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LOST!

O harken to what we have to tell!
They say he went at the stroke of the
bell!

Our good Old Year!
That never a soul hath seen him go,
But out through the sparkle of star
and snow
He passed, ere the sound of that bell
was spent
And we know not even the way he
went,—
Our good Old Year!

So now we are looking and searching
well
To find the Ringer who rang the knell
Of our good Old Year.
For what have we done to be treated
so?
He was our friend; ay, well we know
By what beautiful ways in the sum-
mer gay,
With what wonderful tales in the
twilight gray,
He hath made him dear!

And what we may do we will not tell
Should we find that Ringer with rope
and bell,
But this is clear,
He shall send one peal as a warning to
you:
“Hear, all good folks! Make the most
of the New!
Guard the hours while yours! Now
heed us well,
For we lost at the very last stroke of a
bell
Our good Old Year!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF CONTRAST IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."



One of the things which makes Shakespeare's characters so clear cut and life-like and his plots so easy to follow is his able use of contrast. In "The Merchant of Venice" he used this ability to an exceptionally good advantage. Not only the main plots are contrasts in movement and in setting, but also the sub-actions, as well as the chief characters and subordinate characters.

In the two main actions, the bond plot and the casket plot, there is a contrast. In the first the movement is complicated and resolved—full of passion and excited action. In the second, the movement is simple, the vein light and graceful—a case in which "the course of true love ran smooth."

Not only is there a contrast in the two main plots, but also in the sub-actions. The first sub-plot, the Jessica-Lorenzo action, is a simple movement full of romance. The sub-plot of the second main plot, the Episode of the Rings, is complicated and solved, full of humor.

The greatest contrast of character is shown in Shylock and Antonio. While both are prosperous, business men of Venice, Antonio is by far the more popular, due not only to the fact that he is a Christian and Shylock a Jew, but because of his honest, upright character. In Antonio we see a straightforward, honest merchant,

while in Shylock we see a miserly creature, whose main thought is the acquiring of money. The contrast is shown in the actions of the two all through the play. Shylock will, on no condition, show any mercy toward Antonio; Antonio on the other hand, without hesitation, asks the court to "quit the fine" for one-half of Shylock's goods, and offers to render the half that the law allows him (Antonio) to Shylock's daughter at Shylock's death. Another contrast is shown in the number of friends Antonio and Shylock each has. Shylock has only Tubal, while Antonio has Bassanio, Gratiano, Salanio, Salarino, and many others.

Another contrast of characters is drawn in the friends, Antonio and Bassanio. Antonio, the elder of the two, is a careful business man and a wealthy merchant who neither "lends nor borrows." Bassanio is a young spendthrift who has no wealth, but has to borrow money from his friends.

Between Portia's suitors we find another contrast. Morocco and the Prince of Arragon, although different in several respects, seem very much alike when contrasted with Bassanio. The former two boasted about themselves, while Bassanio freely told Portia that all the wealth he had ran in his veins and that rating himself nothing he was still a braggart. The Duke of Arragon and the Prince of Morocco were self-conceited suitors whose love for Portia was of the conventional sort and second to the regard they had for their own worth. Bassanio was an ideal lover who "lived upon the rack" until he should learn

his fate and who was, he said, "bereft of all words" when he learned it.

In Gratiano and Lorenzo another contrast is found. Lorenzo is very poetic, especially in the love scene at Belmont, while Gratiano is very plain-spoken and at times, rude. The beauty-loving, poetic Lorenzo contributes to the romantic element of the play, while Gratiano contributes to the humorous.

A contrast is drawn in the characters of Portia and Jessica in their relations to their fathers. Portia held the wishes of her dead father in the highest esteem, and was willing to abide by his will, even though it should cause her to renounce the man of her choice. Jessica, on the other hand, did not mind running away with a Christian, which was a hard thing for her Jewish father to bear; moreover without scruples she took with her not only three thousand ducats, but even the ring which her mother had given her father in the days of their courtship, and which she sold for a monkey. The difference in their parental regard is partly due to the fact, no doubt, that Portia had a loving father and a happy home, while from Jessica's own mouth we have the words "Our house is hell" and with regret she says:

Mack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's
child."

Portia had as her maid and companion, Nerissa, who seemed to understand and sympathize with her in all her moods. Jessica had no such companion; she had only Launcelot, her father's servant for a friend and had been lonely all her life

The scenes at Venice are quite different from those at Belmont. The former present the busy business life of a city, while the latter presents the peaceful life of a country home. In Venice we find business strife and race antagonism; at Belmont music, mirth, hospitality, and happiness. The play opens at Venice, where in the first line a note of sadness is sounded—and it ends at Belmont where Portia says they "Will answer all things faithfully.

Frankie E. Mathews, '11.

