

February 1, 1897.

# The Student Record

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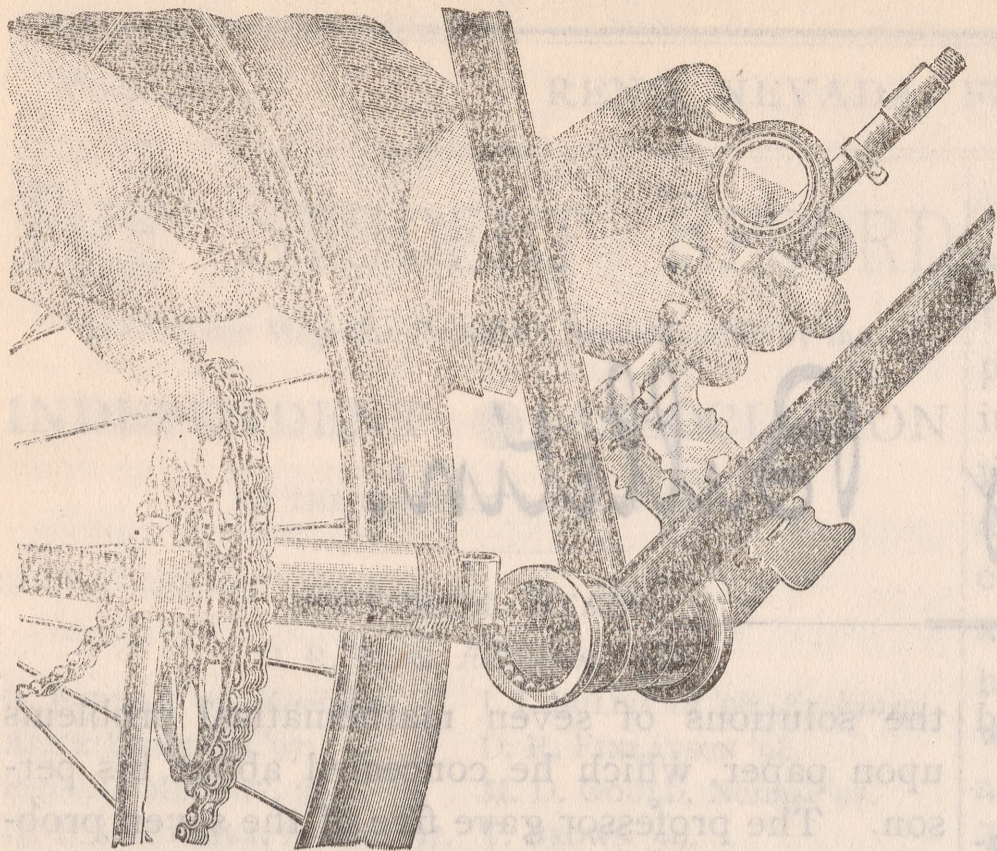
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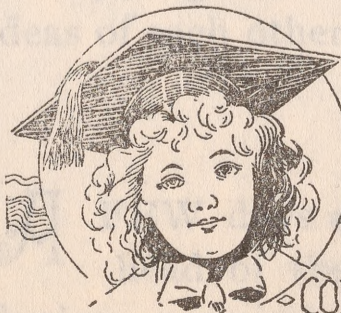
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# University Bulletin.

Recitations will begin promptly for the second term on Tuesday, February 2d.

The Assembly lecture on Wednesday, February 3d, was by Rev. Thomas Magill.

The schedule of recitations for the second term was posted Saturday morning, January 30th.

Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton will deliver the Assembly lecture on Wednesday, February 10th.

The Sophomores who have had extra mathematics during the first term will resume German the second term.

The future of the University will be determined in some degree by the action of the State Legislature. We hope for the best.

The use of tobacco by students has become a matter of concern to teachers. The injurious effects are seen daily in the University classrooms.

Anent the subject of cheating at examinations, to which the President made reference at Assembly, the following story is afloat: A student put

the solutions of seven mathematical problems upon paper, which he concealed about his person. The professor gave five of the seven problems on his examination list. The student passed in his problems, and boasts of his achievement.

The President of the University addressed the members of the Legislature in joint convention on Thursday, January 21st, upon the "Organization and Needs of the State University."

Hon. Frank H. Norcross '91 is a member of the Legislature now in session at Carson. He will prove his quality and ability for State affairs to the satisfaction of his constituency and to his Alma Mater.

The University will insist that more attention be given by the students to general literary exercises, and to forensic. So far no literary society has arisen to meet this need, but perhaps required work by the Faculty will accomplish better results than voluntary exercises on the part of the students.

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## THE STUDENT RECORD

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### EDITORIAL.

