

eagerly add to her vocabulary *all* the college slang which greets her freshman ears, or does she select choice bits and leave the rest? Does she even speak occasionally in such ordinary language that her friends at home comprehend her meaning? If so, she is revealing her character. Does she walk to a concert on a rainy night in a thin dress, low neck and a light opera cape, or does she now and then dress in accordance with the weather? In this, too, she is revealing character. Does she indulge extravagantly in that peculiar article of college diet, fudge, or is she at times mindful of the old Greek maxim, 'Nothing in excess?' Herein is some part of her character shown. Does she, finally,—and this is the subtlest danger she has to fight,—allow her mind to become so engrossed in learning and the desire to learn, her heart so absorbed with ambition and the longing to achieve, that her mental and spiritual life is permanently narrowed; or does she, in the midst of college life and interests, keep her mind open to perceive the good in other fields of human endeavor and activity, and her heart large to sympathize with experiences outside her sphere? Here, truly, is her character laid bare."

—The Dartmouth magazine for October contains a very novel article, entitled "The College Just After the Civil War." The scarcity of such articles as this makes it doubly interesting as well as instructive. Following is an extract from the same:

"Required mathematics ended with Sophomore year. The occasion was still celebrated by a solemn function. Formerly, at this stage in the course, 'mathematics' had been burned. We buried him. In procession, at night, to dirge music, copies of our mathematical books were borne in a small black coffin to the ravine in the college park where class-day exercises are held—then marked by the upright posts of an ancient horizontal bar, once used for outdoor gymnastics, and known in our time as The 'Freshman Gallows'—there the grave was dug and the interment made, with suitable addresses. Afterwards, we dug up the remains—that the