

THE PHILLIPPIAN.

VOL. III.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS., APRIL 23, 1881.

No. 15

Correspondence.

Editor Phillipian,— It is not our purpose in this article to play the part of faultfinder and grumbler, but there are certain phases of school life which sometimes furnish the material necessary for a first-rate scold. For instance, we plead eloquently and writhe and wriggle because we are placed under restrictions which do not in all respects coincide with our high ideal of manhood and personal freedom. The all-vigilant and exacting powers that be are moved somewhat by our pitiful wailing, and are disposed to relent a little. They even go so far as to place a class upon its "honor" in an examination. Now comes the "rub." No sooner is the experiment tried than two of the class are hauled up to the front seat for carelessly letting their eyes wander over the manuscript of a neighbor. Of course, it was unintentional, (?) but it does not hinder the instructor from saying, with a little emotion, "There are two illustrations of your boasted 'honor.' You had better write another article asking for more freedom and greater confidence." Of course, we have nothing to say, and walk off, meditating upon the depth of human depravity, with the weight of others' misdoing resting in part upon our own shoulders. We resolve to make no more pleas for wider liberty, and proceed to whittle down our quill into a tooth-pick. We begin to take a philosophical view of circumstances, and ask ourselves whether the Faculty is the natural enemy of the students. A thought comes, to us that perhaps they do have our best interests at heart, and establish a few rules as an additional stimulus and excitement of life. Be this as it may, the rules established are not more than many a college imposes. In fact, the whole principle of discipline is based upon a college standard. We can imagine such a thing as being kept under the closest surveillance during the day, studying in one large room with twenty or thirty boys in the evening, and then being marched off to bed and tucked in with thirty or forty fellow room-mates at the hour of nine o'clock, with a member of the Faculty at a glass door as guard. This will do in a primary school, or perhaps a preparatory school of two centuries ago, but the mind of an average Phillipian could hardly comprehend it. And yet there is a large school not many hundred miles distant which is conducted upon this principle. It appears to be the object of our school training here to develop the best qualities of manhood by moral suasion; and if a boy will go to the bad, and resort to low and mean tricks, to give him just enough rope to hang himself. This method may be open to the objection that some are not strong enough to meet and overcome temptation; but, if they do

not, they may become wiser and better for it in the end, like the boy who would play with the business end of a mule. He will learn, sooner or later, that it pays to be honest and straightforward in school relations as well as in any other relations of life. †

Editor of the Phillipian,— As the time is drawing near for the election of the new board of editors, it may not be amiss to consider the matter a little. It has been the custom of the school, since the *Phillipian* was started, for the various classes to elect a fixed number of editors, giving to the classical department six out of the ten. In this way, almost all of the classes being represented, it was thought that they would take a corresponding degree of pride in sustaining the paper. No doubt such is the case; but, after an experiment of three years, it would be but natural that some improvement should suggest itself. So, if you will bear with me, I will attempt to show the imperfections of our present method of renewing the *Phillipian* board. In the first place, for a school paper of the size and frequency of publication of the *Phillipian*, ten editors are not as good as six. There should be one editor to take care of the finances, and one whose business it is to keep a general supervision over the entire paper, and perhaps be responsible for the first issue of every term. More than this he should not do. Then, in a board of six there would be four left to furnish (as directed by the editorial head) the reading-matter of the paper. Of course, in regard to details they could suit themselves. In such a system every man would know just what was expected of him and feel the responsibility accordingly. There would be no six or eight editors, all feeling in a vague sort of way that they ought to write something.

But it was in regard to the election of the new board that I intended especially to speak. Since it is evident that six can do better work and with less friction than more, some way will have to be devised of electing them. We would suggest the following plan: Let three of the six be elected as at present,—two from the Senior classical and one from the Senior English class. Let the other three be chosen by the retiring board from the school at large, *excepting* the Senior classes,—two from the classical and one from the scientific department. And let these last three be selected by a comparison of the articles they have sent to the *Phillipian* during the year, letting quality count two-thirds and quantity one-third. Besides developing the latent talent of which you have all heard so much, it will materially assist the editors in expressing the wish of the school.