THE end of the first semester has arrived, and examinations are over. We are all glad, though some have failed and others have passed, for a certain amount of worry which examinations create is over. The successful ones begin the next semester with a clear record, free from back work, while the unsuccessful have a sword suspended by a hair hanging over their heads. After examinations are over the "flunked" student revolves the question in his mind: "Why did I not study harder? The evenings I spent in town or slouching around at home might have

been used for study, and I would have been saved this flunk." But always too late does one think of his follies, and the "fiddler" has to be paid by additional hours of "boning." And so it is that a good student may be singled out from the poor one even before examinations. It is always he who has slighted his recitations that complains when the week of examinations rolls around. It is he who says: "I wish we never had to take examinations." But how different with the student who has been studious and attended all recitations during the entire term. Though the examinations may be irksome and a bore, he stables his pony in his head, and goes to examination with a clear conscience, for he is sure of success. Thus we find it in all the world: the one who shirks his work is sure to lose, while he who toils with all his energies will surely win.

\* \* \*

WE ask that those who have not settled for their subscriptions would do so as soon as possible, as the business manager wishes to ascertain our exact financial condition.

\* \* \*

WHY should not the different college papers form a sort of literary society for the purpose of discussing college and economic questions, the question to be put by the President, and discussed in a certain issue, thus bringing forth the ideas of different colleges on some one question at one time? We think that the formation of such a society would join colleges more closely together, and all would profit by the ideas of each other.

\* \* \*

A FEW days ago an order was issued by the head of the Military Department giving Seniors permission to resign from the Cadet

Corps, which, of course, would free them from further drill. The Seniors immediately tendered their resignations, and we now learn that all of the resignations have been disapproved by the President. While we believe that a man who accepts a commission in his Senior year should keep it till the end of the year, we think that the head of the Military Department should ascertain beforehand that his order would be approved by the President. Though there has been no very great harm done, yet such things as this do not tend to create a good feeling in the Cadet Corps, and where there is no unison there is failure.

### LITERARY.

#### Literature in America to the Close of the Eighteenth Century.

IN the literature of a nation lies much of its glory; but literature, like many of nature's choicest productions in the vegetable kingdom, is a plant of slow growth, requiring favorable conditions of soil and climate, supplemented by care and culture. No study can be more interesting than that of the evolution of the literary life of the world or of a nation, for by it we may learn of the gradual development of the mind of man: the slow but sure unfolding and ripening of his mental powers.

From the beginning of time man, with the egotism with which he is endowed by nature, has feared death, and has looked forward with loathing to the day when he as an individual should be forced to lay aside the cares and aims of the only life of which he is sure, and pass away, perhaps into nothingness. Above all has he been unwilling to pass away and leave no record behind him—unwilling to admit his own insignificance, tacitly to own, or even to believe, that the world in which he has played his mimic part would be as great a world should the knowledge of his deeds be allowed to perish from it. In this self-love of mankind we find the motive spring which led to the beginning of the literature of the world.

The pictured rocks of the savage; the pyramids and sphinx; the tablets in the royal library of Nineveh; the inscription on the rock of Behistun; the more modern sculptures and paintings; above all, the books: all these are but different forms of expression of the desire to be remembered,

which is common alike to the savage and the sage. These may be considered as the germ from which the tree of literature has sprung, blossomed and borne a varied fruitage.

Peoples, nations may rise, flourish and reach a high stage of development in many lines, but the mind remaining uncultured, and no form of literature being developed, nearly all traces of their existence fade in time from the face of the earth. Such has been the case with many of the ancient dwellers, not only on our own continent, but also on the continents of the eastern world; yet, strange as it may seem, we owe the means by which the records of the ages have been preserved to a people who left no literary impress on the annals of time: for the Phœnicians, whose colonies were planted on every shore, whose sails whitened every sea, whose marble palaces glittered in the sun, whose dyes and woven stuffs were found in all the markets of the world, whose skill in the working of metals and of glass has never been surpassed, were eminently a commercial people, and spent no time on the making of books or the writing of records, but left their story to be told by the peoples to whom they had given the priceless gift of letters—letters, however, in all probability borrowed by them from some of the other peoples, but carried by them to all the ports with which they had commerce, and to all the colonies which they had planted.

Were not time and space so limited I should like briefly to trace the development and progress of the spirit of literature from the earliest dawning of civilization to the present day; but, under existing circumstances, I will try simply to trace them in that country which we as Americans

are the most especially interested—our own land of the free.

It was long a fashion with the English to sneer at the writers of America, nor am I certain that it has as yet quite gone out of fashion to do so. In 1820, which, to be sure, is a long time ago, Sidney Smith sneeringly asked: "In the four quarters of the globe who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue?"

Whatever the answer might have been then, it would surely be a very different one now.

As a nation England leads beyond a doubt in the number of great names it has given to the world of literature. Not only does it lead in the number of great names, but also in the variety of subjects written upon, and in the excellence with which these have been handled. But not all at once did England become a literary nation. On the contrary, it took long years of beginnings, of slow and feeble efforts at first; but efforts growing stronger, reaching farther, until in the age of Elizabeth the culmination in certain lines was attained. No age since hers has produced a Shakespeare or a Bacon: Shakespeare, whose work in the dramatic line was so thoroughly done as to "forestall and beggar posterity"; and Bacon, who, though he may have been equalled by later philosophers and reasoners, must yet be ranked among the first, both in point of time and in powers of mind.

