



(FROM THE QUIVER OF EDGAR ALLAN POE)

Nothing can be clearer than that a very generous spirit—truly feeling what all profess—must inevitably find itself misconceived in every direction—its motives misinterpreted.

The effect derivable from well-managed rhyme is very imperfectly understood. Conventional "rhyme" implies merely close similarity of sound at the ends of verse, and it is really curious to observe how long mankind have been content with their limitation of the idea.

Just as extremeness of intelligence would be thought fatuity, so excess of chivalry could not fail of being looked upon as meanness in its last degree:—and so on with other virtues. This subject is a painful one indeed. That individuals have so soared above the plane of their race is scarcely to be questioned.

Most people, in conversing, force us to curse our stars that our lot was not cast among the African nation mentioned by Eudoxus—the savages who, having no mouths, never opened them, as a matter of course. And yet, if denied a mouth, some persons whom I have in my eye would contrive to chatter on still—as they do now—through the nose.

The partial genius is flashy—scrappy. The true genius shudders at incompleteness—imperfection—and usually prefers silence to saying the something which is not everything that should be said. He is so filled with his theme that he is dumb, first, from not knowing how to begin, where there seems eternally beginning behind beginning, and second, from perceiving his true end at so infinite a distance.

I have sometimes amused myself by endeavoring to fancy what would be the fate of an individual gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect very far superior to that of his race. Of course, he would be conscious of his superiority; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as a man is) help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make himself enemies at all points. And since his opinions and speculations would widely differ from those of all mankind—that he would be considered a mad man is evident. How horribly painful such a condition! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong.

### BAND BANQUET

On Tuesday evening of last week the Wigwam was the scene of great joy for the band members and a few friends. It was the band's birthday anniversary (it was also St. Patrick's), and the occasion was commemorated and celebrated with a banquet. The spacious banquet hall of the Wigwam was taxed to serve all—perhaps some 70 or more people. The motifs for decorations and table adornments were all of a nature that would have gladdened the good soul of St. Patrick himself, and elicited much praise and favorable comment. The courses were perfectly served by the young ladies of the domestic science department, and thanks are due Miss Nye and Miss Burrell and their girls for their interest and care in serving so many people with such a splendidly prepared menu. All was delightful.

At the psychological moment Conductor VosBurgh made a timely and appropriate talk and concluded by calling upon Asst. Supt. Ryan, Mr. Larsen and Mr. Turney for impromptu remarks, and all responded. Mr. Larsen corrected the statement that it was the band's 39th anniversary, saying the office records proved that it was the 36th. Let us all remember that fact.

In addition to "all present" for the band there were in attendance the following invited guests: Asst. Supt. and Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Lipps, Dr. Sisco, Mrs. VosBurgh, Mr. Allen, Mr. Carl Turner, Mr. Shepard, Mr. and Mrs. Turney.

After the banquet there was an educational movie in the auditorium, open for the school, and sponsored by the band and for which the boys played. Thus ended a wonderful day and night in the history of the band and thanks are due Conductor VosBurgh and the organization under him for the pleasure given all on this occasion as well as for their splendid work as an organization. Hurrah for the band!

During chapel exercises last Sunday evening Supt. Lipps made a talk of great interest in the course of which he gave an account of two young people—one, a girl, who made good, and another, a young man who discredited himself, his school and his friends. He also dwelt at some length on the change here at Chemawa to a greater emphasis on vocational instruction—a matter of practical value to all of our students. In closing he admonished all of our young folk to put forth their greatest efforts to complete the year's grades with credit. In addition to the address of Mr. Lipps a quartet of boys contributed a couple of vocal numbers, Mr. Melovidoff on request played two saxophone solos, the choir was heard in a pleasing anthem and the orchestra played the selection, "Mlle Modiste" by Victor Herbert.