I understand that for the past two years by far the greater part of the work has

fallen to the so-called "editor-in-chief." Some such plan as proposed would in a great measure do away with this. This idea of competing for the office is by no means original with me. The majority of the school papers have adopted much the same system. And we can see no reason why it should not be tried here with success. * *

EXCHANGES.

In discussing the recent action of the Seniors in abolishing class-day, the *Dartmouth* attributes the change to the prolonged exercises customary upon that day. Instead of the three original parts, they have of late had thirteen.

We had almost forgotten that Daniel Webster was a Dartmouth man, but one of those two-page "Diaries" is quite enough to refresh our feeble memories.

In regard to the experiment of class debating societies the *Courant* speaks thus: "The continued prosperity of the four class debating societies has conclusively proved that it was not a lack of interest in debating that killed Linonia. The uniformly well-attended meetings of these societies are in marked contrast with the slim gatherings of that defunct organization. Now from these facts we can draw but one inference—that a successful debating society is, with the present state of class separation, an impossibility here."

An ungrateful school surely, that would not be proud of the *Res Academicæ*; though the April number has an indescribable tone of sadness running through it. Cheer up a little, gentleman; life is not such a very sorry mistake after all. But then, we admit, an editor is the exception.

The *Willistonian* is published weekly by the Adelphi Society. It has not been started before, owing to the views of the Faculty on the subject. But now all responsibility falls on the society, and the Faculty is appeased. The paper presents a very neat appearance, and is really quite an undertaking for a weekly.

The Harvard papers are chiefly taken up with the *Ædipus Tyrannus* and the call of Rev. Phillips Brooks to the Plummer professorship.

But the *Advocate* takes time to exhibit its remarkable attachment to Boston editors in a very unique and pleasing style.

The tuition of various colleges varies as follows: Syracuse, \$60; Cornell, Bowdoin and Rochester, each, \$75; Brown, \$85; Dartmouth, \$80; Williams, \$90; Amherst, \$100; Yale, \$140 to \$150; Harvard, \$150; Pennsylvania, \$158 to \$170; Ann Arbor, \$20. — *Et.*

Hanlan visited Harvard's Gym. a few weeks ago, and gave an exhibition of his style of rowing.

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SPRING has come. The busily buzzing but sportive June-bug will soon sail in your window, and innocently greet you in a most affectionate manner. While you are digging away at least twenty feet below ground after those Greek roots so mysterious and yet so fascinating, while you are lost in deep contemplation of the beauties of co-education as the only school system up with the times; or, if you are not smitten that way, while you are oblivious to the open book before you, and dreaming of grand success in the morrow's ball game, suddenly that playful June-bug will charge straight for your face. Don't be alarmed; nobody is murdered; it's only one of the indications that "charming" spring has come.

The Gym. will cease to be thronged, for who wants to stay in-doors in the spring-time?

Blue stockings on wheels will whirl around the country until the bicyclers are as tired as the "cad" who went to the fire.

Lazy base-ballists will lie about the campus or any other subject you can mention.

The dignified Senior will stalk forth in his majesty, quite forgetful of his approaching Freshmanship.

In fine, the season of high temperature with all its pleasures is now opening upon us.

On Thursday, the 14th, at about 10 30 A.M., the fire bell suddenly pealed forth its summons to duty, which few of the students neglected. Before the tenth stroke of the bell the cry could be heard re-echoing from house to house, and, with but a slight delay, occasioned by "breaking in," the Phillips engine was on its way as fast as a very jubilant crowd could go. The first thing, after insuring the probabilities of no recitation, was to find out where the fire was. It proved to be in a brick building in Frye Village, used as a machine-shop and carding-mill by the Smith & Dove Manuf'g Co. The fire was first seen on the third floor, but before the engines arrived the two upper stories were in flames. Being nearer, the Andover steam engine and the Marland hand engine were first at the scene of action. The former especially, with its two streams, did excellent work. The boys soon arrived, and took right hold with a will.