As all know, James VI of Scotland became James I of England on the death of Elizabeth, and it was in his time that the real foundations of the nation that was in time proudly to rank among the foremost of the world were laid. No nation could hope to have for its founders a stronger, truer class of men and women than those who, driven from their beloved homes and dearer friends, weary of persecution for conscience sake, turned their longing eyes toward a land of exile, where they might rest in peace, and enjoy the liberty of worshiping God in their own fashion. No criminals nor paupers, no spendthrifts nor adventurers, no broken-down merchants nor fortune-seeking idlers were those to whom James I gave permission to seek homes

far over the ocean in the new and unknown land, and whom he coldly promised—not to aid and protect, but to let alone in the new country.

Brave men and brave women—honest, upright, God-fearing and true, though, according to our later, broader light, a trifle narrow-minded, it may be—all honor, respect and veneration are due your efforts and your names.

The little colony was slow of growth, but sure. Crushed by trials, the colonists never murmured. Sickness, famine, pestilence, death by all these, and death by the savage Indian, awaited and came to them, still they never succumbed. With hand on the plow, with longing, eager eyes upturned to heaven, with prayer on their lips and in the heart to the God whom they served and adored, they suffered and endured, but without looking back.

Is it strange that under such circumstances the tree of literature was late in planting and slow of development? The seeds of this, as of many another home plant or tree, were brought with them, and in time placed in some favored spot, sprung up, grew and reached a certain stage of fruitage.

It was long, however, before this was the case, nor can we wonder at this. As a people they were living the experiences that are told in books. Here among them, under the shade of the forest trees, by the running brook, or near the ocean's shore, they lived the varied dramas of life's stage: the beautiful romances of young hearts, the comedies of the foolish, the tragedies of the passionate—all these were lived through in this new world as in the old. But here, as not there, added to these and to the never-ending struggle for existence, was the constant strife with the savages, the continual watchfulness and dread that the near presence of a vindictive enemy must always bring. Aside from these—or with these, rather—our ancestors were too busy a people in the first stage of the nation's growth even to think of writing, "though many of them were scholars with a love for learning." They were making homes, were laying the foundations of a nation, though of this they were themselves unaware. "They were strong men,

laboring mightily, and laying the broad foundations of the republic under which we live to-day." Up to the close of the seventeenth century America can scarcely be said to have had any distinct literary life, and what they wrote, to use the words of Brander Matthews, "had always an immediate object. They set down in black and white their compacts, their laws and their own important doings. They described the condition of affairs in the colonies to the kinsfolk and the friends they had left behind in the mother country. They prepared elaborate treatises in which they set forth their own rigorous ideas about religion. For singing songs or for telling tales they had neither leisure nor taste, so we find no early American novelist and no early American poet."

Probably the earliest writer who by any stretch of courtesy can be called American is Captain John Smith of Virginian fame. He published two or three books, one in 1608, entitled "A True Relation of Such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as Hath Happened in Virginia," which was the very first book written about any of the English settlements in America. In style his writings are said to be like himself—"bold, free, picturesque and high-colored." His books were printed in England necessarily.

The first printing press in this country was set up in Boston in 1639. But we find in Virginia, as late as 1675, Governor Berkeley thanking God that there were no printing presses nor free schools in Virginia.

The first English book printed in America was a translation of the Hebrew psalms now known as the "Bay Psalm Book"; but, though this book was prepared by scholarly divines, it has been said of their work: "These hymns seem to have been hammered out on the anvil by blows from a blacksmith's sledge." This book was published in 1640, and ten years later a volume of poems written by an American lady, Mrs. Annie Bradstreet, was brought out in London. Probably the most interesting thing in connection with the poems or their author is the fact that among the latter's descendants, two hundred years later, are to be found Richard

Henry Dana and Oliver Wendell Holmes, both well-known American writers.

As was most natural, the earliest form of written work during the colonial period was of a theological nature. Men who had left their homes on account of their religion naturally gave much thought to that religion; and when others of differing creeds came to make homes in the land in which they had been the pioneers our Pilgrim and Puritan ancestors were anything rather than tolerant of the beliefs professed by the newcomers. Unlike the old man in the spelling book of our youthful days, who first threw tufts of grass and tried mild words, then, finding these of no avail, at last resorted to stones when dealing with the wicked boys who were stealing his apples, these stern old founders of America tried the harsher method first. But as they found these methods to fail, and the numbers of the dissenters from their opinions steadily to increase, they were obliged to resort to the milder methods of preaching and writing, and publishing their own opinions, thus assailing the doctrines of those who differed from them, and were in turn met by similar action on the part of those whom they assailed.

In this early period the clergy were the best educated and the most influential class, and were almost, if not quite, the only men who enjoyed frequent hours of leisure, who had time for study, writing and reflection. Their writings, however, can scarcely be said to have had much influence on the growth of literature in the country, and for by far the greater part they have long been forgotten and unsought, except by the antiquarian student.

