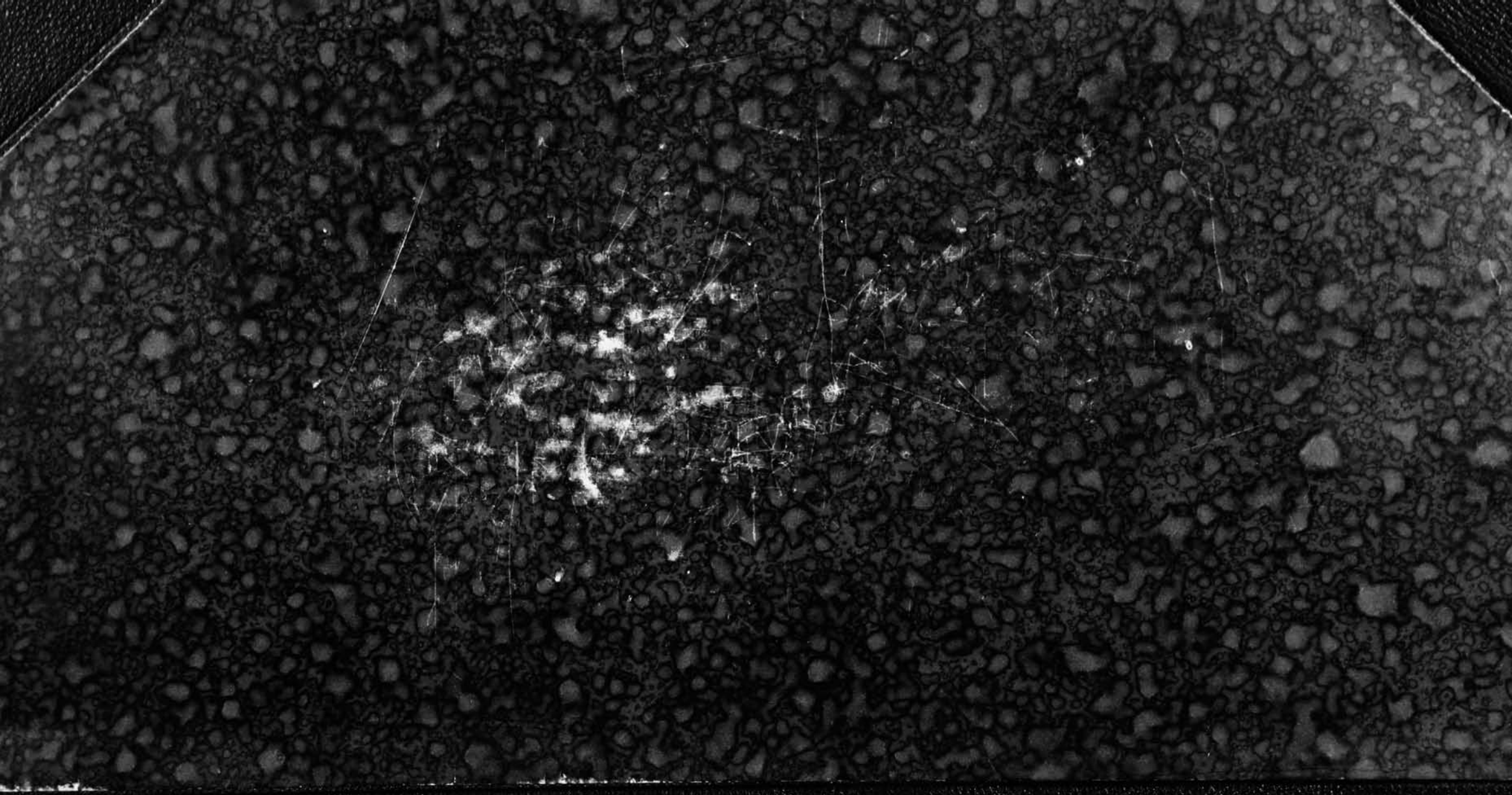

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THE

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WHEN MORNING BREAKS.

When morning breaks what fortune waits for me?
What ships shall rise from out the misty sea?
What friends shall clasp my hand in fond farewell?
What dream-wrought castles, as night's clouds dispel,
Shall raise their sun-kissed towers upon the lea?

To-night the moon-queen shining wide and free,
To-night the sighing breeze, the song, and thee;
But time is brief. What cometh, who can tell,
When morning breaks?

To-night, to-night, then happy let us be!
To-night, to-night, life's shadowy cares shall flee!
And though the dawn come in with chime or knell,
When night recalls its last bright sentinel
I shall, at least, have memories left to me,
When morning breaks.

Edward A. Raleigh.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

AMERICA has had many profound scholars, but none who has more fully comprehended the strength, the weakness, the possibilities of our civilization than George William Curtis. She has produced many loyal citizens, but none who has done more to make real the republic of moral power and intelligence. His career was entwined with the two vast problems that have beset the later life of this people. The one was liberty violated by slavery, it has been solved by the sword. The other was liberty enthralled by party, it presses for solution upon the public conscience. He consecrated his younger days to the first, his riper years to the second. If he was a subordinate in the anti-slavery movement, he was the first great leader of civil service reform, and as he gave it "the last full measure of devotion," with that cause his name shall ever be united.

The youth of Curtis foreshadowed a future which never came. It promised a life whose end should be letters. His communion with Hawthorne and Emerson, his travels in Europe and the dreamy Orient, his literary fantasies, were a strange preparation for the rough encounters of politics, for that defence of liberty, twice endangered, which filled a generation. His early training tended to lure him into the path of professional and social ease, but, the crisis past, he was the stronger. He had all that learning and culture and social grace could give him, and he mastered all for one supreme purpose. This was the genius, the character of the man.

He loved in those days to talk of Sir Philip Sidney, and through the centuries he seemed to hear that perfect knight of English chivalry calling, "Whenever you hear of a good war, go to it." His lectures more and more caught up the cry of the slave, but to the dull world he was merely a clever author, a charming speaker, least of all a man of iron will. When, in the wavering Republican convention of 1860, he plead for the recognition of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and quite subdued the prevailing spirit of compromise, the world

wondered, but the secret of this Puritan-Cavalier was still undiscovered. In the period of Reconstruction, his clear dispassionate writing did much to lay broad and strong the foundations of a new and more glorious Union. The same conscience, the same intelligence, now undertook with the same dauntless persistence, to free politics from party thralldom, and to gain a second emancipation.

Under this standard George William Curtis stood almost alone. Garrison and Phillips and Sumner fought by his side no longer. An aroused public opinion had supported his early work; cold and lethargic, it frowned on this later movement. The cry of wronged humanity had touched the heart of the nation; the reform of the civil service did not appeal to the chivalrous in man. There was no lash that cut the flesh, no chain that bound the arm. If there was oppression, it was borne by every class; if there was political corruption, it was common to every country. For half a century the sway of the spoils system had hardly been disputed. The voices of Webster and Clay and Lincoln had been raised in momentary protest; but, drowned in the tumult of other conflicts, had died to an echo. It was for Curtis to command public attention, to overthrow acknowledged tradition, to lay bare the dangers that a hopeful and prosperous people would not see. It was for him to spread the alarm, until it should sweep from state to state, from ocean to ocean, should ring through every legislative hall, sound from every public platform, and become at last the voice of a mighty nation. And if he closed his eyes in the very heat of battle, when the final outcome seemed to many all uncertain, yet the victories won assured him that the cause would live. If not a single success had crowned his efforts, still in his last hour he would have seen as in a vision the fleeing enemy, would have heard afar off the shout of triumph, so great was his faith in humanity.

Civil service reform directed its forces against the spoils system. It attacked the citadel of party despotism. It was one man against a thousand. But the strength of the party machine was and is its vital weakness. It forgets the true ends for which it should exist, it debases the public service for its own selfish use, it has become in some sense the master of public opinion. Curtis

dedicated himself to the reform, because it meant overthrowing these evils and restoring the national honor. To him the result was inevitable. "Party machines, truculent and defiant, resist," he said, "but like kings they yield at last to the people. We cannot expect the king nor the parliament nor the party to solicit the lesson, or enjoy the victory. But bound, nevertheless, they are, bound by the people they have been, and bound by the same power they will be." He labored with tongue and pen, in the columns of his journal, in the meetings of the Reform League, in caucus and convention, overwhelming conservatism, driving back the party bosses from one position after another, wresting from their hands their most precious prerogatives. It was the same battle that Hampden and Pym, Burke and Chatham, had waged generations before, the Anglo-Saxon contending for his liberty.

But his ardor did not harm his princely courtesy, nor dull his sense of fairness. He contested not with man, but with error; never a blow did he strike in revenge or envy or malice. It was this effort to be just, and to present the truth as he understood it, quite as much as his intense earnestness, that made his words sink deep into the minds of his countrymen, overcame their indifference, and created a public sentiment which was irresistible.

But with all his noble impulses and deep convictions, was Curtis only a crusader against evil, a reformer who had nothing better to offer? No: he was too much of a patriot to be content with destructive criticism and denunciation, too much of a statesman to demand the theoretical. The reform was a plain commonsense measure which approved itself in practice, while still the halls of Congress resounded with the outcries of the spoils politicians. It came, as all such reforms must come, through the force of public opinion, which wrung from party a profession of better things and then the reality. The progress of the movement was necessarily slow and halting; but temporary failure could not shake his courage, nor exhaust his patience. It was not enough for him that years of labor had secured a national reform law and its application to a few executive departments, not enough that the mere letter of that law was observed, not enough that two states of the Union had adopted the system. He was not satisfied with his own part in the work, great as we know it to have been,

when a mightier power than man or party stopped the pen, silenced the voice, which for nearly two score years had spoken for liberty, America, and humanity.

Yes, his devotion to civil service reform was the consummate flower of his patriotism. Whether he plead the cause of the slave or assailed the spoils system, none could question the lofty motives of a scholar who turned from the open arms of letters into the forbidding arena of politics, a statesman who declined the high honor of the mission to England and accepted the humble chairmanship of the reform commission, a patriot who left the party which had sought with him the dearest object of his early life, and followed where conscience led, derided, misrepresented, alone. His was a patriotism nobler than that which material grandeur or power can inspire, a patriotism which believed that the Republic must live, not for a plutocracy or a chosen few, but for all the people, that America, threatened by a thousand dangers, menaced most by her own dazzling splendor, shall yet fulfill the promise of her youth, and bless mankind forever.

Carlton E. Ladd, '93.

TO A CHILD.

Thy merry prattle comes to me anon
And calls up memories from the silent years,
Of long-fled joys that only leave instead
A flood of recollections and of tears.

Clark Sutherland Northup.

A SECOND HEARING.

"NO," she said as they stepped through the long window out of the ball room, "I don't like your stories since you came back. None of them are pretty and most of them are sad. They are horrid. Tell me a pretty story, please." She looked very charming in the half light of the balcony. The music floated out into the summer night and the air was sweet with roses. He had found a chair for her by this, and a hassock at her feet for himself, where he could look up into her face.

"And so my stories are not pretty. "No," he said reflectively, "perhaps they are not. They are only true."

"And are pretty stories never true and true stories never pretty?" she queried.

"Very seldom," he said, "for truth, you know, is not only stranger than fiction, too often it is sadder, perhaps because it is truth. And so you want a pretty story, do you? Then I must invent you one for, as you say, my true stories are not pretty. Well, then I will try to tell you a story that will please you, a story of pink and blue Dresden china shepherds and shepherdesses, of Watteau figures in sea-green and silver like those on your fan. And we will lay the scene of this story in—let me see—let us say in the forest of Arden, in Bohemia, that was once called Arcady. But I fear it will take too long, this story. Perhaps I had better take you back now?" His voice hardly bore out his words.

"I shan't dance any more to-night. You have been away so long you must do penance. Tell me the story,"—and she settled herself more comfortably to listen, with pretty imperiousness.

"But I've been used to the rough ways of truth telling so long, I'm afraid I will ruin such an idyl as this in trying to tell it. You know when one walks all his life over rough clods he stumbles absurdly on smooth ground. You must pardon my failings."

She smiled incredulously, even mockingly, "It must be pretty," she said.

"Well then," he began "in the very heart of the forest of Arden where the skies were the bluest, and the grass was green-

est, and there was always an echo of music and a breath of perfume in the air, there dwelt three people. No, not people either, for people do not live in Arcady, even in true stories. There dwelt here two shepherdesses, Phyllis and Chloe, and Doris, a shepherd. You must imagine their habitations. I cannot tell you what they were for I have never been even on the borders of Arcady. They were all very young and beautiful, these ideals, for you know we are always young and beautiful in Arcady and in stories. Yet of the two shepherdesses Phyllis was so incomparably the more charming that it was not long till Doris had fallen very much in love with her. Indeed it is not easy to see how he could help it, she was so beautiful, so good, so—"

"You musn't praise her too much," his hearer interrupted, "You will make me doubt her reality."

"But she was ideal," he replied, "and so, while he loved her passionately, he dared not tell her of his love, though she must have known long before he spoke. At last one beautiful morning they led forth their flocks together and rested in the shade of the great trees, watching the sheep that grazed in little groups scattered over the smooth lawns. Above, the flocks of fleecy clouds, white and soft as fine wool, wandered lazily across the faint blue sky, curiously like the sheep below. It was there, moved to sudden courage by the beauty of the scene, he ventured first to tell her of his love. He pleaded long and earnestly. I need not tell you, indeed I do not know, now, all that he said, but at length, moved by his pleading she bade him hope. Perhaps, after all, she had cared for him, too. I do not know. Overcome with joy he took her, unresisting, in his arms. Their lips met in one long, passionate kiss, then, startled by a sudden noise they sprang apart, half guiltily, and in an instant saw Chloe approaching them, smiling. A sudden fear fell upon them both and a single question flashed into their minds. 'Had she seen?' "

"And when did kissing become a crime in Arcady?" the girl asked. "I had always thought it was a part of idyllic existence."

"You can't seem to rid your mind of the idea that this is somehow a true story," he complained. "You must take some things for granted to make this story a success, and their confusion is one of them. You give the imagination no chance. At any rate

they were greatly disturbed. I fancy that even a maiden of Arcady hardly relishes another maiden's having such an advantage over her as finding her in a young man's arms, would give. Do you?"

"Well,—no," she admitted. "But it's rather hard to have all the pleasant illusions of your youth destroyed, you know."

"We will return," said he, to the story. Nothing in Chloe's manner gave them the slightest clue to her thoughts. She stopped a moment, spoke to them pleasantly, and passed on with her flock. They turned to each other, their faces full of that question 'Had she seen?' They felt that somehow they must know, but they could not imagine how they were to find out. It was impossible to ask her such a question and she would hardly broach the subject herself. Some means must be devised to discover what and how much she knew."

The girl leaned forward with sudden interest. "Pardon me," she said, "but you are quite sure this is not a true story?"

"Perfectly! Stories are never true in Arcady," he answered. "This is a story that might have been true. If it ever really happened, the story is not to blame. Well, they racked their brains to devise a way of finding whether or not Chloe had seen them. At length Doris triumphantly proposed a plan he believed could not fail. It was this. At the first opportunity he would attempt to kiss Chloe. If she submitted, she had not seen, if she refused and taunted him with his fickleness, she would thus reveal her knowledge. It was very simple and it looked very feasible. For an instant Phyllis delightedly agreed to the plan. The next she forbade him, on his love for her, to do such a thing as he proposed. He argued with her in vain. Giving no reason, perhaps she had none to give, she demanded that he should abandon the idea. He was puzzled at first but at last it came to him suddenly what she meant, and he argued no longer.

"Presently, left to himself and still pondering over the matter, by some fatal chance he came unexpectedly upon Chloe. The little dell in which her flock was feeding was very beautiful and she was to-day more than usually charming. She greeted him coldly enough but, despite this, he threw himself down beside her. His pride was touched and, moved by a sudden impulse, he

resolved, rashly enough, to overcome her coolness and discover if possible whether she had seen the lovers' episode of the morning. Little by little she relented as he strove to regain his former place in her favor. At last she seemed won over. The mischievous light that danced in her eyes softened to unwonted sweetness. She was very beautiful. Carried away by a sudden mad impulse he took her hand and she did not withdraw it—he was very young and very foolish, and this is not a true story, you know," he added in answer to an impatient movement on the part of the girl. Then he was silent, till presently she said. "Well, go on. Did she let him kiss her?"

"I don't know," he said. "The story doesn't say. Did she? I thought with Doris at first, that if she had seen, she would have repulsed him. Then I didn't know, after all. Suppose we say she had seen, Did she let him kiss her?"

"No!" the girl answered impulsively, then, hesitating, "I—I —don't—know."

"It doesn't affect the story in the least whether she did or not and I don't know, not being a girl, just how ——"

"Go on," she said," before you say something cynical."

"Then, of a sudden," he continued, "the vision of Phyllis came back to him and, with sudden shame, he sprang up and fled, angry with himself for his moment of weakness. He was entirely miserable over his treachery, as he called it. He was very wretched and he did not in the least know what to do. He hardly dared go to Phyllis and confess his fault, for fear of losing her. So he decided at last to say nothing whatever about the matter and trust to chance to keep it out of her way. He went back to her more tender than ever, to atone for his momentary folly. He was going away the next morning to a distant part of the forest to be gone some days. The sweet farewells over, he left her, sad, yet consoled by the thought of future happiness.

"Away from Phyllis, he thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night. He built a thousand beautiful air-castles, all for her. Then, returning and hurrying to her, he was met with a coldness that roused a sudden fear, for he felt, instantly, that Chloe had told. His fears were too well founded. She had told Phyllis all, or at least enough, true or false, to estrange her from

him. She sent him away, she said, forever. It was in vain he tried to explain. In her mood, no explanation, no repentance were of any use and, sadly enough, he went away to a far country to suffer in silence. One day he came back, hoping to see her again, if only for an instant yet half afraid to see her, for fear she had given her heart to another. He found her more charming than ever—"

He paused. She was leaning forward watching his face that was half turned from her.

"Well," she said, "is that all? How did it end?"

He turned toward her and she sank back again into the cushions.

"I don't exactly know," he said. "I hope she forgave him." He looked up appealingly. All the gayety had gone out of his voice and there was in its place a note of pleading. "Can't you finish it for me—Alice? Isn't it hard to lose your only chance of happiness through your only fault?"

She laughed a little nervously. "I'm afraid this was a true story after all," she said. "We had better go in now, it is growing chilly."

But he only said, pleadingly, "Can't you finish it for me?" She had risen and looked down at him. "Oh," and she laughed again, this time more merrily, "I think she forgave him—"

He sprang up truimphantly with hands outstretched to detain her but she waved him aside and added coldly,

"—in the story. But this was not a true story, I believe. Come!"

The light went out of his face as one blows out a candle and he stood as if stunned a moment. Then he stooped mechanically and lifted her dainty handkerchief from where it had fallen and gave it to her. He held back the heavy curtain silently for her to pass in. She watched his averted face quietly for an instant with curious carelessness, then with a sudden impulsive movement she laid her hand on his arm.

"But truth you know," she said, "is stranger than fiction, and this may be a true story after all."

W. C. A. and W. S., jr.

AQUATICS.

PROBABLY no other branch of athletics is as popular among newspaper men as rowing. There is so great a chance for conjecture and wise prophecy, so inviting an opportunity for indulging in ingeniously constructed theories as to the merits of various methods of handling the oar, that the ever ready pen of the sporting editor flows on unrestrained through column after column of well paid reading matter. The public is apt to be deceived into taking a great deal of this nonsense seriously, and endless discussions arise concerning purely theoretical questions in which the most important points are totally ignored. One of the most noteworthy of the discussions for a number of years has been that concerning the relative merits of the Yale and Cornell strokes as taught by Mr. Cook and Mr. Courtney. No end of words have been squandered in vain endeavors to prove one superior to the other, and the subject has become so hairsplitting to enthusiastic undergraduates, that we frequently hear of friends in both colleges agreeing never to mention it lest their amicable relations be severed by an irreconcilable misunderstanding. There seemed a chance of satisfying these superserious enthusiasts when, some years ago, a man who had rowed two years on Cornell crews, tried his hand at Yale. But the greatest difference he seems to have noticed was that there the sauce was apt to be served before the pudding, while with us the pudding is of a more nutritious character, even though its trimmings be not so pleasing to the palate.

So when last year it was announced that Cornell was to row its first four-mile race against a crew coached by Mr. Woodruff, Yale's famous and successful oarsman, new fuel was added to the fire of controversy. Upon the crews arrival at Lake Minnetonka, all the Yale and Harvard men in the region were up in arms. Now a sure test was at hand, there could be no doubt but that the "short, choppy" stroke of the Ithacans would fall an easy prey to the long graceful sweep of Yale's so-called disciples. The stroke they rowed on their arrival at Minnetonka seemed an extreme example of the ideal Yale stroke. It was long and slow and pulled evenly clear through to the finish, then there seemed

a momentary pause just before the recovery which was made with a sudden jerk, the blades scooting back high up in the air until close to the water when they suddenly slowed down to a normal speed. Their backs were straight and their necks stiff as though nature had made them of steel. All this was gratifying to the admirers of the Yale system who began to look forward to the day of the race as a black letter day for the Cornellians.

Our own men were steadily improving and before they had been a week at the Lake Park Hotel were rowing in far better form than before leaving Ithaca. The great question was whether they should row the race in the aluminum or the paper shell. The Navy had expected to have a new paper shell to test with the aluminum shell before leaving Ithaca. The crew, therefore took to Minneapolis the aluminum shell and an old paper shell about fifty pounds heavier than the metal one. There was little doubt but that the aluminum boat would be faster than the paper one in smooth water but owing to its being much narrower than the latter, and to its defective system of bracing, Mr. Courtney feared that in rough water our men might find her hard to get along with. He tested them and compared them day after day not only with one another but with the Pennsylvania shell, which was one of Waters's latest boats and considerably lighter than our aluminum boat. This feat was not so difficult as it might at first appear to the uninitiated. Our friends, the enemy, were accustomed to row every day over a certain short course some two or three miles away from our boat house but, withal, not out of the range of a field-glass, and our worthy trainer's eagle eye. It was not long before he had drawn several imaginary lines from the post on the boat house porch to various trees and cottages on the distant shores of the lake. People wondered why the Cornell coach sat so often on the porch when his crew seemed not much more than a moving dot on the horizon, and when a launch stood in readiness for him to use at any moment.

It was at last decided that the "tin" boat as it was commonly known among its occupants, would be the safer of the two, notwithstanding its narrow lines and doubtful strength. The day before the race the boat house was turned into a scourer's shop, and with pumice stone and silver paste the boat was so scrubbed and rubbed that it looked as bright as a new dollar.

In the meantime the rowing theorists had received several surprising shocks. The Pennsylvanians had materially changed their methods and it was even asserted by some that they were beginning to imitate ours. But this, of course, was heresy. And our crew far from rowing in a short or choppy manner, rowed a stroke scarcely faster than the Pennsylvanians. Suddenly an evening paper announced that Pennsylvania had rowed over three miles in 14 minutes, 27 seconds, and had covered the four miles in 21 minutes, 50 seconds. The timid men on our crew grew pale at hearing such gloomy news, and were seen whispering together as though they expected some frightful holocaust to descend upon their unhappy heads.

On the eighth of August everything was ready for the race. The Hotel Lafayette being the headquarters of the Philadelphia men was gorgeously decorated in red and blue while at the Lake Park Hotel on the opposite side of the lake floated Cornell carnelian and white. Now it must be said here that the north and south shores of Lake Minnetonka have from time immemorial been ready, like two fighting cocks, to pounce upon one another at the slightest provocation and nothing but the water separating them has prevented an encounter replete with most dire calamities. It can be imagined by those acquainted with the spirit of western rivalry, with what personal eagerness dwellers on the opposite shores looked forward to the outcome of the race. Each hotel had its ball-room in readiness to be thrown open to the victorious oarsmen, each proprietor had the key of his wine vaults prepared to turn at a moment's notice and the young ladies on all sides prayed that the race might not be a tie and that the fates would calm the waters. Before the day was far advanced the three railroads connecting the lake with St. Paul and Minneapolis began to pour out crowds of people who soon secured good positions along the course. The lake presented a very gay appearance with its many sloops, rowboats, and launches, each one flying its favorite's colors. Courtney was not to be seen. He was having a last private interview with the boat before entrusting to her the reputation he had so long upheld. The start was in a narrow strip of water connecting the main lake with a small bay, so that there, at least, the water was sure to be smooth. The course then lay through a

large open body of water where the shells would get the full force of the waves until at the two-mile point it approached Big Island which it lay near to until within about three-quarters of a mile of the finish. Another open space was passed and the finish lay in another strip of water between the Cornell quarters and the town of Excelsior. Almost every evening before the day of the race the water had calmed down at sunset so that the course could be rowed over with ease. But that day, unfortunately, proved an exception. The race was advertised to start at six o'clock but almost three hours were used up in waiting for calm water before the referee gave the word to start. Our men started off at forty strokes to the minute which was enough to send a thrill to one's heart for if in their excitement they should keep up such a pace the race would surely be lost. But they soon settled down to 36 or 37 strokes and started rowing in a style that showed they meant to last. From the referee's boat, "The Saucy Kate" about a hundred yards behind the crews the Pennsylvania boat seemed about two lengths ahead when the open water was reached. It was between that point and Big Island that the race would be rowed. In the twilight the rough water presented a very gruesome appearance and the prospects were very blue for Cornell. The Pennsylvania boat, of itself supposed to be much better for rough water, was fitted with wash-boards which prevented the water from washing over its sides, while the waves were continually splashing into the aluminum shell. But, notwithstanding this fact, when the two-mile point was reached the relative position of the crews was changed in our favor. Up to that point few people had seen the race, which is a pity, as the remainder was somewhat tame in comparison to the first two miles. In order to secure good water both crews hugged the shores of Big Island and were thus drawn out of the course. It was becoming so dark that the small boats threatened to interfere seriously with the shells' progress and one could not tell one moment what the next would bring forth. Steamers filled with people were anchored under the banks of the island and as the crews came into sight started a perfect bedlam of whistling, ringing and shouting. Our crew was continually though slowly gaining, so that, at the three-mile point it was about three lengths

in the lead. From there on, a continuous line of small boats was drawn up along Cornell's side of the course. Owing to the crews' having pushed outside of the course and to the inability of the spectators to see them until they were close by, a terrible scramble began to take place in order to give the crews water room. Nothing could daunt the courage of our coxswain who urged his men to renewed efforts and evidently would not have stopped them had a wall of adamant confronted him. At the finish it seemed impossible that he could penetrate the crowd. But with a most extraordinary exhibition of nerve he forged right into its midst and by careful steering succeeded in reaching the finish point without materially deviating from a straight line and without at all lessening the boat's speed. The Pennsylvania crew were forced to follow in our wake, and finished about five lengths in our rear. Our time as taken was 23 minutes and 52 seconds though the actual time was probably nine seconds faster. This, however, was remarkably good considering the rough water in the first two miles of the race. When the shell reached the boat-house it was found to contain about 250 pounds of water. The greatest credit is due to coxswain Sherman. Had it not been for his nerve the race would not have been rowed to a finish. Though our men were tired they finished in perfect form and had no more serious effects from pulling four miles than hitherto our crews have felt on finishing three-mile races. The Pennsylvanians rowed a splendid race and took their defeat with the greatest grace. It is a great pleasure to find opponents so uniformly fair and courteous as were the members of the Pennsylvania crew in all their dealings with our crew. The first result of their defeat was a declaration that next year they wanted to try it again and intended to exert every effort to turn the tide of victory. If they improve next year as much as they did last, they certainly will have a good chance of succeeding.

The proposed trip to Minneapolis was severely criticised in the last number of the CORNELL MAGAZINE. It is perhaps necessary to offer some explanation for the policy adopted by last year's Navy management. There can be no doubt that for a college athletic organization to accept money from outsiders, even if it be in the form of expenses, is undignified and inconsistent with the true ideals of amateur sport. It would be much better for all the

expenses of our rowing to come from the alumni and students of the University. But when, notwithstanding repeated efforts, enough money cannot be raised to meet even the local expenses of our crew, it is necessary either to give up rowing entirely or to rely on the liberality of such people as those of Minneapolis who appreciate our crew more than we do ourselves. The races, though not seen by as large a number of Cornell men, attracted wider interests and brought the college before a far greater number of people than it would have done had it been rowed in the East. The impression our crew left upon the Minnesota people was a most fortunate one. The way in which its members took their victory without gloating or vanity was remarked by all who attended the rejoicing at the Lake Park Hotel after the race. Glory being the greatest reward that the men receive after five months hard training, it is natural that they should desire more of it than they can get by rowing at New London where our races are swallowed up by other events.

Cornell has reason to be congratulated on the manner in which its oarsmen destroyed the last argument which could possibly bar its crews from equality with any other crews in the world, namely their ability to row four as well as three miles. As was said before, the time of the race was remarkable considering the circumstances. It is unfortunate that the conditions were not better, for, had they been, the course could have been rowed in less than 22 minutes. A few days before the race the men rowed it easily in 22 minutes 13 seconds. When we consider that this time was made on still water without tide, current or wind it compares very favorably with the American record of 20 minutes 10 seconds made by Yale some years ago when all the elements conspired to aid them. Pennsylvania's reported time of 21 minutes 50 seconds was probably a mistake owing to a misunderstanding regarding the finish line of the course.

The race was important in showing the practicability of aluminum racing shells. Though our shell was not entirely a success its defects were not the fault of the material but rather of its interior workmanship. There can be little doubt but that aluminum is far superior to paper as a material for racing shells. Lengthwise our boat was much stiffer than a paper boat and

clove the water like a solid bar of steel. Its durability makes it preferable from a standpoint of economy. Mr. Galanaugh, its builder, is to be congratulated on the success of his undertaking.

Much comment has been excited by the negotiations which took place last June at New London concerning a race between our crew and the Yale freshmen. Certain men from the latter college have not hesitated to place Cornell in the most unfortunate light possible, and to give authenticity to reports, current at the time in New York and Boston papers, that Cornell had refused Yale's challenge and "backed out" of a race voluntarily sought by her. In her usual capacity of "under dog" where all matters concerning the two colleges are concerned, Cornell has received the buffets of those whose sympathies cling to the older college, more from a feeling that she is uppermost than because her cause is any more just than our own. Those who know the facts of the case cannot fail to see the falsity of the position in which we are placed and to put the merit where it belongs.

Of the four freshmen crews at New London there was no doubt of the superiority of Yale and Cornell over the other two, and it seemed a pity that two such remarkable junior crews as they were should not meet in open contest. The day before our race with Columbia which took place on Tuesday, June 20th, new overtures were made to Yale, notwithstanding the failure of previous negotiations. The captain of the Yale 'Varsity crew was firm in his position and thought, as he had previously, that it would be inconsistent with Yale's avowed policy to row us. He was sincere in his belief and straightforward in all that he said. Had the matter been left to him no misunderstanding could have arisen. But, unfortunately, the power beneath the throne lay in other hands.

When the subject was broached to Mr. Cook he looked at it more favorably. What was asked was that Yale should row Cornell on Wednesday or not later than Thursday. The reasons for not being able to wait any longer than this were, first, the absolute necessity of Mr. Courtney's reaching Minneapolis as soon as possible, and, second, the lack of funds to keep our crew in New London more than one or two days longer. It was urged that any disadvantage that the Yale freshmen might feel in not having been

long at New London (though they had been there as long as our own crew) would be outweighed by the handicap Cornell would be under in rowing a race on the day following her race with Columbia. The writer left the Yale quarters with the understanding that word should be sent the following morning regarding Yale's decision, so that Cornell might make arrangements to stay over another day. On Thursday morning no word came and notwithstanding repeated efforts nothing could be ascertained before our race with Columbia was over. This was later than six o'clock. Even then more than an hour passed before the Yale coach took the trouble to let us know what he had decided upon. He followed our race on the Yale launch and without the slightest inconvenience could have run up to Manhansett and spoken to the Cornell officials. When he was accidentally caught upon the telephone he said "The only thing we can do is to row you Saturday." Upon the reply that, as before asserted, such a thing would be impossible for us, a few words of argument concerning an early date were indulged in. These, however, were cut short by a rather positive assertion that he was not there to argue the case. This assertion was acompanied by a loud whack betokening the sudden return of the receiver to the telephone hook. This is the way Cornell backed out of her race.

In the meantime our men on such unfair and discourteous treatment had decided that in no case would they lower themselves to the position of school-boys asking some great favor of their elders and willing to accept such a favor no matter with what ignominy it might be accompanied. They were perfectly right in this for it was far better for us never to row at all than to lower the dignity of the college by acknowledging her beneath any other in the respect due to her representatives whether they be athletic or otherwise.

In regard to the present rowing prospects little need be said. It is well known from President Schurman's address what attitude the University has assumed regarding athletics. Though in theory such an attitude is undoubtedly correct, in the present situation it might not be stretching a point, considering the vast good that rowing does to the university, for the trustees to lend some temporary aid to the Navy. It would not be necessary for them to do

this by directly appointing Mr. Courtney to a University position. They could subscribe a certain amount every year to athletics, the money to be applied where it is most needed. This plan has been suggested. Let the University give a certain amount to the Navy, say one thousand dollars, on the condition that before a certain date the students subscribe two or three thousand. If such an amount is not subscribed let the authorties decree that there shall be no rowing that year. Thus the Navy would be placed on a firm financial basis at the beginning of the year and could make arrangements accordingly. However the matter lies, and should lie, in the hands of the students. By a little sacrifice on their part there would be no cause for the Navy's running into debt.

The sooner we become convinced that a 'Varsity race with the Yale or Harvard crews is out of the question and the sooner we realize that in the University of Pennsylvania we have rivals worthy of all the energy we can put against them the sooner will our aquatics be on the firm and permanent foundation so much to be desired for them.

Herbert James Hagerman.

REFLECTIONS.

Lingering 'neath the shaded bower,
I view the scenes so old and dear.
The chimes from yonder high clock-tower
Give welcome music, soft and clear.

The scenes are old, yet life is new;
For early friends whom first we found,
Have passed the little cycle through,
And left to us the open ground.

The past is gone beyond control,
The future only beckons you.
Then with a purpose firm and bold
We'll enter what we have to do.

Though most of us a sadness feel,
In missing friends who've gone before,
We'll buckle on the arms of steel,
And struggle onward as of yore.

Emma S. Miller.

A SCIENTIFIC WOOING.

I.

CLEVELAND, O., June 25, 1892.

To George H. Carter, Fairview, O.:

Will come on five-thirty train. Have brought bike.

THOMAS C. FAIRBANKS.

THUS read the yellow covered missive that a Western Union messenger had just put into my hands. The smile of satisfaction on my face would have made it clear to an observer that Thomas C. Fairbanks was not only an expected but a welcome guest. I bustled into the house to let my mother know of this assurance of the expected arrival, in order that certain domestic arrangements might proceed with due diligence, and then sat down to discount in anticipation some of the pleasures of the coming visit.

