

THE LARIAT.

Vol. 3.

Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., October 14, 1882.

No. 2

Lariatings.

Foot-ball!
Seniors all in.
Ewing, the boxer.
The beautiful comet.
The Y. M. C. A. thrives.
Who writes for the *Star*?
Clark is the prep. masher.
A dramatic club is talked of.
"The melancholy days," etc.
We sigh for a church social.
The organ—don't mention it.
Hallowe'en will soon be here.
The barbs. are a motley crew.
The Y. M. C. A. has revived.
Base-ball *exit*, foot-ball *introit*.
Skinner will graduate with '83.
Free lectures again this Winter.
The *Wabash* needs a proof reader.
The dormitory has twelve occupants.
Free beer and no Sunday—the Ohio idea.
Those Freshie colors are just *too* nice.
Fourteen straight Seniors. How's that?
Our exchange editor has on his war paint.
Washburn reports progress on East Main.
The college political pot is beginning to boil.
That new head. But where are the brains?
McKee is the only senior who is not a voter.
Appoint delegates for a Pan-Hellenic council.

Rosebro, '83, has concluded to enter college.

Alias Sequar—"I'll see you later."—*Knight*.

Let's have a free lecture as soon as possible.

"They come! the Greeks! the Greeks!"

Prize fights are a new feature in college circles.

Campbell is *the* gem-consumer at Forest Hall.

The Barbs are working up. Well, let 'em work.

Our Democratic brethren wear exuberant smiles.

The Sophs have all their recitations in the morning.

We didn't put up our rooster. We'll wait for Indiana.

The *Wabash* needs new brains more than a new head.

Wonder if Rosebro will enter college politics this year?

Cincinnati was over-run by Wabash students last week.

That's a dandy little watch which Washburn carries.

"Mr. Hiller, I hope you'll keep straight."—J. L. C.

Positively no more serenades about the college buildings.

Those exquisitely beautiful songs were not appreciated.

Some of the Seniors are making a vigorous kick on German.

Prof. Coulter made a flying trip to Indianapolis yesterday.

Tutor Osborne has gone to house-keeping on Pike Street.

Prof. McKnight, of Covington, was in the city last Saturday.

Sivyer is lonely and will not be comforted because she is not.

The Phi Gamblers have taken young James, of the Pene class.

The campus has been mowed and is more beautiful than ever.

The reserved power of the Lyceum is concentrated in Maxedon.

The feud between Tammany Hall and Gramercy Park is no more.

The joint debate between Peirce and Lamb will take place next week.

Harvey Thomson is at his home at Thorntown, sick. He will return.

Wilkins has Greek and Physics extra. He is under private instruction.

Gibson is at Wabasha, Minnesota, teaching. He will enter '84 next year.

Dutch or no Dutch, that is the question. Guess we'll have a little Dutch.

Jim Green, of Asbury University, circulated about the village last week.

W. C. Hicklin, '86, is here in the interest of the Bradford revolving harrow.

Don't climb over or sit on our new wire fence. You might meet with an accident.

The dancing club is assuming proportions and will make things lively in society circles.

The Literary societies are not starting out as well as they might, but we'll live in hopes.

President Tuttle officiated at the funeral of Mrs. John S. Brown last Tuesday afternoon.

Wabash College has 44 voters, and every one is a Republican.—*Daily Times*. Bet y'ur life.

Hess has again assumed the garb of a noble Greek. He has anchored in the harbor of the Beta Theta Pi.

Prof. McLain will hear the Juniors display their oratorical abilities this term.

The "other paper" has a great deal to say about "old Wabash" in its last issue.

The college correspondent of the Indianapolis *Review*, is of the damp-hool species.

McGregor looks after his wandering flock at Cissna Park, Illinois, every two weeks.

The only perfect crinoid known in the world is in the Wabash College cabinet.

Ewing, a rustic looking Prep. from the benighted regions of Illinois, wears the belt.

Sivyer is president and Thornton secretary of the dancing club recently organized.

The lecture committee of the Calliopean consists of Reynolds, Sivyer and Stutesman.

The Seniors have English translations to their German prose—i. e., in the recitation.

A great many of the students have become members of the Young Men's Republican Club.

The Rosebro brothers are born journalists. If you don't believe it, look at the *Wabash*.

Dr. L. W. Munhall, of evangelistic fame, will lecture in the chapel on the afternoon of the 22d.

About twenty students took advantage of the cheap rate to Cincinnati, and visited the exposition.

Birchfield is attending a medical college in Boston, Massachusetts, and will not return to Wabash.

Ewing, the prep. prize pugilist, professes to have trained under the celebrated "Tug" Wilson.

It's surprising to see how well some of the Seniors can read Dutch without knowing the alphabet.

The new foot-ball has arrived, and with it the usual number of bruised shins and aching limbs.

Sivyer rolled in as sleek and "purty" as ever, but he fails to state why he stopped at Kansas City.