Among these theological writers may be mentioned Roger Williams, Increase and Cotton Mather, Mayhew, Cooper, Stiles, Dwight Eliot, Hopkins, and last, and greatest of all, Jonathan Edwards, whose "Treatise on the Freedom of the Will" was noted for its subtlety of argument, its originality and vigor, and, from its hardihood of thought, may well be said to form a characteristic introduction to the literary history of New England, as well as of the whole United States. In connection with Edwards there comes



before my mind a pretty picture of true wifely devotion, for we are told that, "relieved from all material cares by the affection of his wife, his time was entirely given to professional occupation and study." An ancient elm is still shown, in the crotch of which was his favorite seat while occupied in writing or study. One can fancy him seated there, serenely enjoying the beauties of a summer day, fanned by the sweet breeze, lulled by the song of birds, while she, mending, making, brewing, baking, passed her time in doors, occasionally glancing at the tree in which her beloved husband was reposing, with a heart swelling with pride and love and gratitude that he was all her own.

Truth to tell, the colonial period was barren of writers, though to this statement there are, of course, some exceptions to be made. Among these exceptions must be classed Edwards, of whom I have just spoken, and Benjamin Franklin. To me Franklin's is the most picturesque figure of the eighteenth century, but as he properly belongs to the journalistic class, and will be treated by Mr. Fulton in due season, no more need be said of him now.

With the first echoes of the Revolution a new spirit sprang up among the people of the colonies—a spirit that was in time largely to supersede the religious one by which they had been governed so long: the all-absorbing sentiment of political freedom, of emancipation from the galling bonds of what was now felt to be foreign rule. This spirit found expression in stirring speech and still more stirring debate.

"Oratory," says Shaw, "is eminently the literature of republics," and in the discussion of the questions agitating all minds in the beginning of the Revolutionary epoch a race of orators sprang into being whose eloquent and impassioned words have never ceased to stir the hearts of all true Americans, and whose echoes shall go on sounding through all the ages in every land where men love to be free. Warren, Otis, Adams, Patrick Henry are names that will never die.

But though literature in the form of oratory may be said to have reached a high standard at

this period, in other forms little progress was made until after the close of the Revolution, nor could it well be otherwise in an unformed, struggling country, the minds of whose people were filled with only one thought, only one question: "To be or not to be" a nation? Of writers on political questions, financial questions and other matters connected with the emergencies of the times there were many, among whom may be mentioned Gouverneur Morris, Pinckney, Jay, Burr, Hamilton and Thomas Paine. The latter did not confine himself to writing on political matters, but, being a man of great breadth of thought, so wrote on religious subjects that he came to be considered the rankest infidel of his age, which opinion held until long after he had passed from earth. The discussion of his work properly comes under the head of the essayists of America, and to that I will leave him.

Of historians, up to the close of the eighteenth century, the new world could boast of but one, and that one a woman, Hannah Adams. Miss Adams also bears the proud distinction of having been the first woman in America to adopt literature for a profession. She began life as a school-teacher, but after a few years turned her attention to literature, publishing in 1784 a work entitled "A View of Religious Opinions," and in 1799 a "History of New England," continuing her work until some time in the nineteenth century. She seems not to have found either teaching or literature especially lucrative, for during the latter years of her life she was supported by a pension, or something of the same character.

The life of the country was too new; history was being lived, not written, nor did any historian of note arise in the republic until late in the nineteenth century.

It is a more difficult task to trace the beginnings and the progress of the poetical side of American literature than of any other branch. An English critic claims that poetry should not be classed as a branch of authorship, but he who has written successful poems thinks otherwise. Rhymesters there were no doubt in plenty, but up to the close of the eighteenth century few

poets produced work that can be said to have exercised any marked influence at the time, or that have survived until the present day. The first specimens of verse in America were for the most part the work of the clergy, and are remarkable chiefly for a quaint and monotonous strain: grotesque rhymed versions of the psalms, and tolerable attempts at descriptive poems.

Philip Freneau, a writer of songs and ballads, and a protege of Thomas Jefferson, was one of the first—perhaps the first—to attract popular sympathy in his line, but, though he may have written for fame and posterity, he is practically unknown to both.

To the close of the century America was singularly lacking in writers of fiction, although all the elements needed for success in this line were to be found here in the fullest abundance: tradition, scenery, border life, nature, savage and civilized. No country, not even that which furnished Sir Walter Scott material for so many of his romances in poetry and prose, could be richer in all these, but no "Wizard of the North" invoked their aid.

Charles Brockden Brown published in 1798 what is said to have been the first attempt at romantic fiction in the United States, a novel called "Wieland." This was followed in the early part of the nineteenth century by others from the same pen. The life of Brown was short, and his work limited. The discussion of the latter belongs rather to the second period into which our work is divided than to this paper, therefore no more need be said of him. Should any curious reader wish to learn what manner of book this first American work may have been, it is still to be found advertised for sale in the catalogue of at least one Eastern publishing house; but I doubt if one would enjoy its perusal from any but the antiquarian standpoint.

