

this loss of interest. With our limited advantages for carrying on a regulated system of athletics, the number of those who take part in out-door games is too small to permit of three separate associations, viz: Athletic, Tennis and Base Ball. Although all three have existed, they were founded upon weak footing and did not receive the necessary support from the body of students. To see every branch of athletics receive the proper attention and support is undoubtedly the wish of every student. To do this will require (first) that the three hitherto separate and distinct organizations be merged into one and called the Athletic Association of P. S. C.; (second) that this Association have three sub-divisions, viz: Base Ball, Tennis and field sports proper. This seems to be the only means by which a general system of sports can be maintained. And it is only in this way that a general interest can be awakened among the students, for there are few indeed who would not aid in the support of an association, even though they do not apply themselves to any particular line of sports. We have reason to feel ashamed that what few times our base ball team has gone abroad the expenses have been defrayed mostly by the contributions of the few who did the playing. Under such a plan as the one suggested expenses incurred by any particular branch would be assumed by the entire Association. We recognize

such a plan as the only one which will allow all branches of athletics to receive equal support and attention and develop them sufficiently to enable us to compete with our sister colleges.

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## LITERARY.

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### DUSK.

I.

O hallowed time! O sacred hour!  
 Bud of the night, of day the flower;  
 Thy presence steals us from to-day  
 And makes our cares seem far away.

II.

The sunset's glory slowly fades,  
 Or blends its beauty with the shades;  
 The dusk of eve steals on apace  
 And to its charm lends a new grace.

III.

Bewitching hour, prelude of night,  
 To love's young dream a sure delight!  
 Thy quiet shadow like a veil  
 Obscures the hill and hides the dale.

IV.

When over all, thy mantle falls  
 'Tis then that nature most appalls,  
 Inspiring reverential awe,  
 That makes us own great nature's law.

V.

'Tis then that thoughts which rise within  
 Recall the long past "might have been,"  
 And bring the other days of yore.  
 Back to our present life once more.

VI.

How often at thy shrine has knelt  
 The lover who has passion felt;  
 To pour forth to some trusting maid  
 The love he vows will never fade.

VII.

And so we praise thee—best of all,  
 Thy pleasant hours our lives recall;  
 And may thy nameless charm e'er be  
 A force to soothe life's misery.