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OCTOBER, 1895, NO.1**

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**VARIOUS**

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '96.

MAITLAND GRIGGS.

GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON.

EDWIN SIDNEY OVIATT.

PHILIP CURRAN PECK.

CHAUNCEY WETMORE WELLS.

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COLLEGE SENTIMENT.

THE age is doing its best to deprive us of many of life's old-time privileges. Old-fashioned sentiment is one of them. To be discovered with a suspicious drop of moisture about the eyes as we follow the fate of some "Sidney Carton" or watch the curtain fall upon a dying "Beau Brummell," is frowned upon by our times. To have feelings and show them was a boon granted only to our grandfathers. But to-day the tendency is to calmly and collectedly watch the course of events; be ready to jump into their midst; make what personal gain we can, neither taking nor giving quarter; then retire like the spider to his web to watch for the next unsuspecting fly. Happily there are many who as yet have not bid for a seat with the mere cold-blooded, grasping spectator of this world—a world still throbbing with passion and humanity. And there is one kind of sentiment—thank Heaven!—which even a Dr. Nordau might dissect in vain for signs of degeneration. It is what we call "college sentiment."

The one vulnerable point under the unyielding crust with which the battle of life has invested the college

graduate, is that weak spot for her whom he calls his Alma Mater. It is a feeling real and living—a feeling as rich as any old-fashioned sentiment, and many times deeper and more constant. In every undergraduate too there is a love for and a pride in his college that guarantees a survival of the old spirit, and takes the place in his nature of some of that less serious sentiment of his ancestors. But here at Yale it is developing along more lines with him to-day, and is taking on a broader, heartier aspect than it has known before. He is as ready as ever to follow up his team or crew, to add his lusty encouragement and, in case of victory, his congratulations, but in any case and always his heartfelt gratitude. Yale, however, is every day coming nearer and nearer to our hearts as an institution for the promotion of manliness. There has started on our campus an epoch marked by the development and expression of a stronger, higher undergraduate sentiment. In the dominating spirit of the college there has been a new declaration of independence. Foolish fears and petty allegiances no longer stand in the way of giving utterance to a good, unprejudiced, honestly conceived sentiment or conviction, and the time has passed when one man feels he must do something because some one else does it, or when well-grounded independence for itself is not valued. A wrong in the college to-day, whether it be in its government or in its social system, has lost its old chance of long existence, for there is now no faculty or body of students that will long hold out against a well-developed, sincere undergraduate sentiment.

When a wrong is detected and fairly proved to be a wrong, or when a poor standard of honor is discovered among us, we may to-day fearlessly arouse the sentiment against it; we may make the feeling so strong and so universal that no amount of prestige the evil may have gained can stand against an adverse sentiment's steady growth. The rise of this or that poor institution or the establishment of some bad rule has doubtless been slow and gradual; it can seldom be eradicated by any evaporating or absorbing process, but must be determinedly grap-

pled with and torn out. Wounds are bound to be given and received, but they are as sure to soon heal over, and the whole college is left so much the better for the loss of bad blood.

That the college sentiment has been growing broader and becoming a higher power is undeniably true, but it is just as true that there is still plenty of room for further growth. Our standards of honor are not yet as high as they should be, or our standards of men as broad. Every branch of college work must have a value, and it is for us to see that each one has its *true* value. Athletics should have their place, and a high one; but there is also the scientific man, the scholarly man, the literary man, the good debater. It is for college sentiment to put a just valuation upon him. He has attained success—let him enjoy the rewards. General Grant, while he was President, interrupted a religious discussion at a dinner to ask what the word "agnostic" meant. He was a great general—the best the country afforded. Nobody seemed to think it strange or cared that he did not know the meaning of so ordinary a word—he was still our greatest general. A man may not know the meaning of "slow on the catch" or a "revolving wedge"—he is still the best scientist in your class; and his college life has been given to putting himself at the head of the line he has chosen. Another man has spent the best of his college course buried in the drudgery of the college "mission." The good he has done there can never be told; the heart that has been put into it is the largest and noblest in college. Do we honestly appreciate these men and their work? Not as we ought. The fault is with the sentiment of the college undergraduate body; here it needs mending, and all signs point to a change. To make it we need only the most frank, open, man-to-man discussion.

There are few times in a man's life where the events directly surrounding him are so vital to himself as those in his college to-day, or where he can take so active a part in the moves going on about him; the spirit that should rule in our athletics; that which should govern our social sys-

tem, and our elections of all kinds; this or that move which is to prove the greatest good to the greatest number of us. If we do enter earnestly into the moving, vital life of the campus and the college, and form the habit of having opinions about things—remembering always to keep our minds open to conviction, and always avoiding those cast-iron theories which stand in the way of practical sense—we have acquired something invaluable to us both as students and as citizens of the world, to whose tender mercies we are all too soon to be trusted.

To help this forward movement, our college journals have come up out of their lethargic slumber of the past several years. No longer mere chronicles of college notabilia, they have risen to a point where they can look out upon events and watch the signs of the college times. Then, by a little careful thought, by judicious and tactful management, they are picking up the best of the sentiment they find everywhere, and putting it into a form as effective in our college as the influence of larger periodicals on the outside world. In this way we are moving on toward undergraduate representation; the "honor system," and many a change which can come only with a loftier college sentiment.