Thousands to put on interest, but not one cent for advertising the college through the public press.

Tutor McNutt preached an interesting sermon at the First Presbyterian church last Sunday evening.

Three hundred LARIATS, and not enough to go round. We'll try and supply the demand after this.

Tutor McNutt has promised to lecture in chapel soon. Mac is always interesting, and will draw well.

There is nothing like a term at dancing-school to teach a young man to bear himself easily in society.

Tomlinson is the second vice-president and Landis secretary of the Young Men's Republican Club.

A certain young lady was anxious to know the meaning of *chump*, and it was (W)right that she found out.

The barbed wire fence on the west side of the campus will put an end to foot ball scrimmages on that side.

Allen may be an enthusiastic Beta, but he evidently thinks a great deal more of his rock-ribbed Democracy.

Ascetta primordialis is what Prof. Coulter would say. If you are in a hurry you can call it a simple sponge.

McGregor, the prodigal, has returned. There was no fatted calf to kill, but the rejoicing is great and universal.

The eyes of the Senior are looking towards Cincinnati. Will their fond anticipations be realized is another question.

It is reported that James Madison Steele, once an old '83 boy, is now enjoying the felicities of a matrimonial existence at his home, Kansas, Illinois. Our best, Jim.

The next time the Seniors "sigh for lager" they'll be careful how they let it be known about the college buildings.

No college of any respectable standing uses less printer's ink than Wabash. There's no disguising the truth.

E. C. Smith, of the class of '81, Asbury University, wandered through these parts during the latter part of last week.

Hon. B. W. Hanna, of Terre Haute, a staunch friend of old Wabash, made us a call on Tuesday morning of last week.

Prof. Bassett has sold his collection of crinoids which he exhibited at Montreal and Cincinnati to a man at Philadelphia.

Marshall holds delightful communion with the fair ones by telephone. They say his "silver sweet" expressions are irresistible.

The Penes gave the Sophs their second drubbing at base ball last Saturday, and now wear the belt as the best class nine in college.

Several of the boys will vote at home. McNutt assists our overworked literary editor. Mac is a store-house not easily exhausted.

It is absolutely necessary to expend only \$5 for the sake of German this term. Of course, we're all millionaires and can afford it.

The dignified Senior will have two orations this term. Prof. Campbell doesn't know that class, or he would have been contented with one.

Prof. Coulter has been engaged in bottling some interesting Zoological specimens which he received last Summer from the Fish Commission.

Don't throw the ball against the gymnasium. Mar it not in any way. Be careful of it. Cherish it for the good which it has done. Preserve it as a relic and fossil if for nothing else.

"Sense—no sense!"

Republican enthusiasm runs high.

The faculty was out to hear Frye.

A first-class sensation in our midst.

We heard Frye. He was simply immense.

The old bell tolled for the Lyceum last night, but she was not.

The Sigma Chi national convention will be held in Chicago soon.

Harvey was at Rockville the latter part of last week. Business.

The college nine are playing the Junction Stars this afternoon.

The Seniors struck the first intelligible lesson in Intellectual Science last week.

Wilkins' paternal ancestor visited him yesterday evening. He came in to hear Senator Frye.

The boys were well represented in the parade last night in honor of Senator Frye. They always show their patriotism.

Prof. McLain to brilliant Freshie: "Does this use of the verb absolutely never occur in any other form?"

B. F.: "Well, that is, hardly ever."

Lamb recently received a telegram from Rossville, Ill., announcing the death of his brother at that place. He departed thither to attend the funeral.

Morris, with '84 last year, stayed out of college this year in order to get married. He will marry one of Shelbyville's fair damsels about Thanksgiving.

Prof. Campbell recently exchanged greetings with Mrs. Campbell before breakfast, while the latter was at Greensburg. A great institution, that telephone.

We counted fifty three errors in spelling in the editorial and local departments of the last number of the *Wabash*. If we had looked over the literary and exchange the number might have reached a hundred.

The Seniors had but a half-hour's recitation on Thursday, and were detained but a few moments yesterday by

the German professor. They're terribly overworked.

The Phi Delta Thetas will hold their national convention at Richmond, Virginia, on the 24th, 25th and 26th of this month. Wilkins will represent the chapter at this place.

"Doc" Anderson was present at chapel last Sunday.—*Indianapolis Saturday Review*.

A mistake, certainly. You mean he has been present at German once this term.

Our worthy cotemporary calls Wabash College the "Harvard of the West" in one place and the "Princeton of the West" in another. Princeton and Harvard are so much alike, you know.

The Barb element has been holding secret meetings at Bro. Beatty's room, and have perfected an organization. They claim that they will carry everything at the next Oratorical election. We shall see.

Col. Dick Thompson, of Terre Haute, will deliver a political speech in this city next Wednesday. The professors should dismiss their classes, as nobody should let an opportunity pass to hear the distinguished gentleman.