Tom and I had been students together at Cornell, where he had been graduated a year before, when I had just finished my sophomore year. We became firm friends early in my freshman year, and his advice and assistance had been of great benefit to me during my underclass experiences. He delighted to exercise a kind of elder brotherly supervision over my college life and conduct, nor was I at all averse to his mentorship. So we got along together famously, and it was with the most genuine regret that we had parted. In response to my urgent solicitation he was about to spend the summer with me at my home in Fairview, a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants. If this thriving place is not down on the maps, so much the worse for our geographers.

It will easily be imagined that the arrival of the five-thirty train found me at the station, and a few seconds later Tom and I were exchanging "grips" and calling each other all the endearing expressions in the collegiate vocabulary. We tenderly assisted the master of the baggage car in unloading Tom's pneumatic, and leaving my friend's checks in the hands of a porter we were soon making good time on our wheels toward my home.

"You're not married yet, then, Tom," said I, jestingly, as we dismounted to walk up Elm Hill, on which I lived.

"No," said he, "but I am on the lookout for Mrs. F. Got any eligible candidates for the position to show me?"

"Lots of them, lots of them," I replied, confidently. "Each and every number draws a prize—absolutely no blanks. Simply whirl the little golden indicator—"

"Now you've said it, George," he interrupted, laughingly. "That's it exactly. Everything depends upon the little *golden* indicator."

"Same old punning pessimist, aren't you?" responded I. "Now look out for that broad gauge female coming or she'll wipe her dress on your pedals, and then have you arrested for wheeling your bike on the sidewalk."

We succeeded in dodging the flounced and beruffled peril, and in a few steps more we were at my home. The bicycles were safely housed, the usual introductions gotten through with, and an hour later we were all out on the broad piazza, in that comfortable frame of mind to which an excellent dinner is such an indispensable accessory.

Tom and I swapped college yarns awhile until our facts got low, and then I subsided and let Tom take the helm alone. Not that it is to be understood from this that I am not a good single-handed hyperbolist, myself; but I am distinctly outclassed by the fervid imagination and whole-souled disregard of objective reality which makes Tom such an entertaining and accomplished historian of the "might have beens." He went on swimmingly, with short pauses for applause, until my little sister Bertha whispered to her mother, a trifle too audibly:

"Ain't he a funny man, mamma. He talks just like George's old Munchausen book."

And then Tom had to admit that the laugh was decidedly and deservedly upon himself. But his voice was heard again a little later in a duet or two with my sister Kate, my junior by a year and a half, and the effect was so pleasing we were fain to admit that he had redeemed himself.

II.

Tom was an enthusiastic cyclist, and I was a fair rider, myself, so we planned to take frequent runs on the country roads about Fairview. One bright morning, a couple of days after his arrival,

we were almost ready to start on such a trip. I was setting my saddle back a little further, while Tom was idly making great circles in the road on his wheel waiting for me to finish my work. Suddenly a horse and buggy, driven at a smart pace came around the corner and almost upon Tom, who was not under sufficient headway to get out of the track quickly. The horse, which appeared young and skittish, shied violently and started to rear as his driver reined him back strongly. There was a sharp cracking of wood, and the animal plunged forward as if to spring out of the harness. Tom sprang to his head, but the strong hand and reassuring voice of his driver made his assistance almost unnecessary, and the colt stood in his tracks, though all atremble with excitement.

The man in the carriage alighted, and while he was examining a bad crack in one of the thills we had an opportunity to take a look at him and his companion, who still sat in the carriage. *He* was a good-featured person of middle age, whose well kempt beard, gold spectacles, and a certain briskness and precision in manner seemed to indicate as a professional man. *She*, for the other occupant of the carriage was a young woman, was a brunette of some twenty summers, as they say in novels, and the effect of her black hair, brows and eyes was made none the less striking by a remarkably fair skin. These were the twain as they appeared to my eyes.

"Is it a bad break?" inquired Tom, with the proper degree of anxiety in his tone. He directed his question toward the man, his eyes toward the girl.

"No," said he addressed by word, "but it's a pretty deep crack. I think I can wind it with the tie-strap so it will hold until we get home."

She addressed by look responded by a lowering of the eyes.

"Let me help you," said I, as he produced the strap; and while he wrapped it about the injured thill I held the parts firmly in place. Tom, meanwhile, held the horse and cast furtive glances carriagewards, but all in vain, for the occupant thereof paid close attention to the process of repairs, and scarcely glanced at the amateur hostler. The job was soon finished.

"There, I think that will do very well," said the gentleman.

"Thank you for your kind assistance. And," addressing Tom, "I trust you are none the worse for your hasty dismount."

Tom assured him that he was intact, in body at least. The driver again assumed the reins, both he and the lady bowed courteously, and away they went.

"Deuced good looking girl," said Tom, when we were about half a mile outside of the city and were running along at an easy pace.

I assented.

"Did you notice what an elegant complexion she had?" continued he, a few minutes later.

I agreed.

"I tell you, those were stunning eyebrows," came his next comment.

Again I mumbled an affirmative.

"What magnificent hair she had," at the end of another mile.

"Yes," wearily. Another pause.

"Did you ever see a handsomer nose—Jupiter Ammon!"

In his absent-minded eulogy his front wheel had struck the upturned half of a brick, and the unexpected shock nearly dislocated his steering bar and called forth the above classic conclusion to his remark.

I rejoiced, both in my heart and openly. Black eyes and hair do not appeal to my sense of the beautiful, and the jetty orbs and tresses of an unknown and (to my eyes) only tolerably good-looking young woman do not afford me material for a sparkling conversation of any length. So my blessing upon the innocent brick was as sincere if not so fervent as Tom's imprecation.

The brick incident was successful in diverting Tom's attention from the subject that had been preying on his mind, and he did not revert to it again until we had almost concluded our return run. Then he asked mournfully:

"Where do you suppose she lives?"

"She, who?" pretending ignorance.

"That's what I'd give my cyclometer to find out."

"Munificent offer! You must be hard hit. I'll tell you what—why don't you put an 'ad' into the exchange list of the *Times* like this. 'Cyclometer to exchange for particular information concerning an escaped brunette.' That would be fetching."

Tom reflected. Then he exclaimed :

"Advertise!! Just the thing !"

My voice showed my astonishment.

"Are you clean daft? You aren't as cute as you were when you used to run the politics of Ninety-one, or you wouldn't think of such an addle-pated scheme as that."

"Excuse me, George, but that was your scheme. Now mine is an improved and enlarged edition of yours, with frontispiece and illuminated title page."

"Bound in calf, too, most probably," I suggested.

He was so good as to laugh.

"May be, my boy, may be. But just keep your eye on it. Perhaps I didn't run Ninety-one, as you say, for nothing, after all."

And when he revealed his plan to me, I was forced to confess that the genius for intrigue which had so often baffled his opponents in college was as acute and lustrous as ever.

III.

When I came down to breakfast next morning I found Tom on the piazza with the *Times* in his hand. A smile of satisfaction was on his face as he pointed to an "ad" in the Lost and Found column. It read :

"If the gentleman who met with an accident at the corner of Elm Hill and Eighth street, Monday, while driving, will call at 804 Elm Hill he will learn something to his advantage. 28d 3t."

"He ought to see either that or the "ad" in the *Republican* in three days, I should say," said I.

"All intelligent men read the newspapers—now is the time to subscribe," replied he sententiously.

That day no one came. Wednesday no one came. But Thursday morning about ten o'clock, just as we were settling down to a game of chess, there came a ring at the bell which I promptly answered. There stood our friend of the broken thill. He bowed and we shook hands in token of recognition.

"I noticed an advertisement in yesterday morning's *Republican*, sir," said he, "asking the man who met with an accident on the corner, Monday, to call here. Am I the party wanted ?"

"I think so," said I, as gravely as possible. "Will you come in."

I showed him into the parlor and, excusing myself, went for Tom.

"You talk to him," I said. "I should laugh in his face."

"All right," said Tom cheerily. "See if I've got the button with me."

He felt in his pocket.

"O. K. Come on." And we started for our guest.

Once more in his presence I said by way of introduction:

"This is Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. —— Mr. ——"

"Furness," said he, "Dr. Furness."

"Ah, yes. Dr. Furness, Mr. Fairbanks. And my name is Carter."

We all shook hands and sat down. I stealthily winked at Tom to begin. He arose to the occasion nobly.

"Probably you were not surprised at our advertisement, as you must have missed your cuff-button as soon as you reached home."

Dr. Furness stared.

"Cuff-button," said he. "What you mean?"

"Why," said Tom in bland surprise, "is it possible that it wasn't you who dropped a cameo cuff-button last Monday when my wheel scared your horse?"

"It certainly was not I," replied Dr. Furness, "for I don't wear such cuff-buttons."

"Then we are very sorry to have troubled you," said Tom, with a regretful modulation in his voice, "but when we found this in the road after you had passed, we supposed of course you had lost it when you were binding up the thill."

He drew from his pocket a handsome cameo sleeve-button and handed it to the doctor to examine. The latter looked at it curiously and then returned it.

"No," he said, "I never saw one like it before."

"I trust you didn't come far on this fruitless errand." This from Tom in a tone of polite concern. "You live in the city, don't you?"

"No. In Hartshire. But I drive into the city nearly every day, and this is directly on my route. It was thoughtful in you

to advertise, as it might have been I who lost the button. It is a handsome one, sir. If I could match it, I should almost be sorry that I hadn't claimed it."

He smiled and arose to go.

"You reached home all right after your accident?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said he, "the colt was ashamed of himself and went the rest of the way as steady as a clock. A well-bred, intelligent horse knows when he has made a fool of himself much better than some men do."

We laughed appreciatively, and accompanied him to the door. The horse, tied to the block in front, acknowledged the appearance of his master by an eager turning of the head. I stroked his neck as the doctor got into the carriage.

"Four years old and can trot in forty, flat," was his owner's parting comment as he tightened the rein and the beautiful animal started off.

Tom and I looked at each other.

"Tom," said I, "I don't want to cry for the moon, but—I wish I could lie like you."

"Pooh, George," answered he in modest self-deprecation, "you are coming on very nicely, I think. Precocity never was your forte, you know. But where is Hartshire?"

IV.

Saturday morning found us again on our wheels. Needless to say, we were bound for Hartshire, a handsome little suburb some four miles from Fairview. The road was good, the morning fine, and we spun along at a lively pace. Tom declared himself quite satisfied when we halted before a small drug-store, and our watches told us we had been something less than fifteen minutes making the distance. We "phosphated," and I asked where Dr. Furness lived.

"Third—no, the fourth house from the next corner," said the clerk, and we monnted and rode on.

"How are you going to strike up an acquaintance with your houri of the black eyes?" I asked. "Her papa didn't ask us to call, you know."

"O, I shall wait for the inspiration of the opportunity," said he, with a knowing grimace.

"And create the opportunity?"

Another slight facial contortion was his sole reply.

We were now upon the next block. The fourth house was a large open-built affair, setting well back from the street, and with spacious piazzas on the sides. Upon one of these a party of three or four were laughing and chatting away at a great rate. We went by too rapidly to make extended observations but felt quite satisfied that the dark-eyed damsel was of the party. Tom turned the next corner, went a block beyond and dismounted.

"Well, we have reconnoitered the enemy's camp. What next?" I asked.

Tom stroked a prospective moustache reflectively for a moment.

"Let's go back," said he.

"Home?"

"Not much. To Dr. Furness's."

We started, Tom leading, and retraced our tracks toward that point. Just before we came opposite the house Tom bent forward over his handle bars as if to begin a spurt, and an instant later his wheel suddenly swerved violently and with a smothered cry he went headlong into the dust, the machine falling just beyond and narrowly missing his head.

With difficulty I avoided running over him, and back-pedaling desperately stopped some ten or fifteen yards beyond. Hastily dismounting, I looked back. The cloud of dust just clearing away revealed Tom's prostrate form lying motionless where he had fallen.

"Tom," I cried, "are you hurt? Tom!"

No answer from the silent figure.

Trundling my machine to the roadside I ran to him. He lay half on one side with an arm thrown over his head as if he had made the motion instinctively to ward off the falling bicycle. I turned him over and raised his head. His eyes were closed, but as I touched him, the lips twitched a little and if the circumstances had not made the idea ridiculous, I should have said he was trying to repress a laugh. His pallor and limpness made it evident that his fall had at least stunned him.

I looked around for help, and saw two young men from Dr. Furness's coming toward me. The party on the piazza had noticed the accident and its results, and all came forward anxiously. The two girls waited upon the terrace while the men came to my assistance.

"What's the matter? Is he much hurt?" they asked.

"He's stunned at any rate," said I. "Help me up with him out of the road, and get some water."

"Bring him right to the house, Roy," said a voice from the terrace, and I looked up full into the face of Miss Black-eyes. In spite of myself I felt a guilty blush spread over my face, and hoped that she would attribute it to the heat and excitement.

We lifted Tom as gently as possible, and as we did so a slight convulsive tremor ran through his frame that might have been an involuntary shudder, or internal laughter. I looked narrowly at his face. Surely the eyelids were trembling. If this unconsciousness were all feigned it was a bold and clever game he was playing. Miss Furness, as I correctly supposed the black-eyed young woman to be, excitedly led the way into the house and Tom was placed upon a couch in one of the front rooms. As we came up the steps one of the boys stumbled slightly and I had felt the muscles of Tom's neck, which lay against my arm, stiffen, and the head raise a little, as if in anticipation of a fall.

After he was safely upon the couch, I loosened the neck of his jersey riding shirt, and a moment later, at the summons of her daughter, Mrs. Furness appeared with camphor and brandy.

The application of the former to his nostrils and forehead, and a few spoonfuls of the latter internally, which, for an unconscious person he seemed to swallow with great avidity, had the effect of bringing Tom back to life and speech. A heavy groan escaped his lips, one hand slowly sought his head, and then he half raised himself on an elbow only to sink back again exhausted. If this was acting, it was extremely well done.

I rubbed his hands vigorously and Mrs. Furness bathed his head again with camphor and water. A few minutes more of this treatment and he tried to sit up again, this time with better success.

"Where am I?" said he, with an effort at smiling.

"O, you're all right," I answered. "Are you hurt much?"

"My head is sore," he felt of it carefully, "and my arm feels lame."

"You had better lie down a little longer, before trying to sit up any," urged Mrs. Furness.

He looked at her gratefully.

"I am so sorry to have alarmed and inconvenienced you," said he, half apologetically.

Mrs. Furness made a gesture of dissent.

"No, no," she said, kindly, "don't speak of that. You were fortunate to be near help when you fell. We are very glad to have been of assistance."

Tom tried to stand, but sat down again.

"I feel a little dizzy yet. Perhaps I had better take your advice."

And he lay down once more.

We had a moment now for learning each other's names.

"Mrs. Furness, is it not?" said I. "I think I heard one of these young men address you by that name. My friend's name is Fairbanks and my own is Carter."

"Yes, I am Mrs. Furness." And in turn she introduced Miss Furness, Miss Chester, Mr. Grey and Mr. Evans.

"I think I have met Miss Furness before, upon the occasion of an accident in which she was the heroine," said Tom, with an admiring glance.

She colored slightly.

"Not much of a heroine, I am afraid. I was frightened to death when Max reared and broke the thill."

Then, turning to Mrs. Furness:

"Mamma, Mr. Carter and Mr. Fairbanks were the two young men who helped papa when we had the accident in the carriage, Monday."

"Then we have but had an opportunity to return your assistance," said Mrs. Furness, graciously.

"Our assistance was of dubious value, for we had to frighten your horse and make him do the damage, before we could assist in repairing it," I put in.

We all laughed, and felt better acquainted.

"If you won't think me too awfully prosy, I should like to inquire what became of my bicycle," remarked Tom.

Mr. Grey who had rescued it from the street, reported that a bent pedal and handle bar and a broken lantern were the chief casualties.

"Now I can die happy," said Tom in a tone of such lugubrious resignation that we all laughed again.

After Tom had made fun of his accident for a few minutes more I arose and said I would go to Fairview and get the carriage for him.

"Dr. Furness will be home soon and can drive Mr. Fairbanks to town, if he feels well enough to be moved," offered Mrs. Furness.

"Yes papa can drive him over just as well as not," her daughter repeated.

"O we can't think of putting your kindness to any further test, to-day," I said. "I shall ride home on my wheel and be back with the horse inside of an hour. And Tom, be careful not to get over-excited while I am gone. In your condition it might be dangerous you know."

And I shot a glance at him that made him lower his eyes, hardened wretch as he was.

When I returned in something more than an hour, I found Tom sitting on the piazza as fresh as a daisy, with all traces of dust removed and laughing and chatting like mad.

"He insisted that he felt well enough to get up and brush himself," answered Miss Furness, when I expressed surprise at his renovation.

"Yes," said Tom, "in spite of their doing all they could to 'over-excite' me, I am getting on very nicely as you see."

"From your startingly rapid improvement I should say your worst injury was not in the head," I flung at him.

"No, he complained of his arm, too," innocently answered Mrs. Furness, who had just come to the door to see us off.

"We shall be glad to see you both, even if you don't find it necessary to call again for medical treatment," said Miss Furness cordially, as we made our farewells.

"Thank you. Perhaps we can combine the two. The old story of business and pleasure."

"Which is to be which in the present case? But I won't embarrass you. Good-bye."

We drove away.

"Tom," said I solemnly, "I don't know whether to be proud or ashamed of you."

"Don't worry about it. I am flattered in either case. But what causes the doubt in your mind?"

"Where did you learn to faint so well?"

He looked at me quickly. Then he couldn't keep from laughing.

"It isn't an acquirement but a gift. But I didn't win a bloodless victory. Look here?"

He rolled up his sleeve and exposed a spot about two inches square on his arm, from which the cuticle was well scraped.

"That saved my head. But didn't Miss Furness look pretty, though. How her eyes glistened with pity when I tried to sit up on the lounge! By George, I wouldn't mind being an invalid indefinitely with her as nurse. Did you notice how her color comes and goes when she talks? It is like a picture———"

In despair I whipped up the horse and we came home at a pace that destroyed that worthy animal's wind for nearly a week.

James P. Hall.

To be concluded.

A WITHERBEE MEMORIAL.

CORNELL has mourned, and mourns still the death of George Pease Witherbee. Ordinarily when a young man dies, there is first the shock of surprise to his acquaintances, then an uncomfortable regret, and then speedy forgetfulness. His more intimate friends remember him and speak of him occasionally for a year or two. Then they too forget, or seem to forget. It is only when some more than usually vigorous life is blotted out, or when some character known and admired by a very large number of friends is suddenly taken away from their midst, or when circumstances of unusual sadness, or of unusual heroism surround a young man's death, that more than a passing wave of decorous regret is caused by the "sad event."

In Witherbee's death all these causes combined to make a deep

and lasting impression upon every one connected with the University; great and deserved popularity, a strong body overflowing with life and strength, and a sudden heroic death. It is safe to say that the death of no other student of Cornell would have caused such genuine and wide-spread sorrow. Since this is the case, it would be peculiarly fitting to perpetuate the memory of his name by erecting an appropriate memorial to him. The example of his life and his death thus held up before the coming generations of students would be an inspiration towards true manliness. The traditions of his character which would cluster 'round this mute reminder in the years to come, would be a perpetual incentive to unselfishness and modesty. Youth is to be moulded, and young men are most easily influenced by example. Who can say how many lives would be swayed for good or strengthened in noble impulses by such an example as this memorial would bring constantly before them?

In his senior year Witherbee frequently alluded to the need of a Club-House on Percy Field, and expressed the hope that one would be built in the near future. Would not such a house be the best and most appropriate memorial that could be thought of? Memorials of this character are not uncommon among our eastern universities. Such an one is the Memorial to Herbert Mapes, built by the students of Columbia. Of like character is the Brokaw memorial at Princeton. Both of these young men were, like Witherbee, athletic leaders.

The Editors of the MAGAZINE sincerely hope that President Schurman's recommendation will be followed up, and that some one in authority or in a position to move in the matter, will take the initiative. In private conversation many have expressed their readiness to contribute towards such a fund. The fraternity of the deceased alumnus has intimated its desire, in case such a memorial as we have mentioned should be erected, to take a portion of the work upon itself, or to complete a portion of the house. But whether or not a Club-House be determined upon as most appropriate, we trust that an opportunity will soon be given to everyone to contribute something towards a fitting and permanent memorial by which the memory of George Pease Witherbee and the noble example of his short life, may be forever renewed in the hearts of the students of Cornell.

HERE AND THERE.

WITH this number the CORNELL MAGAZINE begins the sixth year of its existence, and as the publishing of constitutions of every kind has become so popular here of late, we reprint so much of ours as concerns the public, that no misapprehension may arise in regard to our work, our aims and our methods. The sections are as follows:

ARTICLE II.

The object of the CORNELL MAGAZINE shall be represented by the best thoughts of the faculty, alumni and undergraduates.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. The Board shall consist of an editor-in-chief, chosen from the instructors of the University, and six seniors chosen in the following manner: Two weeks before the close of the spring term preceding the year for which they are to serve, five members of the Board shall be elected at a meeting of a committee composed of four members of the retiring Board, and including the editor-in-chief, and three members of the faculty appointed by the President of the University.

§ 2. These five members shall elect the editor-in-chief and business manager.

§ 3. All vacancies in the Board of editors shall be filled by the Board at its option.

It is easily seen by the above, that election to the MAGAZINE board is one of the highest undergraduate literary honors of the University, merit being the only consideration, and class politics holding no part in the affair. Hence, it is expected that undergraduates, especially juniors, will contribute literary material of any description, stories, sketches, poems, essays, and the like, as many of which as are suitable will be published and counted towards securing a position on the board. As a rule, published matter alone will receive consideration in the selection of a board. Those expecting to try for positions either next year or in the following years are urged to begin their contributions at once.

It has not been thought necessary this month to publish any extended notice of the recent large and valuable additions to the Library. The MAGAZINE hopes to offer to its readers in the near future a careful and complete account of all the great collections that have of late come into the hands of the University, including the Zarncke library, which is at present not entirely unpacked.

The Month having spread over so much territory in this issue, owing to the great nnmber of interesting and important events that have been crowded into the first few weeks of the year, it seems hardly worth while to make the Here and There column more than an official editorial announcement. The management of the Magazine this year while in no way lowering the high literary standard established in preceding years will endeavor to come more and more in touch with the active student life at Cornell. The intention is to gradually work towards a student magazine in fact as well as in name. It is to be hoped that all students will help in this undertaking. There is at present doubtless much undeveloped literary ability in the University which will compare favorably with that of any other institution in the country. We urge the desirability as well as the necessity of larger student contributions and trust our appeal will not be neglected. The present number, it may here be remarked, is entirely a student product and while it doubtless is imperfect in many ways, it is an encouraging sign for literature in Cornell that it has been possible to issue snch a number with so little external help. By this is not meant that we are to cut loose from the faculty and its support, but that perhaps, in the course of a few years it may be, we can come to that goal which our sister colleges, Harvard, Yale, Princeton and others have already reached, a creditable literary monthly supported both in a literary and financial way by the students themselves.

THE MONTH.

SINCE the June record of the month was written, the twenty-fifth annual commencement of the University has been held and the class of '93, numbering a full 250, has been graduated with all the attendant ceremonies. The Senior Ball, the Class Day exercises, the Woodford oratorical contest and the Commencement exercises proper, passed off midst delightfully pleasant weather. The incoming Senior class has been increased by the entering up of a considerable number of students from other colleges, and promises to finish as strong as its two immediate predecessors.

The boat races in June were rowed with the usual result,—two Cornell victories. The Columbia Freshman crew was beaten on the Thames by ten lengths, and the two-mile record would have been lowered by our muscular '96 lads had the conditions of wind and tide been more favorable. The Cornell-Pennsylvania 'Varsity race was rowed this year on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, and was viewed by throngs of alumni. It was the first four-mile race rowed by a Cornell eight since Courtney has been coach, and the handsome victory over the finest crew turned out by Pennsylvania in years, was unusually gratifying.

Few changes in the Faculty are to be noted at the opening of this academic year. Professor Jenks, head of the department of Political Economy and Political and Social Institutions, and Professor Fuertes, Director of the College of Civil Engineering, return to resume their work after a year's absence in Europe. The University loses Professor Hughes of the School of Law, and Associate Professors Ross and Brainard G. Smith. Their courses will be given respectively by Professor Huffcut, '86, called from the Northwestern University Law School, Assistant Professor Hull, '86, who was an instructor last year, and Assistant Professor Duncan C. Lee, recently teacher of Elocution in the Cascadilla School. Assistant Professors Jones and Atkinson are promoted to be Associate Professors.

The Zarncke collection of 13,000 volumes, which was presented to the University library by a generous friend, arrived in Ithaca the last of September. Cataloguing is now in progress. The collection embraces valuable works in comparative philology, linguistics, Norse, Anglo-Saxon, German and Romance philology, the whole field of German literature and criticism, and several collections which are almost unrivalled in extent, especially those of Lessing, Goethe, Schiller and Christian Reuter (Schelmuffsky). It is probably unequalled by any private library in Germany, and surpassed, perhaps, by a few of the greater university libraries. There is no collection in America to be compared with it.

Notwithstanding the commercial depression, the University prospers. A new heating station was built near the gymnasium in the summer at an expense of $35,000. The new Sibley and dairy buildings are being erected in the north-east portion of the campus. The number of new students indicates a gain of twenty per cent. over the number at the corresponding date in 1892–3. The registration in the law school shows a similar increase in attendance.

The *Era* will be well edited and managed this year by Messrs. J. B. Landfield and W. T. Hastings. The *Sibley Journal of Engineering*, formerly the *Crank*, will without doubt enjoy prosperity in the hands of E. B. Clark, its editor-in-chief.

The football team contains only three of last year's veterans, but the new material is fairly promising and under the efficient coaching of Captain Barr and Coach Johanson, will give a good account of itself in the New York games with Princeton, October 21, and Harvard, November 4. The team has played few regular games, as it is believed better training can be gained in practice games against the "College Eleven." Syracuse University was defeated on Percy Field, September 27, by the score 50–0 and Pennsylvania College, of Gettysburg, by 16–0. The team displayed an alarming weakness at centre, which will have to be remedied. Manager C. L. Brown has arranged an exceptionally good schedule. In addition to the Harvard and Princeton games

in New York, Cornell will meet the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, November 18, and the University of Michigan, at Detroit November 30.

After a most unfortunate disagreement among the members of the *Sun* board which resulted in the publication of two *Suns* for a time, the matter was finally settled by vote of the students on the 12th. There were 841 votes cast for the "Ahern" *Sun* as against 425 for the "Slater" *Sun*. By the terms of a previous agreement the Slater faction ceased publication and the Ahern faction will continue. The members of the new board will now be elected by the classes to their positions, according to the new constitution adopted by the student mass-meeting endorsing Mr. Ahern's *Sun*.

After strenuous efforts fifteen hundred dollars a year for five years was pledged to support Coach Courtney and the Cornell Navy. It is understood that there will be further additions made to this so that our Navy at last will be on a firm financial basis. This is most gratifying.

The twenty-fifth anniversary exercises of the University were held the 7th and 8th of this month. The Anniversary Orator, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, spoke on the morning of the 7th to a large audience in Library Hall and his address was followed with short speeches by the Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, Chancellor Upson, Professor G. C. Caldwell and the Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix. After some further exercises the alumni and faculty sat down to a dinner in the Armory after which toasts were responded to by the Hon. S. D. Halliday, Professor T. F. Crane, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President Seth Low of Columbia, Gen. A. C. Barnes, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, President Cyrus Northrop of Minnesota University, St. Clair McKelway, President James M. Taylor of Vassar, the Hon. Oscar S. Straus and Mr. Seward A. Simons. The Anniversary sermon was preached in the Armory on Sunday morning by Bishop Doane of Albany. The commemoratory services of the C. U. C. A. were held in Barnes Hall Sunday evening

and addresses were made by Professor G. L. Burr, Mr. J. P. Hall, Mr. J. R. Mott and Professor B. I. Wheeler.

The University gave a large reception to the members of the faculty and the alumni, in the Library on Friday evening, Oct. 6.

NEW BOOKS.

Abraham Lincoln. By John T. Morse, Jr. Two volumes; in American Statesmen series. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This new biography of Lincoln aims to give in brief compass suited to the popular reader, an unbiassed, intelligent estimate of America's greatest hero, written in the modern scientific spirit. This purpose has been fairly accomplished. The author has in the main restrained himself from apotheosizing Lincoln, after the manner of Nicolay and Hay, and some other writers. On the other hand he has not laid before his readers some of the painful, almost revolting details given by Herndon, Lamon, and others.

In his opening chapter Mr. Morse strikes the key-note of Lincoln's character,—his extraordinary sympathy with his environment, which made him so distinctively a "Man of the People." His exceptional susceptibility to the influence of his surroundings affords a rational explanation of the disagreeableness of his earlier days which some of his worshipping biographers prefer to overlook. . . . "If we reject this trait, we throw away the only key which unlocks the problems of a life which may have been content to regard as an unsolved enigma." (Vol. i, 33).

But Mr. Morse allows himself to be carried away more than once by the popular notion of a miraculous element in Lincoln's life, and by the time he has reached the final chapter of his work, he is so dazed by the vastness of Lincoln's influence on the history of mankind, that he wholly forgets his "key," and concludes with the following unsatisfactory opinion: "Let us take him simply as Abraham Lincoln, singular and solitary, as we all see that he was; let us be thankful if we can make a niche big enough for him among the world's heroes, without worrying ourselves about the proportion which it may bear to the other niches; and there let him remain forever,—lonely, as in his strange lifetime, impressive, mysterious, unmeasured and unsolved." (Vol. ii, 358).

Mr. Morse's treatment of the first forty years of Lincoln's life is hardly as full as it should be, but is otherwise very satisfactory. His tendency is the very opposite of encircling Lincoln's youth with a halo of glory. The reader's interest is kept up fairly well in such chapters as are naturally digressive, and his narrative is sound, readable and on the whole, stimulating.

Essays in Idleness. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Bos. and New York.

Whether the praises of a cat, Agrippina, or the praises of war engage our attention in this charming collection of essays, we are everywhere sensible of that touch, delicate yet firm, and that felicitous choice of expression which reveals the artist. The truths expressed are not new; there may at times be a suspicion of mild pedantry in the marshaling of quotations from literary authorities, chiefly, it will be noticed, of the modern school, but withal there is such a readableness about the book, such an evident genuine love of literature, such good taste, and, above all, such a charm of flexible English, it is hard to lay this little volume down unfinished, even though we have long since passed the time in which, as the author tells us, "it never occurred to me, not to finish every book that I began."

The abundance of charming touches tempts one to indefinite quotation, though indeed one cannot quote the atmosphere of these essays, without which they lose half their charm. And, lastly, there is about them a healthy optimism, very different from the spirit of much recent work that is, alas, too much like some sketches, the author tells us, "have deprived most of us of some cheerful hours." We can but wish many years of such idleness as will produce such essays.

Football. By Carl M. Johanson, Mills Bros. Ithaca.

With the new football season comes a new football book by our sturdy captain, "the Walter Camp of Cornell." It is, as the title page tells us, "a treatise on the game in detail, with hints on coaching and training and complete systems of offensive and defensive plays. Also containing the latest revised playing rules."

The volume is prefaced by a memorial of the late George P. Witherbee, the frontispiece being an admirable likeness of him. Mr. Johanson takes up the various positions of a team beginning with the ends, whom he evidently regards as the most important players in the line. He describes who and what every player ought to be, ends, tackles, guards, center, quarter, half and full backs. Then come chapters on training, tackling, signals and systems, the book concluding with the Football Rules of the American Intercollegiate Association.

The volume is a convenient, valuable and reliable manual of the game, embracing as it does the experience that has gone to raise Cornell to her present football status, and should be in the hands of every football enthusiast and especially every Cornell man.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York:

Greek Poets in English Verse by Various Translators. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by William Hyde Appleton, Professor of Greek in Swarthmore College.

Essays in Idleness. By Agnes Repplier.

Donald Marcy. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, Mass.:

History and Literature in Grammar Grades. By J. H. Phillips, Ph.D. (Monographs on Education).

Apperception: A Monograph on Psychology and Pedagogy. By Dr. Karl Lange. Translated by members of the Herbart Club. Edited by Charles De Garmo.

Petite Histoire de la Littérature Française. By Delphine Duval.

From Ginn & Co., Boston:

Practical Elements of Elocution. By Robert I. Fulton, A.M., and Thos. C. Trueblood, A.M., with an appendix by James W. Bashford, B.D., Ph.D.

Le Prise de la Bastille. Par J. Michelet. Edited by Jules Luquiens, Ph. D. Mod. Lang., Prof. Yale University.

Practical German Grammar. By Wm. Eysenbach. Wm. C. Collar, A.M. Revised by Clara S. Curtis.

Mills Bros., Ithaca, N. Y.:

Football. By Carl M. Johanson.

THE

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REVIVAL MEETING SKETCHES IN THE SOUTH.

Of the following article written some months ago, I wish to state explicitly by way of preface, two things that I may not have been skilful enough to set forth by implication in my paper.

In the first place I wish to assure any readers that I may have who may be inclined to regard the descriptions given of the excesses to be seen at these negro meetings as extravagant and sensational, that I have exaggerated nothing, that the account given is strictly as I saw and heard, that every detail is true and that many more such details might have been given had those arbitrary twins, time and space, permitted. Indeed, it would be impossible, even did one try, to exaggerate the fury and wild enthusiasm to be witnessed year after year, in large church and small church, in town and in country, of these protracted revival meetings among the negroes. I have attended many of them, some in several widely separated Southern States, and all are alike in character and motive. The meetings described, were the first of many that I was present at this past summer. I was always gladly welcomed by familiar voices and had every opportunity of

studying carefully the meetings themselves and of questioning and talking with the negroes out of the meetings.

In the second place, I wish to have it understood beyond the possibility of doubt, that I attended these meetings and wrote of them afterwards in no manner of ridicule but the very reverse. He would have to be of the most summer butterfly nature, indeed, to be moved to mere laughter by the really deeply impressive nature of these services. Ridiculous things happened certainly, ridiculous language was used, but it was seldom felt to be so, then and there. One forgot to smile when the preacher spoke of the death angel binding the toes of a man with his icy chains while with his "insecting knife" he "insected" his heart, forgot to smile when sisters suddenly threw themselves out into the aisles and went into wild dances and shrill screams of religious ecstacy. On the other hand one felt very grave and solemn when old women sobbingly prayed in their prayer-meetings, or told their "speriences" with tear-choked voice and dramatic, natural gestures. Moreover it would have been the meanest ingratitude to have accepted their cordial, publicly given welcome and then had thoughts of turning them to ridicule for the amusement of others. Nothing was further from me. I am fond of the negro, have nothing but good-will for his people. For many I have an affection that is very personal and sincere. For the old ones of them remaining I have an inherited tender feeling which they have always counted on and received for generations. I would make the path of every one of these old, faithful souls an easy one for them now that life begins to throw her final shadows about them, and after a long existence, they are left waiting for the morrow. For a true, inbred courtesy and refinement of soul, for a deep, unvarying good-breeding, for tenderness of heart, for a proud, unbending sense of honor, for a recognition in its highest sense that *noblesse oblige*, I know of no truer examples than the old-time southern gentleman and his old-time negro servant.