WHEN THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

"She is coming tonight!" the
sticks cried,

And the tennis racket smiled
While the Indian clubs on the panel
groaned,

"This idleness drives us wild!"

The pictures murmured, "She's com-
ing back!"

The pillows bounced in glee.
The mirror said, "You foolish things,
She will look the most at me!"

The books on the table rustled with
joy,

"She will use us tomorrow!" they
cried;

Vacation is over and school work be-
gun.

"She is coming," the table replied.

A rustle of skirts and a vision sweet
Appeared at the open door.

"How do you do, old room?" she
laughed.

'It is good to see you once more.

—M. L. W

WHO IS SYLVIA?



"O, dear, I am sure I don't know what we are to do," sighed Marjorie Dean as she slammed the guitar down on the floor beside her, producing a melancholy twang as if it, too, had given up in despair.

"O, chuck it, Marj!" broke in jolly boyish Patricia, called "Pat" for short, "or I'll chuck this pillow at you. Don't you suppose we all feel hopeless enough without your doing the weeping willow act and sighing around as if you had a theme for Priscilla?"

"I do wish I hadn't spent all my allowance for this month," lamented Mildred, the candy-loving daughter of a western merchant. "Fancy a Senior Masque without a spread! There's no chance of getting Miss Davis to credit us, because she has given us permission for the masque, and that is all we dare ask of her."

"Where's that twenty your father sent for your birthday?" asked a tall, slender girl who answered to the name of "Angel."

"Chocolates, ribbons, flowers, skates," sighed Mildred, the improvident, mournfully shaking her head.

"I'll tell you," said Kittie, the Resourceful, "let's every one borrow money from somebody else."

"That's a bright idea, Miss Kitten-cat, but there's no one for us to borrow from except the Freshies and Juniors, and think of our dignity!" said the calm beauty whom the girls called "The Lawyer."

"Well, there's one thing sure, I'd hate to be the cook and the gardener, if you girls must borrow the where-withal to feast on," said Mary Moore, the least girl in the class. "I'll bet poor Bridget has to pawn her shoes for collection money next Sunday.

"Well, I'll tell you what we must do," said Kittie with derision. "We must manage it some way, and that is all there is to it."

To this there seemed to be no objection, and each one started out to see what could be done, all maintaining an air of great secrecy.

"Say, Angel, why don't you try to borrow from Miss Priscilla," called "Pat," as the "Angel" flew down the hall.

"Don't you ever believe it! She would be sure to produce Johnson's Lines and ask me for a theme. No, thank you; I'll leave Miss Priscilla alone with her poets and pray that her precious John, if she has one, will hurry and come to get her."

Just then the Angel flushed and dropped her eyes guiltily, as she turned a corner and came upon Miss Merrieth, who was standing near a window. Her flushed face and pained expression told that she had heard.

"You'd better look out for your Lit. grade," said the Lawyer consolingly, when the Angel turned to her for advice.

Miss Davis' school for young ladies was a large old colonial home surrounded by beautiful grounds. The most aristocratic considered themselves fortunate if they could get their daughters within the portals of Miss Davis' select school. The Dean

was very strict, and demanded perfect observance of all rules; but in spite of her severity and queer ways, the girls loved her; for they soon found that behind her stern looks and positive manner was hidden a tender heart and that she had not forgotten the days when she was young and life was but one great playtime.

Next to her they had loved Miss Moss, the English teacher. But during vacation Miss Moss had married and Miss Merrideth had come to take her place. The girls were prejudiced against her before they saw her; for who could make up to them for the friend they had lost?

The fact that the new teacher was young, girlish, undeniably pretty and wore always the most attractive and becoming gowns did not over run their prejudice nor win their favor. She had taken dear, plain, and it must be admitted, dowdy Miss Moss' place, and the very fact that she was everything that the idolized Miss Moss was not, set them all the more against her. Her careful neatness and immaculate toilettes had won from them nothing more flattering than the sobriquet of Miss Priscilla, which, however, they were careful to call her only within their own sacred circle. At every turn she was received with disapproval.

Not one of them guessed that Miss Joyce Merrideth had been considered the jolliest, prettiest, and most popular girl at Bryn Maur and later at Vassar, and that she had been the belle of Yale and Harvard commencements. Not one of them had noticed the bewitching dimples that peeped

out at her smile, nor the merry twinkle just ready to dance in her beautiful, bright eye. None dreamed that many days Miss Merrideth had looked longingly after them as they trooped past her, nor that she had lain awake night after night asking wearily of the darkness, "Will they never learn to love me?"

The Senior girls were planning a great lark in the shape of a masque, which was to be given in the rooms of Kittie Taylor, who was the greatest tomboy and most popular girl of the class. All the plans had gone well until the girls came to the spread, when, casting up their accounts, they found temporary bankruptcy staring them in the face. The monthly checks were not due for a week, and the present wealth of the class amounted to exactly a quarter, two dimes, three nickles and a copper—an insignificant sum when compared with the requirements of a Senior spread.