At first—and, indeed, for a long period—the work of American writers was largely imitative of that of the English. Most naturally was this the case—as speaks the mother, so will her child, whose first lisping accents are but imitations of her own. And where could better models on which to found one's style of writing

be found than in the literature of the mother country? Not only were the years of former centuries filled with glowing examples, but the years of the eighteenth also teemed with writers whose work is of the imperishable type: Richardson, Montagu, Sterne, Addison, Fielding, Johnson, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Cowper, Collins, Burke, Thomson, Gray, Burns. These are but few of the names that might be taken from the roll-call of England's writers of the eighteenth century; and as originality in literature, as in art and science and most other things of life, is a trait found only in their later development, it is well that models of such perfect form were provided for the unskilled writers of America's first stage of growth.

I have seen it stated, and comparison has proved the statement true, that the closing years of a century have seldom been found to produce great works by great writers; that in these closing years literature seems at a standstill: all seems to have been done that is capable of being done in that line. But with the opening of a new century a new activity begins; new writers come to the front, one stimulating and encouraging another. Although old paths, well worn in previous years, are trodden again, it may be, they are trodden by fresh and vigorous youth to whom the world is young, and who breaks out in song, or verse, or story-telling, in science, ethics, religion or history with such freshness and novelty of expression as to captivate all who read—and a new era is thus begun. Especially was this the case at the close of the eighteenth century in England, while in America literature as an art could scarcely be said to have begun to exist. Still, the closing years of that century saw the birth of some of the greatest writers the world has yet known. Scott, Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, Lamb, Southey, Coleridge, Hood are but few of the great names to be reckoned among England's writers who first saw the light as the years of that century grew to their fullness, while Webster, Irving, Cooper, Halleck, Bryant, Drake and Prescott may be mentioned as among those who were to add bright gems to America's crown who came into being as the

stars of the eighteenth century began to pale under the first faint beams of the morning of the nineteenth.

How glorious has been the day on which that morning dawned, how brightly its sun has shone

### THE LILAC SUNBONNET.

REFORMS, like other good things, may be carried to excess. This is as true of literary reforms as of any other. During the last few years the novel in the hands of the realist has been so pruned and trimmed that there has been left scarcely one little blossom of fancy, one tiny tendril of imagination. The late Professor Boyeson criticises the novel of the romanticist as presenting false ideals. As the world changes ideals change, but principles remain the same. Some of our modern realists have given up ideals, and with them principles as well. Marion Crawford believes that novel to be the best which appeals most strongly to those great passions that are alike in all men, irrespective of race, creed or training. What is there, either of instruction or amusement, in a mass of petty details held together by no plot, no little thread of interest, if such works weary us, leaving us with the feeling that the world, as well as the so-called story, is "dull, flat and unprofitable"? What shall we say of that class of fiction which owes its interest to the fidelity with which the worst passions are portrayed? I have read somewhere that the object of the novel is to cultivate our sympathy. Notice the word "cultivate." All sorrow is worthy of pity, but of sympathy—oh, no: that is a feeling of kinship. The world is full of wrongs, and novels undoubtedly have done their part toward righting those wrongs. All honor to the novel written for a purpose if that purpose be good and sincere. The novel has one other excuse for being, and that is, it should amuse. Have you never had a feeling of sincere thankfulness for the book which, when body and mind were

upon the unfolded buds of plant and shrub and tree of literature, is a subject too vast to be dealt with in the limits of this paper, but may furnish material for further articles in the near future.

M. S. D.

weary, allowed you to lay aside the cares that beset you, and to roam a while in the rosy realm of fancy? Happy for us if in such an idle hour we chance upon an author like Crockett, and a story like the "Lilac Sunbonnet." Much of Crockett's superiority has been attributed to the influence of Robert Louis Stevenson, yet he probably owes something to William Black and George MacDonald. At first it seems strange that there should be living at the same time three men of so nearly equal genius as Crockett, Barrie and Watson, the latter better known, perhaps, by his pen name of Ian Maclaren. Men of marked ability are nothing new in Scotland, and no doubt the influences which shaped the career of one had a share in shaping those of the other two. Crockett uses dialect more sparingly than Barrie, and though perhaps inferior to Maclaren in pathos, he is his superior in humor. One can hardly read the "Bonnie Briar Bush" without tears, nor the "Lilac Sunbonnet" without smiles—nay, even laughter. Maclaren has given us the model of a perfect lady in Margaret Howe, the humble Scotch peasant. Crockett has with almost equal ability painted the picture of that noble gentlewoman Mistress Skirving, who had the heart of a cavalier and the soul of a Puritan. If you would weep, choose Maclaren; but, would you smile, take Crockett.

Born in that Galloway about which he writes so well, Crockett early learned the meaning of plain living and high thinking. The living consisted chiefly of oatmeal and herring, and, as for thinking, read his books and judge for yourselves. He sums up his creed in a few words: "I believe the world to be as fair as ever it was, the sky as blue, the fields as green. Why keep stirring in cesspools?"

Crockett's first noted success was "The Raider." The "Sticket Minister" is a pathetic tale of self-sacrifice. The "Lilac Sunbonnet" is, as the author himself puts it, "simply a love story." The hero, Ralph Peden, is a young theological student who leaves his city home in order to study with an old country minister in preparation for an examination before he is ordained. He had dwelt all his life with his father in an old home in Edinburgh, and had been trained to think more of a professor's opinion of his Hebrew exercises than of a woman's opinion of any subject whatever. "His head was filled with godly lere, and he had sound views on the headship, but he heeded not what women said, thought or did."