—*R. A. B.*

WHILE the impressions are yet fresh in my memory, I wish to write something about a series of protracted negro meetings that I have been attending during these beautiful, southern July moonlight nights. They were very amusing, very interesting, and also very saddening in the considerations they forced upon the mind. In these days when the printer's ink of America is blackened by the liberal contributions of the "Negro Question," ofttimes by those as well qualified to speak on the subject as Pope was qualified to translate Homer, I feel sure that a plain account of anything as truly characteristic of the negro as are his religious observances must be of some value in furthering a true estimate of this peculiar people. For, until there comes to be a true estimate of the negro as he exists in his mass of millions throughout the South, all this more or less earnest chatter about his material and moral elevation, which has for so long agitated the country, will be as profitable, as pregnant of good results to the negro as the spinning of any other theories out of ignorance, sentiment, and moonshine. For the white people of America to substantially help the negro, he must be understood by them, and to be understood it is necessary that he be known. Otherwise, to write books and essays about the negro is but throwing chaff upon the winds and blinding eyes instead of opening them.

Of recent years there has been a very wide-spread awakening of an intelligent interest throughout the North concerning southern matters, including, of course, as the Hamlet of the interest, the question of the negro. It is to me one of the most hopeful features in the future of the South, this growth of a live, healthy interest among the northern people relative to all things southern, from the recent wonderful material progress of the South in many ways, even to a questioning interest into the older order of things, always so little understood, so greatly misunderstood at the North. This desire to *know* is indeed a hopeful sign, for the gratification of the desire and the acquirement of the knowledge, is every day bringing home to the northern mind, and is destined still further so to bring home, certain facts and truths about the South than the full understanding of which nothing could benefit her more, nothing redound more to her own good name and

fame. And in this more healthy, this truer understanding of the South than has heretofore existed, the negro also comes in for his share of the doubts of a comprehensive understanding of his nature and life by the people of the North, to whom he really is, and ever has been, almost as little known and comprehended as the possible inhabitants of Mars. This lack of definite knowledge throughout the North concerning the South is almost disheartening. The dearth of trustworthy information, of information that the northern people themselves feel to be trustworthy, relative to southern life, customs and habits, to southern weather, scenery and climate, to southern disposition, characteristics and refinement, is almost inconceivable, and when put to a visiting southerner in the form of questions becomes positively paralyzing. And this I affirm, not of the lower classes of northern society but of the very superior classes of her intellect and refinement. That it is likewise so among the lower classes is a foregone conclusion. That this is a very significant fact,—and to the best of my knowledge I believe it to be undoubtedly a fact,—need not be stated. Neither of *what* it is significant. But just as true is it, and a natural outcome of the former fact, that there is now this widespread and widespreading interest observable to-day throughout the North.

Now it may be very wisely doubted if the North, or any other people, can ever understand the negro until it has lived among them hand to hand as have the southern people, lived among them not as they to a greater degree have adapted themselves to the civilization about them, but lived among this peculiar race as they to a lesser degree have become weaned from their own characteristics, inborn customs, and instinctive, natural tendencies. The negro is not easily understood, simple as his nature at first glance may appear. Even to us of the South, who for generations have been so intimately associated with him, at this day there occasionally occurs among us an heretofore unheard of negro tradition or belief, a new old custom (if I may so wed the words), lying hidden through all these years of close contact and friendly intimacy. For with all of their freeness of nature and lightness of heart, there is yet in the negro a peculiar secretiveness due to causes lying much farther back than his American servitude. It

is but a savage instinct uneradicated, to be found in its greatest force to-day, where the negro himself was found, in African savagery. It is thus, that when a stranger to the South asks in all seriousness for information as to the status of the mass of the negroes there, unless a very definite idea is held as to what "the mass of negroes" really means,—and it is very difficult to have any idea of this term unless by actual experience,—an attempted answer becomes almost impracticable, and is sure to be disappointing, and most probably disbelieved. The mass! If the North could but realize what that mass always has been, and is, much light indeed might break over the darkness. If she would but be willing to look upon the negro at a distance as she is only too willing to look upon him at home, through non-prismatic glasses, to look upon him as he is and not as he has been falsely pictured, throwing aside a blinding sentimentality and be content to regard him as he really exists in all of his, alas, too great depravity and mental and moral servitude, not clothing his case with imaginary, brightly tinctured woes and oppressious, then, indeed, we might hope for something like a reasonable estimate of the negro in that section of the land.

But I wish to recount now as simply as I can, one phase of the negro's life, a very important and characteristic phase, his religious rites. With the average negro his religious feeling is a thing altogether distinct and apart from his morality. This is more or less so with all primitive races; it is especially true of the negro. Men of the most revolting immoralities are sometimes their preachers. No petty crime or crimes, are considered a bar to the most intense religious enthusiasm, the greatest reprobate prays in public for sinners in general, announcing that his or her own feet are "firm on de rock of eternal ages," that they "love Jesus" and are sure he has saved them, etc., and this same man and woman goes out and continues the same evil course of life. Realizing this truth, and further realizing that it is only from their pulpits that the younger generations of negroes hear any moral exhortations whatever, or come into the faintest touch with moral teaching, we may then the better realize how it is that throughout the broad South to-day there lowers a shame that darkens the country's fame and makes the boast of liberty assume an awful irony. Never before

in all the proud history of the Southern States has it been, as it now is, a terrible fact that white women of the first social standing in the land, dare not walk alone upon a country road in broadest daylight, nay, more, dare not drive alone with negro coachmen in their carriages. Blacker than any political shadow that he may cast, or ever cast, blacker, far blacker is this nameless terror that begins to clothe the negro citizen with a pall of midnight horror and alarm. Their religion, unhappily, is not fitted to restrain. It is itself a religion of excess, passionate fervor, and excitement. Its immediate stimulus withdrawn, its effects also cease. At its best it is a religion of terror. Fright makes conversions, but fright passes away. Of course, I am speaking of the more ignorant ones and the younger generations of the masses. With the older negroes and more intelligent of the younger ones this is not so much the case. Let us look now at this religion.

For over three weeks "revival meetings" have been carried on, this season of the year being the usual time for them,—beginning as soon after sunset as the people could gather, and lasting on until after midnight, being held first in one little church and then in another. Hearing one morning from the servants that "'speriences" had been told the night before by some of the old brothers and sisters, I determined to go the next night in the expectation of hearing more. In this expectation I was that night disappointed, "'speriences" not being called for, but I heard two lengthy sermons, much praying and singing, unmeasured Holy Laughing, moaning and groaning, and witnessed that peculiar working of the Spirit upon two young women, commonly known as "feelin' happy" or "gittin' religion."

The little church where these meetings were conducted, bears the rather graceful name of "Holly Springs," and lies in its narrow clearing among the forest trees two miles and a half below the "Big House" of the plantation and down an almost level stretch of sandy road running through thick woods of oak and pine and past wide fields of corn and cotton. Nothing could be more simple than this plain, unpainted little church, devoid inside as well as outside of any ornamentation, with its smoke-stained raftered ceiling, wooden benches, slightly raised platform and desk, and its two hanging lamps. Over the window be-

hind the pulpit are painted in white letters on a black board, in none too even characters, the words; "Come One, Come All." This, with a cover of red cloth for the desk is the sole attempt at decoration that the church shows.

Although it was about ten o'clock when I reached the church, the first sermon was just well under headway, and the windows and door being open and low to the ground, I posted myself where I could get a view of the entire congregation as well as of the three ministers. Gathered together in the "Amen Corners" and just before the pulpit were many old familiar faces. There was "Aunt Susan" of kitchen royalty, old Cummings of ante-bellum carriage-box fame, Shadrack, whose prayers mingled nightly with the music of the winds, old Minerva, picturesque with pine torch, elders and deacons in all the dignity and responsibility of pillars of the church. Scattered about through the audience were many other well known faces male and female, from the old gray heads to the ungodly young men who, if they had not come to scoff, at any rate did not remain to pray.

It was not long to wait to learn the text, it being returned to from time to time with a reiteration as unfailing as the rattle of a loose spoke in a revolving wheel. It was: "O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" At the conclusion of every paragraph, so to speak, of the preacher's sermon, he would repeat the text in a peculiarly dispassionate voice when compared to his tones before and after. Let me attempt to describe this preacher, the only one of half a dozen or more that I heard at this series of meetings in any way specially remarkable as to personal appearance. He was a middle-aged man, tall, loose-jointed, of a good unadulterated ebon complexion, with a falling lower jaw, a mouth that yawned between protruding red lips and made to appear larger by the absence of all front teeth between canine and canine, with prominent cheek bones, rolling eyes, and lofty forehead crowned by a tuft of thick wool. He was clothed in a suit of funereal black with coat skirts so long that despite their age they were once more in fashion, and wore a white shirt and collar without any cravat. In his hand was the invariable large handkerchief, which he applied constantly to his dripping forehead. A man who would not attract attention

among a number of his race while the muscles of his face lay passive, but a man whose features became terrible when working under the fierce emotions of his religious fanaticism as on this night. I saw at a glance that he was one of the genuine shouting class, one of the harrowing sort, though indeed they are all so, relying on their power of terrifying and stirring up the emotions of their hearers for their success in "winning souls." I was not mistaken in this case. Though no short-hand reporter could ever have hoped to stem the tide of his rapid, impassioned, delirious flood of utterance,—indeed it was impossible to catch all of the half smothered words,—the audience was soon rocking responsive to the awful adjurations of the preacher as he in flaming words and screaming tones depicted to it the state of all those who would not be saved, how the hell hounds would tear them, how the lake was burning with sulphur and brimstone, and that Jesus would not listen to their cries, "no, by no means, not at all." Shrill cries of "Yes!" "Dat's so!" "Lawd hear!" "Amen!" "Listen, Jesus!" with groans and at times loud laughs, came from the men and women seated about the pulpit, and incited the preacher to renewed efforts. Now and again, in calmer moments, he would bob down out of sight behind the desk, clear his throat and rise up sponging off his streaming face, repeat his text, and again be carried away on the boiling waves of his passion, pausing not even to draw breath, shrieking, screaming, shouting, picturing the awful horrors of hell and damnation, on and on, playing upon the responsive minds of his hearers, his eyeballs protruding, the light falling upon his face from the swinging lamp and revealing a countenance to shudder at. It seemed as though his thoughts of hell and all its misery so vivid to his imagination were reacting upon his own features, making them diabolical and hideous.

When his sermon was over, a younger man rose and read out a hymn, reading it, withal, very well, though with the peculiar sing-song common to the race. The music served as an outlet for the wrought-up feelings of the audience, and the strange, weird melody rose and fell, swayed and was hushed in a passionate sympathy above all art. When the hymn was over, the people broke into one tune after another, and in the open space

before the pulpit an old, gray headed man, upright and true as steel, an old time family servant, was dancing to and fro, keeping time to the passionate music in a kind of minuet, grasping now the hand of a sister, now the hand of a brother, singing all the while himself. Soon others joined him and the music went on. All of these songs are genuine negro songs, wild alike in words and melody, and entered into with a zest and fervor not given to the hymns that the preacher reads, two lines at a time, from the hymn book. These latter are sung to long, or short, or common "measure," which term really has no meaning to the negroes, they singing them in a long drawn out quavering music that is impressive but not as inspiriting as their own lively, rapid melodies, which are peculiarly sweet and sympathetic, and which, moreover, the people know by heart and in which they can follow their leaders without interruption from one tune to another. Here are a few of them stripped of their potent magical melody :

Nebber see de like sence I been born
People keep er comin' an' de train done gone,
Little David play on yo' harp
Little David, Little David
Play on yo' harp, halleluiah !

Meshach, Shadrach an' Abednego
All walk tugedder on de fiery sho'
Little David play on yo' harp, etc.

Ef yuh git dere before I do
Tell my Lawd I'm er comin' too,
Little David play on yo' harp, etc.

Ef yuh wants tu git tu Heaven lemme tell yuh how
Jes' keep yo' hands on de gospel plow,
Little David play on yo' harp, etc.

Little turkel dove done flopped his wing
Way en de Heavens whar I'se gwine tu sing
Little David play on yo' harp, etc.

Ef yuh wants tu see ole Satan run
Jes' pull de trigger on de gospel gun,
Little David play on yo' harp, etc.

Ole Satan like er snake en de grass,
Always er stoppin' en de Christian's pass,
Little David play on yo' harp, etc.

Don't yuh hear dem horses' feet
Comin' down de golden street?
Little David play on yo' harp, etc.

Jordan's stream is deep an' wide
None can cross it but de sanctified,
Little David play on yo' harp, etc.

The words to this particular song are interminable.

Another song was:

Gimme dat ole time religion,
Gimme dat ole time religion,
Gimme dat ole time religion,
Hit's good enough fur me.

Oh! hit was good for de Hebrew children,
Oh! hit was good for de Hebrew children,
Oh! hit was good for de Hebrew children.
Hit's good enough fur me.

Yes, hit was good when de elements melted,
Yes, hit was good when de elements melted,
Yes, hit was good when de elements melted,
Hit's good enough for me.

etc., etc.

Another spirited tune was to these words:

Dry bones lyin' en de valley,
Dry bones lyin' en de valley,
Dry bones lyin' en de valley,
Comin' tugedder en de mornin'.

Go Mary an' ring de bell,
Go Mary an' ring de bell,
Go Mary an' ring de bell,
Comin' tugedder en de mornin'.

Go Gabriel an' blow yo' horn, etc., etc.

Another very stiring tune carried these words :

Weepin' Mary don't yuh weep no more, weep no more,
Weepin' Mary don't yuh weep no more, weep no more,
Weepin' Mary, Weepin' Mary,
Weepin' Mary, Weepin' Mary,
Weepin' Mary don't yuh weep no more.

2.

Doubtin' Thomas don't you doubt no more, etc.

3.

Writin' Johnnie don't yuh write no more, etc.

4.

I am goin' where de wind don't blow, etc.

Among a dozen of these songs, a sister rose up, and in a brief pause, sang :

Some says gimme silver
An' some says gimme gol'
But I say gimme Jesus
He's precious tu my soul.

Another very beautiful tune was sung to these words :

Yuh talk about shoutin' here below,
Jes' put on yo' garments sinner-man,
Jes' wait till we gits on de odder sho'
Jes, put on yo' garments sinner-man.

I'm troubled with 'flictions jes' like Job
Jes' put on yo' garments sinner-man,
I want to go to Heaven tu wear my robe
Jes' put on yo' garments sinner-man.

Whenebber we reach de mountain top,
Jes' put on yo' garments sinner-man,
Gawd's gwine tu speak an' de chariot stop,
Jes' put on yo' garments sinner-man.

Another song was :

One o' dese days I'm gwine away
Won't be back till de Judgment day
Jesus locked de lion's jaw.

I am Baptist bred, I am Baptist born
An' when I am dead 'tis a Baptist dead an' gone,
Jesus locked de lion's jaw.

Mind my brudder yuh walk upon de cross,
Yo' foot might slip an' yo' soul git lost,
Jesus locked the lion's jaw.

And this last verse which is so delightfully negro :

Although yuh see me gwine on so
I has my troubles here below.
Jesus locked de lion's jaw.

These are but a few of these peculiar songs, and bear a poor resemblance to what they were when poured forth by that enthusiastic crowd of negroes whose bodies rocked back and forth to the music and whose feet beat harmonious time upon the hard floor.

—*Robert Adger Bowen.*

To be concluded.

WHEN EVENING FALLS.

When evening falls what joys will fade away ?
What thoughts will vanish with the busy day ?
What hopeful visions of the night before
Await to haunt us at the chamber door,
When evening falls ?

To-day is fortune open unto all,
To-day we gaily rise or sadly fall.
The moments fly, what cometh, who can say,
When evening falls ?

To-day, to-day, ambition doth arise !
To-day, to-day, our hopes are sunny skies ;
And swiftly as the night-born fancies flee
We face the world, and stern reality,
And scorn to fear our own defeated cries,
When evening falls.

—*Norman Hutchinson, '97.*

MY SPELLING REFORM.

A RECENT number of one of our humorous papers offered the following situation for the reader's amusement. The scene is the office of some business firm. A corresponding clerk calls out to his associate at the next desk, "I say, how do you spell received: e-i or i-e?" "E-i" is the answer. "So I thought, thank you. That's the way I wrote it." And for the next few minutes there is silence, interrupted only by the gentle sound of a knife-blade applied to the manuscript.

The reason the editor printed the little story was that he knew it would touch a responsive chord in the hearts of many of his readers. We are all uncertain at times whether it is e-i or i-e that has been sanctioned by Johnson and Webster, and are equally unwilling to admit our uncertainty. Some words we are forced to avoid, as the hardware dealer in the story avoided the plural of tailor's goose. At other times we conceal our uncertainty by scribbling two collapsed loops, leaving our correspondent to take his choice. When there is no other help for it the great dictionary, "authentic, unabridged, revised, and enlarged," must be consulted, at the cost of interruption and some effort.

In all this wretchedness, any way out of the difficulty ought to be welcome. Strangely enough, however, each new proposition for simplifying and revising our spelling has been ridiculed or frowned down, or snowed under by voluminous argument of its failure. Webster himself was obliged to retract his very logical abbreviation of the work *height*. Mr. Furnivall and Professor March continue to write their preterites with *t*, but the name of their followers is not legion. Why is the spelling reformer thus unsuccessful? It must be because he has not considered all sides of the question; a frequent enough source of failure in many classes of effort. Now the problem is in this case triangular; there are three factors to be considered. The first is the language whose spelling is to be reformed. All spelling reformers have given this factor more or less consideration. The second is the spelling reformer himself, who is certainly, in return for his efforts, worthy of some consideration, though the world often decides differently. But the third factor has been, so far as I can see, totally disregarded. This is the person who is to do the spelling. He cannot

be won over by merely telling him that the new method will be easier. To all appearances it is not so easy to read, and must at first be harder to write. Beside this, he frequently knows how to spell in the ordinary fashion, or thinks he does, and feels that he does not need a new system. If a man prides himself on his knowledge of spelling, it is carrying coals to Newcastle to offer to advance him in the art. More than this is required to obtain followers. Their personal interest must be appealed to more strongly. Herein consists the peculiar attractiveness of my proposition for spelling reform, an attractiveness of which I attempt below to convince my reader. If he be not convinced, let him still thumb the pages of his dictonary, but deny me not my property in this novel proposition, "an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own."

At the risk of wearying the reader with a matter already familiar, I must preface my argument with a very brief notice of the present state of the spelling of the English language, before going on to present the remedy which is to reduce this chaos to a system. Recall, reader, your earliest struggles with the spelling book, and you will agree with the authorities that the present system of spelling our language is unfortunate; perhaps the most ingeniously unfortunate that could have been devised. To spell English correctly might be called an liberal education, as it involves a knowledge of half a dozen other languages, not one of which, we find in our progress, labors under the difficulties of our own. And not only this, but the very monosyllables are pitfalls and snares for the unwary. For instance, we have words which are spelled in the same way and pronounced differently, to correspond to different meanings: *lead, lead; read, read; aye, aye.* Sometimes the meanings are the same: *vase, vase; route, route.* The difference here is said to be one of culture; it is at least geographical. Other words are pronounced alike and spelled differently. I might cite *sight* and *site; corse, coarse, course.* Again, we have words historically distinct that have come to be written and pronounced as if they were one; for example, *cock*, which has five or six meanings, and *rail*, which has three. These are mere curiosities, one may reply, and do not give us trouble. Perhaps not, now at least, but they are also absurdities, and have troubled us enough in time past.

To continue the consideration of the defects of our conventional

spelling, no examples are needed to attest that in a large number of our words the spelling differs from the pronunciation by reason of the presence of silent letters, so-called. The object of a letter being to represent a sound, the silent letter is easily seen to be the most unwarranted superfluity on earth. At the present cost of type-setting, the silent letters benefit no one but the printer, and him only in that they increase the price of books. What would one think of silent notes in a musical score, or of silent strings in a piano (of one's own)? Our unphonetic spellings sometimes record etymologies, but only such as would be obvious without them, or such as are incorrect with them. Of the latter kind are *style*, *cinder*, and *scissors*. As soon as we try to group words together we fall into some trap, and how much worse fares the child or the foreigner, who can neither pronounce an unfamiliar printed word nor spell one dictated.

What are the results of this lack of system? Half of letter-writing humanity keeps the spelling book on its desk. Give a friend a little "Writer's Companion," or work of similar title, on a birthday and you will most likely receive a note of thanks. The proceeding, though it implies the need of a lexicon, seems entirely natural, but you would hesitate to make any one a present of "Social Usage" or "Don't." The fact is that scarcely any one professes to know how to spell. A man acutely sensitive on this point is made miserable every time he receives a letter. The college graduate does not escape, sometimes not even his guide in the path of knowledge. History records among her gossip that Pope could not spell, nor Scott, nor Sheridan, and Artemus Ward has added, Chaucer. In the parlor car the traveler has offered him by the news-vender a ten cent spelling book, and is not offended. In many cases he buys a copy.

The child is made wretched by this system. At the age of six he is given a cooky for learning to spell *cat*. In this admirable example a letter whose name is pronounced with the sound of *s* spells a word whose first sound is that of *k*, and the vowel sound in the word is nothing like the one in the spelling. The *t*, let us admit, is all right. At seventeen or eighteen he cannot spell, but he can enter college, where a committee appointed by the trustees examines his spelling and has it photo-engraved as a warning, or one of the professors bases a twenty page article

on his answers to a set of simple questions. At twenty-one or two he can be graduated, but he cannot spell. Later he falls under the spell of some loved one, and marries; the same succession of events is repeated with his children, who by no means learn the art of spelling from their mother. At present, outside of school-ma'ams and proof readers, with some college prize-men whom the gods love, no one can spell the English language.

How different is the case elswhere. The French can spell, so can the Germans, so can the Chinese, as far as we know. Not only that, but we can often spell foreign languages with greater accuracy than we can our own. If we do hesitate a moment between *ächt* and *echt*, we find out later that it makes no difference. To be sure we are puzzled by the number of *p*'s in *développpement* and of *d*'s in *adresser*, and we may even rise to the knowledge that the Spaniards have but one *l* in their *coleccion*, but this is nothing to our struggles (or those of our neighbors) with word after word in English. And these very peoples, whose spellings appear so rational to us, are fully alive to the few defects that may exist in their systems. Some ten years ago the Germans dropped the parasitic *h* in *Teil*, and simplified their double vowels. Something of the same sort is now planned in France. Let America not lag behind.

Why is our spelling as it is? First man had speech, then a method of writing, which gradually became alphabetic. He heard the sound of his word, and wrote down the corresponding signs. In these halcyon days every one not deaf could spell. The trouble is, that though the sounds have since changed, we have kept the old symbols. We write our words, roughly speaking, as they were pronounced three centuries ago. This sort of thing will pursue the evil tenor of its way forever, unless some one steps in and bids it halt. . . . . .

After this long introduction, which I trust has put the reader in a receptive and submissive frame of mind, I must state my innovation in the briefest terms. It is this: that instead of trying to get on with our present system alone, or with an outlandish system of purely phonetic symbols alone, we adopt BOTH. Let them be related to each other as the dress coat to the sack coat, or the carriage to the cart. Preserve by all means our present spelling. It is the product of the wisdom of the ages. It supplies amusement

to the most *blasé* intellect. Let it continue to be the *talon rouge* of intelligence, the badge of education and culture. But do not exact it of the handbill or of the business communication from your tailor. On the other hand, let there be adopted a standard system of phonetic spelling, such as no man can fail to grasp in a few minutes. Let this be any of the systems so far proposed, provided that it be consistent and comprehensive. For example, we may write with Mr. Ellis:

"Dhi eer rikwei'rz much training, bifoa'r it iz aibl too apree'-shiait mineu't shaidz of sound, dhoa it redili diskrim'inaits braud diferensez."

This, reader, is Glossic Spelling.

In a remarkable pamphlet subsequently published, Mr. Ellis advocated and exhibited a different form of orthography, of which an example follows:

"A parshal chainj appéerz too me unadveizabl. Dhát wuud obléij aul nomic reiterz too lurn a new speling. A compléet chainj, such az dhát heer ádvocaited, leevz dhe oald reiterz untútcht. Dhay can 'reed dhe new speling widhout díficulty, and wil never be compéld too 'reit it. But dhoaz hoo can at prezent needher reed nor reit, wil be saivd dhe enormus trubl which dhe nomic reiterz underwént of lurning too spel."

This is "Dimidiun Speling." Shall I continue with the pleasant prospect? Here is Professor Skeat's modification of Mr. Sweet's "romic":

> "dhə kombæt diipnz, on yii breiv,
> huu rəsh tu glaori aoə dhə greiv,
> weiv, Myuunik, aol dhai bænəəz weiv,
> ən' chaaj widh aol dhai shivəlri."

There are other systems, but one of these would do very nicely. In this kind of spelling could be published say the New York *World*, E. P. Roe's novels, and the *War Cry*; the *Congressional Record*, and *Rules and Regulations for the Guidance of Students*; in short, any work of an ephemeral, official, or non-literary nature. A knowledge of the demotic spelling, as we might call it, could be imparted in the very first year of the primary school, and I have reason to believe would never desert one. Prescribed by the law of the state, it would soon become the recognized medium of communication between persons not especially entitled to dis-

tinction and from inferiors to superiors. In the present system of spelling, which let us style by contrast the hieratic, could be published the *Evening Post*, the *Philosophical Review*, the *Cornell Sun*, Chesterfield's *Letters*, and in general what is elegantly termed polite literature. Besides these, the correspondence of the Four Hundred would of course be carried on in hieratic.

My proposition, then, is that we have two recognized systems of spelling: the one so easy that no one can fail to acquire it, the other so fashionable that no one can afford to do without it. This will bring about the millennium of spelling. No man will be unable to spell, for the demotic method shall be capable of acquisition by the humblest intelligence. Nor will any man be without inducement to master all the intricacies of Websterian orthography, for by so doing he will be able to guarantee himself an unimpeachable social standing. Are we not all anxious to prove ourselves better than our neighbors? My reform combines this pleasure with the business of learning to spell. *Ornithorhynchus* will be easy to the children of the more favored era. Who will be the first to enroll himself under the banner of this new crusade?

—*William Strunk, jr.*

A PROMISE.

Years and years ago she said—
Promised, bending low her head:
  I love you—only—for all time.
  O'erhead the birds broke forth in rhyme,
That summer evening, long years fled,
The roses sweeter fragrance shed—
The blushing roses long since dead,
  Above the wall they used to climb
    Years and years ago.

Our lives through rugged paths have led;
Now flowers above her narrow bed
  Bloom always in that southern clime,
  But memory still dwells on the time—
The echo of the words she said
    Years and years ago.

—*Edward A. Raleigh.*

A SCIENTIFIC WOOING.

Concluded.

V.

THE next day we drove over to get the disabled bicycle, and saw the Furnesses. The doctor himself was there and mightily inclined to engage in a good-humored chuckle over Tom's accident. We chatted a few minutes, and the doctor's cordial invitation to come again put Tom in a very satisfied mood as we drove home.

A few days later we made a longer call and before we left Dr. Furness came in. The great Homestead strike had just been ordered and the papers were full of accounts from the scene of disturbance. The doctor spoke of it.

"We shall never be free from these disturbances until every man has a chance to own some of the soil of his country" said he, with the positiveness of an older man addressing his juniors.

"But how is that to be brought about, doctor?" asked Tom.

"By taxing idle and unoccupied land until its owners will be glad to dispose of it to someone who will use it."

"You are a believer in Henry George's theories?" I questioned.

"Yes," said he, "in most of them concerning the ownership of land," and he thereupon launched out into such an eloquent disquisition upon the beauties of the single tax that it was evident we had touched upon his hobby.

The next morning after breakfast, Tom said:

"Have you a copy of George's *Progress and Poverty* in your library?"

"I think so. Are you going to turn reformer?"

"Hardly. But I think I'll load up for Dr. Furness's benefit. If he's always as full of Henry George as he was last night, it may be convenient to know what he's talking about."

So Tom read *Progress and Poverty* for a few days, and improved his mind for succeeding encounters with the redoubtable doctor.

He made his next visit alone and soon after he returned I found him pulling over some dusty Baedekers which he had fished out of the back of one of the book-cases.

"What now?" I asked. "Planning your wedding trip already?"

He laughed.

"Not quite. But Mrs. Furness and her daughter have traveled considerably in Northern Germany and the Rhine district, and I think with the aid of Herr Karl's collection of facts I can recall enough details of my visit to Germany to be able to spin unlimited yarns of travel and adventure."

The next few weeks showed the fruits of Tom's foresight in these matters. He became a frequent and welcome visitor at the home of the Furnesses, nor did he make himself agreeable to Miss Furness alone. He was always ready to engage in a discussion with Furness *père* over the Georgian theories of rent and capital, or kindred topics; and the modesty, attention and tact which he showed in these encounters quite won the doctor's heart. Nor was Mrs. Furness less pleased with the young man's evident interest and appreciation of her reminiscences of Frankfort and Strassburg, and his charming deference to her unflattering opinions of the Metz cathedral and Rhenish hotels.

With Miss Ellen he naturally did not find it necessary to "prepare" himself so carefully, but he studied even her likes and dislikes thoroughly. Her admission that Shelley was her favorite poet gave him a pang as to her taste, but caused him several busy hours in becoming quotably familiar with *Prometheus Unbound*, and *The Cenci*. With her music he was more in sympathy and Fairview was ransacked by him for duets suited to their voices. They sang together well, and if an occasional tender tone in his voice or soft light in her eyes was not entirely essential to the spirit of the song, there were none curious enough to seek other cause for it.

So the July days passed and the August days came, and Tom's visits to Hartshire became more and more frequent. Kate, who had formed an acquaintance with Miss Furness that was rapidly developing into friendship, found as many good qualities in Miss Ellen as did Tom himself. She tried to tease the latter by declaring that she caught him addressing a letter to "Heartshire," and that for such hot weather his interest in "Furnesses" was very absurd, but Tom was absolutely insensible to such arts.

VI.

There was just one cloud in Tom's sky. He had a rival, a certain Mr. Grey, who had been present at the time of the bicycle episode and whose orbit crossed Tom's at Dr. Furness's several times thereafter. Tom took a savage delight in talking over his head, but the effect of his conversational pyrotechnics was often wholly marred by some cheerful commonplace of the latter, whose eminently practical nature failed to appreciate Tom's poetic flights.

It was quite evident, too, that Miss Ellen was not entirely averse to seeing Tom humiliated occasionally, much as she enjoyed his customary assurance. Once or twice he was rash enough to try conclusions with "that beast Grey," upon questions that could be settled by an appeal to facts, but here he was so badly worsted that he made himself ridiculous. Decidedly Mr. Grey was not a factor who could be ignored or relegated to other realms at a wish.

"Confound that Grey," said he, after retiring from a conversation in which that gentleman had convicted Tom, out of his own mouth, of inconsistency little less than fabulous, "Confound his logic. Why, he's a walking *Brittanica*. You can't use any little artistic touch in conversation but what he's right down on you with the facts."

"Artistic touch" was a particular naïve euphemism, in view of all that it covered.

"You don't think Miss Furness has the bad taste to prefer him to your own fascinating self, do you?" I asked, incredulously.

"I don't know," said he doubtfully, "most girls don't care a cent about brains, over and above the amount that can be devoted to themselves. But Miss Furness is so very sensible."

"Humble-pie at last, Tom," said I. "Who would have thought two years ago of hearing the versatile Tom Fairbanks complain of being at a disadvantage with a girl because she was sensible?"

He laughed a little shamefacedly.

"I feel rather ashamed to do it, but—I'm going to find out which Miss Furness likes the best, Grey or myself."

"And if it is Grey?"

"Then my curiosity is satisfied."

"And if not?"

"The field of inquiry is still open."

I faced him.

"Say, Tom, why are you so anxious to know that young lady's opinion on such matters? Suppose I commission myself to find out which you like better, Ellen Furness or—some one else?

He laughed appreciatively.

"That sounds fair, certainly. To tell the truth, I don't think I like anyone better than Ellen Furness, nor am I at all sure that I like Ellen Furness better than—someone. I've thought I was in love before now, and like enough it may not be the genuine article this time. But I want to know Miss Furness better, and while I am accomplishing this I may as well try to find out just where I stand in her esteem."

"How are you going to find out what you want to know? Some mind reading scheme?"

"Would that I could! Romantic, but unreliable. No, I shall have to stick to ancient methods."

A few days later we received invitations to a party given by the Miss Chester who had been with Miss Furness at the time of Tom's accident. Since that memorable event we had met her in Hartshire, where she lived, several times, and had become quite well acquainted. At odd moments, Tom, true to his habits, had conducted a mild flirtation with her, into the spirit of which she had entered with a zest well within the bounds of propriety.

During the week that followed the receipt of the invitations Tom worshipped at the Furness shrine with unusual assiduity.

As we were dressing, on the evening of the party, I said to him.

"Will you let me have a dance with Miss Furness?"

"Ask Grey," said he lightly, "It's his inning to-night."

"How's that?"

He smiled oddly but made no reply.

For the first few dances I was too much absorbed in my own affairs to notice what Tom was doing, but when I did chance to discover him he was tete-a-tete with Miss Chester, talking in a vivacious strain that brought a glow of pleasurable excitement to the face of his companion. By a natural association of ideas I looked about for Miss Furness. She was dancing with Mr. Grey,

but casting occasional glances over the shoulder of her partner toward Tom's corner.

As the evening wore on Tom's attention to Miss Chester continued. He monopolized nearly all the time she could spare from her guests, and devoted himself to her entertainment with a magnetic enthusiasm as flattering as it was effective. Not once did I see him with Miss Furness.

The evening was nearly over when Kate came to me, and said, as her partner excused himself:

"Take me out on the piazza, George. It's close in here."

We stepped through one of the long open casements and out upon the veranda. Kate laid her hand upon my arm.

"What is the matter between Mr. Fairbanks and Ellen Furness? Why hasn't he been near her to-night, and why is he flirting so desperately with Miss Chester?"

I lied. I said I hadn't noticed it.

"Haven't noticed it! My dear misguided brother, let me show you something. Look in here."

From the shadow of the piazza we looked back through the open window.

"Do you see Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Chester?"

It was near the end of a dance, but few couples were upon the floor and every motion of those dancing could be easily seen. Tom and Miss Chester were waltzing together, a picture of delicious, gliding, rhythmic motion. He was speaking softly in her ear, his head bent slightly forward, and a few lightly floating golden threads of hair just touching his lips as they moved. The flitting to and fro of color in her face, the light in her eye, and the pleased appreciativeness of the glance which ever and anon sought his, showed that neither understanding was dumb nor feeling irresponsive to his words. The arm about her slight form, the deferential bowing of the head, the care with which he guided her step, all gave the impression of a tender, half-solicitous caress.

In admiration I watched them.

"Now look at Mr. Grey and Miss Furness."

Obediently my eyes sought the other couple. They were sitting a little apart from the rest and Mr. Grey was talking steadily on, seemingly unmindful of his companion's ill concealed lack of in-

terest. She paid a forced and mechanical attention to what he was saying, and her eyes occasionally strayed around the room, resting for an instant each time upon the couple I had been looking at a moment before. Once she met Tom's eye, and instantly she devoted a smiling attention to the late ill-heeded remarks of her partner, and to all appearance had eyes or ears for no one else.