At last Kittie, the Resourceful, hit upon a plan which was accepted by the others simply because there was nothing else to do.

"We can have a Barmecide feast," she said, with a cheerful smile, "at least we can go through the motions of eating. We can play like a twelve course dinner if we like.

"There isn't enough to buy a pound of chocolates," groaned Mildred, the lover of sweets.

So the tables were set as if for a great spread while the Freshies and Juniors listened enviously to the rattle of the dishes, and at last the Seniors themselves plucked up heart and looked forward to their Barmecide

least as to a real entertainment.

At last the great night came and the masks began to arrive. They were all merry, trying to guess which girl each mask hid, when suddenly there was a knock, and Kittie, who answered the summons, uttered a cry of surprise. There at the door sat a great box addressed to the Senior class.

Who sent it? Where did it come from? Many were the questions asked, but Kittie and the Lawyer handed it into the room and began to investigate. There were a box of glorious orchids, the class flower, great box of chocolates, stuffed olives, marshmallows, salted almonds, three jars of pickles, besides sandwiches, fruits, salads, and everything else tempting to a schoolgirl's palate. At the bottom was a little card which read

With sincere wishes for a happy time,
from Sylvia.

"Who is Sylvia?" asked Kittie. "Who in the world is Sylvia?" asked the Angel. Mildred, you sly thing, did you have some of that twenty left after all? Come, 'fess up.

But Mildred knew as little about it as did the rest of them, and they were all amazed. At last their appetites overcame their curiosity, and they were soon eating and chatting away.

"Our unknown friend has excellent taste," said Mildred, as she nibbled a delicious chocolate and looked at the beautiful orchids in the center of the table.

"It is very strange," said the Lawyer, who was noted for her acumen. "There are only eleven in our class, and I have counted twelve at the table. Immediately a hand from

every masked figure began to point as they all counted. Without a mistake, there were twelve

"But how can that be?" cried Kittie, "I put only eleven plates, one at each end, four on one side, and five the other.

Again the hands pointed—there were twelve plates.

"Which is the extra one?" cried Pat. "Let's all unmask.

"Wait until after the spread," said another, "a mystery is so nice.

So when the time for unmasking came all looked eagerly for the stranger—only Seniors were to be seen; again the hands moved counting them here were only eleven.

The next day in talking it over they all remembered one who was the gay-brightest, wittiest of the crowd, who had been the leader in all the fun, but each girl when questioned, said, "It was not I. I thought it was Mary, or Nelle, or Sue. The mystery was unsolved on the disappearance of the stranger. They had hunted all through the house and had found no one except Miss Merrideth, sitting at her desk in the English room, looking over some papers with flushed face and happy eyes, which, however, they failed to notice.

The next day on Kittie's table was found a dainty little note, which the girls read again and again as if it hid a clue.

"Dear Maids: I must thank you for the lovely time I had last evening; it was the jolliest time I have had in many a long, long day. I will carry the remembrance in my heart as a ray of sunlight for darker, lonelier hours.

Cordially and sincerely,

"SYLVIA.

The girls were more excited than ever, but could find out nothing; for none seemed to know anything of Sylvia. They did not think to ask the lonely little English teacher, nor did they notice that she smiled when "Sylvia" was mentioned.

As the months passed on the mystery was still unsolved. All asked, "Who is Sylvia?" but there was none to answer. The interest in the unknown was kept alive by various reminders. The Angel was cheered through many long weary days in the hospital by beautiful flowers "From Sylvia.

Pat was banished to the Dungeon for correction and received a package of magazines; and a note, "Please apologize to Miss Davis, Sylvia.

At last one day Mary, who was rarely surprised out of her usual nonchalance, came rushing up to a group on the campus. "Oh, girls! I have found out who Sylvia is, she gasped she sat suddenly on the grass.

"Who? Who?" cried the ten eager voices, while some Freshmen ran up to share the excitement.

"You could never, never guess, she assured them.

"But tell us, and the Angel gave her an impatient shake.

A special delivery came just now, and I had to sign for it. It was addressed to "Miss Sylvia Joyce Merrideth. Now faint!"

That night a bevy of girls was crowded into Miss Merrideth's room, the bed, the trunk and on the floor they sat, and she reigned queen of the

hour.

"I was lonely, she said when they questioned her, "and I loved you from the first.

And to think, said Pat, "that you were—

"Miss Priscilla, smiled Miss Merrideth.

Well, I just wish I was John, there, cried the Angel, giving her genuine beau hug.

—B. F. B., '11

A MUSICAL ANSWER.

(Reply to a "Musical Letter, published in November Daedalian.)

"Down On The Farm,

"June.

