

was that Mary witnessed the commencement exercises and came into her own. But the stern judge had disappeared forever, in the place thereof stood only a white robed angel of mercy.

—Walter Eaton.



The College Song

College songs, commonly so called, never belong to any one institution. "Bingo," "Come Rally Tonight," and "Evening Bells" may have been popularized by Yale, but they belong to all the college world. So do "Clementine" and "Solomon Levi," "There is a Tavern in the Town," "Seeing Nellie Home," "O, Who Will Smoke My Meerchaum Pipe?" "Bring Back My Bonnie," "Good night, Ladies," and countless others. They represent in a general way the spirit of the college; they reflect the carefree mirth and jollity of Friday night, and celebrate with mock seriousness the trials of life. Some exhibit pure and lofty emotion, others descend to the plane of rollicking and irresponsible nonsense and burlesque. Their spirit is the spirit of youth, that lives with joy in the present time, that exults with abandon to be alive, that trusts and hopes and has no mournful or despairing thoughts of yesterdays and tomorrows.

It is a matter for regret that these songs are passing. The fact is not denied. Their palmy days were days before co-education. Men and women seldom care to sing when they may instead enjoy the society and conversation of the opposite sex. This tendency is not felt so strongly in Germany, where the convivial proclivities of the student clubs bid fair to perpetuate the old songs. But in America college songs are no longer much cultivated and are often only grafted upon college life as an occasional affectation; they are not essentially part of it.

Instead, the men carol discordantly the latest rag time, while the women warble the same melodies with as much fervor, if with less discord. A song must make a deep impression to last a month.

One class of college song, however, is not passing. That is what we may call the "song of the college." It is no vagrant. It