Ye local of our esteemed sister are likely to furnish muscular development for a couple of noble Sophs., should they persist in publishing such statements as appeared in their last issue. We warn them in time "to fle from the rath tu cum."

The managing editors of the *Wabash* spell worse than Sub-Penes. In one editorial "dormitory" is spelled "domitory" in five places; and in another, "laboratories" is spelled "labratories" in three different places. Of course it was the fault of the compositor.

Prof. Bassett captured a silver medal on his excellent crinoid exhibition at the Cincinnati Exposition. He had the finest collection ever seen in Cincinnati—one large slab containing over a hundred specimens. Montgomery county

possesses the richest crinoid deposit in the world.

Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, delivered one of the ablest political addresses last night at the court house ever heard in this city. It was replete with logic, and at times exceedingly eloquent. The boys were out *en masse*, and are overflowing in their praises of the distinguished orator.

Mart Simpson entertained the Kankakee survey corps last Wednesday evening at his residence. Profs. Campbell and Coulter, A. B. Anderson, Landis, Anderson, Benton, Stutesman and others were present, and enjoyed it hugely. Mart is a first-class man, and has the thanks of all present for his hospitality.

O. M. Gregg, '70, has contracted for a \$1,500 monument to be placed over the grave of our lamented Prof. Mills. Why can not the great State of Indiana take this in hand and erect a monument over his remains that would fittingly commemorate the great work which he achieved? Prof. Mills was the originator of our public schools and did more than any other man to place our educational system on a firm foundation. A monument from the people he served would be the only fitting tribute to his honored career.

The new dancing-club, of which we have heard so much, has effected an organization, and the first regular dance is appointed for next Wednesday evening, at Elston Hall. The membership is composed almost entirely of students, and although the boys have been to some trouble in starting the enterprise, they will no doubt be well repaid. It is gratifying to know that the young ladies of the city are taking an active interest in its success. The club will do away with very much of the monotony which has usually invested our society circles, as well as afford both pleasure and profit to all concerned. Sivyer has been chosen president, Thornton secretary, and Harmon Marsh treasurer.

Young lady to her companion: "Who is that fellow coming down the street?"

Com.: "That is Mr. Hiller, clad in his new Prince Albert."

Y. l.: "Mr. Hiller! Why I thought it was one those ministerial students they talk about."

Prof. White intends to bring order out of chaos in his French recitations. He recently quieted two young bloods by telling them he proposed to have order if not scholarship.

The Seniors are now enjoying the advantages of a supply of valuable zoological specimens which Prof. Coulter received from the Agassiz museum at Harvard last Summer.

The firm of Coffin & Breed, grocers, at Frankfort, Indiana, has been dissolved by mutual consent, the former assuming the entire control. This is Sammy, of '82.

Hays, '86, and James, '87, now consider themselves entitled to all the rights of full-fledged Deltas. They would have had one more, but Wright wouldn't go.

In his wanderings last week Landis dropped in on the Hamilton, Ohio, fair. His presence caused great excitement, and brought 40,000 people to the grounds.

The heavy countenances and downcast looks of our college politicians last Wednesday morning showed only too plainly—Ohio Democratic.

Those "select" parties in honor of the Seniors are getting quite positively too numerous. They cause too many absences from Dutch.

Prof. Campbell has a unique diagram in to-day's *Journal*, showing Crawfordsville to be the center of three great systems of railways.

The *Review* last week contained an elegant (cod liver) oil portrait of our quartette. The boys feel themselves complimented.

It is currently reported that no less

than seven Seniors will consummate their matrimonial aspirations soon after graduation.

The Sunday afternoon chapel attendance does not pan out as well as it might. Making it optionary might better things.

Six new men were enrolled in the Lyceum last week. They are Coyle, Lee, Hamilton, Mills, Humphrey, and Hunt.

The literary societies had no meeting last night. The boys wanted to hear Senator Frye, of Maine, at the court house.

Prof. Norris will guide Thornton over the mathematical rocks and quicksands, and anchor him in the harbor of safety.

The annual time of surveying the college campus has arrived. The Sophs are now engaged in that pleasant task.

Hiller was very much chagrined at Cincinnati upon being referred to as a little boy by an impudent Jew.

Our worthy contemporary "points with pride" to that new head. Well, after all, it's rather *noice*.

McNutt presided at the organ while Scofield "took in" Cincinnati. Mac is an adept at the business.

Since Cooter's return from the bracing air of Kansas prairies, his appetite for syrup is enormous.

Little, Lott, Snyder, Bryer and Fulton were initiated in the Calliopean last Friday night.

Prof. Campbell is absent at Fort Wayne on business connected with his swamp survey.

Dukes and Scofield were Bran(d)ing everybody at Cincinnati for following them around.

Several of the giddy Sophs recently tripped the light fantastic at Miss Helen Smith's.

Rip VanWinkle melted Coleman's icy heart, and he wept; yea, he wept bitterly.