"An interesting study of human nature," said I, with the unfortunate inaptness of people who feel they must say something.

"Interesting, do you call it? *I* think it is downright mean. If Mr. Fairbanks must have a new conquest every week he might at least do his flirting with those who can appreciate that style of amusement, and let girls like Ellen Furness alone. He hasn't as much true manliness about him as I hoped to find in my brother's friends."

Kate's face glowed with righteous indignation, and I could not feel that the final cut which had reached me over Tom's shoulders was entirely undeserved.

I made some half-hearted apology for Tom, and as the music ceased we saw him and Miss Chester pass out of the room. The first strains of "Mia Bella" were arising from the orchestra when he reappeared through another entrance alone, and approaching Miss Furness from behind suddenly leaned over and spoke to her. She started and a quick color tinged her cheek. Then she arose and together they moved out among the gathering dancers.

Kate's partner claimed her, and I sought mine. As we moved about upon the floor I endeavored to keep half an eye upon Tom and Miss Ellen. He was to all appearance as chatty and attentive as he had been to Miss Chester a few minutes before. But Miss Furness was far from responding in the same vein as her rival. She was silent and abstracted, speaking occasionally in monosyllables, and seemed relieved when the dance was at an end.

Half an hour later the company broke up. Tom asked me to wait a few minutes while he spoke to Miss Ellen. He was absent a very short time and returned looking somewhat depressed. We drove home very quietly, and Tom said never a word, until, as we were hanging up our dress coats, I said to him:

"Do you call your experiment a success?"

Then he stopped, looked at me and said deliberately:

"George, don't ever be too sharp. It is a great deal worse than stupidity."

VII.

Tom returned from his next visit to Hartshire in a more communicative mood.

"Miss Furness received me with as much politeness and formality as if I had been a bashaw with nine tails. For about twenty minutes we talked on neutral subjects in a style that might have been taken from the *Complete Letter Writer.* Then just as Miss Dignity began to thaw out Mr. Grey came, and that gave me an opportunity to retire in good order."

Such was the account he gave when we were alone together.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I said, with what severity I could muster.

"O, I don't call myself a hero, but then I'm not a villain. With no bad intentions I tried to find out something and succeeded. I don't think Miss Ellen is mortally offended, and so no harm's done."

From which complacent attitude he was not to be moved.

But it proved more difficult than he had imagined fully to redeem himself in the eyes of Miss Furness. She was friendly and even cordial, as before, but there was something in her manner that seemed to cut off much of the old, free intercourse upon an assured footing, that Tom had found so delightful. He fretted before this intangible barrier but could find no means of surmounting it.

Matters were in this condition some two weeks later when Kate suggested that the summer ought not to end without a picnic at Glen Cove.

"Where is that?" asked Tom.

"Glen Cove? Haven't you ever heard George speak of that famous place? It's a little bay on Meadow Lake about ten miles from here; and the most delightful spot for a picnic in the whole state of Ohio. There's a little summer hotel there, and a bowling alley, and swings, and boats, and everything that makes life worth living in the country."

"Who'll go?" I asked.

"O, get up a party of sixteen or twenty and all go in a long 'bus with four horses. The girls will take lunch and I daresay you men can furnish appetites. You take charge of it, George. You're so good at arranging, you know."

With a self-conscious smile I accepted this blandishment. Anyone who has a sister knows how impossible it is to resist such appeals.

"Yes, my dear, and when shall it be? I know perfectly well that you are the real commander-in-chief, however much I may assume to take charge."

"Isn't he well brought up, Mr. Fairbanks? I hope you give your sisters no more trouble,—but I don't believe it. Let's see, next Tuesday—no that won't do—next Thursday, say. Suppose we go Thursday?"

And so it was settled.

Sunday evening Tom said to me:

"George, we haven't had a good ride for two weeks. Let's take one tomorrow."

"I'm agreeable. Where'll we go? I've taken you over the best runs about here."

He thought a moment.

"Why not go out to this picnic place? What is it—Glen—Glen Springs?"

"Glen Cove, you mean. It's rather hilly, part of the way, but if you don't mind a couple of miles of "pumping" it's all right."

About eleven o'clock the next morning we leaned our wheels up against a tree in front of the Glen Cove hotel and threw ourselves upon the grass to rest.

After a little I sat up and began to fumble with my bicycle tool-bag.

"What's the matter now?" Tom asked.

"My pedals are full of sand. I'm going to take them off and wipe them out."

"Well, while you are doing that, I think I'll explore.'

He went strolling off down to the lake shore where some urchins were fishing and playing in the water. When I looked up from my work again, he was not in sight, probably having been

tempted into one of the little groves on either side of the tiny dock. He returned just as I was whirling the renovated pedals to test the adjustment of their bearings.

"Ready for dinner?" said he.

I put up the tool bag and accompanied him to the hotel where we took dinner and warned the proprietor of the coming invasion next Thursday.

On the way back we made a short detour and visited Hartshire, leaving half a dozen notices of the picnic, which were received with enthusiasm.

Thursday morning dawned as bright and clear as the most fastidious picnic-goer could wish, and after stopping at Hartshire for the delegation there, which included Miss Furness, Miss Chester, and Mr. Grey, with two or three others, we proceeded without interruption or incident to Glen Cove.

While the rest were engaged in a little preliminary rambling about, a dinner committee, under the supervision of Kate, of course, arranged the lunch under a cluster of elms. The warlike clashing of a couple of tin pails summoned all with an irresistible onslaught, to the gastronomic fray. Tom had dexterously placed himself beside Miss Furness, and after dinner was over they strolled off down the shore followed by several others of the party. They turned out upon a frail fishing dock that projected some twenty or thirty yards into the water, and walked slowly to the further end. Miss Chester and I, who were next behind them, stopped beside a small boathouse near the shore end of the dock and began to skip stones over the smooth surface of the lake.

"Can you skip one out as far as that boat?" said she, pointing toward a small fishing scow some two or three times the length of the dock from shore. Its only occupant was a boy of ten or twelve who was lazily balancing a fishing pole across his knees.

"No, don't try," she added, as I stooped to pick up a stone, "you might hit him. Oh!"

I glanced up quickly at her startled exclamation. A splash and a cry from the lake at the same instant made it unnecessary to ask the matter. The lad in the scow had incautiously bent over the edge of his boat in an examination of his line or something of the sort, and the ill-balanced craft had tipped him into the lake.

The first attempt he made to seize the edge of the boat turned it bottom side up, and he clung frantically on, his struggles drawing his body beneath the scow and making it more difficult to keep his head above water.

I started to run for the dock, but before I reached it I saw Tom, stripping off his coat and shoes, plunge gallantly in. An instant later I stood beside Miss Furness, anxiously watching the swimmer as he made his way through the water with vigorous strokes. How slowly he seemed to move in spite of every exertion!

"O, he'll be drowned!" gasped the girl at my side, as with pale face and clasped hands she leaned over the edge of the dock.

"No, he won't. He can swim like a duck. He's all right and he'll have that boy in here in a jiffy," said I, confidently.

She seemed not to have heard a word I said, but with every nerve tense gazed fixedly at the rescuer, who was now approaching the struggling boy.

The situation of the latter could not have been better for Tom's purposes. Almost entirely under the boat as he was, he could not seize Tom and hamper his movements, but was compelled to remain motionless as his rescuer came near. Tom easily grasped him by the collar, and sternly bidding him to cease kicking and splashing, drew him from under the scow. Then he made him take hold of one side of the stern of the boat while he took hold of the other and swam slowly pushing the boat before him.

It seemed half an hour—it was probably five minutes, before they were at the dock. I reached down and helped the boy out and then gave Tom a hand. Up he came and stood before us dank and dripping, the water running in streams from his hair and clothing.

Miss Furness's face fairly shone with thankfulness as she extended her hand to him.

"You did a very brave thing," she said simply.

He clasped it warmly.

"I am rewarded, already," said he in a low tone, still holding her hand.

I turned away to look after the boy who was standing shivering on the dock. What might have happened next had no one else been on the scene, I can only imagine, but the presence of Miss

Chester and three or four others prevented the occurrence of anything very dramatic.

"You had better hurry to the hotel and get on some dry clothing, both of you," was the sensible suggestion of Kate, who had just come up.

The dripping pair trotted briskly away towards the hotel, a ludicrous spectacle enough now the danger was past. Tom soon reappeared clad in some clothing loaned by the hotel proprietor. He said the boy had gone home in fear of a trouncing when he should arrive.

Tom was of course a hero for the rest of the afternoon, although he vigorously disclaimed having done anything at all remarkable. When we were about ready to start back I missed a card-case from the breast pocket of my coat, that contained a little roll of one dollar bills. Thinking it had probably dropped out as I was skipping stones by the fishing-dock, I started down the shore alone to look for it. As I came near the boat-house beside which Miss Chester and I had been standing, I slackened my pace and scanned the ground carefully. Slowly I approached the little building and just as I was opposite one of the broken windows something moving inside caught my eye.

Peering through the gap in the dirty pane whom should I see seated upon the edge of a boat with his back to the window but the victim of the late upset. The door was half open before him and by the light which came through it he was examining and turning over in his fingers some dingy bank-notes. Evidently he had picked up my card-case and had stepped inside the boat house to examine the contents of his find undisturbed. I had come upon the scene just in time.

Stepping softly around to the other side of the building I suddenly pushed the door open and confronted him. Startled, he shrank back and slipped into the bottom of the boat upon which he had been sitting, letting one of the bills he held in his fingers flutter to the ground. I picked it up. It was a one dollar bill.

"Where did you find this?" I asked.

"Give that back! I didn't find it. It's mine!" he cried wrathfully, sitting up in the bottom of the boat.

"I'm not trying to rob you. I lost a card-case here with five

dollar bills in it, and I think this is one of them. I'll describe the card-case and everything in it, so you'll know that it is surely mine, and you may have one of the bills as a reward for finding it. Come! Where did you find the case?"

"Don't know nothing about yer card-case. You gimme that money or I'll have you 'rested. 'Taint yours."

"Show me those other bills. It they are not one dollar bills you may have your money."

His hand closed more firmly over the notes that he held crushed in it.

"'Taint none of your biz'ness. The money's all mine."

I seized his wrist to force the money from his hand, and a short, sharp struggle ensued. He kicked and fought furiously, but I soon had him under my knee and the bills were in my hand. There were four ones.

His fury broke forth afresh when I released him.

"Give it back! It's mine," he shouted with a curse. "You give that money back or I'll kill you!" and he dashed at me again.

I caught him by the collar and held him at arm's length.

"If it's yours, tell me where you got it."

He writhed a moment in my grasp, and then sobbed out:

"That man—that pulled me out of the water—gave it to me."

"Who? Tom Fairbanks! What for?" I cried in utter astonishment.

He blubbered a little more, and said:

"He—was here—two or three days ago—and told me—if I would tip over to-day—when he and a lady were out on the dock—so he could jump in and get me—that he would give me—five dollars."

In my amazement I released the boy's collar and staggered back. Something dropped from my coat. If I was amazed before I was dumbfounded now. It was my card-case!

I picked it up. The bills were inside all right. It had slipped through a hole into the lining of my coat, and the struggle with the boy had caused it to work down and out. Here was all the evidence needed to prove the lad's strange tale.

"The gentleman told you never to tell of this, didn't he?" I

asked, after I had apologized, made restitution, and added to Tom's bribe.

"Yes, sir," said the mollified urchin.

"Well, see that you never do and something else may happen that you will be glad of."

And I went back to the party.

If Tom had not been so occupied in other quarters he must have seen from my face on the way home that there was trouble in store for him. But he gabbled innocently along, making himself agreeable to everyone in general and someone in particular, with never a thought of the morrow.

With difficulty I restrained myself until we were alone in my room. Then I broke forth:

"You old pagan schemer! You double-dyed Talleyrand! You deserve to be driven through the streets with your character written on your forehead!"

"Now what have you broken loose about, again?"

His air did not have the bravado of his words.

"Tom,—Tom,—how Miss Furness would praise your heroism if she knew what I do!" and I burst into peals of laughter.

Tom was much disconcerted.

"What do you know?" said he suspiciously.

"Five dollars is cheap enough for such a reputation as you made this afternoon."

"Did that boy—" he began quickly.

"Yes," said I.

Tom swore.

"It's too good to keep," I declared exultantly.

"Well, you'd better keep it! And if you don't, I'll tell——"

But what he was going to tell has nothing to do with this story.

As the time for the close of Tom's visit drew near, I broke the news to him that he might prepare for a farewell party in his honor.

"How would next Friday night do?" I asked.

He solemnly drew a small calendar from his pocket and inspected it.

"Can you make it Wednesday just as conveniently?" he said at length.

"Of course. But why?"

"The moon rises too late Friday."

"What on earth has that got to do with it?"

I looked at him. He was laughing quietly to himself. Light dawned upon my mind.

"O, *that* is the reason, is it. Let it be Wednesday by all means. May the 'moon and happy constellations on that hour shed their selectest influence.'"

And I think they did, for when Tom returned from driving Miss Ellen home after the party that Wednesday night he came into the room, where I sat waiting for him, with a look of such happiness upon his face that I needed to ask no questions. I laid down the monthly I had been reading and said:

"I congratulate you. Sit down and tell me all about it."

"Sit down! No. I'm too happy to stay indoors. Come on out and take a walk."

As I put a book-mark into the magazine before laying it aside, this sentence from the latest article of a great English scientist caught my eye:

"There is to-day no field in which a scientific method is not indispensable to success."

—James Parker Hall.

HOMEWARD.

Winding Cayuga! in the fading light,
As south we bear to scenes we hold most dear,
'Neath the red West, before our weary sight
The ruddy waters of thy lake appear.

And as we wind by shore and wooded height,
Far up the steep, where first the darkness falls,
Backed by the gloom, pencilled upon the night,
Hail we with joy our Alma Mater's walls.

—A. G. Eames.

HERE AND THERE.

IF, as is sometimes said, the Senior year of a man's college course foreshadows his future career, it must be a peculiar satisfaction, with Tammany and Elmira staring us in the face, to see that some of the early wire-pulling propensities of the class of '94 have been submerged into the sea of undergraduate follies upon which the wise Senior looks down with good-humored disdain. The recent election of that all-important functionary, the Senior president was carried through on a strictly "meritorious" basis so that probably it would be impossible now for the most far-seeing prophet to foretell the make-up of the various boards and committees of future years. This is well. We will get into the mire soon enough at best. Let us keep clear of it while we may, and try, at least, to start out upon our lives as citizens with clear heads and clear methods.

"Where are your traditions?" said an Oxford student recently visiting Cornell. Where are they, indeed? We used to have a cane-rush, but the advance of civilization and refinement has killed that. (Do not think that we wink at barbarity). We used to cremate O. W. J. and bury the hatchet, but that has become too boyish for serious-minded students. We used to break down the cider-mill and pay for it afterwards. But now, lest some damage be done, we conciliate the owner first and then surprise him. This is undoubtedly the more gentlemanly way. Well, no doubt, this is all for the best. But when, in the no very distant future we sit before the household fire imprisoned by the golden chains of matrimony and, with a mental apology, long for those days of freedom which we so illy appreciated, it will be sad indeed, if the recollections of some college pranks do not spring up and bring a smile to our grave, parental features.

The back alleys of New York were in great demand after the Cornell–Princeton game and those unfortunates who were unhappy enough to live in the metropolis were uniformly confined to their rooms by sudden indisposition. We must take the world as it is and New Yorkers particularly. What an opportunity was lost. There never was a time in the history of Cornell football

when so much depended on her team's work as was the case this year, and instead of rising to the occasion we sank beneath our average. The blame cannot be placed, perhaps; it was greatly our misfortune, but, whatever the cause, the effect is very bitter and will be long-lasting. "Perhaps" in the words of a prominent alumnus, "it is the logical result of the system of 'star' playing which Cornell has followed for the last two years," perhaps it is a general lack of method and system, perhaps it is deficient coaching, but certainly there must be a monstrous upheaval somewhere if we ever are to make a creditable showing on the football field.

The editors of the MAGAZINE wish to impress upon the students the fact that this year they intend, as far as possible, to make the MAGAZINE distinctively a student publication, and that but few articles not written by actual students, present or past, will be published. There are many men who, were they but to try, would find that they could write in an instructive and entertaining manner articles, which they alone, owing to peculiar circumstances, are capable of writing. The impression that the MAGAZINE is a rather high and lofty affair, and not willing to place between its covers anything that savors of frivolity, should be dispelled. The editors are especially anxious that contributions of poetry, light, grave, witty, sentimental or otherwise, be handed in, and they assure the students that these, as well as any other contributions, will obtain the careful and fair consideration of the board.

What we most need in Cornell, it has been said recently, half humorously and half with a tinge of real regret, is a "snap" course or courses. It is our proud boast that few men can get a degree here without hard work and a great deal of it. This is right. At the same time with all our specializing, we provide no place for the man who, by nature, does not care to devote himself to many things in the curriculum as now laid down. The specialist in football, whose fall term is devoted to that noble sport, is too apt to leave us with the merry Christmas tide. The baseball man and the crack tennis player receive their lucrative positions in the summer and are never again seen alive, collegiately speaking. The Phi Beta Kappa man is seldom literary and that classical honor seldom falls in the way of the most literary man of the year.

But let us speak seriously. Our course is toward the practical, the scientific, and it is noble enough in its way. But do not some of us feel at times that, after all, there may be another side to the shield, a side for which the name Cornell does not now stand, a culture that is not altogether practical nor scientific, a culture which looks toward the making of the man as well as the training of the specialist? This will come, it must come in time. It is now, for many reasons, more or less in abeyance. When years that bring the philosophic mind have rubbed down some of the crudities necessarily attendant on the sudden magnificent growth, at once our pride, our strength and our weakness, may we not also hope for a leisure class who have time to do nothing but be good college men, which means something better than some of us are inclined to believe? Then athletically and aesthetically we will forge ahead as we have already done technically and scientifically.

THE MONTH.

CORNELL is already burdened with a superabundance of clubs, but the increase goes on as fast as ever. Among the recent additions are the Orchard Lake Club, composed of resident alumni of the Michigan Military Academy; the Buffalo Club; and the Self-Supporting Students' Club, whose title explains the object and membership.

The committees who will conduct two of the great social events of the University year have been appointed. The Junior Ball Committee is constituted as follows: C. P. Storrs, chairman; J. Weatherson, *ex-officio*; H. L. Stevens. C. M. Russell, F. D. McBrier, W. H. Crumb, G. H. Powell, F. J. Haynes, C. W. Old, J. R. Woodbridge, P. M. Ott, E. C. Jones. The Junior Promenade will be held at the Armory, Friday evening, February 3d, 1894. The Sophomore Cotillion is as follows: Stanley Sheppard, chairman; F. A. Bassette, *ex-officio*; F. B. Matthews, R. B. Hamilton, W. R. Wilder, A. Downing, R. M. Hale, L. J. Osborn, C. E. Brayton, A. C. Soper.

A number of deaths have occurred among the students and recent alumni in the past month: Nathaniel N. Sherman, '95, well

known as the coxswain of the Ninety-Five Freshman crew and last year's 'Varsity crew, died at his home in Watertown, October 21st; James G. Wilmarth, '97, of Glens Falls, N. Y., died in the Ithaca hospital, October 22; Milton T. Royce, '90, died October 17.

The football team has disappointed expectations this year. At the time the October MAGAZINE chronicled the Syracuse and Pennsylvania State College victories, the prospects were very good for a winning eleven. But repeated accidents and injuries to players not only deprived the team of the services of brilliant individual runners and tacklers but also prevented the development of team play on account of the continual changes in the personnel. October 14, Union College was defeated on Percy Field 18–6. October 21, Cornell was "snowed under" by Princeton in the New York game by a score of 46–0. Worse than that, insignifican Tufts came to Ithaca, October 25, and defeated Cornell 6–0. Then followed the Albany game with Williams which resulted in a tie, 10–10. November 4, the team showed great improvement and held Harvard down to the unexpectedly low score of 34–0 in a poorly attended game at New York. The last Ithaca game was played November 11, against Cornell's old-time rival Lehigh. A very large crowd saw the game which resulted in a victory for Lehigh by the score 14–0. The 'Varsity eleven has but one more game this season, with the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, November 18.

The Fall Meet was held October 21st, and brought out an unusual amount of athletic material in the Freshman class, although the Sophomores won 66 points and the Freshmen 50. Two records were broken. In the 440-yard dash Shaw, '94, lowered his own record to 51⅘ seconds; Patterson, '95, raised the hammer throw to 85 ft. 3 in., and Troy, '95, who was second, also broke the former record.

The Woodford Debating Club is now started on what promises to be a successful year's work. The membership which is limited to twenty-five, is now practically filled with Seniors and Juniors. Proposals for inter-university debates from the University of Michigan and the University of Pennsylvania are being considered.

The award of University scholarships was made somewhat later

than usual this year. The nine fortunate Freshmen who were selected for the honor by the faculty, October 13th, are Mabel A. Clark, Arts; C. H. Benedict, Science; C. E. Cooke, Philosophy; Elene P. Nearing, Letters; A. W. Browne, G. F. DeWein, C. F. Stocking, E. A. Van Cauteren, Electrical Engineering; and C. D. Clinton, Mechanical Engineering. The Ninety-five scholarships were awarded for only two years by a rule of the faculty adopted in 1890, which changed the former period of four years. Accordingly these scholarships expired last June, and a new distribution was made this fall. The scholarships will be held for the remainder of the course by the following: E. P. Andrews, R. A. Baum, A. W. Barber, Miss N. M. Reed, Arts; Miss M. F. Boynton, Philosophy: F. C. Wolfe, Civil Engineering; A. R. Leonard, Jr., Mechanical Engineering; V. C. S. Mott, L. B. Howell, Electrical Engineering. It is interesting to observe that five of the nine scholarships are retained by their former holders.

The law library is growing at a rapid rate and will soon be almost unrivalled for completeness. The revised statutes of all the states in the Union are being purchased by instalments, those of the states represented by students now in the Law School being practically complete.

The first Military Hop was held Friday evening, November 3rd, and was a very pleasant affair. The patronesses were Mrs. Schurman, Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. White, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Treman, Mrs. Bailey and Miss Linn. Many members of the Faculty were present.

NEW BOOKS.

The Classic Myths in English Literature. Edited by Charles Mills Gayley. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Every one must have often wished for some brief, readable, and adequate work where he could find reliable information concerning the classic myths. Especially is this the case in regard to those myths which occur so frequently in our own literature, not only in elaborated poem, but also in simile, and allusion. To fill this need, so keenly felt by the young student and his instructor, Mr. Gayley has carefully prepared this volume. It is based on Bulfinch's "Age of Fable"; but half of the material is entirely new, and the rest differs widely from the original book.

One charm of this work is its clear and graceful style. Another feature worthy of commendation is the frequent introduction of quotations from poems in which reference is made to the myths under discussion. In the latter part of the volume is a commentary, which, besides interpreting the text, gives many illustrative references both in literature and in art. It is not surprising to find more than three-fourths of the space devoted to the myths of Greece and Rome. The various attributes of the gods of heaven and earth, of the sea and the underworld, and the fabled exploits of the heroes of the Trojan war are dwelt upon at length. But the author keeps in mind that our literature is indebted to the mythology of the stern barbarians of the north as well as to that of their more cultured rivals of the Mediterranean; and he therefore gives two chapters to the myths of Norse gods, and of Norse and old German heroes. The book is original both in conception and execution and is certainly a most interesting and valuable volume.

The Work of John Ruskin: Its Influence upon Modern Thought and Life. By Charles Waldstein. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Another of those delicate little 16mos. of the "American Essayists" series comes to us from Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Beautiful binding may add nothing to the real value of a book, but certain it is that, in order to conform to our sense of propriety, anything concerning Ruskin, the great artist of language, who has done so much for other art as well, should appear in such guise as this.

Mr. Waldstein first deals with Ruskin as a writer on art, and here, he maintains, in spite of his power of observation and appreciation of beauty, the great author was not strongest. His greatest achievement consists in his endowing man with a new habit of mind in the observation of nature; and this new discipline is christened "Phænomenology of Nature." Considering Ruskin's writing itself, Mr. Waldstein describes him as "the greatest of English prose poets." He is also discussed as a writer on social, political and economical questions, in which field he is specially prominent from the practical and ethical point of view. So many-sided is Ruskin's work, and so far-reaching his influence, that our author also finds it necessary to consider his rather antagonistic position toward the sports and pastimes of England. Mr. Waldstein, however, stoutly defends these as conducive not only to health and happiness, but also to an obliteration of class distinctions.

Essays in London and Elsewhere. By Henry James. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The author of these charming essays needs no introduction. His power of thought, and easy, conversational style have long been recognized; and the mere announcement of a new book by Henry James is enough to assure a large number of eager and expectant readers.

The present volume is a collection of nearly a dozen papers which have been written at various times during the last few years. Readers of *The Century* will recognize the essay on London as a reprint of the entertaining article which appeared, admirably illustrated by Mr. Pennell, in the December number for 1888. Following this is a "friendly estimate" of James Russell Lowell. It abounds in reminiscence, and gives us many a peep into the less conspicuous parts of the life of this favorite American, especially while he was in England, and on the Continent. In the descriptive and critical essay on Frances Anne Kemble, the author also introduces many allusions to his personal experiences in listening to the famous actress, and interpreter of Shakespeare. But new fields have been opened to feminine talent, and Mr. James, in his discussion of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, shows how she has achieved a truly remarkable success in a field in which her sex has been able to gain recognition but slowly.

Articles of considerable length are devoted to Gustave Flaubert, Pierre Loti, M. M. de Goncourt, and Henrik Ibsen. Thoughts suggested by the burial of Browning in Westminister Abbey will be appreciated by all lovers of the great poet. And after so much criticism of different writers, it is doubtless appropriate that a few pages should be given, as is done in the final essay, to the consideration of criticism itself, as it is under present conditions.

In Dreamland and Other Poems. By Thomas O'Hagan. The Williamson Book Company, Toronto.

It is a real pleasure to have among us one who has been for some time known as a poet. Mr. O'Hagan's latest contributions to Canadian literature are contained in an attractive little volume, bound in the favorite color of the fatherland of which the author sings. All the poems give evidence of a sympathetic soul, and love of faith and native land. Filled with Irish sweetness and fluency, smooth and polished as the subject admits, and possessed of Erin's fervor, these songs have already met with a kindly reception by the public.

In this profusion of flowers, it is difficult to make a selection. To some, the color in "The Maple and Shamrock" will be specially attractive; to others "Ripened Fruit" will most strongly appeal; but most of us will probably join with Whittier in liking especially the graduation poem and "A Christmas Chaunt."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

Essays in London and Elsewhere. By Henry James.

The Work of John Ruskin. Its Influence upon Modern Thought and Life. By Charles Waldstein.

From Ginn & Co., Boston.

The Classic Myths in English Literature. Edited by Charles Mills Gayley, Ph.D.

The Mark in Europe and America. Review of the discussion on Early Land Tenure. By Enoch A. Bryan, A. M.

The Ethics of Hegel. Translated Selections from his "Rechtsphilosophie," with an introduction by J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D.

Popular Science. Edited and Annotated by Jules Luquiens, Ph.D.

Livy, Books XXI and XXII. By J. B. Greenough, Professor in Harvard University, and Tracy Peck, Professor in Yale Universiry.

The Seventh Book of Vergil's Aeneid. Edited with text, notes, and vocabulary by William C. Collar, A.M.

The Beginner's Greek Composition. Based mainly upon Xenophon's Anabasis, Book I. By William C. Collar, and M. Grant Daniell.

Brigitta Erzählung von Berthold Auerbach. With ntroduction and notes, by J. Howard Gore, Ph.D.

Die Erhebung Europas gegen Napoleon I. von Heinrich von Sybel. Edited with notes by A. B. Nichols.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Cinq-Mars, on une Conjuration sous Louis XIII. Par Le Cte Alfred De Vigny, de l'Acadèmie Francaise. Abridged and edited by Charles Sankey, M.A.

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IN MANITOBA.

FROM childhood with its dime novels and Indian stories, to later life with its mining prospectuses and cattle raising schemes, little less marvelous and often as untrue as the earlier tales, the Easterner manifests an interest in the West, that is hardly equaled by any interest of the Westerner in the East. From a vague association of cow-boys, buffaloes, round-ups, Indians and "border terrors," he builds up a curious idea of this great trans-Mississippi region as exaggerated and often as absurd as one can well imagine. Yet this is not so strange after all. False as his romantic ideas of the West often are, and prosaic as the life is there in many respects, there is yet a great difference between its commonplaceness and that of his own surroundings. The novelty of daily existence there, and its wide variance from anything in his experience, makes it but natural that this difference with the aid of a long perspective should throw a halo of romance about the dullest details of its daily round. Indeed the life is rather foreign after all, though author and artist are doing so much of late to make us familiar with its more striking incidents and picturesque figures.

But, familiar as one may be with the life of the Western United

States, when once the traveller has taken the Northern Pacific and passes northward from the Dakotas across that red streak on the map that marks the "Line," he becomes presently aware that something has changed. Not the railroad, nor the atmosphere, nor yet the scenery, for he looks out the car window at the same horizon-bounded stretches of level prairie as before. Sooner or later he discovers that the change has come in the *people.* Hardly greater is the difference between Easterner and Westerner in the United States than between that Westerner and his neighbor across the border. To begin with, the country was settled by a different class of people from those who pre-empted claims in the States. The conditions of settlement, too, were far different. In Manitoba the law preceded the settler. The country was controlled by a rigid police system from the start, so that violence and law-breaking never attained the supremacy as elsewhere, and never in all the history of the province were settlers forced to take the law into their own hands to obtain justice.

It is true, of course, that no finished civilization was suddenly transplanted to the prairies of Manitoba, and old settlers will tell you how the early subsidiary coinage of the land was not dimes and nickels, but square cardboard tickets bearing the legend "Good for one drink at the Davis House," the redoubtable Davis being the premier of the province as well as landlord of the aforesaid hostelry. He was an American hotel-keeper and a man of commanding ability to whose influence the country owes much of its present prosperity. His chief claim to the gratitude of the province is that he drove from power the infamous Clarke administration and so made it possible to lay in Manitoba the foundation of good representative government. Clarke is worthy of remembrance as the only man whom a Canadian mob ever really tried to lynch. The attempt failed only because the indomitable will which had so long overawed legislatures and bulldozed judges proved too strong even for the frenzied rioters.

Times have changed since then. Trails have become roads, the Red River ox-cart has given place to the eastern wagon and the locomotive has succeeded the dog train. The picturesque *voyageur* has disappeared or taken to farming and even his masters of the Hudson Bay Company have undergone changes with the

altered conditions. To day they are merely humble store-keepers dispensing tea and sugar to the wives of settlers. Formerly they were lords of a vast territory dwelling like feudal barons each in his isolated fort, surrounded by barbaric retainers in barbaric splendor, making laws, dispensing justice and even engaging in war for the protection of their trade monopoly.

Strange old characters produced by a lonely life and peculiar circumstances, they are one by one giving place to prosaic successors, but even yet stories illustrative of their eccentricities linger on. Wonderful powers of self-control must that man have had who received each year with his annual mail a complete file of the London *Times* for the preceding twelve months, only to lay them aside so that each morning his servant might place on the breakfast table the paper of the corresponding day of the last year, thus contriving even in the wilderness to enjoy the luxury of a daily paper. What must one think of the factor who after being accustomed for twenty years to a mail twice a year and at last, through the advent of the government, receiving a fortnightly service, writes to the postal authorities before the second month had elapsed complaining that his mail has been two days late. Their isolated positions, the slowness of communication and their defective orthography, often led to ludicrous mistakes. Thus one man in the far north one year in his report asked for "one clok", next year a clock was sent, the third year "one clok" was again demanded, and the fourth it was supplied. When after several years of this the unfortunate factor wrote to say that the post was full of clocks but that what he wanted was "one clok" for his wife, the correct idea dawned upon the authorities and a cloak was sent.

They have almost all vanished now and their places are filled by grocers and their clerks. Only last summer the writer visited one of the posts of the Company, a place which has been in turn a post, the residence of governors, a prison, and a lunatic asylum. It still stood with its walls and bastions of solid masonry, its frowning embrasures and iron-studded gates, its magazines, its dark cells and mysterious corners, and a halo of romance seemed to hang over it all, too suddenly dissipated as the eye met a glaring sign which might have graced the crudest village. But though the Company has lost its administrative powers, and

changed its business methods, it still retains much of its old time influence in the country, an influence due to its far-reaching enterprise, and its high standard of commercial integrity.

That mixture of races which creates so many of the distinctive features of the Western States, is to be found also in Manitoba. But there a difference is to be observed. In the states the races mingle and to a certain extent coalesce. In Manitoba they remain separate and distinct, largely dwelling apart in separate communities. In the southern portion of the province indicated by names like Gretna, Rhineland, Chortitz, is a region of strange, little, old-world villages of blue blouses and wooden shoes, the country of the Mennonites, slow and plodding as their own oxen. In the eastern districts scattered along the river courses are St. Boniface, St. Anne, D'Iberville, and other parishes, homes of the French, fragments of old Quebec. Icelanders and Belgians, Austrians and Russians, Swedes and even Finns help to make up a heterogeneous whole, but the bulk of the population is Anglo-Saxon.

Of these there are representatives of all classes and conditions of men from the lowly farm laborer to the scion of the peerage. Indeed it is not many years since Winnipeg's wealthiest butcher was a count, and it is not many months since the courts were called upon to investigate a case of larceny of a bedstead valued at fifty cents, in which a French Duke and a Marquis figured. Many of the representatives of the aristocracy whom one meets with on the prairie are younger sons who have been quietly shipped out there to keep them out of mischief, or to prevent them disgracing their families. In one western hotel, the waitresses, eager to see a lord, rushed from the dining room, and the writer remembers the awe-struck whisper of the foremost. "Why, he's drunk," a diagnosis only too often true of the noble viscount in question. Many of these young fellows, commonly known as "remittance men," are liberally supplied from home, but others more completely cast adrift, sink rapidly in the social scale. For such the Mounted Police, or the Dragoons is the ultimate refuge. They enlist as privates while their relatives fondly imagine them to be commissioned officers. In 1887 one of the privates in the artillery at Winnipeg, who was glad to clean harness and scrub floors at fifty cents a day, wore the Khedive's star and the

Egyptian medal, the inscriptions on which proved him to have been a captain in the celebrated Scots Greys at Tel el Kebir. Another gunner in the same corps had been in better days a major in the Cape Cavalry.

Fortunately these are not the only representatives of the higher classes which Manitoba possesses. In nearly every district are to be found young men of good family, well educated, and possessed of a considerable culture, who have been attracted by the free and unconventional life of the west. These help to give to that life an air of rather greater refinement than is usually found in a new country. Mingled with these are specimens of most of the characters common to the west, and some peculiar to Manitoba. The cowboy from Texas or New Mexico who is unable to conceive why the law should forbid him carrying a revolver; the grizzly old frontiersman filled with grim tales of lynchings and fights in Kansas, before the war; relics of the gold days of forty-nine and the early fifties, still washing for gold dust in the head waters of the Saskatchewan; or Highlanders of Kildonan who would walk twenty miles to see a rat. Queer old characters many of those Highlanders are. One in particular who was appointed constable at St. Andrews may be noted. His first duty was to convey a thief to the Winnipeg gaol. Great was the horror of the authorities when they discovered, that though the owner of several horses, he had trudged afoot with his unfortunate prisoner the entire forty-five miles rather than disgrace his horses by making them draw so great a wretch.