"As man-to-man" is a phrase that, taken in its best and truest meaning, would make a good motto for every undergraduate by which to govern his own conduct and that of the interests intrusted to him here. With this as a working rule for both students and faculty, how long would it be before such words as "cribbing," "swiping," "boot-licking," "snob," would pass out of the Yale vocabulary? Only just so many minutes as it would take to show the absolute, utter hollowness and unmanliness that the words imply. College courtesy; veracity; the power of estimating things truly; every elevating tendency; every worthy aspiration, will flourish as they have never done before. Then the strongest and best fraternity in the University and that with the highest ideals will be the class of So-and-so; its chapter house—the campus; its shrine—the "good old fence." And the



man whose heart will hereafter feel large within him and the water come to his eyes as he thinks of his days at Yale, will be the man who did what he could for his college and helped to create her higher and nobler sentiments; the man who—as Carlyle puts it—was “a man justly related to all things and men, a good man—loving, just, the equal brother of all.” *Maitland Griggs.*



#### AFTERWARD.

On a drear day when the mist bells ring,  
 And the ships sail in from the open sea;  
 On a drear day when the sirens sing  
 Out of the distance, plaintively,  
 The fisher-folk's hearts are great and strong,  
 But the gulls fly in and the hours are long.

On a deep night when the moon shines down  
 To the dreamy ghosts in the harbor-way,  
 And some do sleep in the quiet town  
 Like the storm-saved boats of the yesterday,  
 Cold and still with white, white sand,  
 The fisher-lad lies on the starry sand.

Oh who may tell in the beating rain  
 Whether the lily can dry her tears,  
 Whether the rose will bloom again,  
 Or faint and sleep till the after years;  
 The fisher-girl weeps where the west wind blows,  
 Will her heart bloom after the rain—who knows?

*Robert L. Munger.*

## AT EBB TIDE.

IT was high noon of a bright September day when the freighter "Hattie D." hove to at the mouth of Duluth harbor. The skipper, hastening up from below, stepped to the rail, and stood gazing towards the city. Beyond the gleam of the ruffled lake rose the blue line of the break-water, where the waves curled up in white spray and the stunted willows bent in the breeze. Clouds of smoke from the elevators swirled low about the huge hulks and drifted away across the straggling town to the gray hills. Through the gap between the light-house piers the muddy river slipped placidly into the heaving green of the lake, and on its brown surface a tug came panting out to meet the new arrival.

"There she is!" cried the skipper, "We're nigh home!" He was a thin, nervous man with a red face overdrawn with wrinkles, and a hand that trembled as it lay on the rail. His eyes were weak and blurred by former dissipation. He turned sharply to one of the crew stretched out on a coil of rope. "Williams," he said, "do you know what I'd like to do?" The man looked up at him quickly and waited in silence. "Well, when I get to town, I just ache to step up to those loafers on the dock and shake my fist in their faces and call out loud 'You will yell at me, will you? Thought you'd seen the last of Old Densmore, the bum, when I slipped out of sight a year back, eh? Well, here I be, straight and sober, with money enough to buy you all, twice over! Now laugh, will you?' That's what I'd say—God, but I'm happy this morning! Wonder if you know how it feels, coming home on your own deck for the first time, and holding your head high—me, mind you, who used to hunt around the wharves for jobs to keep in drink." He paused a moment, and then went on, almost fiercely, "No, *you* don't know, you can't. You've never led a dog's life, like me!"

The man on the rope slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, and they both gazed reflectively out over the rail. For a moment only the splash of the waves broke the sunshiny silence.

"I don't feel proud about it, tho'," he continued with softened voice, "not a bit! Only low and humble when I think of the little woman, I tell you it hurts way down! You remember when I'd sneak off and leave her, and go to that damned 'Sailor's Home.' I'd drink myself under the table, and when I came back I'd—well, you know what I did—I hit her! You've heard her scream sometimes in the night. She'd get in the corner and stretch out her hands in the dark, and cry 'Don't, Tom—*please*, dont!' I was a gentleman, was't I? I'll never forget those mornings, when I'd wake up and stare out at the gray sky and wish I was dead. Hell must be like that!

When I squared about it came sudden. After a week of drinking, all at once I thought of how Hattie felt—it hurt like a knife. I said, 'Tom Densmore, cut this, and make one more try. If you go under, don't bother the little woman any more.' And now—I'm near home, and with my boat named after her. That means a heap to me,—kind of consecrated like!"

Williams lit his pipe in a constrained way, and did not look up. The short, sharp puffs he gave, with the stem tight between his teeth, showed that he was greatly disturbed.

"Say," he said suddenly, "did you ever write to her while you was gone?"

"No," answered Densmore. "I didn't—never even told her I was going—just out and left. I knew I ought to, but I vowed she should never hear at all till I could take her in my arms like I'm going to this afternoon."

"You ought to have told her, man," cried Williams in a tense voice; "think what she's suffered!"

"Do you think I don't know that?" came the answer quickly. "It's bothered me often. 'Twas like the rest of the things I did to her, all wrong. Say!" and here he touched the other's arm eagerly. "Aint it a wonder she