Ralph was young, stalwart and handsome, like Crockett himself, with eyes that looked steadfast and true. This is our hero, who starts off in the early morning to write his ordination essay. And what was his subject? Why, the "Wise Woman," as pictured by the mother of King Lemuel in the last chapter of Proverbs. Isn't that just the subject that a young man who knew as little as possible of women would choose? He seats himself in a shady place, and has just settled in his mind some delightful point in Luther, when there comes across the bridge the wearer of the lilac sunbonnet, the winsome Winifred. If you wish to know how she looked you must read the book. A form so fair, a face so sweet ne'er hath it been my luck to meet, save in the pages of poetry and romance. To see her was to love her. What wonder that Ralph lost his heart, and his head, too, I fancy? So calm, so simple is their love story that were I (not being Crockett) to tell you, you would call it tiresome.

There are other characters in the story, each one as well portrayed as those of the two lovers, and the descriptions of natural scenery are simply charming. Of course, there is a villain, but, after all, he is a minor character. "He was nurtured on expectation from his earliest youth," not a good diet for manly qualities. The most amusing character in the book is the chubby Saunders, the minister's man, who is in love

with a pretty maid servant. Not being very fluent in speech, in order to make no mistakes he rehearses his tale of love in the stable. Kneeling to pour out his heart's devotion, he is kicked by the parson's horse. Saunders calls the beast a "donnart auld deevil." Alas, the minister hears him, and rebukes him for profanity. Saunders adroitly turns the conversation. He feels he needs a wife to keep him from the public-house. He thinks a wife's ability depends upon her skill with a besom—that is, a broom, not for sweeping the floor, but for beating her husband. He says: "I hae been hearin' aboot new-fangled folk called temperance advocates, but for my part gie me a long-shankit besom an' a guidwife's willin' airm."

In finest contrast to the manly and constant Ralph is painted the character of the old minister. Here was shown the moral—if moral there be—the debt love owes to love.

Ralph gives up the ministerial profession, and devotes himself to writing. He prospers, and at last there dawns a happy marriage day. One more glimpse of Winifred, now a wife of several years: Her face wears a "look of love, deepened into understanding, tempered with a spice of amusement—the look of a loving woman to whom her husband and her husband's ways are better than a stage play. Such a look is the certificate of a happy home and an ideal life." And the lilac sunbonnet? Frayed and worn, its color faded, it has been preserved by the old grandmother, who laughingly places it on the bright curls of the five-year-old Winifred.

Close the book—the story is done. Thanks, Mr. Crockett, for a realism like yours, tempered though it be by the golden light of romance.

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To ride a bicycle built for two  
Perhaps is lots of fun;  
But many a pair  
Find pleasure rare  
In a rocking chair  
Built for one.

—*Ex.*

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## ESPECIAL MISSIONS.

## A Paper Recently Read and Discussed Before the Senior Pedagogical Club.

There is no occupation that is more worthy of a Christian; next to giving up one's life there is no greater charity. The charge of a soul of one of these little ones is a higher employment than the government of all the world.—*St. Cyran.*

WHEN we consider our natural surroundings and the history of our State we can but realize that probably no other commonwealth was ever situated, from an educational standpoint, exactly as we are.

Barren wastes of deserts, far-stretching areas of salt marshes and rivers that flow into dead seas offer no inducements for the advancement of our civilization. A few isolated fertile spots where a handful of men have founded homes, a half-dozen villages that have sprung up about some rich mining claims, constitute what may be called our State.

Upon following the trend of the course of lectures upon Nevada's history that we have so recently listened to we realize how peculiar were the characters of many of the pioneers. Reckless and lawless, we suffer to this day from the effects of their wild passions. Hardly a short year has passed since the entire State was horrified by the details of a crime perpetrated by mere lads. These things should make us think.

There are two conditions existing in our social life that are great obstacles to our work in advancing the school interests of the State: First, moral instruction through the aid of the church is greatly lacking; second, our life is not permanently connected with the individual life of our State.

The church, the priest and the preacher are the teacher's truest allies. Show me the town or the village where many spires point heavenward, and I will show you where it is pleasant to teach. The church gives tone to the moral atmosphere of a community, and makes the best results in the school possible.

In the great lack of Christian preachers and the mighty influence of the Christian gospel the teacher must become both the missionary of

culture and of purity of life. His duties are absolute and numerous. Besides the imparting of knowledge, he must patiently, but without demonstration, work to build up character, strengthen the morals and give high ideals to his pupils. By a life honest and steadfastly pure the teacher must ever endeavor to be a living example of his precepts. If you believe that your duties as teachers will only require that you give instruction, even of the highest grade, in the common school branches, you cannot too soon disabuse your minds. In becoming teachers you are becoming bearers of tidings that not only require your intellect, but your heart.