But time forbids the continuation of this aimless ramble amongst the Manitobans, and this article which began without any very definite purpose, must lamely come to a stop without any very definite conclusion.

T. W. Taylor, Jr.

"Chessels Croft," Winnipeg, Manitoba.

LOVE'S RECOMPENSE.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

A strain of music just at eventide;
A whisper of dead sighs; a tender face
Brown coronalled and queenly in its pride;
A form that ever starts from my embrace,
Yet ever haunts me with its maddening grace;
Past years that live again in memory's glow—
God grant that I forget them for a space,
For Daisy has forgotten long ago.

The purpled ships that swam the outer tide
At night, at dawn have gained the inner space
And safe within the harbor walls they ride.
Then on the deck one sees a longed-for face;
The wandering friend returns to his embrace.—
I cannot hope for morning since I know
The dream is false with all its winning grace,
For Daisy has forgotten long ago.—

Forgotten how I lingered by her side
And lived but in the sunshine of her grace;
Forgotten! Ah, though year on year divide
To-day from then; though mile on mile of space
Between us lies, I still can see her face
In all my dreams, and cannot overthrow
The idol though I've lost my love's embrace—
For Daisy has forgotten long ago.

L'Envoi.

Yet Fate, thou hast been kind to show her face
That I might have the memory of its grace.
The sun is set, but there's the afterglow,
And I may glory in its light a space—
Though Daisy *has* forgotten long ago.

—*Edward A. Raleigh.*

HIDDEN TREASURE.

BETWEEN the outstretched arms of easternmost New York there is an island. In form it roughly resembles an equilateral triangle. Its apex points toward the south, its base lies east and west, and from the latter a sand beach, lately broken through by the tide, extends three miles to the north. To the east of this "little woodland gem in a wilderness of waters," stretches the boundless expanse of the Atlantic; to the west is a bay, called, like the island, Gardiner's, which forms a harbor, unrivaled for space and security. This sylvan retreat—an ideal estate in itself, easy of access and yet removed from troublesome neighbors—was early appreciated; and in 1639, Lion Gardiner rejoiced the natives for at least an hour, and enriched his family for all time, by purchasing it for himself. His settlement there was the first in the county of Suffolk; and so satisfactory did the place prove, that it has been kept in the Gardiner family ever since. Thus while revolution and evolution, political, industrial, social, have been going on, this ancient manor has maintained much of its original appearance; and the busy New Yorker, who leaves for a day his railroad bonds, and options on wheat, and sails down by the island to try the bass, may see the primeval forest, from which a lonely deer occasionally peeps, as stately and unmoved as if Miles Standish were treading its mazes on the trail of the redskins.

One August day, I was lolling in a cat-boat near the eastern shore of Gardiner's Island, lazily fondling a fish line and wondering if the bass had all left Green Hill. The day was cloudy, and according to the old salts, not far ahead of a genuine "nor' easter." They were right. The sea was constantly rising and warned me to set sail. Late in the afternoon I was forced to do so, and was soon skipping along under two reefs, striving to make the Point. Fortunately, the little boat was stiff, and after an exciting sail the long roll of the ocean gave place to the shorter seas of the bay. But I was not then in smooth water. The wind, which had at first risen gradually, now increased with frightful rapidity, the sky grew dark, and every wave covered the boat with spray. What was to be done? To attempt to cross the bay

in such a gale would be foolhardy. There was but one alternative, to make a landing on the western shore, and seek shelter at the ancient home of the owners of the estate. But I hesitated to take this course, for I dreaded to invoke the hospitality of so secluded and forbidding an abode. Yet as this seemed the only sensible thing to do, I trimmed sheet and made for the shore. By this time the rain had begun to fall angrily, and all Nature was in a paroxysm of frantic rage.

In this emergency, the skill which a youth passed on the water had given me came to my aid, and being on a windward shore, I at length succeeded in making a landing. Arrived at the door of the venerable house, I made known my situation, and received a hospitable welcome. After supper they left me alone in a huge, old-fashioned room, with a large fire-place in one corner, in which several logs were blazing, giving sufficient light, and a heat which was not unwelcome during that August storm.

As I sat in dreamy relaxation, scarcely knowing whether or not I slept, drying my damp clothes, and wondering if the folks at home would worry much, a door opened and in it appeared a figure which startled me. A man, apparently seventy or eighty years old, tall, thin, with shining white hair and beard, and keen gray eyes, slowly walked in, and took a seat before the fire. He eyed me narrowly, but without speaking. After a long pause he drew from his pocket an old clay pipe, filled it, and began to smoke. Outside the wind continued to howl and shriek in that mournful way familiar to all dwellers on the coast, and the furious elements seemed conspiring to destroy the brave children of the sea. I looked at my visitor. He was apparently not one of the immediate family, yet his countenance betokened intelligence and education. But there was something so weird in his appearance, and so depressing in his silence, that he filled me with a curious awe, he seemed like the spirit of the storm.

Weird scenes suggest what is wild and romantic. Traditions which I had heard of the place crowded my mind. This was the island that Kidd, the noted pirate, had visited. Here, perhaps in this very room, he had left royal robes in the hands of the lady of the mansion. Under the shade of some tree, possibly of one of those whose limbs were even now making such doleful mu-

sic, he had buried a part of his ill-gotten gain. What if the ghostly visitor had come to watch over these scenes of his former adventures! But even my romantic nature would not stand such a shock as that, and it occurred to me that my old companion in no way resembled any pirate whom I had ever heard described. This reflection brought me to earth again, yet to ward off the restless feeling which at once began to return, I made bold at length to ask the silent man, very modestly indeed, if he would mind telling me a story. Slowly he removed his pipe from his lips, knocked out the ashes into the fire, and then, fixing upon me his bright gray eyes, in which there seemed to dance an unearthly light, he told this tale:

"It was a night like this in the year 1698. Almost two centuries have passed since then; but then, as now, here stood the home of the Gardiners, whence the proprietor used to go at intervals to the main land for mail and provisions. Shortly before this storm, he had gone for a few days' stay, and had left his wife with no one in the house beside the children and a few old negro servants.

"Just at dusk, on this wild night, a strange vessel was descried making her way from the Point, apparently bent on finding a harbor in which to ride out the gale. She was low and rakish, and by her actions in such a breeze, showed that she was staunch and swift. Before darkness had shut out everything from sight, the stranger was seen to anchor close in shore, opposite the house.

"When supper was over, and the children were in bed, their mother seated herself in this room to read. The negroes clustered about a great fire in the kitchen, each trying to keep up his own courage by frightening the others with stories of ghosts and shipwrecks. Suddenly there was a loud knock at the front door. It was given authoritatively, and not being immediately responded to, was sharply repeated. The servants stopped their prattle and looked at each other in open-mouthed wonder. A knock on such a night! Surely it could not come from mortal man. They had quite forgotten the strange vessel, thinking that all hands would stay on board as a matter of course, and it required the spirited remonstrance of their mistress to arouse them to open the door, which was in imminent danger of being demolished by repeated blows.

"As the door swung back on its hinges, three men entered. One, by his imperious bearing, was evidently the leader. He was of medium height and dark complexion. He wore a semi-naval uniform, and at his side carried an elegantly mounted sword. On the whole, he could hardly be taken for any one but a privateersman, many of whom were abroad in those times. Seeing that his sudden appearance had brought consternation to the little unprotected circle, the sailor at once assumed an air of extreme courtesy and deference, and stated that he had come ashore for water, but on account of the difficulty of returning in the storm and darkness, would like a lodging for the night. To this request there could be but one answer, and soon the three visitors retired to the great guest-chamber, which was next to the room occupied by the family. Tired by their own stories, the negroes slept, to be awakened by nothing short of broad daylight, or the trump of doom. The lady, who a few years before had been the fair daughter of an old estate in merry England, went to her little ones.

"For her there was no sleep. The startling appearance of the men had inspired in her a vague, wild fear. Not that she was a coward. She feared, yet she trembled not. But she was alone on an island three miles from land, with no trustworthy person within reach, with her children and family jewels under her care, with three unknown, suspicious-looking men in the next room, and a strange ship lying near shore. All the while the wind was threatening to overturn the house with its violence, and even then was hurling down trees with a mighty crash. In this dreadful hour, when all human help was impossible, this noble daughter of a fearless race trusted in that greatest fortress of woman, the unfailing promises of the Psalmist's God.

"Within the next room all was still. But as she sat, her nerves tense, wondering what would happen next, she thought she heard a sound. She listened eagerly. Now she was sure of it; the men were beginning to converse in low tones. Noiselessly she stepped to the door which connected the two rooms, and putting her ear to the key-hole, soon caught a few words:

"'It's the lone pine on the bluff, you know,' this from the leader. 'Bring it up between you, and I'll see that no one is about.'

"His comrades muttered assent, and then the three, with the greatest caution, left the room. She heard a treacherous board in the hall squeak, and the bolt of the front door grate remonstratingly.

"A moment she was undecided; then, like a flash, the fearful mother of a few moments before was transformed into the impulsive and romantic Saxon girl.

"'The lone pine on the bluff,' she repeated, 'Yes, but they know not the other way thither!'

"Slipping on a cloak, she hastily descended to the unfastened door, drew its bolt back into place, and made her way by another exit to a path which led through the woods in the rear of the house. By this path she soon reached the opening where stood the lone tree, not more than ten or fifteen feet from the farthest copse. Concealed in this, she waited. Presently she heard footsteps, and through the darkness, dimly discerned the figure of a man. He walked about the tree, passing once or twice almost within reach of her; but he was evidently perfectly confident that no one was near.

"After a short interval, two other men approached the tree, bearing between them, with great difficulty, something which resembled a chest, and also picks and spades. Setting down their burden, they began to dig. Without a word, the leader paced his beat; just as silently, the diggers tossed out the dank and steaming earth.

"'Six feet now,' said one of them, at last.

"'All right,' was the answer, 'put it in!'

"The men leaped from the grave, seized the box, and lowered it with ropes. As the sides scraped against the earth, pulling down loose stones, the solitary watcher seized the oportunity to flee, and in a few minutes was at home. She unfastened the front door, rushed up stairs to her room, locked herself in, and dropped into a chair.

"In the morning, the visitors came down to breakfast, offered money for their entertainment, which was politely refused, got a barrel of water, and went on board ship. The gale had now abated; so in a short time, the strangers set sail. When they were gone, Mrs. Gardiner went to the room they had occupied.

There she found several pieces of rich silk, and on the table a necklace of pearls. Near it lay a scrap of paper, on which was written:

"'Please accept these as tokens of our appreciation of your hospitality. WILLIAM KIDD.'

"For a few minutes she was dazed at the array of splendid articles before her. Then she took up the note again, and went to the window. Across the fields and woods was the lone pine—she could even now see its top swaying in the declining gale; out on the bay was the low, rakish craft sailing for the open sea. She looked at it long and hard, till it vanished behind a point. And as she looked she said:

"'Farewell, you robbers. With these trifles you foolishly hope to gratify me. Beneath yonder pine lie untold treasures: wealth that will make me outshine every lady in the land; yes, and take me back in triumph to England, and home.'

"Her eyes dilated, her breath came faster, her lips parted in a smile, as she pictured to herself that glad return to the scenes of her girlhood. In the next room the children were wakening; the sound of their merry voices fell upon her ear. The smile died on her lips; the blood rushed to her cheeks; and her intense emotion manifested a serious struggle between desire for riches and an inborn honor. At last she murmured, 'They say he is a pirate. I suppose it's true. But he respected all that I hold dear, and shall I be less honorable than an outlaw?'"

The old man paused. His eyes had moistened, and his softened voice had sunk to almost a whisper. He sat gazing intently into the fire, as though he saw in its flickering light the faces he had known long years ago. As I watched him, I fell to meditating on his story. I marveled at the nobility of the lady, and wondered if the treasure were ever found. Thus meditating, an irresistible drowsiness crept over me, from which I was suddenly roused by the thought, "If the lady kept her vow, how could the story ever have been discovered?" Surely here was a question that would puzzle my mysterious friend. I turned to ask him, but he was gone. Neither door could have been opened without wakening a sound sleeper with its mournful squeak, and I had heard no

sound. And as I sat silently questioning the reality of it all, my only answer was the busy crackling of the fire, the ceaseless sighing of the wind in the tree tops, and the long, steady roll of the surf upon the shore.

Herbert Latham Fordham.

AN ENCORE.

I.

A parlor bright
With fire-light;
A maiden on tip-toe;
A vision fair,
With arms in air,
She twines the mistletoe.

II.

The chandelier's
Bright polished spheres
Are crowned with berries white,—
A ring is heard
And like a bird
She flutters out of sight.

III.

A manly form
In ulster warm
The next room occupies;
From pocket, lo,
Some mistletoe
He draws with laughing eyes.

IV.

Then deftly o'er
The curtained door
The vine is hung with care,
And list'ning ear
Can faintly hear
Her footfall on the stair.

V.

The toll he sips
From unspoiled lips
Ere they can frame a "No";
O fleeting bliss—
A stolen kiss
Beneath the mistletoe.

VI.

Remorseful he,
Indignant she—
But grants him pardon's boon.
With some delay,
She leads the way
Into the other room.

VII.

An upward glance—
Could it be chance?—
Her eyes are drooping lower;
What could he do?
Ah, what would you
But render an encore?

J. P. H.

REVIVAL MEETING SKETCHES IN THE SOUTH.

Concluded.

AFTER the congregation had to some extent calmed down, the young preacher who had read the hymn, rose, and began a sermon from the same text, "O, wretched man that I am," etc., and I listened attentively, thinking that here was a preacher of the new order of things and anxious to hear what he would have to say and how he would say it. And just here, I may affirm, that no matter how superior in point of education and general intelligence some of these preachers may be to the ordinary run of them, I have never heard a single one fail to become greatly excited during his sermon, scream, rant, and harrow up the minds of his hearers, some doing this much more than others, some to such an extent that the "spirit seizes" them, they fall to shouting "Holy! Holy!" tear about the platform as though mad, and have to be caught and forcibly held down until the fit passes. But they, one and all, rely upon excitement to give them power over the minds of their hearers. This young man in question, for a few moments went on calmly and dispassionately, with an abundance of grammatical mistakes, but rationally trying to show the people how the "body of this death" meant sin, illustrating by picturing a man going about with a dead man's body tied to him, lying down with it and rising with it (at which certain godless young men near the door laughed aloud, while the old sister cried, "Dat's so!" "Lord hear!" "Preach it!" and the old men uttered appreciative "Umghs!") and only getting rid of it by coming into the church. But when he began his appeals to the sinner to come, addressing himself particularly to the men before him, who Jewish fashion occupy one side of the church, the women having the other,—when he in turn began to picture to them the horrors of Hell and damnation and the hopelessness of repentance there, to tell them how the Devil would snatch them from their graves with the body of sin tied to them, then, all his calmness forsook him and he even outdid in frenzy the first preacher. He wound up the nerves of his hearers to the highest tension, and when finally he ended his talk, if talk his wild, mad harangue could be termed, "the church"

was requested to pray, while those who felt themselves sinners were urged to come forward to the "Mourners' Bench." This "Mourners' Bench" it may be said, is a long, backless, wooden bench placed before the pulpit around which the mourners,—that is those feeling a conviction of their sins,—kneel, praying aloud in a wailing manner, while the congregation group themselves about them, all kneeling and praying aloud also for the mourners' salvation. Now began that singular, impressive undertone of wailing from the mourners and women, not rising above a disturbed hum, while dozens of prayers went up from dozens of men and from some of the older sisters, one elder leading all with powerful voice, until the air became a Babel of voices. Louder and louder grew the prayers, the more impassioned elders clapping their hands loudly, shouting at the top of their lungs, uttering from time to time great volleys of "O—o—o—o Jesus! O—o—o—o God," that can be heard a mile and more away, bobbing up and down in their frenzy like corks upon troubled waters, the wailing monotone of melody harmonizing all, bodies rocking and swaying, and an occasional loud amen rising above the uproar. Louder and louder it all grows, the young preacher standing in the aisle, the older minister and pillars of the church ranged before the pulpit, the platform crowded with women, old and young, every one praying independently, louder and louder, a woman's shrill voice now and again rising above the din as she screams, "Come tu Jesus! He'll save yuh! Come sinner!" and a man's voice shouting, "Bless de name o' Jesus!" all accompanied by the measured beating of feet. To describe such a scene would be impossible. It was "full of sound and fury signifying nothing." The frenzy, ever increasing and growing louder, the groans, the shouts, the stupendous O—o—o—o Lawds! the peculiar negro intonation heard nowhere else, that mysterious, impressive wailing like a long-drawn, ceaseless, tearless sob, and the strange movements of the devotees, the wild, frantic gestures, those bursts of O—o—o—o Jesus! must be seen and heard to be realized. But no one knows the negro until they are so seen and heard. Great men will spring to their feet throwing their arms above their heads, calling on Jesus, screaming "Bless de name o' Jesus!", will dance from side to side, then with a savage yell leap straight up into the air two

feet and a half, turn round in the air, come down to the floor, leap up again, their arms flying about madly, hands clapping, until exhausted they fall down and go to praying again.

Leaning on the desk with her head upon her arms, stood a young woman, and leaning upon her was a second young woman whose arms were thrown around the shoulders of the first. Presently I noticed that this second girl seemed to be getting more than usually agitated. Her voice rose ever shriller and shriller as she prayed in quick, spasmodic utterances, "Jesus!—O Lawd! Glory, Glory—O Lawd!" and her right arm was extended in furious gesticulation while her feet were stamped emphatically, while shriek after shriek of "Holy! Glory! Halleluiah! Jesus!" came from her. Suddenly she stood upright, throwing out her arms wide and screaming a very jumble of ejaculations, accompanied by an animated shuffle of her feet. She would have thrown herself over the platform but she was quickly supported on each side, an old woman in a white kerchief and a brown sun-bonnet seizing her right arm with both hands. It was impossible to hold her. Her tall hat flaring with red and blue rosettes flew off, she fell on her back, on her face, on one side, on the other, throwing herself about in mad delirium, shrieking and shouting at the top of her voice. Still the praying goes on and on, even the women who have hold of the girl—"who is feelin' happy," and who is telling you so in broken breaths,—lending their voices in spite of the violent jerks to right, to left, to front, to back, that their patient gives them. Suddenly, just before me, a young mulatto woman in a neat blue dress, springs to her feet and breaks into a furious dance, a clog dance, screaming "Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!" in rapid succession like so many spiritual minute-guns, her elbows keeping time with the clatter of her shoes on the hard floor, her entire body working in the most rapid clog imaginable. This last was inexpressibly ridiculous, and excited smothered laughter from some young fellows. The woman in the pulpit had at last fallen exhausted and they laid her on a bench in front of the platform to recover; she was only sobbing heart-breaking sobs now, and weeping hysterically, while others fanned her with palmetto leaf fans. When, as suddenly as she had sprung up, the young woman in blue falls

down and is caught in the arms of a woman behind her who takes off the hat of her collapsed companion and fans her vigorously. All this time the prayer is still going on.

But it is over at last, and then comes an exhortation from the young preacher for more sinners to go up to the mourners' bench and be prayed for. He stands in the aisle crying: "Who wants to go to Hell? No one! Who wants to go to Heaven? All! Come then. Yuh needn't tink de fire ent er gwine tu feel hot down dere. Hit's jest ez hot ez 'tis here. Yuh won't have no clothes down dere an' hit'll be hotter. Yuh'll be down dere en Hell wid all de Ante-diluvians" (this was an educated preacher) "an' Jews. O—o—o sinner, won't yuh come? I know yuh er a-haltin' 'tween two opinions but yuh won't halt when de Devil gits yuh! O—o—o—o sinner, we're er prayin' fur yuh, won't yuh come sinner? Won't yuh come?"

Many from time to time get up and go forward, the preacher taking their hands as they pass him, and an old brother at the top of the church, shaking their hands, placing his hand upon them as they kneel down by the bench, and calling out in a powerful voice: "Pray sinner," and every now and then appealing to the audience with a shouted: "Come on sinner!" the congregation in the meantime singing: "Sinner where'll yuh stand when de world's on fire?" over and over again.

Before the service is over for the night, old Shadrach's wife, weighing over 280 pounds, gets religion, falls over the stove, tosses her fan away, and is barely held down by five people. It is midnight before the congregation disbands.

The next evening a light mulatto was to preach, and as I reached the church early in the evening, I was taken inside and given a bench. The text was, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." The preacher began by apologizing for his unpreparedness to preach, said he had no sermon and was exhausted by previous exertions. He said that he intended to be calm and to talk to them about what he knew to be truth. That he was not a preacher from the schools. He had "never been rocked in the cradle of the rostrums." So many sermons these days "were preached so fine jes' like dey was strained through a veil." But that was not the sort of sermon he was going to

preach. He was going to talk simple truth, old time truth. Old days were better than the present days, better sermons, better people in the church, better morals.

Indeed, his sermon deserved the compliment paid to it by the succeeding preacher, the same young man of the evening before, when he said: "Brothering, we have listened to a good, a logical discourse." But however good and rational the speaker's words were, and however well he kept his determination to remain calm, it was very certain that except just where he did become more or less emotional and overwrought—tendencies which he showed some power of will in controlling—he did not very much impress his hearers. Sensibly as he spoke about the wickedness of his people even in their churches, of their crimes in the state, of their numbers on chain gangs and in the penitentiaries, it was easy to see that his hearers were not much impressed with what he said. It must not be thought that this man's sermon was logically clear in all points and delivered in all with propriety and moderation. It was not. Much of it was ludicrously distorted, some of it rose into the veriest bombast and palpable self-consciousness. The speaker kept reiterating that he was unprepared. There was occasionally a pitifully absurd misuse of language. Indeed, there was scarcely a sentence in which there was not at least one grandiloquent word drawn into a wrong use. But in spite of this flavor of insincerity and show, there was a good sense in what he said about the discipline of his people in and out of church, and a higher plane of thought altogether than the generality of negro sermons evince. It was not a biblical sermon so much as an attempted ethical discourse. Whether the man was earnestly convinced, whether indeed he even understood all that he was talking about, I cannot say. The negro is wonderfully imitative, and this man might have filled himself with what was to him but the unnourishing husks of some printed sermon or remembered talk. At any rate, he spoke these thoughts again, and showed a laudable desire to conduct himself with propriety.

He was followed by the young man before mentioned, who read a hymn, and then before it was sung began what doubtless he intended for a few remarks on the preceding sermon but which, of course, grew into a lengthy oration. This young man is a person

of some "education." He reads clearly, speaks with an ordinary degree of correctness when unexcited. But his nature is too strong for his slight toning of "learning," and he invariably, after a few sentences, loses control of himself and plunges headlong into a wild fury of religious enthusiasm. The hymn that he read was never sung, then or afterwards. In five minutes' time he was in a state of excitement where vision had ceased to be a rhetorical figure and had become truly imaginative. He *saw* what he described. After a few dispassionate words in reference to the foregoing sermon, he had imperceptibly seized upon the same text and was launched forth in a talk of his own which was really wonderful. There was a wild, untamed imaginative quality in it that was truly marvellous. A touch would have spoiled it all, a shadow of a tone less of barbaric sincerity and earnestness would have made it sacrilege, even horribly so. As it was, that ignorant, fanatical young negro gave a description of the trial and crucifixion of Christ that was startlingly impressive and supremely eloquent, an eloquence bold and vivid as that of man in his primitive days. The trial before Pilate, the crowning of Christ with the crown of thorns, the scourging with the reed, the long, weary ascent of Calvary under the heavy cross, the driving of the nails through the hands and feet, the old, old story was told that night in frenzied wildness in a way not soon to be forgotten. The sublime and the ridiculous, the native force of an untamed imagination and the petty illustrations of a simple, untaught nature, were crowded together in a description that no studied effort could ever hope to attain. If the horrible was there in undue proportion it was not felt so then. As the speaker seized a visionary crown of thorns and pressed it down, down upon his streaming brows, telling in wild language how the blood flowed down and blinded Christ, seizing a black hymn book and holding it before his eyes to signify the intense bitterness and blackness of the waters of woe that then o'erflowed the soul of the Son of God, if there was too much of the element of the ridiculous as the orator threw his body back in the imaginary posture of Christ upon the cross and cried aloud in his broken English those woeful words that rent the earth, if there was aught out of place in all this and the almost superhuman rapidity and force of the

shouted words it was not felt there in that little church filled with those sobbing, moaning, swaying negroes. He had wrought them up into a passion of enthusiasm. Song after song they broke into when he ceased, and what mattered it if the words were drowned in the mighty flow of the wild and passionate melodies, that sobbed and rose, died and poured forth again in an organ peal of harmony?

The benediction was pronounced, the last words of which were curiously multiplied, (the negro always piles up the words, synonyms or not it makes no difference), "be with you all, now, henceforth on, and forever more," the preacher turned down to the ground the hands he had held extended and upraised, the people scraped their feet and courtesied, and the meeting was over.

The next evening being that of Sunday the service was particularly interesting. The church was crowded, but I was given my usual seat. As the people had had two services that day they were, as one of the congregation said to me, "well warmed up." Had they not been, the sermon they heard would well have served that end. It was given by a tall young man, the pastor of the church. The gist of his sermon before he became excited was "Christ as an Advocate," and he gave a curious definition of advocate. "Now let me make plain to you," he said, "what advocate means. Christ as an advocate. We find the word in the Greek. But, brethren, I am not here to talk Greek to you this night. I am here to talk English. Now, brethren and sisters, wherever you see this word, or whoever uses it, and wherever you hear any one use it, no matter who he is, or where he is, advocate means simply advocate and nothing else." (Cries of "Yes!" "Jes' so!" "Preach de Word!") "Advocate is just advocate plain so."

The sermon went on redoubling in energy and the loudly shouted cries of, "Yes! Hear Lord! Teach it! Preach de word! Hear de Preacher! Jes' so! Bless de name o' Jesus! Hear God!" etc., etc., with tearful laughter gave promise of a rich experience later on. After the sermon followed the usual singing of songs, and then the prayer for the mourners. Again the people crowded about the pulpit, kneeling down, and filling the platform, while

the prayer gathering in force went on for half an hour. An elder specially distinguished himself this night, having a stentorian voice easily heard above the clamor. He bawled for "golden slippers for to walk de golden streets, for de comin' ob de Kingdom, for de salvation o' de world," that they might be carried "from de low ground o' sorrow, and their feet placed firm on de rock of eternal ages," that the preacher might be "hidden behind de cross'" while he "stood betwixt de livin' an' de dead," he spoke about "Calvary's rugged brow," about the "Milk white horse of Justice," etc., between every sentence clapping aloud his hands and giving forth a rolling, "O—o—o—o Lawd!" which with genuine negro intonation quavered and rose and fell. For nearly half an hour he prayed without a moment's pause, one steady flow of lungs. And this was not his only contribution of voice to the service that night. During this prayer a woman "got religion" and exhorted above the din until overcome by her exertions. An elderly man also was carried away by the spirit, and gave an exhibition of leaps more amusing than impressive.

While the preacher was exhorting sinners to go up to the Mourners' Bench, he gave an explanation of "getting religion" which is interesting though different from that usually given. (The usual explanation is that the spirit of God is so sweet to the heart when it first perceives, that joy makes the converted sinner leap and shout). "When yuh gits religion," he said, "yuh feel good from de top o' yo' head tu de sole o' yuh foots. Yuh feel like lovin' and huggin' all de brothers an' sisters. Yuh feel queer. Yuh aint know jes' 'xacly what's de matter wid yuh. Den sinner come de struggle. De Devil don't want yuh tu come to Jesus and he rassels wid yuh. Dat's why yuh see de brothers an' sisters cut up so an' carry on so high, Hit's de Devil rasslin' wid dem. But sinners, lemme tell you one ting, yuh aint er-gwine tu see Gawd tel yuh seed de Devil. Ef yuh did, yuh wouldn't want tu see Him agin. Yuh mus' rassle wid de Devil 'fore yuh see Gawd. An' when yuh see de brothers an' sisters drap down onto de floor, de Devil's done beat an' Gawd's knocked em down wid er conviction. Come sinner. Any body kin have religion ef he wants tu. I know yuh air er-haltin' 'tween two opinions. De Devil's ready tu rassle wid

yuh but yuh kin beat him ef yuh try hit. Hit'll be too late bimeby when he gits yuh in Hell."

Before the close of the services a collection was called for to benefit the pastor. The aforesaid elder who had prayed so vigorously, led the congregation in the singing of a dozen or more melodies. He had a fine voice, and as the congregation was slow to respond to the urging of the elders and deacons to contribute, the people being expected to carry their contributions to a table before the pulpit around which the elders and deacons stand to receive the money, *make change*, and thank the givers, over half an hour was taken up in this strange act of service. Some of the songs were :

I am troubled about my soul,
  Troubled about my soul.
I am troubled about my soul,
  Troubled about my soul.

When I was sinking down
  Beneath Gawd's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown,
  For my soul, for my soul.

Another very pleasing song was :

Jesus choose me from de flock, over dere,
Jesus choose me from de flock, over dere.
Jesus choose me from de flock,
I'm er gwine tu rest upon de rock,
I'm er gwine tu wear er starry crown, over dere.

2.

I'm er gwine tu lay my burden down, over dere,
I'm er gwine tu lay my burden down, over dere,
Jesus choose me from de flock,
I'm er gwine tu rest upon de rock,
I'm er gwine tu wear er starry crown, over dere.

3.

Wid Jesus I'll sit down, over dere, etc.

4.

O ! my brudder ef yuh want tu meet me, over dere,
O ! my brudder ef yuh want tu meet me, over dere,
O ! my brudder ef you want tu meet me
Yuh must go to Calvary,
I'm er gwine tu wear er starry crown, over dere,

5.

We are de Nation's merry band, over dere,
We are de Nation's merry band, over dere,
We are de Nation's merry band,
An' we'll fly from land tu land,
I'm er gwine tu wear er starry crown, over dere.

At this stage of the service one of the elders näively remarked that "Mebbe some individuals o' de congregation had er shyness tu come forward, an' er brother would please pass roun' de hat." By which it was speedily made evident to me who was the shy individual. But it was laughable to witness the exertions of the elders to wring from the congregation whatever contribution it might have. Some went up and contributed twice ; some went not at all. To these recalcitrant ones special adjurations were addressed with more or less effect, the minister for whose benefit the collection was, from time to time peering down over the desk with ill concealed interest as to the growing of his little bank. He took up a coin and examined it critically under the light. Finally when the rock had evidently ceased to flow, an elder thanked the people for $1.30, and announced that the next night there would be another collection and if the people had no money to bring, they might bring chickens and eggs. Very amusing scenes occur during these collections. On one occasion when the contributions were particularly small, and many, both men and women, got up and left the church, a preacher rose and said he should know what to think of the next person that went out. If any one had no intelligence he'd show it by going out. He was watching. Just let him see another one go. He then began to call the people by their names : "Mr. Sam Brown—I think I see Mr. Sam Brown—won't you give us five cents of that money ? You won't ?

Mr. Sam Brown, won't you give us anything?" This went on from one to another, the younger men ducking down behind the backs of those in front of them, and a general titter all over the church proclaiming the fun of the thing.

The next night was to wind up this series of meetings, to be "a grand rallyin'," as the preacher had said. And it was. The little church was filled to overflowing and every one was "feelin' good." When in the midst of a fiery harangue the preacher had a vision of John the Baptist—the patron saint of the church—the enthusiasm felt no bounds. In this vision the young preacher saw "dat ole saint who fust introduced baptism (cries of Yes! Preach it! Tell it! etc.) gwine down en de water, en de waves o' de Jordan (Yes! Hear Lawd!) an' er baptizin' o' de people, (Dat's so! Yes! I know!), an' I see him er baptizin' Jesus, (Yes, Lawd! Ha, ha! True!), er baptizin' Jesus, de Son o' Gawd, (Yes!), an' I see de sperit o' de Holy Ghos' (O, Lawd! Amen!) come down ez er dove an' res' upon him. (Yes! Lissen, Jesus! Yes, Lawd!). An' den I see dat wicked woman er dancin' 'fore de king. (Yes!). An' I see her ask fur her will. An' de king say, 'What'll yuh hab, daughter?' an' she say, 'Gimme de head o' John de Baptist.' (Oh! Lawd ha' mussy! Jesus, lissen!). An' den I see dat ole saint who fust introduced baptism (Yes! Hear, Lawd!) put he neck on de guillotine an' I see em cut off his head wid er sword. (O–o–h! Lawd hep em!). But I see dat good ole man's spirit go right up tu Heaven. (Yes! True! Preach it!) An' I see de pearly gates fly open. (Yes! Yes! Amen!). An' Jesus stan'in' dere wid he arms open er welcomin' him home. (Yes! Lissen, Jesus!). An' he's here dis night wid his people, (Yes! Ha, ha! Preach de word!), an' he'll nebber leave yuh", (No! No! Preach it!), etc., etc.

From whatever cause, whether it is a race characteristic or whether it is to be attributed to his primitive condition in society, the negro is very figurative in his language, often genuinely imaginative and poetic. Visions are common to them. In telling their religious experiences at "covenant meetin's" or "experience meetin's" they use none but figurative language. Men and women are alike in this, and their gestures and motions accompanying these speeches are ofttimes dramatic in the extreme.

They will tell you they found their religion "en de low ground o' sorrow," "en de valley an' not on de hill top." The Lord has taken their feet from "de miry clay an' planted 'em on de rock o' eternal ages." This is true of them in all of their relations in life, secular as well as religious, that is, it is so of the older men and women. With the younger ones there can be felt a very perceptible repression of all such tendencies.

On this night, in the prayer that followed the sermon, a prayer in which two elders upon their knees were bawling with all their might and a dozen other voices were praying only a shade less vociferously, and the women and mourners were wailing, a sister rose up suddenly and began to exhort amidst all the din which never ceased to heed her. "My name's written en de Lamb's Book o, Life," she screams, "yes, hit is, an' I don't care *who* knows it. I walk wid Gawd! I talk wid Gawd! Ha! Ha! I get up wid Gawd! An' I lays down wid Gawd! O–o–o–o sisters, be right, be right! Me heart's full o' Jesus! I eat wid Jesus! I live wid Jesus! I riz up wid Jesus! I sleeps wid Jesus! Holy! Holy! Glory! I see Jesus! O–o–o–o Master! I aint ashamed to say so! I don't care *who* knows hit! I aint ashamed tu say so 'fore ten thousan' peoples! O–o–o Jesus! O–o–o–o Master! Come tu de Lamb, sinner! Come, yuh sinner! Hol' em over hell, O–o–o Lawd Jesus, but don't let em drap in. Shek em over de flames, O–o–o Lawd! Aint yuh see Jesus right dere? Holy! Glory! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!"