"Captain Willie Brown"—

"Billie Boy:"—

"I've taken quite a fancy to you, and ask "Are you sincere?" "I only want to whisper in your ear, "I never cared for any one, the way I care for you. "Yours is not the only aching heart, for "I never knew what love was until I met you. "Dear heart, "I lost my heart when I saw your eyes. All I want is one loving smile from you. "I remember you" "Sometimes" "When they're bringing in the corn. "I'm awfully glad I met you" "When I dream in the gloaming of you. "I want a home, that's all." "You are my life, my all. "I'll be at home at harvest time" with "Just a little word called welcome. "M-U-M the word. "Oh you kid" "I've got a spooney-ooney feeling," "Honor bright, I love you right, old pal."

"Mandy Lane.

P. S. "Won't you be my honey?"

CHARACTER SKETCH OF BUCK- THORNE.

Buckthorne, the chief character in the second part of Washington Irving's story, "The Tales of a Traveller," represents an interesting type of the literary men who furnished during the first half of the nineteenth century. He was not a man of great literary genius, but possessed admirable talent and interesting eccentricities..

From early childhood he showed a taste for poetry and a talent in composing verses. If this faculty had been cultivated and encouraged in the right way, possibly he would have become famous as a poet. This poetical taste always seemed to predominate over his other characteristics. For instance, during his experience as an actor, he realized that he was above his associates, and naturally refused to mingle with them as an equal. He only enjoyed the romantic side of his stage life. The wild, roving spirit of these people appealed to his imaginative nature.

Buckthorne had an extremely sensitive nature which was easily influenced by his surroundings, and by those with whom he associated. While he was under the care and instruction of the venerable clergyman, his character was, in a way, moulded, and his ideals were raised to a nobler and higher standard. He had a strong, impulsive disposition, and was possessed of a temper which, however, he seldom failed to control. He was easily affected by the beauties and

realities of nature. This is shown by his remark, "There are homilies in nature's work worth all the wisdom of the schools, if we could but read them readily; and one of the pleasantest lessons I ever received in time of trouble, was by hearing the notes of the lark."

The character of this wayward man was greatly affected by his intense and tender love for his mother. Through the memory of her pure affection and loving care he was inspired to begin anew and write poetry for the sake of employment, and not merely as an idle pastime.

Buckthorne was a philosopher in the true sense of the word. From his extraordinary experiences with the world and his close observations of mankind; he acquired a ready knowledge of practical life, and a wide conception of human characteristics. Although he had many disappointments in his youth, however, when he reached manhood he had developed a philosophic mind which made him put away his troubled thoughts of the past, and accept cheerfully whatever came.

He always entertained a strong regard for the beautiful of womankind. Because of his admiration for them he was led into conduct from which he often suffered great humiliation. Even while a mere boy when he wrote poetry to Sacharissa, he was punished by his schoolmaster and ridiculed by his father.

After one sums up Buckthorne's qualities, it is very apparent that his strong characteristics greatly exceed the weak. How few there are, who, after having such varied experiences

and strange temptations could develop
into as clean and practical and strong
a character as Buckthorne!

Elizabeth Allen.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

By Henry Van Dyke.

I

The other night I had a dream, most
clear
And comforting, complete
In every line, a crystal sphere,
And full of intimate and secret cheer.
Therefore I will repeat
That vision, dearest heart, to you,
As of a thing not feigned, but very
true,
Yes, true as ever in my life befell:
And you, perhaps, can tell
Whether my dream was really sad or
sweet.

II

The shadows flecked the elm-embow-
ered street
I knew so well, long, long ago;
And on the pillared porch where Mar-
guerite
Had sat with me, the moonlight lay
like snow,
But she, my comrade and my friend
of youth,
Most gaily wise,
Most innocently loved,—
She of the blue-gray eyes
That ever smiled and ever spoke the
truth,—
From that familiar dwelling, where
she moved

Like mirth incarnate in the years be-
fore,

Had gone into the hidden house of
Death.

I thought the garden wore
White mourning for her blessed in-
nocence,

And the syringa's breath
Came from the corner by the fence,
Where she had made her rustic seat,
With fragrance passionate, intense,
As if it breathed a sigh for Marguerite,
My heart was heavy with a sense
Of something good forever gone. I
sought

Vainly for some consoling thought,
Some comfortable word that I could
say

To the sad father, whom I visited
again
For the first time since she had gone
away.

The bell rang shrill and lonely,—then
The door was opened, and I sent my
name
To him,—but ah! 'twas Marguerite
who came!

There in the dear old dusky room she
stood
Beneath the lamp, just as she used to
stand,
In tender mocking mood.

"You did not ask for me," she said,
"And so I will not let you take my
hand;

"But I must hear what secret talk
you planned

"With father. Come, my friend, be
good,

"And tell me your affairs of state;
"Why you have stayed away and
made me wait

"So long. Sit down beside me here,—

"And, do you know, it seemed a year
 "Since we have talked together,—why
 so late?"