Alumni.

H. J. Milligan, '73, was in the city last Sunday.

H. S. Armstrong, '81, is practicing law in Chicago.

A. J. Brown, '80, will graduate at Lane Seminary next June.

Emory Hunt, '80, has been dealing in fruit trees at Whiteland.

Warren McBroom, '76, is engaged in the miller's profession in this city.

What wealthy alumnus will give us one hundred thousand dollars for an observatory?

Dr. I. A. Detchon, '73, is a candidate for coroner of this county on the Democratic ticket.

J. F. McCulloch, '80, roams over his broad acres near Charlestown, Indiana, and is getting rich.

Dr. Lyman E. Ott, '80, is now permanently located at Franklin, Indiana, practicing his profession.

J. R. Breaks, '81, owns one of the finest farms in Montgomery county, two miles north of the city.

A. O. Penniman, '79, is now a full-fledged minister of the gospel, and is located at St. Louis, Missouri.

John L. Wilson, '74, is chairman of the Republican central committee at Colfax, Washington Territory.

C. E. Taber, '78, has put out his attorney's shingle. The firm is Winfield and Taber, Logansport, Indiana.

Hon. R. B. F. Peirce will be his own successor in the next House of Representatives from this Congressional District.

R. F. Coyle, '77, has received a call from one of the first churches of Iowa, at Council Bluffs. It is not known whether he will accept or not.

Several of the boys had the pleasure of grasping the flesh of C. P. Colburn, '80, last week in Cincinnati. He is attending medical college there.

Kansas City, Missouri, is well supplied with former Wabash students. Among the number may be mentioned Paxton, formerly of '82, a book-keeper in a large dry goods establishment; Brenton, of the same class, in the San Francisco freight offices; L. H. Rogers, '83, with E. Austin & Co., hardware merchants; H. L. Anderson, '81, lawyer; and Abbott Blunt, '77, on the *Journal*.

The appetite of the average Senior for Dutch stands without a parallel. In less than four short weeks the class has "thoroughly" mastered Whitney's grammar, and are now proceeding to devour a preparatory book of German prose. There's no telling where it will end.

Landis is the metaphysical prodigy of the Senior class. He grows grandiloquently eloquent in his philosophic meditations on the phenomena of consciousness and the psychological disquisitions of Dr. Porter.

The alumni of this college everywhere are severely condemning its action in trying to dispose of the Semi-Centennial addresses to its students and friends for money. They regard it as entirely wrong.

Tutor McNutt has compiled a scheme for learning the Latin verb, which he calls a "Comparative View of the Conjugations." It is a valuable aid to the student, and is in use in the preparatory department.

You can get a copy of the Semi-Centennial addresses delivered last commencement, for 15 cents. If it was any other college they would be distributed gratuitously as an advertising medium.

At the regular meeting of the Junior class Maxedon was elected president, Rosebro secretary and treasurer, Cooter orator, Mackintosh poet, Stutesman prophet, and Benton toastmaster.

Rosebro looks after the interests of the *Argus* during his leisure moments.

Look out for the barbarians.

It matters not how Ohio has gone, or how Indiana will go, or what the result will be in Montgomery county, one fact is sure: The vote of Wabash College will be overwhelmingly Republican.

Dr. Tuttle presided over the synod at Indianapolis this week, and delivered the opening sermon Thursday night.

Exchanges.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* commences the second year of its existence with an interesting issue and favorable prospects, as it claims to be financially "fixed." An editorial appeals to the students to restore the original honor of the institution. Judging from the mosquito story by one of the students, we have concluded that some of the boys do use the truth with surprising economy.

The *College Rambler* is undoubtedly a financial success; it contains nine pages of college matter and seven pages of advertisements. The financial manager must be looking forward to the time when he will grace the President's Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury.

We are pleased to see the *Wooster Collegian* come out in such good form. The mathematical department is a characterizing feature of this paper among our exchanges. It has discontinued its fraternity column.

The *Monmouth Collegian* offers a prize to the student attending that college who will produce the best composition, complying with certain conditions which the editors of that paper have prescribed. This is a commendable deviation from the accustomed way of managing college papers, and for those that can afford it we can devise of no better investment.

The Oberlin *Review* reports a good supply of students, and we would infer that they are well pleased with the outlook. The *Review* contains a good oration on "The Elements of Modern Civilization," notwithstanding the fact that the oration was awarded second place in oratorical contest.

The *College Ohio* completely "sits down on" the Freshmen in an article entitled "About Freshmen—A Reverie." Their Freshman class must be made up of the raw material fresh from the backwoods. If so, there is a splendid chance to note the change education will make on an individual.

The Washington *Jeffersonian* claims to be not much in favor of an exchange column, but as a matter of expediency rather than choice it still clings to the old custom. It gives the class history of '82, which is written up in good style.