She fell down, still screaming feebly, and the prayer went on wilder and louder. Another woman, she of the tall hat and colored rosettes, sprang up with shrill yells of "Holy! Holy! Holy! I see Jesus." She was seized by four women and her old father, Shadrach, made for her, but she threw herself from all of them, tossing her arms about and clearing a space all about her. Shadrach grappled her about the waist, but she dragged him prancing all over the aisle, he striving in vain to secure her arms. At the same time another woman was seized, and dealing blows that might have felled a man and uttering piercing screams in rapid succession, drove every one from around her. Still the prayer went on, at one time, indeed, yielding to the intense excitement of the moment it changed into impassioned song, word-

less and wild, an involuntary, universal burst of melody, which fell again into what the unusual furore had startled it from. When the prayer was over, the wildest excitement prevailed. The pillars of the church, men and women, rose to their feet, and the congregation bursting into a spirited tune, row after row of people began a minuet dance, seizing the hands of their neighbors, bowing, courtesying, the elders and ministers dancing with the older sisters, all singing, shuffling, clapping, until a slow religious dance was in full swing.

It had not ceased before a woman's voice broke upon the ear in a long, sobbing, passionate supplication for re-admittance into the church. This woman had, less than a year before, been excommunicated for a crime which led to her outraged husband's murder. It was impossible to catch all that she said, the words being sobbed out in a rapid, hysterical manner, but a deep silence had suddenly succeeded to the uproar, and the woman's supplication moved the hearts of her hearers. The preacher said, when she ceased, "Brethren you have heard her supplication. All those in favor of the motion signify it by saying, Aye. (Every one said it.) Those opposed, No. Then our sister is welcomed back into the church. The brethren and sisters will now extend to her the right hand of christian fellowship." So the people in long files passed up to the weeping woman and shook her hand, the audience the while singing :

1. All de angels welcome you, welcome you, welcome you.
   All de angels welcome you,
   Glory, glory, glory !
2. All de preachers welcome you, etc.
3. All de elders welcome you, etc.
4. All de deacons welcome you, etc.

More songs were then sung, one of them being especially tuneful, and led by a splendid male voice :

I was dere when dey tried my Lord, tried my Lord,
I was dere when dey tried my Lord, tried my Lord,
Oh ! Sometimes my troubles makes me trimble, trimble, trimble,
I was dere when dey tried my Lord.

2.

I was dere when de Jews whipped Him 'long, whipped Him 'long,
I was dere when de Jews whipped Him 'long, whipped Him 'long.
Oh ! Sometimes, my troubles make me trimble, trimble, trimble.
I was dere when de Jews whipped Him 'long.

The verses were endless :

3.

I was dere when He wore de purple robe, etc.

4.

I was dere when He wore de thorny crown, etc,

5.

I was der when dey struck Him wid a rod, etc.

6.

I was dere when dey pierced Him in de side, etc.

7.

I was dere when dey led Him on Calvary, etc.

8.

I was dere when dey nailed Him on de cross, etc.

9.

I was dere when he bowed His head and died, etc.

10.

I was dere when dey put Him in de tomb, etc.

11.

I was dere when dey rolled de stone away, etc.

12.

I was dere when He rose up from de dead, etc.

13.

I am nothin but po' chile en dis world, etc., etc., etc.

At nine o'clock the next morning the candidates (pronounced candied-dates) for baptism were to be immersed in the creek. It was, however, nothing more than an ordinary negro immersion. There was no excitement. After it was over, the sermon to the newly baptized members was preached, the hand-shake of fellowship was given, and the summer revival at Holly Springs Baptist church was over.

Robert Adger Bowen.

"*Rivoli,*" *Charleston, S. C.*

BETHLEHEM.

Far in the East our hearts this morn,
'Neath roseate skies of faith and love,
Kneel 'round the manger of our Lord,
Where reigns the King of heaven above.
Venite Adoremus!

And shepherds watching thro' the night
Hear greetings from angelic choir:
"Gloria in excelsis, Deo!"
Ring the notes of heavenly lyre.
Venite Adoremus!

We bring the frankincense of prayer—
The faith of souls set free from sin,
The spices of sweet charity—
A perfumed gift from heaven to men.
Venite Adoremns!

At Bethlehem's shrine of Christian hope,—
An altar bright, with love and light,—
We kneel and bathe our souls in prayer,
White shines the cross on Calvary's height.
Venite Adoremus.

Thomas O'Hagan.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE Old Bachelor was rather later than usual at the club Christmas Eve. The few of us who strayed in, having no merry-makings of our own to attend, sat around the fire smoking silently and glancing now and then at his vacant place in the corner, wondering where he could be. He came after while and dropped in his accustomed chair, answering our hearty greetings rather quietly one thought for such a man at such a time. Then we sat and smoked in silence for a while till presently he began to talk. It was a curious monologue.

"I guess I never told you about that waitress at our boarding house," he said. "Coming into the dining-room one morning, I noticed sailing around the room in the likeness of a new waitress a person I at once mentally dubbed 'The Goddess.' Our last Hebe seemed to be at enmity with the world in general, she had such a spiteful way of setting things down and when she demanded in theatrical tones if I would partake of 'Roast Beef or Lamb,' I always felt she really meant "Your money or your life."

But 'The Goddess' was different. There was something regal in her proportions and the way she moved around that dining-room. You needn't laugh. It must have taken skill and long practice to steer such a large craft around that room. I used to watch her with wonder and admiration as she circumnavigated the table with all sail set. She did get caught once but she backed out, took it sideways and sailed on.

I'm an old bachelor, of course, and so believe in romance firmly, even among pots and kettles, and there was something about this woman that surprised me. Something about the look in her eyes made me wonder what her story was. I couldn't get away from the pathetic suffering of those eyes. They haunted me. I even went so far as to ask the landlady casually one day if she knew anything about her history. 'A servant with a history?' she said. She had a laugh like a coffee grinder. Yes, she did know a little of it. The woman had a husband who drank. He usually appeared Monday when she got her wages, and beat her in return for them sometimes. Children? Probably. Such people usually have. The woman used to bring a little girl with her, but she be-

lieved the child's father threw a flat-iron at her one day in a playful mood and the brat never seemed to thrive after that. There didn't seem to be any more to tell. She was only a poor Irish woman, like a thousand others in the city.

No, there wasn't anything to tell. She was neither a dethroned princess nor a saint. Probably she couldn't spell her own name. Yet I couldn't help reflecting somehow that even animals have feelings after all, perhaps the more acute since they have no means of expressing them. That woman tried to do her duty as she saw it, and I think sometimes that even more tragic than Macbeth is that unwritten story, the story of so many women, about whom there is after all 'nothing to tell.' I beg your pardon," he added suddenly, "I must have bored you, but I've been thinking about the sad eyes of that woman all day." He stopped abruptly and we were all quiet a while. This sort of thing was not in his usual vein. The Cynic turned around presently. "What made you so late to-night?" he asked. "Where were you?" The Old Bachelor stammered a little "I—I—Well I had a little errand to do." Then in the most matter-of-fact way the Cynic blandly asked, "And how much did this little act of charity cost you? Fifty?" "It's none of your business," said the Old Bachelor shortly.

PEACE.

Day is dying;
Winds are sighing
Through the tops of nodding trees.
Wavelets flashing,
Gently plashing,
In the cool of autumn's breeze.

Sun declining,
Pale stars shining,
From the silvery tinted skies,
Clouds are glowing,
Soft winds blowing,
Day in glorious splendor dies.

J. R. Dyke.

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

Across thy breast Cayuga blue,
The moaning breezes sweep,
Sad swells their requiem for the dead
That 'neath thy billows sleep.
Upon thy winter-blighted shores
Thy sobbing waters beat,
And chant a muffled dirge for those
Whose life-psalms are complete.

II.

Within thy cradling arms at rest
Their earthly caskets lie,
Their souls like stars shall ever deck
Eternity's vast sky;
And we who knew the lofty worth
Of those who early died,
May feel that nobly purposed lives
By death are glorified.

Oreola Williams, '97.

HERE AND THERE.

IN regard to the recent agitation concerning foot-ball, a correspondent from Harvard has written of late as follows:

"Some eleven years ago a committee was appointed by the overseers of Harvard to investigate the subject of college field-sports. After unsuccessful attempts to correct prevailing abuses, the committee was succeeded by another, which in 1888 was increased in numbers and instructed to thoroughly investigate Harvard athletics. This inquiry was made necessary by the oft-repeated charges made against the university, that its contests were not favorable to the health of the students as a body, that they interfered with regular college work, prevented the growth of a

university spirit, lowered the scholarship of those participating in and attending them, and that they exerted a bad moral influence on spectators and participants. It was further said that they fostered gambling, and usurped the thoughts and conversation of the students. To meet these charges the committee in 1888 submitted a report in which it was stated that far from having these dissipating and degrading effects upon the students, athletics directly contributed to health and morality; that the college attendance and scholarship of athletes and members of the teams were in a few instances very slightly below, and in many cases far above the average of non-athletic men; that with the growth of athletics, in eleven years the average of the graduating classes had increased 5½ per cent.; that contests of strength tended to give the students a community of interests, and that betting and undue conversation upon college sports were inherent evils of university life, and not to be eradicated by legislation."

From that time until now Harvard has devoted itself conscientiously to the cause which the committee had championed. No one, of course, claims that this action of America's greatest university settles the question, but surely while we are discussing the matter should we not at least consider the opinion of men who have taken pains to learn both sides of the question and have the best interests of their Alma Mater at heart?

It is peculiarly unfortunate that an anti-football movement should be started just at this, of all times, when our athletics have fallen so in the estimation of college men throughout the country. There are some impressions it may be well to correct just here. In the first place it is not enough for a university to excel in one branch of athletics, like rowing, as some have claimed. That does well enough for a little college with a lack of material but something more than this is expected of a university with eighteen hundred students. Again, if turning out a crack crew year by year, is a good thing for Cornell, as it undoubtedly is, and as not even the greatest opponents of other branches of athletics have pretended to deny, why would not crack football and base ball teams add just that much more to our glory?

Again, gymnastics do not and cannot supply the place of athletics in a university, as any one who has ever tried both will tes-

tify. Exercise for its own sake is a dull affair, and presently, with no mental interest, becomes almost unendurable. This fact needs no further proof than that afforded by the smallness of the regular gymnasium classes everywhere. If it were not for the various men training for athletic teams, the gymnasium would be scantily used indeed. The chief advantage gymnasium work has is that it is one degree better than drill.

And this brings us to another question. While the zeal for reform is upon us, would it not be a good idea to look at some of these matters from a student's standpoint, for whose benefit, in part at least, the university is supposed to exist. Would it not, for instance, be well to take up such a subject as that time-honored institution, drill, and look at it from another side than that presented on dress parade?

Is it not ludicrous that in a university whose inmates are supposed to have done away with childish things, so much stress should be laid upon an institution such as military drill? Far be it from us to decry military discipline. There is nothing that is better for the development of a strong and manly character, when it is carried on in a strict and soldier-like way, but here, where a man is at best like "a passive pail being pumped into" there is no room left for the stream of militarism that the university insists on pouring in upon him. We are neither an Orchard Lake nor a West Point. We do not need the school-boy discipline that drill supplies to a capricious youth, keeping him in the straight and narrow path and calming down his erring propensities into regularity and precision; our time is plentifully enough occupied in more serious ways. Nor is the ultimate end of our college education a lieutenancy in the ranks of our country's defenders. No visions of gory encounters with blood-thirsty Indians, or magnificent deeds of daring on the Mexican frontier rise up to spur us on. Will the few hours of semi-serious exercise that is called military drill make us any braver or better men, or any more useful in case the nation should need our services? Every one prepares for the battle of life in a different way, and it is not necesssary that each of us, in order to develop manliness and enthusiasm should drag a gun around the Armory two or three times a week. If there are any who are attracted by the fascinating spectacle that is seen upon

the campus when the government inspector passes through Ithaca, let them form a few companies which will do justice to their aspirations. They can uphold the military side of the university and the clause in the charter which requires instruction in military drill and science will be sufficiently complied with. There is nothing in that clause that makes it necessary for every individual man to join in military drill as the University requires them to do. When the charter was granted the country was just recovering from the civil war and the government was imbued with military ideas. Thinking that an institution, dependent to a certain degree upon the state should contribute something towards its defence, the clause was inserted in our charter. But now a hundred more important things have sprung up to take the place of drill; there is no longer any necessity for it, it is inconsistent with the spirit of the time and the ends of the university. There is no other first-class college in the world where so much is made of drill as at Cornell. Even in Germany, the most military country in the world, the idea of a student battalion at Heidelberg or Leipzig would be laughed at. This is a subject which, we humbly suggest, the university authorities should seriously consider. Though many members of the faculty are against drill, they have allowed it to run on, thinking, with a good-humored sort of indifference, that it was a harmless sort of a thing that should be endured for the sake of the caprice of those who drew up our charter.

Scarcely any other state institution in the country insists on drill as is done here, and certainly no university of Cornell's standing does so. Those in authority have perhaps never carefully considered the drill question as a serious drain of time and even money that might well be put to better use, to say nothing of the opinion of the great majority of the students on the question. If only for the sake of our athletics we might at least adopt the plan of some other state institutions, that excuse a man from drill who reports the same number of hours to the captain of any athletic team. This last is a suggestion that ought to be seriously considered by every one interested in the welfare of the university.

THE MONTH.

A COMPARISON of the number of students in Cornell as given in the forthcoming Register with the attendance in 1892–93 shows a gratifying gain. Last year there were 155 graduate students who were candidates for advanced degrees; this year there are 222. Students in the school of law 203 and 219, Seniors, 205 and 142, Juniors, 176 in 1892–93; Sophomores, 336 and 374, Freshmen, 528 and 549. The registration, however, does not accurately indicate the sizes of the several classes. The graduating class this year will number more than 200, excluding the graduates of the school of law.

The drowning of Dr. L. S. Merriam, instructor in Political Economy, and Miss Mary L. Yeargin of the Junior class, is another of the sad casualties which mark the current year. The search for bodies was unsuccessful, as the locality of the accident could not be determined by the evidence found. Miss Yeargin was one of the most prominent young women at Cornell, and Dr. Merriam, while serving his first year here, had given evidence of sound scholarship and promised to be a most valuable member of the department of History and Political Science. Both left an example of earnest living and noble ideals that will not soon be forgotten.

The Sphinx Head, which has occupied the field alone as a Senior Society since its organization in 1890, has a rival in the Quill and Dagger, which it is understood was organized last spring by '93 men and graduates of preceding classes. There is ample field for the two societies at Cornell.

For the first time in years the Freshmen won the class supremacy in the athletic contests with the Sophomores. The Fall Meet was won by '96, but the other two events, the football games, were won by '97. The Freshmen adopted a class cane and now take pride in displaying their sticks before the eyes of the Sophomores. Ninety-seven is, in more respects that one, the finest Freshman class Cornell has had in a long time.

The University debating societies have been considering proposals to enter inter-collegiate debating contests with the University of Michigan, University of Pennsylvania, etc. It is the general

complaint at Cornell that University work is so pressing as to preclude any arrangement in extra duties. For this reason the Woodford Debating Club could not meet the overtures of the University of Michigan, which demanded immediate answer. It is still possible, however, that a reconsideration of the matter will show that some of the finest debaters in the college are not averse to entering an inter-university debate, if sufficient publicity can be assured. A committee consisting of the professor of elocution, a representative of the Woodford Club and a representative of the Cornell Congress, will meet a committee representing the literary societies of the University of Pennsylvania sometime in the holiday recess, and may possibly arrange a joint debate for this year or next. Such a contest would stimulate interest in debate here, which is even now on the increase, a fact confirmed by the recent organization by members of the Sophomore class of the George William Curtis Debating Society.

The report of Graduate Treasurer Treman for 1892–93, indicates that the finances of the 'Varsity athletic associations are in good condition with the exception of the Navy which is heavily in debt. The total receipts were $15,378.25, distributed among the several funds as follows :—Baseball, $4,883.01 ; football, $6,008.15 ; track athletics, $1,417.47 ; navy, $2,060.76 ; Percy field, $1,008.86. The total amount of expenditures was $15,366,78 as follows :—Baseball, $4,803.75 ; football, $5,977.37 ; track athletics, $1,439.80 ; navy, $2,058.57 ; Percy field, $1,087.26.

The monotony of daily recitations was broken in the last week of November by three lectures by the University's distinguished visitor, Prince Wolkonsky, son of the Russian minister of education, and chief of the imperial commission in charge of the Russian educational exhibit at the Columbian Exposition. Prince Wolkonsky's lectures on "The Higher Education of Russian Women," the "World's Fair Congress of Religions" and "Personal Impressions of American Life," were extremely stimulating. His broad views of government seemed incompatible with his defense of the Russian despotism to Americans familiar with the writings of Kennan and others.

Cornell's disastrous football season closed with the University of Pennsylvania game at Philadelphia, November 18th, in which

the Quakers scored 50 points to Cornell's 0. The team could not be held together for the Thanksgiving game with the University of Minnesota, which was, therefore, regretfully cancelled. The bitter criticism which this act aroused among the Western colleges ought to have been foreseen, and the football management has since been censured by Cornell students. After Minnesota had carried preparations for the game so far as to have sold several hundred tickets, the management did wrong to break its engagement. The team should have been kept together at all hazards.

NEW BOOKS.

Greek Poets in English Verse by Several Translators. Edited by William Hyde Appleton.

As part of that effort, earnest though unorganized, which has always been made by Greek scholars and Greek lovers everywhere, to popularize and disseminate a taste for Greek, if not bodily in the shape of its language, at least spiritually in the form of various translations, this book of Professor Appleton's is well worth consideration. He has given us in this volume a collection of Greek poems in English dress which, though in many respects incomplete, has none the less much value, poetical as well as practical. For those to whom lack of opportunity has denied an acquaintance with the originals, this book will prove especially valuable. The necessity of some such work is evident in a time when, as the editor says in his preface: "The study of the Greek language would seem to be coming more and more to be the study of the few." But this half loaf of translation is much better than none at all. As regards the selection of poems, Professor Appleton forestalls criticism to some extent by his early assertion that "no book of selections can meet exactly the tastes and wishes of all." One may, however, while admitting this, venture to dissent in some particulars from his judgment as expressed in his selections. It is an open question whether so much space as he has allowed should be given to Pope's translations which, however magnificent, are by no means Homer. It is rather strange, too, that as one of the five selections from Aristophanes he should offer us Frere's dull and prosy translation of the Grand Chorus of the Birds instead of Swinburne's spirited version. On the whole, however, the book is well done and deserves the consideration due an honest effort, which it will doubtless receive.

Two Bites at a Cherry, with Other Tales. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A new book by Thomas Bailey Aldrich is sure to find a ready welcome. Nor will the reader look in vain for that grace of narrative which has made him a favorite. Concerning the matter and outcome of the stories, there may be difference of opinion. "Two Bites at a Cherry" seems to us disappointing. The hero, after being refused by the girl of his choice, and having spent years in solitary wandering, meets her after her first husband dies. Loving her as violently as ever, he proposes again, only to find that she is married the second time. In marked contrast to this is the last story, "Her Dying Words," which is gracefully told and leaves a far happier impression. "Goliath" flavors somewhat of Mark Twain. "For Bravery on the Field" is natural and pathetic. "My Cousin, the Colonel," is humorous and entertaining. The book is quite as exquisite mechanically as it is from a literary standpoint. The body is well worthy of the spirit.

Henry of Navarre, and the Huguenots in France. By P. F. Willert, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A well known lecturer on history is fond of impressing upon the minds of his students the fact that one of the best ways of entering into the real life and spirit of any age or people, is by the study of the lives of eminent men. It was, perhaps, with this in mind that Messrs. Putnam's Sons entered upon the publication of the extensive and important "Heroes of the Nations" series, of which this volume forms a part. The series, when complete, will include the lives of most of the leading characters of Europe in both ancient and modern time, and Cornellians await with lively anticipation the appearance of "Alexander," by Professor Wheeler, and "Charlemagne," by Professor Burr, now being written for this series. The book before us is a vigorous presentation of the life and work of a great figure in European history, who appeared at that critical time when the Reformation was forcing upon courts and people alike, grave questions for solution. In this far-reaching contest between a new and vitalizing faith and a corrupt church and debauched society, Henry IV, as Protestant prince and Catholic king, played no small part; and in the author's opinion, if he had not been cut off by an assassin, the history of Protestantism would have been far different. Yet Mr. Willert does not commit the error of recklessly lauding the king. His portrait is not always flattering and seems an earnest effort to be just and accurate at the expense of sentiment. To those who would possess a readable account of a most interesting and important period of French history, this book will commend itself.

The Story of Parthia. By George Rawlinson, M.A., F.R.G.S. The "Story of the Nations" Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Since the publication of Professor Rawlinson's "Five Great Monarchies,"

he has needed no introduction to literary or historical readers, and his last book, "Parthia," fully maintains the reputation so well established by his previous work. His task here is peculiarly difficult, in that the Parthians left no literature worthy the name, and most of the material for their history must be derived from archæological remains and allusions in other literatures. Despite these disadvantages, the author has made a most interesting and valuable narrative out of unpromising materials. He regards the Parthians as a Turanian race. They were strongly anti-Hellenic in custom and sentiment. For nearly four centuries their great empire, loosely organized as it was, formed the second nation of the world and Rome's most formidable antagonist. This period of their power is one of the most interesting chapters in history. As a nation they displayed signal ability in government. Their military system was strong in defense but weak offensively, and their artistic sense was of a low order. Professor Rawlinson draws a vivid picture of their civilization, and tells the story of their stormy and eventful national career in a most entertaining way.

The Science of Education. By Johann Friedrich Herbart. Translated from the German by Henry M. and Emmie Filkin. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

The translators deserve support in the effort to make Herbart accessible to English readers. The works of Herbart are of especial value and interest because he was not only a psychologist but a practical teacher. The volume contains an interesting biographical sketch of Herbart, and a helpful analysis of the works translated. Herbart believed that the aim of education was contained in the word, morality; that the teacher should leave the individuality of the child as untouched as possible; that the teacher was not merely to surround the mind with the conditions suitable to its proper development, but also to penetrate to the innermost core of the mind-germ, and to inoculate it with thoughts, feelings, and desires, which it could never have had otherwise. As a philosophical treatment of the science of pedagogy, Herbart's work is perhaps unrivaled, and the enterprise which gives it to English readers is worthy of the highest commendation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

Two Bites at a Cherry, with Other Tales. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Sub-Coelum, a Sky-Built Human World. By A. P. Russell.

The Son of a Prophet. By George Anson Jackson.

Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas. By Alfred M. Williams.

Rachel Stanwood. By Lucy Gibbons Morse.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Henry of Navarre, and the Huguenots in France. By P. F. Willert, M.A.
The Story of Parthia. By George Rawlinson, M.A., F.R.G.S.
An Historical Interpretation of Philosophy. By John Bascom.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

The Science of Education. By Johann Friederich Herbart. Translated by Henry M. and Emmie Filkin.
Laboratory Guide in General Chemistry. By George Willard Benton.

From Ginn & Co., Boston.

A Field Book for Civil Engineers. By Daniel Carhart, C.E.
The Eighth Book of Vergil's Aeneid. By John Tetlow, D.Sc.

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A LITERARY LABORATORY.

THE ZARNCKE LIBRARY.

THE external history of books sometimes has an interest rivalling if not surpassing that of their contents, and when that is not the case, a bit of history in connection with a book always gives the volume an added interest. To know that the first edition of Dante which you hold was read and annotated by Luigi Pulci, to take in your hand the very copy of Chapman's Homer that inspired Keats's lovely sonnet, to behold fearfully the ink-spattered Bible which records for doubting minds Luther's famous bout with the Devil—these surely appeal to one as pleasures beyond the ordinary. For months a daily phrase in many mouths, at Cornell, has been "the Zarncke Library," and yet the fact remains that the personal and even affectionate interest which might so readily be felt for this collection, is known to few, because, beyond a small number of persons, Friedrich Zarncke himself, despite his manifold literary activities, is known not at all except as presumably, the man who owned the library. The student body cannot be expected to cherish, spontaneously, an affectionate sen-

timent for a collection of books in Germanic philology. When a collection of books, however, has become saturated with an interesting human personality, when they have been lived with during a lifetime by an ardent and zealous scholar, a frank and whole-souled sort of man who makes his likes and dislikes apparent even in the reading of a pamphlet, whose books were to him so largely the thoughts, very frequently the affectionate tribute, of friends, of teachers, and of pupils, with whom he argued on margins, and whose utterances he approved or condemned, enlarged or contradicted—then a philological collection may become of vital interest even to the unphilologic mind.

Richard Le Gallienne constructed a charming story on the basis of a man's book-bills. If a character can be built up with the aid of so light a scaffolding, surely the books themselves afford a solid enough foundation on which to build. In this case indeed, it is not necessary to build at all, for Zarncke's life during fifty years of literary work, stands revealed in his library with the same clearness and eloquence as a fossil in the rocks. The *Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie* for 1892, p. 85, gives a chronological list of his writings. This spares one the labor of arranging dates, but otherwise a look at his book-shelves reveals almost as readily what were the chief subjects of his interest and study. He grew into and grew out of his library to such an extent that it is hard to disassociate him from it.

Books early began to play a large part in his life. Educated as a boy in the library of his clerical father, and having as a student earned a *summa cum laude* for his proficiency in German, English, and Greek studies, his first occupation on obtaining his doctorate was the cataloguing of the Meusebach library, a rich and worthy collection of the elder German literature. Zarncke lingered lovingly among its treasures and the influence of his three years' occupation with them is apparent in all his subsequent life. It determined the bent of his own studies, for the ground covered by that library became his own chosen field and it developed in him the fondness for collecting, and the accurate and systematic bibliographical habits, to which we owe his own symmetrical and well-developed collection. Zarncke's library reveals an unusual range and breadth of literary interest. His chosen subject was literary history,

and he selected the later Middle Ages as a basal point from which he ranged back or forward, at will, along the lines of Germanic literary history. His books are preëminently a working collection along those lines.

The library stands broadly divided into two sections; namely, literature and literary apparatus. The latter includes a fine working collection of dictionaries; an unusual wealth, for a private library, of literary, philological and historical periodicals, including some of the eighteenth century, booksellers' and library catalogues, particularly those of the great manuscript collections; literary histories, and innumerable monographs on subjects of literary criticism; the transactions of the German academies; works on grammar, rhetoric, poetry, the history of language, on the language societies, and on comparative philology. With his literary apparatus Zarncke reckoned his historical collection, embracing the standard writers in mediæval history, canon law, the city chronicles, the history of the Crusades, works on customs, sagas, civilization, and a special collection of the "specula of the German people." The importance he attached to the use of all possible side-lights on literary history may be gathered from his own description of the works of that character in the Meusebach library, in which he speaks of the old historical and geographical works, the *cosmographia* and the chronicles, as of the greatest importance to the literary historian, since "they circumscribe the spiritual horizon which hemmed in the man of the sixteenth century." Naturally such a practical working collection duplicates much that is already in the University library, but a large part of the duplicated material will form rich additions to the seminary apparatus.

Turning to the literary side of the library, the books group themselves naturally about his favorite subjects of study. From the student days when he cherished an enthusiastic devotion to Tacitus, to the last year of his life when, with a touching premonition of the end, his thoughts turned back in his *Erinnerungen eines Vaters und Grossvaters* to the Mecklenburgian home of his childhood, his life has crystallized, one might say, in books.

His doctor's dissertation on the tragic principle in Shakspere and Sophocles, left comparatively little glacial drift in the way of

material behind it. His *Habilitationsschrift* on the relations of French and Provencal poetry to German, suggests one of the uses to which he put a collection of some seven hundred titles in Romance and classic literatures. An edition of Brant's *Narrenschiff* was a work suggested by the incunabula of the Meusebach library. This led him, later, to the study of university life and history in the Middle Ages, which always remained a favorite pursuit, his materials for this work forming one of the smaller special collections. The knotty subject of Nikolaus Winter who shared with Christian Reuter the honors of relegation from the University of Leipsic, led him into a protracted study of legal history, the re-editing of Benecke-Müller's Middle High German dictionary, was doubtless the occasion of the acquirement of much philological and lexical material. An exhaustive treatise on the iambic pentameter following its development from its first appearance in the Old French, down to Lessing, Goethe and Schiller, represented a vast amount of work. All these side issues did not, however, divert him from what was during the middle period of his life, his chief subject of study, the literature of the Middle Ages. Traditional legend and folk-lore evidently had little attraction for him, but once a saga became literary, it proved a fruitful subject. Reynard the Fox, Prester John, the legend of the Grail, of Saint Gregorius, and above all, the Nibelungen story, were leading subjects of study with him. The Nibelungen collection is one of the strongest features of the library. Beginning with the first printed portions, *Chriemhild's Rache und die Klage*, issued by Bodmer in 1757, it includes nearly every edition known, a facsimile reproduction of the three leading manuscripts, translations into modern German, English, French, Italian and Russian, criticism, history of ~~this~~ the saga and an interesting collection of modern treatments of the legend. Zarncke's lack of interest in English studies is made apparent throughout his library, but in so exhaustive a special collection, the absence of William Morris's beautiful revival of the Nibelungen myth is particularly noticeable. Three hundred and forty-six titles are included in this special collection, a third of the number being pamphlets and excerpts from periodicals.

In the older German literature the library possesses bewildering wealth. Four of the University book presses stand

crammed to overflowing with this material. Berthold von Regensburg, Konrad von Wurzburg, Ekkehard, Freidank, Gottfried of Strassburg, Kudrun, the Hildebrandslied, Heinrich von Veldeke, the Hêliand, Lamprecht, Neidhart, Notker, Otfrid, Rudolf von Ems, Titurel, Ulrich von Lichtenstein, Wirnt von Gravenberg, count each from ten to thirty titles. Of Hartmann von Aue there are twenty-six editions, and thirty-four critiques of various sorts. There are thirty-two editions of Ulfilas, among them the Dordrecht *Evangeliorum versiones*, of 1665, and Benzel and Lye's Oxford edition of 1750.

Wolfram von Eschenbach numbers nine editions and thirty-one treatises and pamphlets. Walther von der Vogelweide was another of Zarncke's favorite subjects of study and we find twenty editions of texts, and forty-one illustrative works and pamphlets.

When we come to modern German literature, our surprise at all Zarncke had is tempered with surprise at what he had not. The writers of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries have a better representation on the whole than those of the 19th century. Of Bodmer, Gellert, Gottsched, Klopstock, there is a long line of first and early editions. Other names that stand out are Brandt, Fischart, Hutten, Luther, Murner, Hans Sachs, and Andreas Gryphius, and Daniel Caspar von Lohenstein's bulky novels loom up prominently.

Of later writers, Bürger, Grabbe, Grillparzer, Grimmelshausen, Heine, Herder, Houwald, Iffland, Klinger, Lenz, Platen, Richter, Rückert, Schiller, Weisse, and Wieland, are not neglected. Of lyric poetry and folk songs there are twenty-five collections, and considerable material on hymns, and Christmas and Carnival plays.

One of Zarncke's fields of labor not indicated by any published writing of his, is plainly indicated by the full collection of Icelandic materials, particularly such as relate to the Eddas. This was a part of his professional work and a pleasant picture of the fashion in which he conducted his *Nordische Gesellschaft* has been drawn by Friedrich Vogt in the *Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie*. Old English is represented by Alfred, Béowulf and Cynewulf. Besides a few middle English texts and Mandeville's Travels, his English library consisted of Shakspere,

Milton, Sidney's *Defense of Poetry*, Byron, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *David Copperfield*, Bulwer's *O'Neil*, Trollope's *Thackeray*, and Genung on Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

In his later years Zarncke somewhat forsook mediæval studies for Goethe. He made a remarkable collection of Goethe portraits on which subject he wrote repeatedly in the *Goethe Jahrbuch* and elsewhere, contributed to the Weimar edition of Goethe's works, wrote repeatedly on the Silesian journey and on Prometheus, Elpenor, and Faust bibliography. His Faust collection contains a series of standard texts, Scheible's reprints of Faust books, works on magic etc., and in addition to the customary Faust sources, a little collection of Faust consequences, if one may call them so, a somewhat amusing group of productions in the way of "Third parts," conclusions, continuations, parodies, etc., which have bubbled along in the wake of the mighty poem.

The general Goethe collection is chiefly remarkable for its succession of collected editions, some of which are rare. A copy of an edition published at Biel in 1776 is not known to exist outside the British Museum. The other editions not already possessed by the University are Himburg's Berlin edition of 1775, and 1779, the Frankfort edition of 1778, two Leipsic editions of 1787, Carlsruhe, 1778, Reutlingen, 1778 and 1784, Unger's Berlin edition of 1792, in 7 volumes, the Mannheim edition of 1801, 8v.; Tübingen 1806–10, 13 v.; Vienna 1810–14, 25 v.; Stuttgart 1815–19, in 20 v.; Vienna, 1817–21, 26 v.; Herisau, 1835–38, 12 v.; Cotta's standard *Vollständige Ausgabe letzter Hand* in the sixteen mo., 16° and octavo 8° issues of sixty-one volumes each, and Hempel's 16° edition the publication of which began in 1868. A duplicate set of the *Goethe Jahrbuch*, of Goethe's *Gespräche* edited by Biedermann, and some duplicated material in the very full collection of Goethe correspondence will add materially to the resources of the German Seminary library.

The only place in his collection in which to any noticeable extent Professor Zarncke allowed himself the luxury of first editions and leather bindings, is in his Lessingiana. One can readily imagine this neat little collection was the pride of his bibliographical heart. The other books were largely his tools; this collection was an elegant diversion. The first collected

edition of Lessing's works in thirty volumes, bears A. W. Schlegel's book-plate. In one of the anonymous tracts of the Pastor Goeze controversy is Lessing's own autograph; there are the first five editions of the *Kleinigkeiten* of which the British Museum has only the fourth, and original editions of all his best known works. Of *Nathan der Weise* there are nine distinct issues of the year of its publication, each distinguished by some more or less minute difference.

If the Lessing collection is the luxury of the Zarncke Library, the Christian Reuter collection is the bibliographical curiosity. The commercial value of these books is greater than of any other volumes contained in the library, since two editions at least of this writer, whom Zarncke rescued from oblivion, are said to be unique, and some others are very rare.

A striking feature of the library remains yet to be mentioned. It is the wealth of its pamphlet literature, dissertations, separate reprints and clippings, which their owner kept carefully and closely classified in indexed pamphlet cases and which in his capacity of editor of the *Litterarisches Centralblatt* he was in a position to acquire with less labor than is often possible. An irreverent young Germanist asserts that Professor Zarncke had no waste basket, and perhaps one is tempted to think so on finding a list of Wellesley girls who visited him filed under *Universitäten für Damen*, an invitation from the Danish ambassador under *Kulturgeschichte* and theatre tickets under "Faust." But it is this very *Samlerliebhaberei*," which Vogt says was acquired in library work, which gives his collection its unique value, since it is this mass of fugitive literature which it would be most difficult to collect again.

