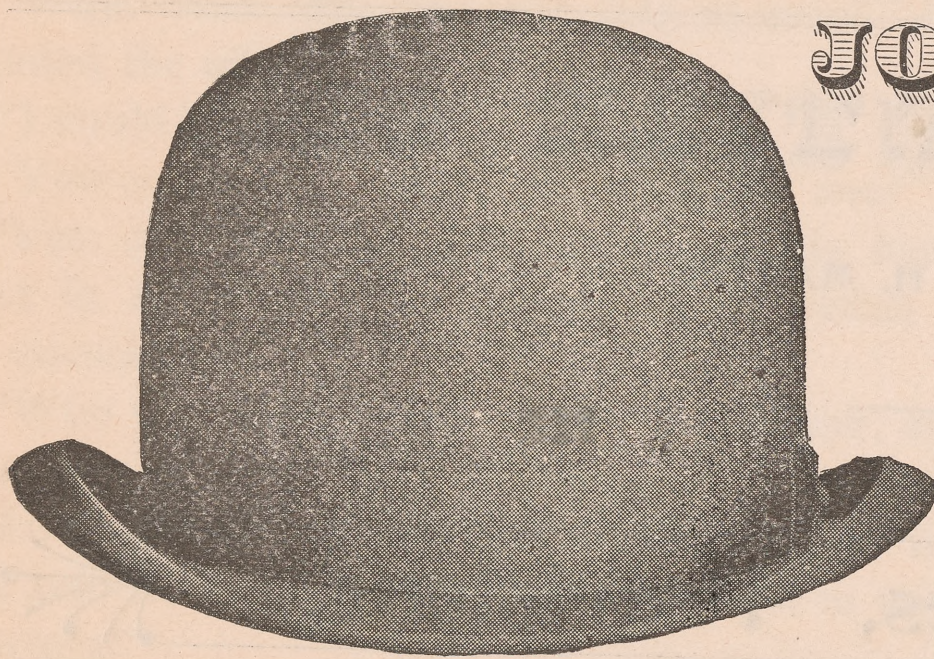
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