After examining the *Adelphian* it would appear that locals were scarce; but it redeems itself by literary articles. "About Books" is a sensible production, and the author of "Hamlet's Madness" proves himself to be a student of Shakespeare. The *Adelphian*, ever looking out for its own interests, gives its patrons a "gentle reminder" what kind of men to vote for as editors.

The fraternity question seems to have both sides represented by the *Berkeleyan* and the *Occident*, the former rather independently upholding them, very much to the displeasure of the latter, which, after having exhausted itself by hurling cute remarks and a few very frail arguments, sinks back into the darkness of barbarism.

Just as we are going to press the *Kansas Review* sends us a flattering invitation to visit their section of the country. Notwithstanding all the advertisements of the land speculators, cheap excursions, etc., this is the first time that our constitution has yielded to the attacks of the Kansas fever, and you may expect us most any time.

THE LARIAT.

The Students' Paper.

Published Semi-Monthly by Students of Wabash College.

EDITORS.

W. P. MCKEE, '83..... }Editorial.
 A. E. THORNTON, '83..... }
 E. H. ANDERSON, '83..... }Literary.
 J. F. STUTESMAN, '84..... }Local.
 THOS. WILKINS, '83..... }
 W. M. LOOMIS, '84..... }Exchange.

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 R. S. THOMSON, '85.

Extra copies of THE LARIAT on sale at Dickey & Brewer's. Price 10 cents. Subscribers can obtain extra copies of the Business Managers at 5 cents each.

Subscription price \$1.25 per year, invariably in advance.

Saturday, October 14, 1882.

Editorial.

THERE are certain students in Wabash College who go around like sore-headed bears, continually growling and complaining, and always about things of very little importance. They don't like it because there are not more students here, because there is not more gravel on the walks in the campus, because all the members of the faculty do not sit on the rostrum at Sunday chapel, because there is no observatory here, etc. In regard to the observatory we think that the slang phrase, "Put up, or shut up," would be good advice to give them. If you don't like Wabash College, why, don't stay here. If you are not satisfied here, you will not receive any benefit, and are simply an annoyance. If you are not sensible enough

to appreciate and avail yourselves of our advantages, again we say, Go away. There are plenty of young men who will do what you don't.

A DANCING club has been organized, and their first dance comes off on the 18th of this month. We wish them success with all our hearts. Such a club has been long talked of, and doubts have frequently been expressed as to its feasibility. But there is no reason why the club should not prosper, and we believe it will. It is proposed to give dances every two weeks at Elston Hall. There has always been a great deal of objection to hall dances in Crawfordsville, on account of their miscellaneous character, but this objectionable feature will be entirely done away with by the present club, and no pains will be spared to make the dances what they should be in every way.

THE value of Prof. Bassett's crinoid bed, its celebrity, and the beauty and completeness of the specimens obtained from it are hardly appreciated by the citizens of Crawfordsville. This bed is without doubt the best one in the world. The specimens obtained from it are the most perfect. Prof. Dana, the great geologist, says that for beauty and completeness in every respect the crinoids taken from Prof. Bassett's bed, far surpass anything that he ever saw, and speaks of them as most valuable additions to the specimens illustrating this branch of natural science. The writer recently had the pleasure of viewing some of Prof. Bassett's specimens on exhibition at Cincinnati. They were extremely beautiful; in fact they must be seen to be appreciated. The most interesting object in the case was a huge slab, about four feet long and three wide, in which were imbedded eighty crinoids which had been worked out in their

natural positions. This is the finest specimen in the world, and very valuable. Prof. Bassett informed us that the case of specimens was examined daily by a great many scientific men, who were greatly astonished by what they saw, not supposing that any specimens so complete in every way had ever been discovered. The collection referred to above has been sold to a Philadelphia scientist.

WE are in favor of an elective course of study. Here we have a curriculum. If any deviation for any reason is proposed, the reply, as laconic as it is positive, meets you, "That is not our way." One is left to infer that if he may desire to pursue other than the prescribed course he may hie himself away to another college to do so. This is a conclusive argument, for it is not always convenient for a student to strap up his baggage and go where he can have what he wants. There is a certain class of students in college here who have not now, and never intend or expect to have the slightest use for, or need of, German. They expect and intend to have much use for, and need of, Hebrew and Greek. We have no professor to teach the former, and to study it appears out of the question. We have a professor of Greek, and a good one, and it is hard to see why those who desire it, should not be allowed to take a year's Greek instead of German. But, "that is not our way, either," and therefore it is required that the time be put in at a study to the acquiring of a good knowledge of which there is neither incentive nor opportunity. We understand all well enough that the men who prescribe these courses of study are men of large experience and wide culture, and yet the fact may remain that even in their work there is a possibility of improvement. If this be truth let the improvement begin in this line.