Before schools can flourish there must be homes. But the pursuits of the miner and the stockraiser are not productive of sedate and permanent life in one locality. To-day a town is crowded with life; to-morrow it is deserted. Home ties are formed not in months, but in generations.

However, scattered through the length and breadth of this vast region are many stanch and honest souls. To these we turn in hope. By these we are being educated. For what? In turn to educate their children. Plainly, then, our first duty is to study their environments and social conditions.

Prominent is the life of isolation. There are in Nevada but three towns having more than 1,000 inhabitants, some half-dozen containing 500 souls, and a few totally deserted. Many of the most important school districts are far from a railroad, and sometimes families are twenty or thirty miles apart.

The mental horizon is narrowed miserably. Petty feuds and trifling affairs give nearly all the color to these monotonous lives. In the country there is generally but one occupation for the growing lad to follow. He will be a vaquero. His horse, his lariat and his saddle are his all.

For his sister there is little more. Permanent homes are few. The beautiful, though simple, home life of the Middle States is very rare with us.

In the mining camp the influences are not

toward purity and refinement. The saloons and the gambling-houses are more common than public libraries and museums.

The children of Nevada are as a rule bright and very active. The high, dry atmosphere has a wonderfully invigorating effect upon their bodies and their minds. Long distances do not debar them from such school privileges as can be had. In our country and in most village schools vicious pupils are very rare. Immorality is uncommon.

The great number of magnificent men physically that we see in every community who are total moral wrecks are the result of passions growing into maturity unguided. Then the teacher's first duty is to offer knowledge in a form so attractive that the tendency toward dissipation is counteracted as far as possible. He likes to hunt and to fish. Then take particular pains to talk to him of wild animals, their haunts and habits. You must be familiar with natural history to do this. Nature is the best ally a teacher can have. Ask him concerning the animals in that region. Show him that you respect his knowledge on these subjects. Incidentally suggest things that he may find out for you. In nine cases out of ten you will turn his talents in a right direction, and win him to your cause. It makes no difference if your schoolhouse is littered with rocks, and bones, and empty birds' nests, if you can but rouse one soul.

It is often hard to discover decided leanings, but if you work aptly you will succeed. Your great aim must be to give your pupils something to think about, for in these far-off corners many

#### HARD STUDY THE ONLY SURE WAY.

**R**EPORTS from examinations show that there has evidently been a large amount of loafing during the last term. In Rhetoric, out of a class of forty, fourteen failed to pass the examination—that is, over one-third of the class have a "flunk" in Rhetoric to make up, and the writer of this knows from inference

are lost because their minds and their souls are starved. The few facts you can teach are almost worthless compared to the vast good you may be able to effect by their wise use. Place ideas higher than sensations. Throw all of your strength against evil. Be steadfast and courageous. Live above all possible reproach, so that you command the respect of friends and enemies alike. Have no decided preferences in social life, but give much time to study and self-improvement. Never lose an opportunity to drive a nail for truth and purity.

If you can realize what it means to be a teacher in Nevada, with the hardships of long distances, of a lonesome life in out-of-the-way places, you may wonder at the sacrifice you have made. But the reward is more than gold, is more than satisfied desires: it is the satisfaction felt in taking light to a groping soul.

You have a mission, an especial mission. You may never hear of it on the rolls of fame; you may never read of it in treatises of pedagogical lore. It exists none the less. It calls for men and women strong in faith, in hope and in charity.

Let us then be up and doing  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

We welcome the Hendrix College *Mirror* to our exchange table. The issue for January contains "The Practical in Education" and "Function of Literary Societies, which are well worth the reading.

that it is no easy matter. But beyond the "flunk" there is something else of which students must think: their duty to their parents, and their duty to themselves. Parents send their boys and girls to the University to learn, and many scrimp and save, denying themselves that their boy or their girl may obtain an education which will help to smooth their path in life. Here at the University we see the other side—

boys and girls wasting their time in the streets, or engaged with something which is of no benefit to themselves or to others. The time which ought to be devoted to study, and which their parents believe they are using for work, is wilfully wasted, as well as their money, which has cost their parents so much and is by them considered so little. A great deal of this wastefulness by students is considered thoughtlessness, but when a student enters the University he ought to be matured sufficiently to know that to

study and learn is for his own benefit. If a student never has felt the necessity of study, his first examination should make an indelible impression in his mind, and, if he still disregards the necessity, he cannot be considered simply thoughtless—though he may have but few—but plainly wilful.

Professor J. E. Church, while riding on January 28th, met with a bad accident. His horse slipped and fell upon him, injuring him severely.

### EXCHANGE.

**D**ON'T wait until the iron's hot,  
But make it hot by muscle;  
Don't wait for the wealth your father's  
got—  
Take off your coat and hustle.

Harvard has 234 candidates for her track team this year.

The *Reveille* contains a good article on the ancient Druids.

The Baylor *Literary* contains several well written short stories.

Oxford University, England, has an annual income of \$6,000,000.

The University of Virginia gives no holidays at all during the session of nine months.

Women are allowed to be students in the universities of Australia, except in the department of theology.

Minnesota and Iowa will debate the question: "Shall the United States Senators be elected by the direct vote of the people?"