Another point of interest lies in the manuscript notes so freely scattered through the books. It is said that Zarncke never wrote out his lectures, and forbade their reproduction. His custom was, merely to write on a bit of paper the main heads of his discourse. Many such notes are scattered through the books and it is not improbable that Cornell possesses the main part of all that remains tangible of his work as professor.

When Zarncke after spending three years in the Meusebach library wrote an article describing its contents, the first half of his paper was devoted to the library's collector. The present writer

after spending three months with Zarncke's library feels that its interest is greatly enhanced by the attractive personality of its collector, by the fact that these were the very volumes which filled the shelves of the "cosy work-room" when he transfixed the newcomer with dark, beaming eyes beneath knit brows, or led his students' reading at a rapid pace, yet "always human, never scornful nor autocratic, requiring much, but never out of sorts."

In acquiring this gift just as it is, the University receives not merely additional material resources, but something more as well. For the library carries with it an historic interest and an atmosphere of German thoroughness and industry which can hardly fail to be in the future a spur and incentive to Germanic studies—since here, as a practical object lesson, stands transported the workshop, the tools, even the filings, the shavings, and all the interesting litter, of a worker among words.

—*Mary Imogen Crandall.*

SERENADE.

Sleep, lady mine, at thy lattice caressing
The breeze flower perfumed shall linger and die,
A nightingale sings in the distance expressing
A music the ages have failed to outvie.
Sleep sweet, and dream, 'tis to thee he is singing—
May no harsher sounds on thy dreams ever break—
Though the Queen Rose, below the old tree where he's swinging,
Imagines the bird-song is all for her sake.

Dorothy sleep, for thy bed-side attending
Good angels surround and will guard thee from harm—
May thy life so be nought but a joy-dream unending
With never a shadow or thought to alarm.
Sleep love, the breeze at thy lattice ablowing
Is a lullaby sung to my love by the night,
And the stars in the wide arch of Heaven aglowing,
Shall echo the song for the dreamer's delight.

Edward A. Raleigh.

THE ORDEAL OF THE LATE J. L. PRATT.

I AM engaged in the hardware business, now, but at one time I was a lawyer; in fact, I practiced law for about twenty years, counting from the time when I was admitted to the bar, although for the first two or three of these years my practice was somewhat restricted. In many ways I prefer the hardware business to the law. It does not rank quite so high socially, perhaps, but there is an atmosphere of freedom about it which one misses in the courts. There everything hinges on a precedent. If one advocates anything without a precedent, one is regarded as an anomaly, and made sport of. Happily I can, if I choose, disregard precedent entirely in my present occupation, without losing caste among my associates. If I advertise a folding carving-knife, or a pocket thermometer, I am not considered eccentric, but enterprising, and my business increases.

I bear no ill-will toward the law for its lack of adaptiveness, but it is nevertheless true that I suffered, at one time, considerable personal discomfort from the hostile attitude which its followers have assumed toward everything which savors of innovation. I am naturally conservative, but not, I trust, bigoted, nor opposed to the new application of existing principles, where such applications are dictated by economical or humanitarian motives. Yet even such are frequently opposed by the legal profession, and those who attempt to introduce them merely expose themselves to illiberal treatment, as my own experience has satisfied me. Still, I bear no ill will. But I feel freer of my opinions in the hardware trade.

The branch of the law with which I was particularly identified was that dealing with the judicial separation of uncongenial married couples. I consider that there is no side of the law which is more productive of happiness than this, which restores their liberty to those who for some reason, or merely through weakness of intellect, have voluntarily deprived themselves of it, and who have subsequently had legal cause to regret the fact. Moreover, it is fairly lucrative.

I attained, through industry and a natural aptitude for divorces, to some degree of eminence in my chosen calling, and, after I had been practicing it for twenty years, and had brought peace, as I hope, to some scores of homes, by eliminating them, I was in possession of an ample income, together with some real estate, and I could not perceive that the number of the liberty-seekers had diminished. I was discreet, never advocated any reforms, and enjoyed the respect and esteem of my fellow members at the bar. I was not married.

One afternoon in the early autumn of 188– I was seated in my private office engaged in writing an article on "Divorce as a Preventive of Crime," which you may have seen, (it was published in the "Grab Bag,—a Journal for Lawyers," in the last August number), when I was interrupted by the entrance of a lady dressed in deep mourning. The office-boy, having shown her in, closed the door and left us alone. As I motioned her to be seated, I noticed that she was richly dressed, and, although heavily veiled, appeared to be rather under middle age. Accordingly I wrote only a few sentences more before turning and informing her that I was at liberty.

She appeared greatly embarrassed, (which, however, did not surprise me,) and, nervously throwing back her veil, informed me that she had heard of me through friends, as being a benevolent and trustworthy divorce lawyer. I begged her to convey to her friends my appreciation for this high compliment, and added that my efforts should be devoted to justifying their opinion at every opportunity. The lady, whom I now perceived to be very good looking, and not, I judged, over thirty-five, applied a delicate handkerchief to her eyes. She had apparently been weeping.

"I desire," said she, "to obtain a divorce."

I told her that I should be very glad to aid her, to the extent of my power, and waited for her to give me further information. Seeing that she appeared uncertain how to proceed, I questioned her, as was my custom. Her name, she said, was Marie Bonaventure Pratt, and her residence was number 1818,—— Avenue, a fashionable part of the city.

"Is your husband," I asked, "living with you at present?" "He is not living," she replied, the tears starting to her eyes. "He is dead. If he were living it would be all right."

"That is most unfortunate," said I, "and may have a strong bearing upon the case. But why, may I inquire, do you wish to secure a divorce when your husband is dead?"

"It is all his first wife's doing," Mrs. Pratt exclaimed,—"And my poor Henri's. After a moment's thought she continued, "I will explain how it is that I am compelled to seek a divorce from my poor, dear husband after his decease. In speaking of my husband, I mean my last husband,—my second. But I will proceed from the beginning."

"By birth I am a Frenchwoman, as you may have inferred from my name, and the first ten years of my life were passed in Paris. At the end of that time, my father having failed in business, we removed to Chicago, where my father set up a trade in imported furniture and art works, which soon grew to a considerable size. When I was seventeen years old I returned to Paris to visit a maiden aunt on my mother's side, and while there I fell in love with, and married, with my parents' consent, a former playmate, Henri Auguste St. Armand. We had lived happily together for a year, when one day my poor Henri was thrown from his horse in a steeple-chase, and killed."

I expressed my deep commiseration at such an unhappy event, and ventured to hope that he had not lingered in suffering. Mrs. Pratt replied in the negative, and, touching her eyes gently with her handkerchief, she continued:

"Upon his death Paris became so distasteful to me that I returned immediately to Chicago, where I continued to live as before my marriage, with my parents. About three years later I became acquainted with Mr. Pratt, a wholesale merchant of this city,—a widower considerably older than myself. Upon his proposing marriage, after over a year's acquaintance, I accepted him, and we were united soon after. We had one child, a son, now in Harvard University."

I could not resist voicing here my astonishment that so young looking a woman should have a son in college. Mrs. Pratt deprecatingly insisted, however, that she looked every year of her age, nor did she, she said, attempt to conceal the fact, such attempts being, in her opinion, not only futile but vulgar. As there was indeed, no necessity for concealment in her case, I hinted as

much, whereupon she shrugged her shoulders very prettily, and continued:

"My poor John, (my second husband's name was John Llewellyn Pratt, his middle name coming from an uncle by marriage who was a Welshman) was, you must know, a spiritualist. He never was anything of a medium himself, but he soon discovered that I was naturally endowed in that direction, and began to instruct me. We went deeply into Spiritualism, and kindred subjects, and the further we investigated, the more interested I became. Almost every month one of us would read a paper before the Psychological Research Society. We made indeed, some startling discoveries, but I cannot stop to detail them.

My husband never asked me to call up his first wife.

When one day, I delicately suggested that he might desire a communication from her, he turned quite white, and said that I was all he wanted, and far be it from him to disturb the repose of the dead. Poor, dear John! I am afraid that he was not happy with her. But he never objected to my summoning anyone else. You can easily understand that delicacy prevented me from calling up poor Henri, and Mr. Pratt never requested it. You are, of course, aware that spirits do not ordinarily manifest themselves unless they are summoned. Why this is I do not know, unless it is a part of their strict code of etiquette. It is, however, so far as my experience has gone, an invariable rule.

That is all that it is necessary for me to tell you concerning my married life, except that it was happy and peaceful. But now!"

Mrs. Pratt here buried her face in her hands, and seemed very much overcome by the realization of her present condition. As I had not yet learned precisely what that condition was, except that she was young, presumably wealthy, and twice qualified to marry again if she chose, I so far gave rein to my curiosity as gently to inquire once more, why she wished a divorce from the late Mr. Pratt.

"I was about," she said, tearfully, "to tell you." Her grieved inflection implied that I had interrupted her. I held my peace, and in a moment she had recovered her composure.

"My husband and I had been married just nineteen years, lacking one month, when he died. An operation was performed

for appendicitis, but without avail, as he did not have it. I am assured by the physicians that his death would have ensued ultimately of heart failure, in any event, but such assurance cannot assuage my grief.

That was six months ago. Until within the last three weeks, I have been too greatly agitated with the recentness of my loss to attempt to re-establish communication with my poor, dear John. But it seems he had been waiting around, hoping I would call him. And Oh ! What a time he has been having !

It is on his account that I am here.

It seems that his first wife was always of a jealous disposition, and she was terribly angry when he married me. She kept constant watch of him, and refused to take matters philosophically. Instead she grew angrier and angrier, and as she could not communicate with him until she was called, she simply held in her wrath and waited. Then my poor John died—and she has not left him since. Oh ! It breaks my heart to think how he suffered ! He was always so sensitive, and the least nagging would make him positively ill. I never nagged him.

He says that her one cry is that he shall get a divorce from me ; that she incessantly harps upon this theme, and that he finds it impossible to obtain any rest. And a certain amount of rest was always so essential with John. He assures me that his first wife has declared that he never will have a moment's peace until he has been legally separated from me, and as the Judgment Day may be a long way off, the prospect is, as he puts it, dispiriting. I am naturally of an even and peaceable temperament, but my indignation is aroused by such treatment as has been his. It is unjust and cruel. His first wife must be a very heartless and vulgar creature, and I cannot imagine how John could have married her. But he was young, and I suppose she led him on. At any rate he is paying for it with trouble enough now, poor man. But her incessant importunities would never, he says, have caused him to come to me for the separation, had it not been for another complication. Poor Henri, my first husband, found him. Henri had, I learn, been near his old home in France, and returned only about a month ago, when John and he met. Henri, I regret to say, was from boyhood of an ardent and somewhat ex-

citable disposition, and I was his first and only love. I am afraid that their first meeting was a stormy one. As nearly as I am able to discover, Henri is continually challenging John to fight a duel with him, and poor John was always afraid of weapons of every kind. I can see that he is withholding some of the facts from me, to spare me, but I know poor Henri's ways. He preferred duelling to any other pastime. John tells me that Henri is as insistent for a divorce as his first wife is, and that his violent accusations are alienating all of John's friends. But I will sacrifice myself, and John shall have peace."

"Has M. St. Armand," I here inquired, "met the first Mrs. Pratt?"

"Oh, yes; and they dislike each other most intensely; he, because she is the wife of his wife's husband, and she, because he is the husband of her husband's wife. Nothing but their common object could bring them together, I am sure, but they are united in the persecution of my unfortunate John."

"This," said I, "is one of the most interesting and yet one of the most lamentable cases that I have ever had to deal with. What you have told me has filled me with sympathy for you and your respected second husband, but not less with a deep admiration for the lofty spirit of self-abnegation that has impelled your prompt action. But however worthy our end may be, it is nevertheless true that the unusual nature of this case may prejudice it in the minds of those who sit upon the bench. And yet the law declares that there is no wrong without a remedy. We must proceed with circumspection, endeavoring as far as possible, to keep within the lines laid by established precedents, and I have no doubt that we shall in the end succeed. Upon what charge did you intend to bring the plea?"

"I had not," replied Mrs. Pratt, "given any thought to that, as yet, but I suppose that however distasteful the idea may be, it will be necessary for me to prefer some charge, since Mr. Pratt cannot bring any. I might, I suppose, aver continued absence and non-support."

"Unfortunately," said I, "the statutory period for desertion has not yet elapsed. You will, I am afraid, have to choose between incompatibility of temper, cruelty, habitual drunkenness, and ———."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Pratt, "that is terrible. But since I must select some conventional charge, let us take incompatibility of temper. It is so much less vulgar than the others."

"Very well," I replied, "and as this is a delicate case, and there is no possibility that it will be contested, let us add cruelty. It will increase the chances for a favorable decree, and, to tell you the truth, cruelty, has, of late, largely superseded the old fashioned incompatibility charge among the better classes. It wins sympathy for the applicant, and is almost certain to succeed. With your permission we will add cruelty."

Mrs. Pratt bowed rather wearily, and I perceived that the strain of our painful interview had fatigued her. She requested me to take charge of her case, conducting it in the quietest manner possible, as she was sure that her parents and her son, not being spiritualists, would strongly oppose her intention; and, having asked me to call upon her when I had prepared the papers, she arose and dropped her veil. I conducted her to her brougham, and then returned to my office, to reflect upon this unusual case, and upon the best manner of conducting it.

I saw at once that although Mrs. Pratt's was a case that would not often occur, yet the equity of it was unmistakable. Both parties desired the divorce; it was absolutely necessary to the peace of one of them; a fictitious plea would be set up, the decree would be entered by default, the requirements of law would be met, and relief would be obtained. The singular nature of the case arose from the fact that one of the parties was deceased. Otherwise it did not differ from many of the most deserving cases in which I had been retained in the past.

I determined to give it my fullest attention, and my best efforts, as its unusual character destined it, I felt sure, to an important place among the precedents in divorce law. It might even give rise to legislation. Yet for the sake of Mrs. Pratt's feelings, I desired that it might be given no publicity, and determined to proceed with it as quietly as possible.

To the best of my knowledge and belief, the defendant was not, at that time, within the state, nor could his present residence be ascertained. It would therefore be necessary to serve the notice and summons by publication. As this required an order from the

court, I made out the requisite petition, stating such facts as were necessary. It was customary to recommend two papers as those most likely to reach the defendant, and being, as I was, in ignorance both of the late Mr. Pratt's character and of his whereabouts, I desired, in order to avoid bad faith, to cover as great a latitude as possible. Accordingly after some thought, I recommended the *Christian Advertiser*, and *Town Sloppings*, these having each a large circulation in their respective spheres, and being as I thought as likely, between them, to come to the notice of the late Mr. Pratt, as any two publications with which I was acquainted. Having all the information in my possession that I required, I also filled out the necessary affidavits, leaving blanks for the few details with which I was unacquainted, and made out the application ready for filling.

The next evening having completed these preliminary tasks, and having finished some other work which I had on hand, I called upon Mrs. Pratt at her residence.

A liveried footman showed me into the library, which, under a hasty glance, appeared to be very richly furnished, and to contain a large number of handsome volumes, mostly, I conjectured, upon psychological subjects. In a moment Mrs. Pratt entered, holding my card in her hand. She was dressed in black, but the gown was of a light, airy texture, which made it appear less sombre than the heavy mourning street dress of the preceding day. I could not but note again her exceedingly youthful appearance, and the dark beauty of her eyes, which were overhung by long, drooping lashes.

"You cannot," she said to me cordially, "imagine how glad I am to see you. My feelings have been wrought up to such an extent that I can neither sleep nor eat; and yet, as I can confide in no one, I am obliged to suffer in silence. You are the only one with whom I can talk of this sad affair, and it gives me some relief to have your sympathy and advice at this trying time. I had another interview with Mr. Pratt last night, and I am afraid the poor man cannot stand this much longer. We must get him relief quickly, or he will—he will, I do not know what he will do. And think of the strain upon me!"

Indeed I saw that the tension was telling upon her severely, but, as she said, it was a relief to her to talk of it, I did not

avoid the subject, but endeavored as well as I could, to calm her by assuring her of my vigilance and of the comparative celerity of the Illinois divorce courts.

"Are there," I inquired gently, "any new developments?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Pratt, "there are. Henri is making poor John's name a perfect by-word, and is raising a terrible scandal with the stories he has told. He was always so impetuous! He has persuaded several of Mr. Pratt's best friends to cut him dead, and has even got him expelled from his club. And his first wife, for whom I have no respect, has enlisted all of her friends on her side, and they are harder on him than Henri's friends are. They will drive him to do something desperate soon, I am sure."

I here inquired of Mrs. Pratt whether it would be possible for us to hold communication with her late husband, since I wished, as a mere formality, to ask him a few questions.

She replied that it would be quite easy, and explained carefully to me the alphabet, or code, with which conversations were carried on. Having transferred this to paper for ready reference, I awaited the manifestations.

Mrs. Pratt seated herself beside a light table, and, resting one hand upon it, looked steadily before her with a fixed and rigid gaze. She continued in this position for a few moments, her form quite immobile, and her eyes sightless.

At length she tapped lightly upon the table.

I presumed that this was a signal, or call, but it was not answered. After a time she repeated the call, and then repeated it again. At the second repetition, I heard a faint answering tap, although from what direction I could not tell. This responsive rapping continued slowly, and I found that with the aid of my code, I could distinguish nearly every word.

"Have just received your call of this inst.," the tappings said, "and hasten to reply. I trust you are well."

"Quite well, my dear John," replied Mrs. Pratt, tapping very distinctly for my benefit, "but suffering through my sympathy for you. How are you getting on?"

"Not so well as could wish," tapped the shade of the late Mr. Pratt. "Have just been attempting to escape them, but did not

succeed. They are taking turns now, two hours on and two hours off. It is her watch at present. For Heaven's sake, hurry up that divorce !"

"I am getting it, John dear, as fast as I can. My heart aches for you, but be patient. There is a lawyer here now, who wishes to ask you some questions touching your case."

"Ask him," said I, "whether he is willing that the charges of violence, and cruelty coupled with desertion, be made against him, in order to obtain his release."

"Tell your lawyer," came the answer, "to charge me with arson, embezzlement, and the seven deadly sins, if it will do any good. At present my sole and futile longing is for the ability to commit suicide. Call her off, and I desire no more. I have learned that St. Armand's efforts have been a work of supererogation, no more needful than a second sledge hammer in driving a tack.—Oh, Lord !—I never said she was prettier—Yes, I love you still, I—"

The tapping had died away with a sort of mournful reluctance. It is my opinion that the last few words were not addressed to the second Mrs. Pratt, but she seemed to take them to herself, as she blushed and smiled faintly.

As soon as the manifestations ceased, her eyes regained their natural expression, and she returned quickly to her normal condition.

"He often breaks off like that," said she,—"suddenly, after some reassuring expression, as though old remembrances overcame him."

"Poor Prometheus !" I said sadly.

"His name," corrected Mrs. Pratt, "is John Llewellyn, the middle name coming from an uncle by marriage, who was a Welshman. But I am sorry that you did not have time to ask him more questions."

I assured her it was not needful, as I now felt certain that his distress was such that he would approve of anything I might do which tended toward the divorce. After some little further conversation upon the subject uppermost in both our minds, I took my leave, more than ever determined to bring succor, if it lay in my power, to this estimable woman and the afflicted spirit of her departed second husband.

For more than a week after my call upon Mrs. Pratt, I did not hear from her or see her. I was too deeply interested in her case to be able without emotion to look upon her anguish, realizing, as I did, the long weeks that must elapse before the required notice would be completed, and her divorce could come. I could think of no good that I could accomplish by seeing her, and the interview would only pain both of us. Accordingly I refrained from following the inclination which impelled me to see her, and employed myself with other affairs, endeavoring to the best of my ability, but not with entire success, to give them my whole attention. In this way, as I have said, more than a week passed.

The order for publication had been granted, and the first published notice had been out for several days, when one morning I was deeply shocked at receiving the following letter.

"My heart is broken," it ran. "I am the most miserable woman in the world. Charles, my son, has seen the notice in *Town Sloppings*, and has written me in the most heartless terms, declaring that if I secure this divorce, he will join the Hasty Pudding Club, which I am sure would kill him, as he has a most delicate stomach. He also threatens to desert me, and says that he will receive no more money from me until I desist from my present purpose. He observes with some reason, that if I am divorced from Mr. Pratt, he will be the son of my second husband, while I am still my first husband's widow. Will you please advise as to how that would be? I am distracted with it all. My parents also have seen the summons in the *Christian Advertiser*, and are much exercised over it. They consider my action unwarranted and wicked, and refuse absolutely to lend it their sanction. They are making preparations to move out of my house, and declare that they will not re-enter it until the action is discontinued.

I am at my wit's end between them all and my poor John's entreaties. It would have been impossible for me to see you in my present state, as I am too wrought up, therefore I have written. But I can receive you this evening, when I hope you will not fail to call, as I need your wise counsels sadly.

Very truly yours,

MARIE BONAVENTURE PRATT."

P. S. Henri has goaded John on until the latter has fought him a duel with swords. Henri ran poor John through, which has mortified John dreadfully, as he says that nearly all of his acquaintances are expert swordsmen, and that they have held him up to derision for his manner of handling a foil. Henri and his first wife are, he informs me, together constantly, planning novelties in the way of torture. Do you wonder that my heart is torn in twain ?''

It is almost needless for me to say that this pitiful communication stirred my sympathies to their very depths. I found that it was impossible for me to pursue my usual round of duties, so perturbed was I by these new and mournful events. I therefore, laid aside my work, and started out to take a brisk walk, which would, I hoped, restore my equanimity. I found it, however, impossible to remove my thoughts from Mrs. Pratt, and the terrible situation which confronted her.

I now saw plainly that I had gone further than good faith required in selecting the two papers previously mentioned, as mediums of publication. Both notices had promptly reached the very parties from whom I most desired to keep the whole affair secret. But since such was the case, it now became most necessary that I should be prepared to advise Mrs. Pratt upon the proper course for her to adopt. Yet so great was my own agitation that I felt utterly unprepared to cope with the demands of so delicate a situation.

As I was proceeding in this state of mind, I was accosted by a friend of many years standing, who drew me aside from the crowd into a place of refreshment and, having given our orders, began in a serious manner to address me.

" My dear friend," said he, " I have been given to understand by those who professed to have assured themselves of the fact, that you have brought an action for divorce, on the part of Marie B. Pratt of this city, against her deceased husband, the late J. L. Pratt. If such is the case, I implore you to abandon the action before it is too late. It is not only without precedent, but it is against all the ethics of our profession, and it will inevitably ruin you, if you persist in your rash course ;—for I perceive by your face that my information has been but too true.

I feel the more freedom in approaching you upon this subject, that the family of the parties in question are also well known to me, and I feel certain that they will unitedly oppose Mrs. Pratt's unseemly determination. I may also say that the details of this unusual case have permeated through the entire Chicago bar, and I should prove recreant to my firm friendship for you, did I not further inform you that those are not lacking who scoff at you for this thing, and even make invidious remarks touching your character and intellect. Let me once more beseech you, for your own sake, to desist from the further pursuit of this action."

I thanked my friend heartily for the disinterested and kindly impulse which had prompted his words, and left him, more downcast than it is in my power to express.

I was by this time, as I firmly believe, rent by as many emotions, and tossed between as many conflicting impulses, as is possible to the human mind at any one time. It would be indeed, difficult for one not in my position, to realize what I suffered. The many glances of amusement and hurriedly exchanged words, which I caught as I passed, from the windows of neighboring lawyers' offices, convinced me that my friend's statements were amply justified by the facts.

I saw with amazement and concern, that I was a marked man. One attorney, a young acquaintance of mine, noted for his agnostic tendencies, even stopped me to inquire whether Mr. Pratt intended to secure the late Mr. Webster or the late Mr. Choate, as counsel. As his question was evidently insincere, and dictated merely by a spirit of raillery, I did not deem it necessary to enlighten him, but asked him instead, when he had heard of Mrs. Pratt's suit. He replied that he had only just learned of it, but that it was by this time well known to all of my friends and to many others, as the tale had been circulating since early that morning. Continuing, his remarks assumed a derisive tone, in so much that I left him indignantly, and turned into a more unfrequented thoroughfare.

Even here I was twice hailed by friends who desired more explicit information concerning Mrs. Pratt's case, and who each exhibited such narrow-mindedness in the matter as to fill me with the most painful forebodings.

This prejudice and illiberality, which had so early manifested itself among my acquaintances, and which evidently extended throughout the entire circle of my friends, could not but convince me that catholicity of spirit was entirely wanting to my brothers in the legal profession. A precedent-bound fraternity, whose minds were open to nothing outside the narrow pale of their traditions, they were displaying an intolerance in this affair, which I had not only not expected from them, but which I would not have believed to exist in this enlightened age. Aside, therefore, from the grave doubts which these reflections caused me to entertain, regarding the final success of my efforts to free the late Mr. Pratt, I now foresaw that I myself might become a martyr to my exertions in his behalf. My reputation as an honest, and capable divorce lawyer was dearer to me than life, and to become a butt was to lose my reputation in a manner equivalent to slow torture.

Yet I felt that it would be impossible for me to desert Mrs. Pratt. Her situation was, it appeared to me, even more undesirable than my own, although not more complicated (for owing to the deep interest in her case which had taken possession of me, I was involved in all the terrible perplexities of her position as well as in those that appertained exclusively to myself.) Alienated as she was from her natural protectors, she looked to me alone for sympathy and support. No, whatever the sacrifice, I could not desert Mrs. Pratt.

In this state of mind I walked for hours, traversing streets of which I had no knowledge. With the concentration of thought to which I was accustomed, I bent all my mental power toward the solution of the vital problem before me, but to no avail. At length my brain became, as it were, a whirling mass of inconsequential impressions, and, realizing my condition, and perceiving by my watch that it was past my dinner hour, I hailed a passing cab and was driven to my hotel.

I found that I had arrived at but one conclusion. I would support Mrs. Pratt.

As soon after dinner as I could put myself into proper evening apparel, I was driven to number 1818———Avenue. Do not imagine that this was without trepidation on my part. No expedient had come to me ; I had evolved no plan ; I could think

of no advice to offer. So far as I could determine, my mind was a blank. Further, my client's note of the morning, had led me to be prepared for a scene which, in my present state of nervousness, I dreaded greatly.

But in these anticipations I erred.

I could not have waited in the library for more than thirty seconds, when the object of my solicitation entered. Her step was animated, and her face beaming.

"Joy!" She cried, extending to me both her hands, "Joy! it is all right at last, and poor John is free!"

"Can it be," I exclaimed, startled beyond measure, "that you have obtained your divorce already through other parties?"

"I have not," said she, "nor do I now desire a divorce. Henri has eloped with John's first wife! I knew that you would be amazed, but it is indeed true. I learned of it about an hour ago. Why do you not rejoice with me?"

But the gratitude which I felt at that instant toward the late M. St. Armand, was of the heart-felt character which is too deep for words. I still believe him to be one of nature's noblemen,—more chivalrous, however, than discerning. A sense of deep and blissful rest came over me, while Mrs. Pratt continued, with a hint of vexation in her voice:

"I have lost all my respect for Henri. I cannot conceive of anything he could see in John's first wife to make him run away with her. But I presume it was her artful ways. I am so glad that you look pleased. Of course, I thought that you would be surprised, but I was afraid that you would wish to continue the suit since it had gone so far. You cannot think how happy poor John was when he told me. He was really quite incoherent. 'If you should ever marry again,' said he, 'I hope that I shall know how to treat your husband like a gentleman'". And then Mrs. Pratt blushed sweetly, and coughed behind her lace handkerchief.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to say that the proceedings for divorce were immediately discontinued.

Upon returning to business on the following morning, I discovered that my latest case had attracted so much attention and was evoking so much comment, that, being a man of quiet tastes, I decided to leave the city for a short vacation. Accordingly I turned over my briefs into capable hands, and sailed soon after

for Europe. On my return, some months later, I concluded, for private reasons, not to resume the practice of my profession, but to remain, for a season, a man of leisure. About a year thereafter, I succeeded in inducing Mrs. Pratt to give her late spouse an opportunity of proving his words. With infinite and touching timidity she made once more the hazardous experiment, and entered into matrimony. I am now conducting the late Mr. Pratt's large and flourishing hardware establishment, which, previous to my marriage, had been carried on by an agent. It is quite fairly lucrative.

I regret to say that several years elapsed before my friends ceased referring, on every favorable occasion, by veiled allusions and otherwise, to the case of Pratt *vs.* Pratt. Very few of them supported my opinions. Many even did not hesitate to assert that I should, and inevitably would have been thrown out of court and fined for contempt, had Pratt *vs.* Pratt ever come to trial. Such is the bigotry of the law. I bear no ill-will, but, as I have said, I feel freer of my opinions in the hardware trade.

J. A. Hamilton.

A MOOD.

Why is it, when the forest path is laid
  Thin with wet leaves, and flying clouds obscure
The early autumn sky, that who hath strayed
  Into the windy ruin, great or poor,
Fills with the sugared bitterness of grief,
  That bids some minor heart string to awake
And shudder down the gale with every leaf,
  Why doth his soul with each tossed ash-tree shake ;
Why weep with every dripping branch of elm ;
  Why mourn with every breaking hearted oak ;
Why look upon the hemlock's frostless helm
  And lonesome be, as death his friends did cloak ?
Though yet my heart is young, and staunch, and friended,
  I walk my ways and think old age hath ended.

Herbert Crombie Howe.

COLLEGE VERSE.

WE may hold it true with him who sings, that an "eye in fine frenzy rolling" is the accepted mark of poetic inspiration, but it will take only a limited experience among the college exchanges to convince an unhappy editor that a *finer* frenzy is the rightful attribute of him whose tools are the office glue pot and the scissors. His is a frenzy which betokens not inspiration but expiration, not construction but destruction, not fruition but failure.

Poets are the first blossoms on the tree of culture. They come almost before men emerge from barbarism into civilization. We might logically expect then, from the promising crudity of amateur journalism, that it would fairly bristle with poetry of the rough, virile, heroic sort. Far from it. You will find small ruggedness in college verse. Rather honey from the honeycomb; food for children. It has a certain baldness, to be sure, but it is the baldness of infancy, not of senility; of ignorance, not of wisdom. The *Courier* of the University of Pennsylvania recently represented the typical College Poet with a head very much like the one poor Nick Bottom wore one memorable midsummer night, with laurel wreath above some very long ears, and a beribboned diploma in an outstretched hand. Such a creature may "roar you as gently as a sucking dove," and even bray verses galore quite boldly, but you will not forget very easily that after all the roaring is a sham and the braying is not singing.

> "What was he doing, the great god Pan,
> Down in the reeds by the river?"

Asks an English songstress. The answer comes:

> "Making a poet out of a man."

A noble work! but oh, great god Pan, what a pity you do not live now, at the end of the nineteenth century, when a sterner if not nobler task would be ready for you in every college town—that of making a man out of a poet!

Macaulay, in his brilliant essay on Milton, has attempted to show that a poet whose lot is cast in an enlightened and literary society can never become great until he unlearns much of the

knowledge and rids himself of much of the atmosphere which, up to that time, has constituted his chief claim to superiority. Now we have the key to the situation! We have no great poets in the college world, because the college community is not sufficiently barbarous to foster and inspire them. Strange we never thought of that before!

The world poet is a mirror of his time and his surroundings. The college poet, too, of his to a certain extent, but he does not see into the heart of things. He skims along the surface, content to merely broaden the muscles of his reader's faces like a stone that dimples but scarcely touches the water. He does not stir the depths of the heart. His poems make no splash. Perhaps it is just as well. Splashes are often accompanied by rainbow lights, but sometimes they betray muddy depths. College poets are young yet, unaffected with Weltschmerz. For that, let us bear them no grudge. If they are not serious enough, we must excuse them as we did the old lady who apologized for her smiling face on the day after her husband's funeral, by saying: "One can't always be crying."

The characteristics of college life which the poet seizes on are merely its outer, material, visible, ephemeral manifestations. There is very little of the spiritual in college poetry. (Some people say there is very little of that element in college life.) There is very little of the merely intellectual. As long as Parnassus stands, there will be hewers of wood and drawers of water on the very slopes where the gods are gamboling. There is a great deal of empty sound in these verses. There are a few ideas. There are some aspirations. There is no immortality.

But there is one thing, and that is, fun. Some people hold that the London *Punch* has educated the British people more than all the London preachers. Who shall say that the Harvard *Lampoon* and our own annual *Cornellian* do not influence the manners and morals that prevail at Cambridge and at Ithaca? How often college verse impresses one, as the result, not of any "divine afflatus," but rather of a tendency to make funny—in that they are unexpected—effects by stringing together words which shall end in a pun or jeu d'esprit, or in getting rhymes for words which convey such an intensely modern and highly collegiate idea as that contained in the word "jagged"!

A LA MOTHER GOOSE.

Phillis and I fell out,
And natural it came about ;
For once we took a toboggan slide,
And somehow the thing I couldn't guide,
So—
Phyllis and I fell out.

The college poet seems to have adopted Silas Wegg's habit of "dropping into poetry," as he did by way of outlet to his feelings after "The Fall *off* the Rooshan Empire." Do you suppose Dickens ever knew a college poet?

The metre of Mother Goose is not the only favorite. Lately, French forms of versification have become very popular—the rondel, rondeau, chant royal, triolet, villanelle.

"O laughing, lilting villanelle,
O song of music and of grace,
Like rippling chimes of sweet-toned bell,
. . . . . .
Drive to her solitary cell
Pale Sorrow of the mournful face,
O, laughing, lilting villanelle."

So much for the form! Now of what does the college poet sing? An ancient hero sang "of arms and the man." The modern youth does likewise. The arms of his lady love about him! That is an inspiring theme. The Man! That is another. Who *is* the College man? He who has muscles hard as steel, and heels winged as Hermes' own, the college athlete—*he* is the College man. So there you have them—Love and Football, the inspiring muses of the college poetaster. All other strains are in a minor key beside those mighty major themes.

Love is handled in the abstract and the concrete. There are rhapsodies on dreams and kisses and utter mushy nothingness, with occasionally a sweet and tender sonnet. Most of these are addressed pathetically "To the Unknown." That is such a pitiful reaching out into the darkness after something bright and warm and distant. Many call upon an "Imaginary One." The writers of such probably belong to that sentimental class that is yearning for a thrill. To realize it they set up a mock goddess and finding the heavens are as brass, they consider themselves

possessed of a greviance. A little bit of a reflected thrill is better than no thrill at all! Most frequently the fair one is spoken of simply as "She." Mysterious and awful term since Rider Haggard's literary advent! But even "She" is better than "Phyllis" or "Daphne." *These* ladies have been too much beloved, my friends. Are there no other fair ones in the college world? Phyllis and Daphne methought were no scholarly maidens. They loved that pale green woodland light one sees in Corot's paintings rather than the strong white light of learning.

Whether the maiden be blond or brunette, she is a never-failing source of inspiration. She may be adored because of eyes that are gloriously dark as the night or because of orbs of that pale and sickly hue that a certain German novelist describes as suggestive of "Vergissmeinnicht in Milch gekocht." The following from the *Era* is a fair sample of the mild enchantment that either may work.

GERTRUDE'S EYES.

"I know the ox-eyed Juno ne'er
Had orbs of sight which could compare
With Gertrude's eyes.
The sweet enchantment there displayed
Conquests innumerable have made;
All beauty in them lies."