Sparing neither muscle nor clothes, for more than two hours they poured a steady stream into the burning building.

After the fire was well under control, the Tiger No. 3 from Lawrence put in an appearance. Its fine stream was the subject of much comment, and it would have rendered most valuable assistance had there really been need of any more help.

As soon as the fire was squelched, the boys were marshaled as of yore, and on their way back to the Academy partook of coffee, crackers and cheese at the residence of Mr. Dove.

As it was too late, and they in no condition to prepare for the afternoon session when they arrived on the hill, they sought their rooms to enjoy a well-earned rest.

THE day after the conflagration the *Lawrence American* came out with a most graphic account of a fire, but just what fire it referred to we are unable to learn. However, at this fire (that of the *Lawrence A.*) the Andover engine did but little, while the Phillips "hand tub" only succeeded in soaking the bystanders; and (in this fire belonging to the *L. A.*) except for the timely arrival of a Lawrence engine (which we presume is also owned by the *L. A.*), the building across the river, and the whole of Frye Village including said river, would have been swept away by the fire fiend.

Now, we don't want to hurt anybody's feelings; much less do we wish to jar the delicate mechanism of that machine styled the *L. A.* It is only too evident, from the worthy editor's conduct in the past towards Andover and Phillips, that his fine sensibilities have been already jarred once too many times. And then it took such a little thing to disturb him — only the kind offer from his Andover friends of a few eggs at one of his usual interesting and instructive campaign speeches. We are grieved to think that the worthy editor cannot yet see Andover and Phillips without looking through those eggs.

Or possibly our esteemed friend, the editor of the *L. A.*, was misinformed in regard to our fire. Perhaps one of his truthful *Bohemians* "attended" and received a certain church ordinance *free gratis*. That would of course account for it all. He went home to get dry, and guessed at whatever of the fire he failed to see.

We can find no other cause which could lead the worthy editor of the *L. A.* into the pleasing delusion that he was publishing an account of the fire which occurred in Frye Village the 14th. If, as seems likely, he had another fire in mind, we humbly beg his pardon for failing to interpret his graphic account.

Dear Editor of the Phillipian:

When one is hard at work preparing for college, it is not pleasant to happen upon an intelligent, successful business man who does not hesitate to say that, judging from his acquaintance with the alumni of different institutions, a college education in a large number of cases is a mere waste of time and money. This sentiment is usually accompanied with the remark that, if these "literary fellows" are filled with great ideas, they are not often successful in telling what they know. Then the critic sometimes describes the pitiful efforts of college men trying to express themselves, not only in the pulpit and at the bar, but even in little meetings of citizens, held, perhaps, in the interest of some public improvement; and one asks himself whether it can be true that our colleges allow their graduates to go forth tongue-tied to live in this land of

free speech and public discussion. I was very glad when there came an opportunity of attending this year's Junior Exhibition at Yale, for here was a chance to see what a leading college was doing in the way of elocution. I was surprised to find very little interest in the event among the students. Most of them were not going to the exhibition at all, while some thought they might possibly drop in for fifteen minutes or so.

The Juniors, however, were exceptions, and seemed to feel that this particular exhibition must be well attended at any cost. So the audience, which nearly filled the fine chapel, was mostly town people and Juniors. Here are the subjects of the orations in the order in which they came: Henry Martyn, or The Influence of Self-Sacrifice, Cromwell and his Irish Policy, The Lasting Influence of Alexander Hamilton, Waterloo and Sedan, The Value of Symbols, Roman Catholicism in America, Cervantes, John Ruskin, Edmund Burke and the French Revolution, and the Modern Renaissance. The orations seemed to me to be very well written. The one upon Cervantes was especially so, and took half the prize, there being a tie between it and the one upon Edmund Burke. But I had supposed that the Yale men could write well, and the question was whether they could speak well. Using the prize-speaking of our own Academy as standard of weights and measures, I should say that they couldn't, or, at any rate, that they didn't.