The Tennessee University *Magazine* is one of our best exchanges, and the issue for January is

not behind its predecessors in literary merit. However, we do not agree with the Exchange editor in saying that every college paper that contains a page or so of "jokelets" is second-rate.

We notice one fault with *Midland* for January, in that it has only one-fourth of a page given to Exchange. Otherwise it is very good.


The new dormitory to be erected at Columbia University will be named after Alexander Hamilton, who graduated at that institution.

Who wrote the most—Dickens, Warren or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," Dickens wrote "All the Year Around."

J. F. King of the Multnomah Athletic Club has been secured to coach Stanford's track team. He has a record of 9 4-5 seconds in the 100-yard run, and 6 feet 3 inches in the high jump.

Much concern is felt at Indiana University over the total disappearance of class spirit. Among the things suggested to bring about a revival of class interest are class meetings, class socials and class "scraps."

## CAMPUS.

 HE Seniors have now passed their last examinations, and their troubles of this kind are at last over, while undergraduates of all classes are looking forward to the time when the halcyon hour of college work shall arrive.

What are rubber bands for? To keep from "rubber-necking" in exams.

Charles Stiner, Normal '97, has been sick with the measles, but is now doing nicely.

Dr. Stubbs attended the banquet given at Carson on January 27th by Senator Jones.

Debates between classes of the University are now being proposed for class supremacy.

Do not fail to attend the social to be given by the Social Club on Friday, February 10th.

State Senators Wilson of Esmeralda and Leavitt of Lyon were visitors to the University last week.

The Corona Athletic Club has organized a baseball team, and will now strive for honors on the diamond.

Some one asked Doc the other day why he couldn't get a "participate." Perhaps Remsen's will explain.

Teasland '00, Norris '00 and Bonham, Special, have made good standings in Rhetoric under Professor Cowgill.

A letter was lately received from our past football coach, Frank Taylor. He sends kind regards to the football boys.

The bill allowing glove contests—more popularly termed prize fights—has passed both the Nevada Assembly and Senate. It has been ru-

mored that a bill would be introduced to prevent the playing of football. At such a rate, however, it is exceedingly doubtful if such a bill would even be brought up before the Legislature.

The Debating Union is looking forward to a visit to California to hear the debate between the University of California and Stanford.

Athletics have taken a new turn. High jumping and high kicking are the results of examination week, especially in the Rhetoric class.

Nelson Bruette '99 is being congratulated by his friends upon his phenomenal record in Analytics. By working alone he reached a grade of 100 in examination.

The class of '99 recently elected the following officers to serve until June, 1897: President, T. Mack; Vice-President, R. Richards; Secretary, M. Parker; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. Hunter.

The members of the RECORD staff have had a group picture taken at the Riverside studio, and it will appear, together with that of the Varsity football team, in the issue of February 15th.

The exams are now over, and all are glad. They have been attended by the usual number of "flunks," which seem to be a part of college life. With the exception of a few unlucky mortals, all may now commence business for the second term of '96-'97 with a new ledger.

The resignations of the Senior officers of the Cadet Corps have been disapproved by the President. From this it will appear that the stentorian voices of our graceful Senior officers will yet be heard directing the movements of the battalion during drill period—a fortunate escape for the Cadets, who would have otherwise been subjected to the would-be generalship of ye Juniors with their unwieldy cheese-knives.



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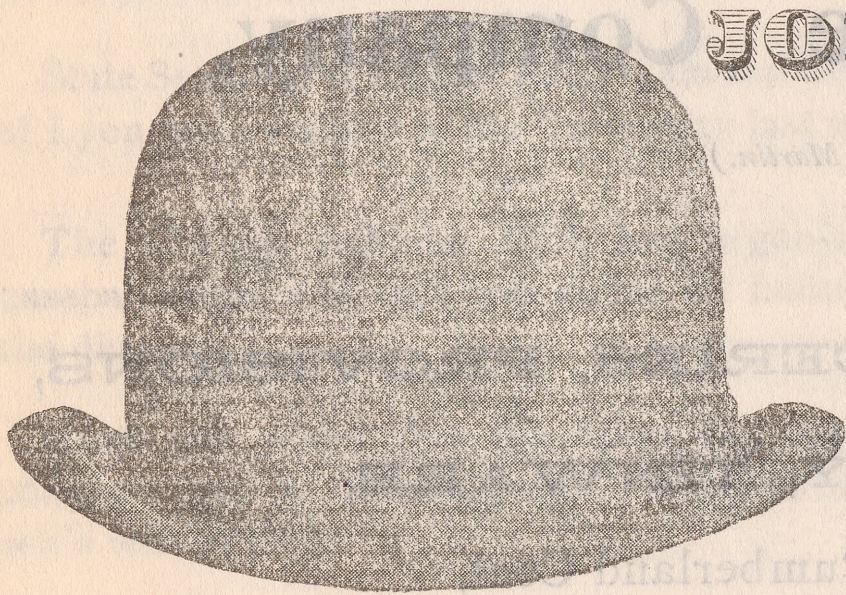
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