A FEW days ago a circular was received from Orville Brewer & Co., stating that the feasibility of issuing a paper to be devoted exclusively to college interests was being considered. The paper is to be published at Chicago. In the projected paper it is proposed to publish articles of "general college interest," subject to the approval of a committee, the selection of which has not been fully decided on. Short editorials, current college news, a list of coming college events, jokes, personals. Communications are also to be published, and various prizes, ranging from \$10 to \$50, are to be offered for the best article sent in, the best college joke, etc. We think that if the proposed plan can be carried out the paper will be both interesting and useful. A paper of this kind is something that we need. There was a time when an education was regarded as an expensive luxury, as something of very doubtful utility. Here is a specimen of what business men of to-day say about this subject: "A young man now-a-days without an education has no chance." Associations of all kinds, organized for no matter what purpose, now have papers of their own in order to bring themselves before the public in a proper manner, and in order to protect their rights and advance their interests. College men are numbered by tens of thousands, and should by all means have a representative among the papers of the country. It is necessary for each college to give thirty-five subscribers in order to have the paper. The subscription price is low—only \$1.25—and the paper is to be issued semi-monthly. We hope that Wabash boys will enter into this matter and send on the necessary thirty-five names.

NOT long ago Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, remarked that during his presidency so far, among the graduates not more than two or three, or a half-

dozen at most, had gone from him and his instruction, who were not Christians. He either states plainly or by inference, that many during their college course were turned positively toward a religious life, by the influences there brought to bear upon them. We also know of a college in this State, not nearly equal to our own, but which is forty years old, and has now some hundred and twenty students, in which only one person has ever graduated an unbeliever. Such statements sound strange, in a sense, to us here. Truly Wabash is under Christian influence, and a moral atmosphere is continually about her, which is elevating. Yet she can point to more non-Christians among the members of her last two classes than these two colleges show in years. Students for the ministry are becoming almost a rarity, and more non-Christians can be found in the college classes than Christians. Conversions here are the exception, in five years not more than twenty having occurred of which the public has known. Is there a screw loose, or does a bad class of students come here, students inclined toward Paine and Ingersoll, and beer and billiards? It is hardly probable that the latter is the case. Whose fault is it then that such a state exists, morally and religiously? Truly it is no wonder that the men who control affairs should go cautiously, and speak of a tremendous responsibility. A responsibility indeed, when boys sent here from orthodox homes, with orthodox views, after a long stay incline more strongly toward infidelity than toward faith and obedience to the mandates of religion.

EVERY now and then there appears, either in the college or city papers, a squib about German—either as to the study or the way in which its recitations are conducted. Some of them are just; most of them altogether unjust. If the past and present status of German

instruction in our college proves anything, it proves this, namely: Students cannot be thrown on their sense of courtesy and self-respect and make a success of a recitation. In the German recitation such a thing as a harsh or unkind word is never heard. A reproof is embellished, long before it passes into words, with the kindness of heart of the well-meaning Professor. The boys are left to be controlled by their innate courtesy and respect. Theoretically this appears all fair. It may be hard to find a reason why a dozen members of the Senior class should conduct themselves any other way than gentlemanly, when in the presence of a most polished gentleman as well as scholar. Yet the unpleasant fact remains, that in that room are enacted scenes which if even attempted in the Greek room, for example, would take the whole class before the faculty so quickly that one would not know what it was all about. We have hinted that a reproof comes once in a while. But who has ever had his feelings hurt by it? We venture that no one has ever carried with him from the college the recollection of a hard cut from this source. When the Professor of Greek remarks that one is liable to be excused from the room should an offense be repeated, something more distant in the shape of probable appearances before the faculty, etc., comes before the mind, and you might as well look for snow in June as for a repetition of that particular offense. But how different in German! We often hear "Please not whisper," "Please all give careful attention;" but seldom is any heed given. In any other room may sometimes be heard such remarks as, "Gentlemen, this talking must cease," (and "this talking" ceases) "Nothing is to be attended to here but the lesson" (and the trifling is laid aside). In some rooms such remarks are of common occurrence, in others very seldom; but in all there is no waste of words, or of unappreciated

kindness. As a natural consequence the amount of work done varies wonderfully, according to who the professor is who has the study in charge. No one pretends to go to a recitation in mental science unprepared; yet more than one go to German regularly without the slightest preparation. No one thinks of being absent from Greek without some sort of an excuse, and even then very seldom; but it may be true that more than one member of the present German class has not seen the inside of the recitation room above twice in four weeks. We repeat that no such events would occur, did the Professor put away honeyed words and declare that he would kill or cure. As it is, no one studies, no one learns. As it might be, all would work, all would advance. We welcome the change.

Literary.

CLASSICS IN THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM.

On the table lies a curious Latin work, call it Grammar, Manual, Lexicon, what you will, still it is misnamed. Look!

A
NEW TORCH
TO THE
LATIN TONGUE:
SO ENLIGHTENED,

That besides the easie understanding of all classical authors, there is also laid open a ready way to write and speak Latin well and elegantly. Being very useful for gentlemen, lawyers, and young clerks, and all others.