Amazed, incredulous, confused with
 joy

I hardly dared to show,
 And stammering like a boy,
 I took the place she showed me at her
 side;

And then the talk flowed on with brim-
 ming tide

Through the still night,
 While she with influence light
 Controlled it, as the moon the flood.
 She knew where I had been, what I
 had done,

What work was planned, and what
 begun;

My troubles, failures, fears, she under-
 stood,

And touched them with a heart so
 kind,

That every care was melted from my
 mind,

And every hope grew bright,
 And life seemed moving on to happy
 ends.

(Ah, what self-beggared fool was he
 That said a woman can not be
 The very best of friends?)

Then there were memories of old
 times.

Recalled with many a gentle jest;
 And at the last she brought the book
 of rhymes

We made together, trying to translate
 The Songs of Heine (hers were al-
 ways best).

"Now come," she said.

"Tonight we will collaborate

"Again; I'll put you to the test.

'Here's one I never found the way to

do,—

"The simplest are the hardest ones,
 you know,—

"I give this song to you."

And then she read:

Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder,
 Zwei Kinder, jung und froh.

But all the while a silent question stir-
 red

Within me, though I dared not speak
 the word:

"Is it herself, and is she truly here,

"And was I dreaming when I heard

"That she was dead last year?

"Or was it true, and is she but a shade

"Who brings a fleeting joy to eye and
 ear,

"Cold though so kind, and will she
 gently fade

"When her sweet ghostly part is play-
 ed

"And the light-curtain falls at dawn of
 day?"

But while my heart was troubled by
 this fear

So deeply that I could not speak it out,
 Lest all my happiness should disap-
 pear,

I thought me of a cunning way
 To hide the question and dissolve the
 doubt.

"Will you not give me now your hand,
 "Dear Marguerite," I asked, "to touch
 and hold,

"That by this token I may understand
 "You are the same true friend you
 were of old?"

She answered with a smile so bright
 and calm

It seemed as if I saw new stars arise
 In the deep heaven of her eyes;

And smiling so, she laid her palm
 In mine. Dear God, it was not cold
 But warm with vital heat!
 "You live!" I cried, "you live, dear
 Marguerite!"
 Then I awoke; but strangely comfort-
 ed,
 Altho I knew again that she was dead.

III

Yes, there's the dream! And was it
 sweet or sad?
 Dear mistress of my waking and my
 sleep,
 Present reward of all my heart's desire,
 Watching with me beside the winter
 fire,
 Interpret now this vision that I had.
 But while you read the meaning, let
 me keep
 The touch of you: for the Old Year
 with storm
 Is passing through the midnight, and
 doth shake
 The orners of the house,—and oh! my
 heart would break
 Unless both dreaming and awake
 My hand could feel your hand was
 warm, warm, warm!
 "The White Bees and Other Poems"
 (Charles Scribner's Sons).

TO NON-ADVERTISERS.

"We will never buy your dry goods,
 We won't like you any more,
 You'll be sorry when you see us
 Trading at some other store.
 You can't sell us any ribbons,
 Four-in-hands, or other fads;
 We will never trade at your store,
 But at those that give us ads."
 —Ex.

Scene from the tragicomic comedy—
 "THE MERCHANT OF MENACE"
 By Billium Shakestaff.

Place—Basement of the College.

Enter.—Elaine Gobbo, dressed in
 uniform—gazing cautiously up and
 down the hall—Modren History clut-
 ed wildly to her breast.

Elaine:—"Certainly my conscience
 will serve me to run from this teacher
 —Miss Humphries. This fiend at my
 elbow tempts me saying—"Gobbo,
 Elaine Gobbo, Good Elaine" or "G
 Gobbo," or "Good Elaine Gobbo—Use
 your legs, take the start, run, get sick,
 cut History." My conscience says,
 "No—take heed honest Elaine, take
 heed honest Gobbo; do not cut; scorn
 cutting with all thy heart." Well the
 most courageous fiend bids me hide:
 "Cut," says the fiend—"you look
 ill(?)" says the fiend:—"for heaven's
 sake rouse up a brave mind." Well,
 my conscience hanging around the
 neck of my heart says very wisely to
 me—"My honest friend Elaine, pills
 cometh unto the sick—demerits to
 those who cut." Well my conscience
 says: "Elaine, cut not." "Cut," says
 the fiend; "Cut not," says my con-
 science. "Conscience," says I, "you
 counsel well;" "Fiend," says I, "you
 counsel well." To be ruled by my
 conscience I should go to Miss
 Humphries, my teacher, who (ah! wee
 is me!) showeth no mercy to those
 who are stupid; and to run from Miss
 Humphries, I should be ruled by the
 fiend, who is a veritable merchant of
 menace.

Certainly History is the very incarnation of menace, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay for History. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will cut, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run."

