of objections to it arise, or new advantages for it present themselves, it is to be hoped that the Editors and Directors of The Tech will give the matter consideration.

L., '87.

A PATENT LOCK.
'Twas at a regatta ball they met—
The name of the place I quite forget—
He, one of Yale's victorious crew;
She, in a dress of crimson hue.
Both skilled in Terpsichore's art.
At parting he gave her his boutonnière,
Which she fastened into her dress with care.
The pin she used was a golden key,
And the question he asked was, naturally,
"Is that the key of your heart?"
She smiled and shook her pretty head:
"No; that's the key of his heart," she said.
Then glancing up in a saucy way,
"And it fits no Yale lock, let me say,
Tho' your crew is so smart."

Noticable Articles.

The fact that "Gen. Ben Harrison, a candidate for President of the United States, found himself called upon to deny the charge of having said that a dollar a day was all that an American laborer should expect," somehow recalls to the memory of Gen. W. T. Sherman some episodes in the War of the Rebellion, which he proceeds to tell in a very racy way in the North American Review for October. His paper is entitled "Old Shady, with a Moral"; old Shady being a quaint old negro who escaped within the Union lines, and whose triumphant song of deliverance is given. The General's real subject is the negro race and its proper treatment, which he deals with in very blunt and downright fashion, and it need not be said that his "moral" is excellent.

In the same number Mr. Clarence King has an article entitled "Artium Magister," on the well-worn subject of classical education. Mr. King's estimate of what passes for a classical education in America cannot be called high. "There can hardly be conceived," he says, "a greater calamity befalling a young man born with a talent for literature, than to have him elaborately and expensively spoiled in an American classical college. Better far that he should be a cowboy, with the Bible and Shakspeare in his saddle-bags, the constellations his tent, the horse his brother, than to have life, originality, and the bounding spirit of youthful imagination stamped out of him by a competent and conscientious corps of badgering grammarians. This astounding over-valuation and over-use of grammatical analysis," he says, "recalls Alexandria during the Ptolemies, when formal grammar, although not positively a new invention, first rose into prominenence, and made a bold push to fill the void in intellectual interest left by the great departed writers. . . . Poor Alexandria! She spun the cobwebs of theology across the one window that Christianity had opened for the soul to look unto heaven, and invented the 'Fathers' in place of the Apostles, while in letters she set the pedant on the vacant pedestal of the poet. She had infinite grammar but no art."

Just such he thinks are the results of the "pestilent American classical system in all its varieties. There are institutions where the glories of Hellas are unveiled from an Orthodox Congregational point of view, or where classic art may be surveyed across a Hardshell Baptist foreground. You may take your Plato under the stern eye of Calvin, or drain the cup of ancient literature beneath the benediction of an exclusive sequence of apostolic succession. Cheap colleges there are, where 'rusticity and shabbiness will pass unnoticed; or among the sons of plutocrats, with their yachts, and drags, and squanderings, there is another sort of classical atmosphere to be had at, say, a thousand a month. The choice is certainly wide enough; yet out of them all not a laureled young brow, not a poet's voice, not a solitary mortal man with the grace and glory of the classics upon him."

This is all very lively, and to a certain extent still true, and we have ourselves in our day said hard things enough about American classical education. But is not Mr. King just a little bit behind the times? Is he aware of the vast change which the so-called "elective system" is bringing about in our older colleges, although at Harvard it may be said just at present to be carried to an irrational extreme? An eminent classical teacher, not a mere pedant and grammarian, once said to me, "I could make real classical scholars of a few of my boys if I were not compelled to try to make classical scholars of all of them." Now, the "elective system" is emancipating him from that necessity, and it is a noticeable fact that the most flourishing of all the