One had a lifeless style, with gestures that were positively deadly. Another gestured as though he were treading water with his hands wrong side up. Others gestured frantically and continually, until the question suggested itself, whether it was as good exercise as Indian clubs. Most of the voices were naturally good, some of them really excellent, but all of them showed to a greater or less extent a painful lack of cultivation.

I went away at the close of the speaking feeling that the adverse criticism to which this department of college work has been subjected was only too well deserved. The Yale papers pronounced this an average exhibition; and it is safe to say that Yale speaks at least as well as the other colleges.

And now some one asks why a poor sub-Freshman has so much to say upon this subject, and whether he thinks the great universities are longing for his opinion. Well, it is a matter of conscience with me. I feel that we of Phillips Academy ought to have warning to improve all the advantages for the study of elocution that our school affords, for he who waits for college training in this direction is evidently lost.

Here and There.

Carlyle bequeathed his books to Harvard.

Wellesley has "sat on" societies — "depressed," as it were.

The dates of the Harvard Greek play are May 17th, 19th and 20th. — *Courant*.

President Elliot says Harvard has pressing need of \$3,000,000 more. — *Ex.* Harvard seems to "want but little here below."

Harvard is elated with the prospect of getting Phillips Brooks, and well she may be.

They say that Wellesley is going to build an "annex" to save Harvard the fare out. Talk about your political economy!

There is a growing disposition among some colleges to discontinue class-day services, class suppers, etc. Well, then what?

The Yale crew averages: weight, a little over 183 lbs.; height, 6 ft.; age, about 22 years.

Thoughtful reader, did you ever know that there are some members of the Faculty who can measure your mental calibre to seven decimal places? — *Courant*.

Syracuse was a rather lively place during the recent trial of some University Freshmen. Professors and students adjourned *sine die* to the court house.

Ohio has thirty-seven universities — *Ex.* Now, who runs all these institutions if the population has emigrated to Washington?

It is the *Cornell Review* which is guilty of this:—

"What is the shape of a kiss?"

"Why, it's a lip-tickle, of course."

Which reminds us that Cornell is in favor of co-education.

Owing to the dissatisfaction of three of the executive board of trustees, Prof. W. C. Russell, acting President of Cornell during the absence of President White in Germany, has been forced to resign. The course of the trustees is very unpopular among the students.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks has refused the call to Harvard.

ALUMNORUM.

Mills, '78, Amherst '82, has been spending a portion of his vacation at his home in town.

Geo. B. Noble, '78, of Truro, Mass., spent the Sabbath with his friends in the old sixth, L. C.

Wm. G. Poor, '78, Dartmouth '82, was at his home in Andover during the Easter recess, and did not forget his Phillips friends.

We learn that the class of '78 is to hold its reunion at Young's in Boston on the 4th of May. We trust they will show that they have not forgotten the way back to "Old Phillips."

Gardner, '79, Yale '83, who was compelled by sickness to give up his studies and go home, is much improved, and hopes to return to New Haven without losing his class.

We hear that Brown, '80, has left Princeton and is studying to enter Yale next fall.

Phillipiana.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

And the Phillips engine did wonders.

Who says that the "cads" are not willing to work *pro sua patria*?

Weston, P. A. '81, has returned.

Owing to fever, Smith, P. A. '81, has not returned yet.

The Senior Englishman is at last made happy. It is not a sleigh-ride, but —

Have you had your pictures taken yet? Don't wait for the rush.

Wanted—on the campus at 4:30, all ye ball players.

It takes but one New York editor to convert an erring Prep. into a saintly Theologian.

What a pity those leaves in the Fem. Sem. grove were not left another night.

Who is going to the Greek play? Tickets for either of the last two nights only \$2.

Fuller, P. S. '82, was the first man to be wounded on the diamond-shaped field of battle.

Philo's new president will have order at any cost.