BY PAUL P. JAS. BERENYI,
A TRANSYLVIAN GENT.

Ex. Aed. Sab. Aug. 18, 1663, Londine.

Following this blessed torch through the labyrinth of forms of Nouns and proprieties of Verbs, we come at last into such a glare of brilliancy that our

eyes are blinded by the light, as when from this "Fax Nova" rays like these are sent forth. DE GENITIVO post verbum. "Verba curae et affectus animi regunt genitivum, rare ablativum; ut, *Angere se animi, vel animo.*" Say to the average Senior, Date, De Genitivo post verbum, and he will give you most likely, nothing but an expression of vacuity. Time was when every boy who aspired to culture followed such a torch, and, it must be confessed, there were giants in those days—1663, one hundred years after Shakespeare's birth. It may be that by a less flaming torch he learned his Latin, and in the same way less Greek. Time was, the memory of thousands of Alumni will supply the dates, when Latin, Greek, Mathematics and Todd's Manual went side and side three times a day, and five days in a week. Commencement speeches were in Latin; degrees were conferred in Latin, and possibly the girls flirted in Latin. A change has come, and what a change! The famous "Fax Nova" is found on the curiosity shelf. Mathematics still lingers to the last, in homeopathic doses and veiled under the euphonious names, Astronomy, Physics, etc. The nightmare of Latin and Greek is shaken off gradually in Junior, or completely where elective courses prevail at Sophomore. And still the cry is heard, "What's the use of studying the classics?" The devotees of the dead—languages cry discipline, discipline; you want to discipline the mind, while the classes grow smaller yearly. Are the classics to remain in the curriculum? Then some better reason than the discipline dodge must be invented. The ministerial student, the sons of old-timers, who give, as their parting blessing, "master the Grammar," and those who do as Rome does, will respond. Men who are so reckless as to think will stand aloof. Making a boy study for the sake of discipline is like putting a man on the regimen of walking every

day to his grandmother's grave for his health. Is anything more sepulchral than the face of a man who is rushing down a lane and back a ravine, to walk the mile he has conscientiously resolved to go through daily. But let a man choose some out door study, as Botany or Geology, and love, zeal, curiosity all blend to quicken the step, brighten the eye and without thinking of seeking health, he finds both health and happiness. So of the mind. Put a boy at his books and tell him he is disciplining his mind and possibly with the combined incentives of fear and the hope of a grade he may be held to his place. If memory is not at fault, the great teachers of the ages were not men who held their pupils by constraint. Were they not men of rich minds with the heart power of inspiration? Pupils walked with them in the groves, sat at their feet as truth fell from the lips of teacher and friend. Take the plea that Latin and Greek contain the masterpieces of Literature and therefore one ought to study the classics. Let us see. Take poetry. Poetry depends somewhat on rhythm or movement. About what is Senior Prep.'s knowledge of the music of Virgil, after he spends six months spelling out laboriously as many books? What a fine conception the student has of the masterpiece of ancient oratory who has spent a term reading it and has forgotten at the end that there ever was a beginning. Is it necessary to read in the original to understand the author? Here is a query. Will the man who can with Lexicon and Grammar, read a page of Latin an hour, get more good out of Plato than Emerson, reading thirty pages an hour in a translation? Emerson, in his essay on Books, where he, like a head waiter at a feast of the Gods, points the rarest delicacies of the literary menu, says, and it is worth quoting entire and memorizing: "I do not hesitate to read all the books I have named, and all good books, in translations. What is really

best in any book is translatable—any real insight or broad sentiment. Nay, I observe that in our Bible, and other books of lofty moral tone, it seems easy and inevitable to render the rythm and music of the original into phrases of equal melody. I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book in the original, which I can procure in a good version. I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue." The plain man will be satisfied to drink no deeper than Emerson: the hypercritical will analyze the springs of Parnassus to see what per cent. of the flavor is Greek roots. To the argument that scientific terms are in Latin, we would say with Queen Catherine,

"O, good my lord, no Latin;
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English;"

that smooth, hairy, toothed, are every whit as forceful and accurate as *glabrous, canescent, dentate*. Is there then no place for the classics in the curriculum? Shall classes grow smaller and teachers more conservative? As the classics have decreased science has increased. Let the work go on. Let the time come when a college course shall be wholly in science. But let it not be forgotten that language is the noblest science—the wedding thought to speech, giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, Philology and Comparative Grammar are sciences, as rich and facinating as any Natural Science.

Grimm's law of phonetic change is a parallel to the law of gravitation. The formation of words, beginning with a physical basis, is as marvelous and exact as forming chemical compounds. Emerson studied Greek and Latin, though he banished the text of the original from his library. As a science there is and always should be room in the curriculum for the classics. Won-

derful progress has been made of late years. A Grammar ten years old is like a sign with half the letters gone. Still much is to be done, for the chief end seems still to be, discipline, and the Utopean notion that the American girl and boy, who will be women and men of action, can never read a foreign literature must be abandoned.