Quickly exit through north door.

REVIEW OF THE YEAR 1909.

Principal Events of the Last Twelve Months, Briefly Retold.

The year 1909, just closed, was remarkable for the number of its events that will have a place in history.

It began with the most destructive earthquake of modern times which in the month of January destroyed the lives of more than 200,000 people in Sicily and southern Italy, ruined cities, and changed the Strait of Messina so that it could hardly be recognized. This earthquake was followed by others in the Mediterranean region; and one in western Persia killed 6000 people. Lisbon, too, had a terrible earthquake.

Geography

Geographically the year will rank as one of the most important in the world's history, for it is marked by the discovery of the North Pole by Commander Robert E. Peary, of the United States Navy. This was the most difficult feat in all the history of exploration, and it came as the crowning triumph of Peary's 23 years of effort.

To him full credit for the discovery must now in justice be given. The rival claim of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, that he reached the Pole almost a year sooner than Peary, is now generally disbelieved. Cook submitted his so-called "proofs" to the University of Copenhagen, which plainly wished to decide in his favor, and he said that he would abide by the verdict of the committee of investigation. That committee decided against him, and very quickly. It reported that his notes contained "no original astronomical observations whatsoever;" that his documents were "inexcusably lacking in information which would prove that the astronomical observations therein referred to were really made," and that they contained "no details regarding the practical work of the expedition and the sledge journey which would enable the committee to determine their reliability."

Under this repudiation of Cook by the tribunal to which he had appealed, even his staunchest friends among explorers have ceased to believe him; the more so because he remains in hiding while his honor is thus tarnished. A few relatives and personal friends say the only thing that can be said in his defense—that his nerves are shattered and his mind unhinged; and there is some reason to think that he may have been under a mental delusion when he claimed to have reached the Pole. However this may be, it seems unjust to withhold any longer from Robert E. Peary the full glory of the discovery.

Next to Peary's achievement in reaching the North Pole, the greatest

feat of the year in the field of exploration was that of Lieutenant Shackleton of the British Navy, who reached latitude 88 degrees and 23 minutes south, thus coming within 100 geographical miles of the South Pole. That is 325 miles further south than any human being ever went before. He passed the south magnetic pole, discovered eight mountain ranges and more than 100 mountains, and ascended Mt. Erebus, the most southern volcano in the world.

Aeronautics

Next in interest and of greater practical importance is the wonderful progress in aeroplanes or flying machines. The wild idea that was ridiculed as visionary and impossible a few years ago is now accomplished, and there is no longer any doubt that man in the future is to fly through the air, for business or for pleasure.

In July Orville Wright met the government test by flying ten miles across country at an average speed of 42.58 miles per hour, and received the contract price, \$30,000.

In the same month Bleriot flew 21 miles across the English Channel, from France to England.

At Rheims 36 aeroplanes made successful flights, about half of these machines being biplanes and half monoplanes. Farman flew 111.88 miles in about three hours and five minutes.

Wilbur Wright flew from Governor's Island, New York harbor, up the Hudson River to Grant's Tomb and back. This flight was witnessed by a million people.

In Germany Orville Wright flew to a height of 1600 feet the highest yet

recorded.

These are but a few of the wonderful exploits in flying. The steerable balloons, too, have made great progress. In this field Count Zeppelin, Germany, is far ahead of all others. He made one journey of 800 miles.

Monorailways

No less wonderful than the flying machines is the gyroscope railway, which had successful trials in England. Cars carrying many passengers balanced themselves on a single rail and turned sharp corners at high speed without falling. This promises a great cheapening of the cost of building railways in the future.

Engineering

In engineering works the year has been notable. Work on the Panama canal has progressed faster than ever. The Culebra Cut, which is by far the hardest part of the work, is now regarded as two-thirds done. The Canal, it is fully expected, will be opened for use January 1, 1915. The cost will be much greater than was at first expected, probably between 400 and 500 millions.

The great engineering works in and under New York City are nearly finished and should be ready for use in the summer of the present year. Out of the solid rock that underlies Manhattan Island has been hewn the space for two of the largest railway terminals in the world. Tunnels for railroad trains pass from the New Jersey shore, under the Hudson River, under New York City through the great underground stations, and under the East River; emerging into daylight on Long Island.

Four of the five largest bridges in the world now span the East River between Manhattan and Brooklyn. The other is in Scotland. The latest is the Manhattan Bridge, opened for use last week.

Perhaps the greatest finished engineering work of the year is at Dover, England. From one of the stormiest seas in the world a safe harbor has been made by building a huge concrete breakwater 100 feet high. A whole fleet may now ride safely at anchor there.

In Atlantic Ocean travel the record has been cut down to 4 days 10 hours and 51 minutes from land to land.

Astronomy

In astronomy 1909 will be remembered for the return of Halley's comet as predicted, after an absence of about 75 years.