Last Thursday was the 103rd anniversary of the founding of Phillips.

Sixteen new scholars last term, and eight so far in this.

The oldest man in school is twenty-six, the youngest thirteen years.

Strong and Fobes, P. S. '81, have recovered from their illness and have returned.

Battell, P. S. '82, after a quite severe illness of two weeks, has put in a sort of emaciated appearance.

Prof. Young, of Princeton, is giving a course of six lectures in Astronomy at Abbot Academy. And the S. S. class has been invited.

Porter, P. S. '81, who is at his home in Philadelphia, is improving, with the prospect of coming back in a week or so.

The 1st Div. of the Senior class is to begin the six Homer examinations next Saturday. They are to be given weekly and cover three books.

Butler, P. A. '83, who has been enjoying (?) the seclusion of his room for about a week, is able to be around again.

The Draper Prize men are in training. Daily rehearsal to Prof. Churchill. The speaking will come off in about three weeks.

Beware of the approaching Fresh Societyman—we beg your pardon—the Society Freshman. He is dangerous. An apt illustration of Cicero's emphatic *perseverantia*.

It is whispered that the Glee Club were on the war-path last Monday night. At all events, those outlandish noises in the direction of the Fem. Sem. (such as are rarely wafted to mortal ear) seemed to indicate something of the kind.

Corporal punishment has been instituted at the Seminary. At any rate, we saw a professor administering a little needed castigation the other day.

When a man's love for the exercise of authority carries him beyond all due regard for his fellow-students, he cannot but become odious to them. If only for his own good, the fact should be impressed upon him in some way or other.

Speaking of David Davis, a debater in Philo said: "That man is a prop to his state." The gentleman might better have reversed things. Mr. Davis is only supported by using the great state of Illinois as a prop.

Mr. Dove is now prepared to give the exact capacity of Andover students for good "coffee, crackers and cheese."

The Senior class Reading Club has been discontinued, owing to the accumulating duties of the last term of the course. With the valuable suggestions and assistance of Mr. Coy it has proved, beyond doubt, a success. '82 will be fortunate in taking it up again next winter.

The Societies have started off under flying colors. Although this term is by no means the best time for literary work, yet, judging from the opening meetings, Philo and Inquiry are to have a most interesting term.

We learn that famine still prevails to an alarming extent at the famous "Shawshine

Club." To prove the reality of the calamity we have procured (at enormous cost) one of the songs now popular among the few survivors.

PARODY ON "GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER"

Give something fit to eat, mister,
Oh give us something, pray;
Bread so sour and cheese so strong
Will scarce keep us to-day.
We are dying of starvation, mister,
Dying gradually;
And yet you charge ten dollars
For initiation fee.

Gladly would we leave, mister,
But the powers that be say no.
"Dine once within those blessed (?) walls,
You shall not elsewhere go."
We dreamed of food in our sleep, mister,
But here we are forced to stay,
Though you give us bread and water,
Till nine months pass away.

Those who waited after the services of last Sunday afternoon received a real treat from Prof. Ernst Perabo of Boston. The following are the selections—quite impromptu—which the gentleman played:—

1. Improvisation.
2. (a) "Start the drum," from Beethoven's Egmont music. Transcribed by Liszt.
(b) "Mit einem gemalten Bande,"—song by Beethoven, transcribed by Liszt.
(c) *Adagio*, from Sonata, op. 10, No. 3, Beethoven.
3. (a) Idyl, op. 6, by Rheinberger
(b) Turkish March, from the Ruins of Athens, Beethoven.
(c) *Allegro vivace*, from the Octette, op. 166, Schubert.
4. *Menuetto*, from Orchestral Suite No. 2, op. 115, by Franz Lachner.
5. March, from Orchestral Suite, op. 113, by Franz Lachner.

The Seniors have secured Prof. Stoddard for their class entertainment. He will probably present his famous "Passion Play." The date of the lecture is May 12th.

Lost! Strayed!! or Stolen!!!

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