POWER.

College bells every morning call thirty thousand American students to the cloistered walls where "the ample page of knowledge is unrolled." The poor man saves at every chance, sells the odd horse, wears the same suit the year round, clears up an extra piece of stumps, that the boy may have the chance that penury or ignorance withheld from him. The rich man sends his son, to learn regular habits, or because he is fit for nothing else in his teens. One boy wants to be a lawyer, and thinks he needs Latin; another a minister, and so looks out for Greek. Still another will be an engineer, and he sits up with Mathematics. These are surface reasons only. For every act of men, there is known or unknown to them a deep underlying Philosophy of their action. What really throngs the school room and the university hall is the desire for Power. Life lies before us, like the caskets of gold and silver and lead before the suitors of Portia. In one of these is Portia locked, and he who choses this shall win the maiden treasure, but he who fails of the right casket swears

"Never in his life
To woo a maid in way of marriage."

We watch the deft fingers of the musician sweep the keys or draw the bow, we listen to the words of the teacher, we read the lives of great men, to find the secret of their success that with the same magic key we may unlock the casket where lies the Portia of our dreams—the wealth, fame, love, honor, we covet.

Man is a tyrant, or should be. The elements stand waiting to do him service. To have dominion is the seal set upon him by the creator. Power! What is it? Who can gain it? Read Emerson; he will show you magnificent examples of power, reducing all to a constitutional trait in the famous passage: "If Eric is in good health and has slept well." The sources of power are three: knowledge, wealth and thought. Knowledge is power, not in itself but in the use one can make of it. One knows that walnuts and pawpaws grow only in the richest soil; he lays his claim there and grows steadily rich. Another man, possibly the fancy city farmer, is not aware that there are marks of soil and laying his claim in the white oak barrens, loses all. Knowledge gave the first man power to become rich.

Wealth is power. A dollar is a day's work. With ten thousand dollars in his hand a man has the power to control one man ten thousand days. Wealth is power for it enables to command. The irrepressible gamin thrust themselves in our way at every corner; "Mister have a shine." Railroad kings do the same, with flaming posters about landscape, game, speed, comfort, importuning the public to give them a job. Give Gould a shilling, he will bring the latest style of the metropolis to the Hoosier hamlet. When distance forbids the power of speech, Morse and Bell solve the difficulty, and for forty cents will snatch the lightning from the clouds and "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." Knowledge is power, wealth is power. There is a greater power than these—the power of a mind trained to think.

Give a man knowledge without the power and habits of thought, and you have merely a walking cyclopedia, no more interesting nor half so accurate as Chamber's yellowbacks. Given wealth without thought, lo riches take wings and fly away. The pampered band-

box son of the millionaire is a goose and the sharpers will pick the last feather. What are the steps by which we rise from the rabble to the chosen circles of men of thought. No code or society is half so strict as the conditions laid down by the Aristocracy of Intellect! Take an analogy. The essential parts of the physical organism are mouth and stomach. Is the organism healthy? Given the proper food there is digestion. The essential parts of the mental organism are the same. The senses are the mouths, the mind the stomach, and thought is digestion. Here, too, given the proper food digestion or thought will follow "as the night the day." The steps are seeing, thinking. Thought, though rare, is natural. There are few thinkers in the world, for the multitude is blind, having eyes and ears, sees not the robe of Deity nor hears the rhymes of the universe. Taking the mental machinery to pieces and spending a term labeling each part, Reason, Memory, Imagination *et cetera ad absurdum* according to the whim of those philosophical geniuses who compound college text books on Mental Science, never made a thinker. Describing the processes of thought—Logic, never made a thinker, no more than describing the parts of a locomotive, ever drove an engine a mile a minute. The work must begin earlier. Observation precedes reflection. He is the best teacher who with the heart power of inspiration, arouses the sluggish faculties, points out the dangerous pit falls, or points out the poison in fair-seeming falsehood, draws aside the curtain and bids to "look on Nature's naked loveliness."

Mr. Coffin, who will be remembered as the eloquent orator from Indiana who took first prize at the Inter-State contest held a year ago last May, is at present superintendent of the public schools of New Albany, Indiana.

Chips.

Col. Park will give \$20,000 to Park College, Missouri, provided the trustees of the college will raise as much to put with it, to found a professorship.

Carroll College Academy, at Waukesha, Wisconsin, has received during vacation the sum of \$20,000 as the basis of a permanent endowment fund.

William H. Allen, president of Girard College, died August 29.

Chester A. Arthur has received the degree of LL. D. from Union College.

According to President Eliot \$2,000, and strict economy, will keep a young man four years at Harvard.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have an illustrated paper.—*Ex.*

Many college papers are already illustrated—with advertisements.

"Where are those clouds going?" asked one of the fellows of his chum, pointing to a dark mass in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," was the reply.—*Ex.*

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