Mars came its nearest to the earth, 35 500,000 miles. It will not be as near again in 15 years. Its nearness caused a revival of the old question whether or not it is inhabited. Astronomers proposed various plans for settling the question, but none have been adopted.

The question seems to depend largely upon the presence or absence of water on Mars; for if there is water there might be life. Prof. Campbell of the Lick Observatory carefully compared the spectra of Mars with those of the moon, and found no difference. From this he infers that Mars is practically waterless and therefore as dead as the moon. But Prof. Verry of Massachusetts reached exactly the opposite conclusions, finding, as he believed, signs of abundant water there.

So the old question is as far as ever from an answer.

Political

Politically the chief events in the United States were the inauguration of the new President, Mr. Taft, the assembling of the new Congress in extra session, the passage of a tariff bill which made slight reductions, and the re-assembling of Congress in regular session.

In England the House of Commons and the House of Lords reached a deadlock over the Budget, or finance bill. Because the Budget placed new taxes on the great landed estates the Lords rejected it. The commons claimed that the Lords had no right to reject a financial bill; because the Commons alone are charged with the care of the public purse. On this issue the Liberal ministry, taking the side of the Commons, "appealed to the people," and a national election was ordered. The campaign, the most exciting in Great Britain in many years, is now at its height, and the election of a new House of Commons will take place in a few weeks. If the people support the position taken by the Commons, by electing a Liberal Parliament, the Lords will have to yield. There are threats that the upper house will be abolished altogether.

Meanwhile the women are carrying on a most energetic campaign for "votes for women." They are bitterly opposing the Liberals because the Liberal government now in power is held responsible for the arrest, imprisonment and forced feeding of some of the leaders of the woman-suffrage movement; though there is no reason

to think that a Conservative government would have treated them any better. It might have treated them worse.

One of the remarkable things about the year 1909 politically is the wonderful progress of democratic liberty in two countries that were lately classed as absolute despotisms—Turkey and Persia. In each the people have set up constitutional government, with a Parliament or Congress in which the people may have a voice in making the laws. The Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia were both dethroned and their places given to more liberal rulers.

Other Events of 1909.

Among the other events of the year these may be mentioned:

Ex-President Roosevelt's journey to Africa to hunt big game.

The massacre of thousands of Armenians and other Christians in Asiatic Turkey.

Evacuation of Cuba by American troops.

Retirement of President Eliot of Harvard University after 40 years of service, and selection of Abbott Lawrence Lowell as his successor.

Downfall and exile of General Castro, President of Venezuela.

The American battleship fleet returned from its voyage around the world.

The salary of the President of the United States, beginning with Mr. Taft, was increased to \$75,000 per year and \$25,000 extra allowance for travel.

Early in the year there was much talk of war with Japan.

President Eliot of Harvard declined to go to England as American Ambassador.

E. P. Weston, over 70 years old, walked 4300 miles from New York to San Francisco in 105 days.

Labor leaders, Samuel Gompers and others, were sentenced to jail for contempt of court in refusing to obey an injunction.

The year was remarkable as the centennial of the birth of a number of great men; among them Abraham Lincoln, Charles Darwin, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edgar Allan Poe.

In January the House of Representatives, by a vote of 212 to 35, formally censured President Roosevelt and refused to consider one of his messages declaring it to be disrespectful and breach of the privileges of the House.

Evidence was discovered, seeming to prove that Norsemen penetrated North America, as far west as Minnesota, 130 years before the discovery by Columbus.

The mints began the coinage of the Lincoln cents authorized by Congress.

Congress submitted to the several States a constitutional amendment giving the power to levy a tax on incomes. This amendment is now before most of the State Legislatures. Alabama has approved it.

President Taft journeyed thousands of miles through the West and South. At El Paso he was met by President Diaz of Mexico.

The leading statesman of Japan, Prince Ito, was assassinated by a Korean.

The November elections were mostly unimportant, it being the "off year."

The Democrats made considerable gains. Judge Gaynor, Tammany Democrat, was elected Mayor of New York by about 73,000 plurality over Otto T. Bannard, Republican. W. R. Hearst was a rather bad third.

Trouble between the United States and Nicaragua. Two Americans shot by order of President Zelaya. Secretary Knox sent Zelaya's representative at Washington his passports, thus breaking off intercourse. Zelaya resigns. Nicaragua rebels victorious in battle. United States seems inclined to interfere.

King Leopold II of Belgium died. His nephew ascended the throne, taking the title of Albert I.—Current Events.

ALUMNAE.

Miss Gena Terrell, '09, is teaching in the public school of Childress.

Mertie Cope, '08, is attending the Baylor University, Waco.

Callie Richardson, '09, is teaching china painting in the public schools of Claude.

Bessie V. Sneed, '07, is teaching in Claude.

Mary Sterling, '07, has been nursing in the Physicians and Surgeons' Hospital, Corsicana, but is now doing general nursing in Fort Worth.

Miss Nell Miles, '09, is teaching in Lindsay, Okla.

Wewanta.—There is more than one joke concealed among the dry statistics of the U. S. Postal Guide. For instance, there is the name of a post-office in a little hamlet in Lincoln county, West Virginia.

The inhabitants of the neighborhood made the usual petition for the establishment of an office, and the Department, after determining to grant the request, made inquiry as to the name which the petitioners wished the office to bear.

"We don't care what you call it," came the reply. "only—we want a postoffice."

And Wewanta it remains to this day.—Youth's Companion.

Miss Lacy—What state in the Union is called the cream state?
First Prep.—New Jersey.

Little lines of Latin,
Little lines to scan,
Make a mighty Virgil,
And a crazy man.
—Ex.

Miss Allen Yeary entertained with a house party at her home in Farmcrsville, during the holidays. Quite a number of receptions and parties were given, but one of especial interest was given on December 31 in honor of Miss Rhea Markham of C. I. A. and Mr. Sherill of A. M. C.

Miss Christine E. Woldert was the guest of Miss Katharine Frazer at Decatur, and reports a pleasant time.

The Daedalian

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Netta M. Carroll.....Editor-in-chief
 Nabile Strickland...Associate Editor-
 in-chief.

Assistant Editors.

Christine E. Woldert...Literary Editor
 Aileen Yeary.....Athletic Editor
 Angie Ousley.....Exchange Editor
 Annie Andrews.....Society Editor

Khea Markhant...Business Manager
 Jewel Dennis...Ass't Business Mgr.

Subscription Prices.

For year, 75 cents. Per copy, 10 cents.

All articles for publication must be in the hands of the Editor-in-chief, by the first of the month.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

At the first of the school year in the Editorial Department, was set forth the aim and ideal which was to shape the course of the Daedalian, for the ensuing nine months.

What We Are Doing The fundamental aim was in every way to aid the College, and benefit the students. This we tried to do in more ways than one.

Ten dollars has been contributed to the piano fund, and twelve and a half, to the Home Economics Library. We hope, in the future, to be able to contribute to other causes as needful and as worthy. In the meantime—if you have not subscribed for The Daedalian—do it now, and help the College in this way.

Up to this time, the desk of "The Daedalian" has been in the main office on the first floor. Here the staff worked under great difficulties, for the office frequently became the study hall, and the desk, the catch-all for books, wraps, etc. Now the office has been changed to the third floor in room number 310. Office hours will be on Tuesdays and Fridays from 4 to 5 p. m. o'clock. The staff will be glad to receive any material which the students have to contribute. This must be turned in by the first of the month.

Now is the time;

Ah, Friend, no longer wait to scatter loving smiles and words of cheer to those around whose lives are now so dear. They may not meet you in the coming year. Now is the time.

The editor with a gladsonic cry
 Exclaims: "My work is done."
 The manager with a dreary sigh
 Exclaims: "My work is dun."

—Ex.

Exchange Department.

Due to lack of space this department was crowded out of the December number but we wish to thank the various exchanges for their courtesies and welcome the new ones on our list for December.

Howard Payne Monthly gets out a very attractive Christmas number. It is full of good material and there is no appearance of its being "spread out" to cover space—something that can be said of very few college magazines. There are two well constructed stories and an essay worthy of note. We would suggest, however, that it mars the appearance of any magazine to insert a full page ad in the midst of the reading matter.

College publications would do well to follow the example of Baylor Literary which in no sense belies its name. It is purely a literary magazine, representing the best efforts of the students, both prose and poetry—and is a relief from the usual page of locals understood by only a few. Stale jokes read the year before in the Ladies' Home Journal, personals and limericks of no literary value. Here is a college magazine that can be read with pleasure by outsiders and reflects credit on its contributors, editors and school. The December number is particularly rich in song and story with a couple of capable and strong criticisms of recent novelists. The

sonnet "The Southern Cross" is a noteworthy production and there's a lyric charm to J. W. E. Stephen's ballad, "That Maid of Mine," that ranks it above the usual run of magazine verse.

The Corral, an artistic little journal from Simmon's College, has just come to us. The literary department is good and the locals seem to be sparkling.

Caesar's dead and buried,
And so is Cicero;

Where these two gents have gone,
I wish their works would go.

P. S. Virgil should not be slighted. The above may apply to him also.
--Ex.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I
said,

And she nodded her sweet permission;

So we went to press and I rather guess
We printed a full edition.

"But one edition is hardly enough,"
She said with a charming pout.
So again in press the form was placed,
And we got some "extras" out.

—Ex.

Teacher—"What are the words the
Seniors use most?"

Smart Pupil—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Correct."—Ex.

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