The maiden is of numerous varieties. There is the summer girl whose praises are sung in the early fall after the college youth has returned from sea shore and mountains and languishes among his books. As the *Dicksonian* says of her in

THE CONTRAST.

Airy, fairy
Light, contrary,
Gay and festive summer girl.
Blessings on the day I met you,
Never more can I forget you,
Summer girl.

Old and musty,
Dry and dusty,
Staid and sombre college books.
Now that I again have met you,
All too quickly I forget you,
College books.

There is the girl at home who seems doubly dear because she is so far away, and last but not least, there is the girl at his side whom he praises, rather questionably, as a "Co-ed" in a recent *Era*:

"Ah, I wonder if she knows,
As all thoughtlessly she goes
Down the campus with a dainty, girlish tread,
That there follows just behind
One whose skill in Greek declined,
Since the day he first admired the fair Co-ed.

"That a vision comes at times,
When at night the Cornell chimes
Echo soft and low above the student's head,
And that Greek constructions flee,
As, in dreams, he seems to see
Floating just before his eyes the fair Co-ed."

It is while dealing with the gentle theme of love that many college poets develop sarcastic tendencies analogous to those of Horace and of Heine. They will carry you smoothly and sweetly up into the clouds and you think to reach the everlasting blue, but suddenly they drop you and you are left severely conscious of the sordid earth to pick yourself up and hobble off as best you may.

FOOTBALL.

With heaving chest and wildly tossing hair,
The ball hugged tightly, down the field he goes;
The skillful blockers check opposing foes—
Another touchdown—cheering shakes the air.
For college honor strive the athletes there.
And by that spirit urged, care not for blows;
Each one with eagerness his prowess shows
That he in hard won victory may share.
Chivalric days mayhap have passed away,
And sound of clashing steel in knightly strife;
More peaceful times are now our happy lot.
Yet may such contests never lose their sway,
Where brain and muscle equally are rife,
And manly virtues to perfection brought.

The theme of Football is even more popular with our poet than Love itself. He turns from adoration of the feminine to adulation of the masculine type. He becomes an epic poet to tell the deeds of prowess of his hero or a lyric one to sing his dirge. The *Brunonian* voices this in

A writer in the *Hesperian*, of Nebraska, burst forth recently into a passionate defense of football as a stimulus to the divine afflatus itself. "Of course it's brutal," he said, "but so are Homer and Tolstoi brutal, grand old fellows that they are. They all alike appeal to the crude, savage instincts of men. The moment that, as a nation, we lose brute force or an admiration for brute force, from that moment poetry and art are forever dead among us, and we will have nothing but grammar and mathematics left." That expresses rather strongly the "simple, sensuous, impassioned" nature of poetry. Certainly, epic poetry often reaches us through our brute instincts. "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Achilles pursuit of Hector about the walls of Troy affect us in much the same way as one of Osgood's runs or Phil King's touchdowns. "A good football game is an epic," says the *Hesperian*. "It rouses the oldest part of us, the past that fought ages back down in the Troad with 'Man Slaying Hector' and 'Swift-footed Achilles.' We still have the old instincts in us, and it is well for us that we have. Poetry is great only in that it suggests action and rouses the emotions, and all great emotions are essentially animal. The world gets all its enthusiasms and emotions from pure strain of sinew. Gothic art has been going for centuries just on the brute momentum it got when the old Goths used to throttle polar bears with their naked hands."

We may not agree with the *Hesperian* entirely, but this theory certainly explains the enthusiasm of the college poet for football themes. Perhaps we ourselves remember how we sympathized in our youth with "Helen's Babies," Budge and Toddie, who liked best of all the Bible stories that of David and Goliath, because Goliath's big sword was "all bluggy." How deep seated and primal are those brutal instincts—who shall say?

The college poet knows many a trifling theme. Master passions, like love and football, do not always fill his heart. He

ohs and ahs a-plenty over the beauties and wonders of Nature—of sea, of mountains, wind and stars. When he tells of beauties in the concrete, of places and things we love—of the moonlight on Cayuga's water, of the paths that we know so well, of the arbutus trailing through the gorges—then our hearts respond. In the spring time, the young man's muse often drinks from other fountains than Castalian ones, if the tipsy measure of his verse and the intoxicated tenor of his sentiment indicate aright. In the Fall he pays for the exhilaration of the Spring, the inevitable reaction. The melancholy days have come. His verses get a longer, slower measure. The pulse and throb and passion are gone.

The whole year round the college poet pays his allegiance in verse to the ordinary affairs of life—professors, lessons, ponies, conditions. The following from the *Messenger* is a recent clever example:

MY PONY, O.

(May Burns forgive me!)

Upon my shelf where learned books
  Stare at me grim and stony, O,
There beams on me with kindly looks
  My plump and sturdy pony, O.

Whilst lamp burns dim and eyeballs ache
  At conning lines so many, O,
From that high shelf I long to take
  My willing little pony, O.

I think of eyes that on me shone,
  And hair that is so bonnie, O;
My task, while thinking, lies undone—
  I'll have to use my pony, O.

. . . . . .

Next day Professor said to me,
"Your reading sounds quite Bohny, O;
Between the lines I plainly see
  The footprints of a pony, O."

Occasionally, your college poet adopts a swaggering theme—like a Studentenlied or Tavern Song taken from one of Baumbach's "Sommermärchen." Anon, he sings the praises of poker and pot-luck, or apostrophizes his meerschaum or even his cigarette. Your true poet is a bachelor and he has his dreams. He

even makes poems about his college fireside, his feet upon the mantelpiece the while, his dreams within the glowing coals.

Then there are those exceptional occasions which produce the great poems. Valentine's Day calls forth an avalanche of them. New Year's Day brings a wail of despair for the bills that are due. This year the college poet has been blessed with a unique theme—that of the World's Fair. How thankful every body ought to be for that little event! The discussion of it fills up all the awkward pauses at Christian Association receptions and Military Hops! The changes on it have been rung in humble and heroic metre. This is a touching specimen from the Trinity *Tablet:*

MOTHER GOOSE IN REAL LIFE.

At the stock building out at the Fair
A lady from goodness knows where,
Asked the keeper how soon
They would feed the lagoon,
And she'd make it a point to be there.

When all else fails, the verse maker can translate "Du bist wie eine Blume." Ach Gott! how many times have we wept over it —the English version, not the German.

Really though, college verse is not so hopeless as the selections here given would indicate. Like most unformed things, it may have a future. A Browningesque bit is

APPLAUSE.

Under the chandeliers' blaze
See how they listen and gaze;
Listen, their eyes growing tender,
Gaze while the magical splendor
My music spreads in their skies,
Flushes and darkles and dies.
I, who have wrought them the wonder,
What do I care for their cries,
Plaudits and hand-clapping thunder?
All that I care for is yonder;
A strip of brow in the dotted maze,
One loosened strand cutting through it and under,
Blown by a rapture of gladness asunder,
Thrilling me through with an exquisite praise,
Her two eyes.

The Iowa *Unit* has been often praised for its verse. It seldom publishes any buffoonery and often has lines of real merit, as :

AD ARAS.

" A fire on an altar burning,
In a temple's solemn dusk, unreached by the light of day,
And the white-robed virgins attending see not that the image is clay.

A love on the heart shrine glowing,
In the holy calm of a soul whose thoughts in pure array,
The costliest sacrifice bringing, to a human idol pray.
So has it ever been and so may it be forever,
Far better the blindest prayer than the soul that prayeth never."

The following from the Harvard *Advocate* may not be perfect in its sonnet structure but there is a tone about it that commends it.

FORETHOUGHT.

A child was born to-night. When it was brought
Back by the women where the mother lay,
The father held it once, then let it stay
Upon her bosom ; and the while was thought
A future for it,—all that should be wrought
In coming years ; how nobly in the fray
Of life their son should battle : men should say
By his example they were grandly taught.
And this should be their son, this wondrous man,
With fond eyes they should view his holy might ;
And when their well-worn life-paths downward ran
Unto the finish, then this splendid, bright
Hero should help their going. They began
Thanking God for him. The child died to-night.

The *Advocate* indeed is not afraid of originality. This too is from its columns.

STEADFAST IN THE FAITHLESS FAITH.

" When the earthen pot is crumbling under heel,
When the silver cord is crackling 'neath the knife,
When the gasping soul is wracking on God's wheel,
When at last we come to losing of our life,
Oh, may we faithless ones prove bravely faithless then,
Prove steadfast in the faithless faith, before believing men !"

Who shall deny that a good time may be coming for college verse and a better time for those who read it, when we can have such poems as these last ?

Harriet Chedie Connor, '94.

HERE AND THERE.

THE perennial wail has started and the Commodore's trials have begun ; the Navy is in debt and its supporters are few and far between. Again the discontented rumblings of Cornellians begin to be heard and visions of races with Yale and Oxford rise up to roil the troubled souls of dissatisfied underclassmen.

> " For what we have we prize not to its worth
> While we enjoy it ; but, being lacked and lost
> Why then we reck the value, then we find
> The virtue that possession would not show us."

We have an unsullied record, we enjoy a reputation as oarsmen unequalled by any college in the country, but we do not prize it as we should. We long continually to stretch out our arms to reach what we cannot at present attain and we underestimate what we have. We are dissatisfied with racing a crew which has proved amply sufficient to keep us busy and which will, by our lack of interest, prove to us what we are all to loath to believe : that we, as well as everyone else, are not invincible. A clear record being once marred by over-confidence, the college may wake up to the realization of our situation and everyone turn boldly in to regain what only a moderate amount of spirit would have sufficed to retain. Why should we not be amply satisfied with a race against the University of Pennsylvania crew and be willing merely for that to liberally support the Navy and turn out to train ? We may well take a lesson from our opponents who after years of defeat, go bravely in with added energy, nothing daunted by previous failures, to turn the tide of victory.

If for no other reason than to maintain our excellence as oarsmen, every student in the University should do his utmost to support the Navy, for now, after the unfortunate record of last year's football eleven, nothing can serve better to retrieve our fallen fortunes and to re-establish our position before the athletic world, than another fast crew. Rowing is of itself a magnificent sport and is an established custom at Cornell. How strange it would seem if Cornell did not have a crew ? " Cornell" and "rowing"

are inseparably connected with one another the world over; there is no one who has heard of Cornell who has not heard of her crews. We have few enough traditions at best, we should not allow one which contributes not only to the individual welfare of the students but to the honor of our Alma Mater as well, to dwindle away on account of a lack of enthusiasm. There is plenty of enthusiasm but not of the right kind. What is needed is more pride and less boastfulness. Pride will make us uphold an institution noble in itself, notwithstanding the discouragement meted out to it by those whom one would think a spirit of rivalry would prompt otherwise, while boastfulness cannot but add arguments to the position upheld by those who favor an attitude entirely against the spirit of the times. Pride, as well, would keep us from knocking at doors from which we have been so frequently and ignominiously repelled. We should not think that because so many of the New York papers have during the last few years rather neglected Cornell's aquatic claims that they really are not in sympathy with them. It is not that, the editors are not all prejudiced, but it is not the policy of many metropolitan newspapers to give a metropolitan public the truth, but to give it rather what it wishes, and, as New York is much more generally in sympathy with Yale and Harvard than it is with Cornell, New Yorkers are served up regularly with the views of the New England colleges. We cannot at present make it any different, therefore let us abandon the attempt. Such a state of affairs might be disheartening if we had no other direction in which to turn but, as has been said again and again, we have more than enough to do in confining ourselves to Pennsylvania, however contrary an opinion many of the students may hold.

THE MONTH.

IMPORTANT changes in the University calendar were made by the faculty last month. The Thanksgiving recess of five days was abolished and the terms were lengthened by the abolition of the separate week at the conclusion of each, which has been devoted to examinations. Instruction will now be continued up to the beginning of the recess, and each instructor will arrange his

own system of examinations and grading. The consequence will probably be a much larger use of preliminary examinations through the term to the detriment of final examinations. Other changes in the calendar were made so that hereafter instruction in the fall term will begin the Thursday nearest to September 26, and end the Friday before Christmas, the winter term will begin January 3, and end the Friday before the last Thursday in March, the spring term will begin the first Tuesday in April, and commencement will be held the Thursday nearest to June 20, instruction ceasing a week earlier.

The proposed Debating Union between Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania is now an accomplished fact. Representatives of the two universities met in New York December 21, and signed an agreement for joint debates in the years 1894 and 1895. The first debate will be held in Ithaca April 20, 1894. The choice of subjects rests with Cornell and the choice of sides with the University of Pennsylvania. Some difficulty has been found in getting an evenly balanced subject, but it is believed that a resolution demanding, for the best interests of the United States, the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, granted the consent of their inhabitants, will afford the Cornell debaters a fine opportunity, no matter which side is chosen by their opponents. The three representatives of Cornell will be chosen at a public competition to be held the evening before Washington's birthday. Nine contestants will be selected to take part in this trial contest, three by the Woodford Debating Club, three by the Cornell Congress, and three by the Department of Oratory. The committee of arrangements consists of Professor Lee, Mr. Stern, '95 of the Congress, Mr. Proper, '96 of the Curtis Debating Society, and Mr. Weber, '94 of the Woodford Club.

The second military hop was held at the Armory, Friday evening, January 12, and was as successful as the first. The patronesses were Mrs. J. G. Schurman, Mrs. S. D. Halliday, Mrs. W. T. Hewett, Mrs. J. M. Hart, Mrs. E. Hitchcock, Mrs. G. Bell, and Mrs. Schuyler. Social gaieties will continue for the next three weeks culminating in Junior Ball week. The Delta Gamma society gave a reception to its friends Friday evening, the 19th.

The forty-eighth annual convention of the Zeta Psi fraternity,

was held with the Cornell chapter, January 5 and 6. Delegates were present from nearly all the leading universities of the country.

The Athletic Council has elected Charles L. Brown, '94, commodore of the navy; W. F. Atkinson, '95, football manager; and G. W. Rulison, '94, W. P. Trible, '94, delegates to the meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

Professor Jenks gave a public lecture January 15ht, under the auspices of the History and Political Science Association on the subject of "Modern Greek Politics and Politicians." He spoke from a personal acquaintance with the politicians of Greece.

Thirty-one students were suspended from the University for poor work last term as shown by the final examinations in December. On the other hand, fifty-four new students enter the University this term to take the short course in agriculture.

About sixty freshmen have begun training for the class crew under the direction of Coach Courtney, and Cornell's aquatic reputation will be maintained unless financial difficulties interpose. The navy is fourteen hundred dollars in debt and it is not an easy matter to arouse enthusiasm that will materialize into money contributions. It has been suggested that the maintenance of class crews would arouse latent interest in rowing at Cornell and the suggestion receives considerable support. Under the existing conditions relatively few of the students ever see a boat race, because the crews usually row away from Lake Cayuga, and even when they have a race here it always takes place in Commencement week when most of the students have gone home.

NEW BOOKS.

Marion Darche, A Story Without Comment. By F. Marion Crawford. MacMillan & Co., New York.

Every lover of present day fiction will gladly receive this latest story by "the most versatile and various of modern novelists." Mr. Crawford has the happy faculty of interesting the reader equally in Rome or India, the Black Forest or a lonely parish in England. This time he introduces us to the fashionable part of New York, and the central point is on Lexington

Avenue. The plot is cleverly conceived, and is worked out with great care. At one time it becomes exciting and almost painful, but soon emerges from the gloom. In description the author shows his usual skill. The quiet avenue at midday, the club with its good natured gossip, and the serene and ubiquitous reports, all will be familiar to those acquainted with the life of the metropolis. No comment is indeed needed on this story. It is so natural, interesting and satisfactory that it explains itself. There is little doubt that the author's play with the same plot and characters will meet with much success upon the stage.

The Son of a Prophet. By George Anson Jackson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

Mr. Jackson has made a conscientious effort to create the character which is represented in the book of Job, and to show what political, intellectual and spiritual conditions developed this character. Eleasar Ben Sharmuah, "The Son of a Prophet," lived in the time of King Solomon. His life is portrayed vividly and commands the reader's close attention while the main purpose of the book is being developed. The boldness of the design as well as its unique object, contributes to the interest of the work.

Within College Walls. By Charles F. Thwing. The Baker and Taylor Co., New York.

A new book by the author of "American Colleges" is sure to be read with interest. We here find a fair and impartial treatment of the various influences, dangers, and advantages of college life, and discussions of important and troublesome questions connected with that life. Our attention is called to college temptations, college government, play in college, simplicity of life, the college and the home, the college and the church. An earnest religious spirit pervades the whole book. The author says that the purpose of a student's presence in college is to form character; and that to form character is the noblest work, the highest responsibility, which a college can undertake. The outlook is everywhere optimistic, enthusiastic. In the last chapter on the Preëminence of the College Graduate, the figures given are very significant of the worth of a thorough education, and the advantage which a college graduate has over one who lacks college training.

The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement. By William Lyon Phelps. Ginn & Co., Boston.

In this book Dr. Phelps has given us a most valuable and interesting study of one of the least definitely known periods of English literary history. The field covered, as he tells us, is from 1700 to 1765, from the reactionary movement, with which, strangely enough, he associates some of Pope's work, to Gray's latest poems. The study of the individual authors, as well as the

principles and tendencies of the period, is carefully worked out, and the book has the additional advantage of being exceedingly readable. It is a most encouraging sign that at last we are to have books on English literature written with careful regard for facts and dates, and a scientific accuracy combined with literary grace.

Authors and their Public in Ancient Times. By George Haven Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

We have in this book a curious and interesting attempt to formulate the ideas and practices regarding literary property through all time. The task is evidently too great for an exhaustive study of the question to be contained in any such volume as the one before us, but as a general survey of the subject it serves an admirable purpose. The relations of author and publisher and public in all ages and places are touched on, public and private libraries, literary ownership, and the various questions of publication in Greece, Rome, Chaldea, Egypt, India, Persia, and the farther East. The book is unique and valuable as well as being written in a most entertaining style.

Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas. By Alfred M. Williams. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

Mr. Williams, who is also the author of the work entitled, "The Poets and Poetry of Ireland," aims in this volume to give a faithful sketch of the life and character of Sam Houston, together with an account of that most stirring period in the history of Texas. The author has consulted a large number of original sources, and collected his material with great care. The style is clear and forcible, occasionally becoming vivid and dramatic, as in the description of the fall of the Alamo. Sam Houston was born in Virginia, but his family migrated to Tennessee while he was still a boy. His education was of necessity but limited. He passed through the usual *cursus honorum* of the frontier, being successively school-teacher, lawyer, soldier, Member of Congress, and Governor of Tennessee. When apparently at the height of his prosperity, the whole course of his life was changed by his unhappy marriage. The matter is a mystery which has never been explained. Having for a time lived among the Indians, Houston went to Texas and became a prominent leader among the colonists. He was the Commander-in-Chief of the army in the decisive battle of San Jacinto. He was twice elected to the office of Governor, and after the annexation, was sent to the Senate. His last public office was that of Governor of Texas, from which he was deposed by the convention which declared in favor of secession. Although Houston was in favor of maintaining the Union, he acquiesced to the will of his state. The closing chapter of the book gives a sketch of his most prominent characteristics which, though peculiar, were essentially a product of the times and circumstances in which he lived.

Books Received.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The Social Contract, or The Principles of Political Rights. By Jean-Jaques Rousseau. Translated by Rose M. Harrington, with an introduction by Edward L. Walter, Professor of Romance Languages in University of Michigan.

From MacMillan & Co., London and New York.

Marion Darche, A Story Without Comment. By F. Marion Crawford.

From Baker & Taylor, New York.

Within College Walls. By President C. F. Thwing.

From Ginn & Co., Boston.

Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement.

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ELECTORAL CORRUPTION: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

CORRUPTION of the electors is the fundamentally inherent vice of democratic government. It is always normal in a country with a widely extended suffrage, and will always be found in such a country, so long as human nature remains as it is. On the other hand, the mass of the people are honest at heart, and wise enough, in the long run, to see that virtue is the necessary principle of successful democracy. In the main they wish pure elections; and they both can and will, ultimately, so limit corruption that it will have no serious effect upon government.

We must not blink the fact that without fairly pure elections there can be no real democracy, however clearly the constitution may set forth democratic principles. When, for example, in the election of 1880 in England, it was proved that, in one constituency, at least 4000 voters out of 5700 were bribed: or, whenever, as has often been the case in our own country, the number of the bribed has been far more than the plurality of the elected candidate, it is idle to say that the people have expressed their opinion

on the questions of government involved. Still more emphatically is this true when not merely elections but also nominations have been controlled by bribery or trickery. In many of our states, at certain times, on account of corruption our government has become in reality an oligarchy, even in rare cases a despotism.

But corruption not merely deprives the people of the power of governing themselves ; worse than that, it leads them to forget the real purpose of government, and thus sinks them deeper in subjection to the few who govern by fraud. When a man has taken his travelling expenses to the polls, as students have often done with no thought of wrong ; or pay for his time on election day, as New York farmers sometimes openly do without shame ; or a good round bribe with no excuse, as most local political managers know that many men do, he has forgotten that his vote should normally be cast for the good of the people. He looks only to the candidate, and thinks that he is doing him a favor. At the most, he sees no farther than his party ; and does not realize that parties have a right to existence only because their members believe in all sincerity that they are acting for their country's good. His short-sightedness may to a certain extent excuse him morally, but his act is no less harmful to his country. In fact the more respectable and honorable in private life the bribed or the briber is, the more harmful his corrupt act ; for the greater is his influence.

To find the cure of corruption, we must first consider its causes.

Serious as these evils are, they are difficult to prevent, for the causes of corruption are natural motives and often good ones. When, under Bismarck in Germany, officials were told that their votes and influence were expected for the Government's policy, one would hardly accuse Bismarck of evil motives. No doubt the French statesmen, who regularly apply a large part of the secret service fund to subsidizing the press are patriotic. Their act is felt to be necessary for the good of the people. In like manner many an employer, who, directly or indirectly, has coerced his employees into voting as he believes, feels that only his party's policy is right, and that his act is therefore laudable and in the workmen's interest. Many a party leader who has raised corruption funds and directed their expenditure has sincerely believed

that his party could not win without bribery and that the success of the opposition would be a far more serious evil to the country than the bribing of a few "floaters" whose moral sense was already blunted. If the influence of bribery ended with the single act, the argument would be strong.

The larger number of bribing politicians, however, have aims much more selfish. The lower grade in ability,—and their name is legion,—expect the money that sticks to their fingers as they pay it out ; others want an office for the salary, or worse yet for its opportunities of blackmail ; while many again who have little feeling of patriotism have a keen sense of the value of an office for its social value to themselves and family ; for, ironical as are many of our references to the dignity of office in this country, it still has dignity in the eyes of us all, and many a Congressman does rise in social standing when he wins, by fair means or foul. I recall, too, a farewell address of a politician just starting for a foreign capital whither he had been sent as minister for his services to his party. He had long been an office seeker, had doubtless been a party, more or less directly, to corruption for years, though he was by no means a low type of politician or man. With perfect sincerity, I doubt not, he said that he prized his appointment most for the advantages that it would give his children ; yet, good as was his motive, his political example, as he himself confessed to an aspiring young man, was not one to be followed.

Other bribers seek the office on account of love of power —which motive, if the power is rightly used, is surely worthy. Still another large class of politicians, often men of wealth and position, are sportsmen by nature ; and they play the game of politics to win. They desire to do nothing wrong, but they can leave no stone unturned to succeed. It would take away the fun of the game, if they could not contrive to hoodwink their opponents. It would not be creditable to their skill. Thus much as to the motives of the bribers.

The motives of those coerced or bribed are equally mixed. Shall a man whose superior officer in the government, or whose employer, threatens loss of position, if he casts a free ballot, be blamed, if to save wife and children from suffering, he yields ? I saw it lately argued that a man in that position, should, to protect his

family, promise what his employer wished, then, to benefit his country, vote his convictions. But shall we thus encourage lying, even in a good cause?

A large proportion of the ignorant fellows who receive bribes not only have no evil motive, but are even not conscious that they are committing any serious wrong. Many intelligent people will argue that it is not only perfectly right for a man to take his travelling expenses to the polls from the committee of his own party, if he intends to vote his party ticket, but that it is his duty to do so, if he cannot afford to go at his own expense. A judge of one of the highest courts of a great state has been known to negotiate with a political committee for his son's expenses home from college. Yet, if we grant this principle to all, we shall not be securing a just unbiased expression of opinion from the people,—which is the purpose of an election—but we work in the interest of the rich candidate and party. I recall the election of 1890 in Indiana, when several students that belonged to one party received their travelling expenses, while those belonging to the other could not vote because their managers could not pay their railroad fare. In that case certainly—to say nothing of the effect upon the students—money, not intelligence had the determining voice. When such men confound the interest of the party or of the candidate with that of the country, what can we expect from voters so ignorant that they are incapable of understanding the issues of the day! Many doubtless have some dim idea that they are Democrats or Republicans, but many, especially of the newly arrived immigrants, can have no definite opinion; doubtless often do not even know that they ought to have one. They have a chance to do a man a service for which he is willing to pay them. They are glad to do as they are told and to get the benefit. The man who goes back and forth between the political bidders auctioning off his vote, does probably know that he is breaking the law—the secret manner of payment often employed would tell him that—but just why such an act should be illegal, he often could not understand, and at any rate he does not weary his head in thinking about such unpractical topics.

Others look upon election day as a personal blessing. It is then that they get the money with which to pay their taxes, or to sup-

ply the children with winter shoes. More often, perhaps, it is an occasion for a jolly spree, and they look no farther.

Many an ignorant, good-natured fellow, too, votes, out of mere good fellowship, to please the man who treats him. He has no political principles that he is conscious of, though he may nevertheless have some party feeling ; and if he can please a man who stands a little higher in the social scale, and who has flattered him by a cordial clap on the shoulder and a drink with him, why he is glad to do it. If half a dozen of us get jolly over our cups, why shouldn't we all go together to put in our votes—for the men whom the most influential among us favors—and come back to have some more fun, with perhaps a dollar or two apiece that this same leader gives us, we know not from whom? It's an easy way to have a good social time.

The nature of corruption and the difficulty of controlling it appear more clearly, too, when we consider its extent and the places where it is most prevalent. People who live in districts that are "safe" for either party, especially if the people are also fairly well-to-do, have no conception of the subject. In such places, there is only here and there a case of corruption, and that is mostly some kind of treating given to add force to an argument, or it is covered under the head of paying for services at the polls. Where, however, the district is a close one, and the ignorant voters are numerous, the proportion treated or bribed is high. In such districts it is not uncommon for twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent. to be thus managed, while cases are found—as they have been found in similar circumstances in England and elsewhere, for we are no worse by nature than other people—where nearly all the voters are corrupted. As was said at the beginning, corruption is the normal condition of a country with many ignorant voters and great electoral prizes. It will always be found, unless special measures are taken to prevent it.

This brief statement of the nature and motives of the corruptor and his victims will enable us to see the natural remedies. It is encouraging to know that experience supports reason.

First : Consider the matter with reference to the standpoint of the corrupted voter. Certain classes should be excluded from voting. The true basis of suffrage, in my opinion (devotion to the

country being understood), is *personality*, an *independent judgment.* This, of course, implies a certain amount of knowledge and independence of others. This is the ideal. In practice we can never reach it; but we can at any rate strive toward it, and this principle will guide us in the question in hand.

We should exclude from the suffrage, in practice as well as in law, all idiots and insane persons as not capable of forming a judgment. Not a few mental incapables vote—or rather are voted—now. To this class would be added minors, because, practically, we cannot draw the line better, though many persons of sixteen are of sounder judgment and are more independent than others of forty. To these should be added also the paupers, those receiving public relief. While occasionally there is a helpless person among them who is independent and intelligent enough to cast his vote properly, no one who has had to deal with paupers will deny that such exceptions are very rare. If the distinction cannot in practice be made, it is better for the State to be deprived of this one vote than to admit those of the hundreds of others that are incapable. The suffrage is not a natural right, but is granted for the sake of the state; yet all but some seven or eight states grant paupers the right to vote.

Second: Immigrants should be excluded from voting, until it is evident that they really understand our government well enough to be able to form an independent opinion on issues of the day. No one pretends that this is the case now in many states. The right to vote is granted them in most of our states as soon as they declare their intention of becoming citizens, and complete the period of residence required for natives.

We can only approximate the ideal here practically. I should favor a residence of at least three years, better five, for a state election, and consequently for congress. In purely local elections it might perhaps be less. Also the ability to read the constitution, and preferably in English, should be insisted upon. An educational qualification for both foreigners and natives might be demanded also, from the same consideration. I recognize clearly that any such qualification may hinder some few people from voting who are fully capable, but the intelligent capable foreigners would not be the ones who would make the chief objection to the

change ; and it prevents abuse to a so much greater degree that it is best for the state to urge it, whenever it is practicable.

Third : Still more emphatically should, on all grounds of good to the state, be excluded from voting, so far as it is practicable, all those who surrender their independence and manhood by giving or receiving a bribe. Many states have this provision now in their laws. Coupled with other measures to be recommended, it can be enforced. A man found guilty of bribery either as giver or taker on the evidence of others, should be disfranchised for say two or three years for the first offence, permanently for the second. If he confesses the crime on the witness stand testifying against the briber, no penalty should be inflicted, for on such testimony in good part must bribers be convicted. The experience of England seems fully to justify this exemption. A vote cast ignorantly or corruptly is a menace to free institutions, and there ought to be no hesitation in protecting the state from such ; the briber who leads many astray is even more dangerous.

In some states the politicians would prevent the disfranchisement of paupers, for the leaders of the dominant party can through them be certain of a number of perfectly reliable voters. In more cases, there would be objection to making the franchise difficult for foreigners to obtain, for each party would fear to advocate such a change. Extending the franchise is apt to be more popular than the reverse. But these two changes would very materially lessen the corrupt vote, and would clearly benefit the state. Educational qualifications could at present be passed in but few of the states—such as those having a large negro vote perhaps—but, if passed, they would lessen corruption in very many cases, while in only a few would they deprive the state of the benefit of an intelligent patriotic vote. Such a qualification should, however, if introduced, only be put into effect after sufficient notice to enable a fairly intelligent person to fit himself for the ballot, if he really wished to do so. It will be seen that in the interests of purity in elections I advocate "manhood" suffrage in the best sense of the word manhood ; so used, the question of sex is not raised, but that of character is.

As far as they go, more effective, far more certain of adoption,—and therefore to be urged first and most vigorously—are measures taken against the bribers or corruptors in general.

1. Importation of voters, repeating, and personation of voters absent, from whatever cause, are forms of fraud that are practiced almost universally, to a greater or less extent; but nowhere need they become of great consequence, and, as a rule, they are much less practiced in our own country than are bribing and treating. The efficient remedy for all such frauds, is, of course, a careful system of registration well kept up. Such a system may be made burdensome, but it need not become so; and we have good enough systems now, so that, relatively speaking, this needs no special discussion here.

2. The most efficient safeguard against coercion, whether on the part of officials or of employers, or whether it be religious coercion or what may be denominated social coercion, *i. e.*, the pressure that a man feels from the opinions of his associates, is the secret ballot. Social coercion is no slight evil. In some places it has been considered hardly respectable in some circles to vote the Democratic ticket, and many have seen the time when Black Republicanism was looked upon in something of the same light. Of course the best protection in all such cases, in the long run, is the development of a thoughtful, independent spirit among the electors, but for a long time to come something else will also be needed.

The best form of the secret ballot is doubtless that which we call the Australian system, and which, with greater or fewer modifications, all of our states but seven have adopted. We need not consider details of the law here. The use of Myers' American Ballot Machine for most elections would be even better than the ordinary form of casting the ballot. The essential thing is absolute secrecy for every voter, whether he will or not.

The same measure is also very useful as a preventive of bribery; but in many cases in America we have doubtless over-estimated its efficiency in both directions. A very large proportion of voters will keep a promise to vote in a specified way, even if that promise be forced from them or be obtained by a bribe. Not many years ago, in Greece, a candidate for the House of Representatives (Boulé) took with him a small band of bullies and a Greek Bible and went through a part of his constituency compelling weak-kneed doubtfuls, on penalty of bodily injury if they refused,

to swear on the Bible to vote for him. The result showed that they almost to a man kept the oath.

The secret ballot was adopted in England in 1872; yet in subsequent elections there was much bribery. It was proved that in the election of 1880 one agent had bought and paid for, at about $1.65 each, 1863 voters out of 2674; that on the whole "corrupt practices had in no way diminished"; and "it was established that where bribery had been resorted to, the vote very generally followed the bribe." At first, of course, on account of unfamiliarity of the bribers with the law, it will materially check corrupt practices; but ultimately it will be evaded. Even in our own state, bribery by wholesale has been carried on under our present law.

3. The best supplement to such a law that experience has tested, and therefore the measure that should next be urged vigorously in most of our states, is a corrupt practices act such as that introduced in England in 1883. It has made the risk for bribery, coercion or other corrupt practices so great that, very often at any rate, the briber will lose more than he will gain by violation of the law. The English law would require much modification for adoption here on account of our different method of conducting campaigns, the number of candidates elected at the same time, etc. The main features of such a law have been adopted in Missouri and California, though both states will need to go somewhat further in the way of making some practices illegal that are not in themselves corrupt, but that, if permitted, readily lead to corruption. In outline, such a law, after detailed definitions, so that there can be no doubt as to the nature of the acts forbidden, must first limit strictly the amount of money that may be expended by the candidate or by his party in his interest; second, a strict accounting must be had for all money received and expended by the candidate and also by the campaign committees. Dates, items, the names of the persons to whom money is paid, those from whom it is received, the exact nature of the expenditure, etc., must be given. Some specific individual, under strict accountability, preferably the treasurer or chairman of the committee must be made responsible for this; and in order to insure accuracy, it will be advisable to define clearly what is meant by a campaign committee, and quite possibly

to direct somewhat its form of organization. The fact that the acts of the committee or its carelessness may readily forfeit the seat, will make the candidates or conventions more careful in selecting its members or in leaving their canvass in its hands. In England, in the election of 1892, three seats were forfeited by agents of the candidates by acts that the candidates knew nothing about; but that, it was held, they did not take sufficient care to prevent. In one case, the candidate had selected as his agent a man, who, from his reputation, would be likely to violate the law, and one who, the event showed, did not belie his reputation.

Third: Of not less consequence, perhaps, is it to limit, not merely the amount expended, but also the nature of the expenditure. There are many expenditures not necessarily in themselves corrupt which it is wise to forbid, because they tend toward corruption or may have an evil influence on voters. In this respect our corrupt practices laws in America must be much strengthened. In England it was found necessary to forbid expenditures on account of bands of music, processions, torches, banners, cockades, or other marks of distinction; and one candidate in the last general election forfeited his seat because his agent had purchased some cards that were designed and used for cockades to be worn in the hat. The advisability of forbidding such expenditure is clear. Many a bribe in our own country has been given under cover of paying to carry a transparency or a torch, of renting a room or a carriage, or of some other trifling service. The well-known case in England, in 1880, when about $125 were paid for a campaign pole, thirty men were hired at high wages for three days to erect it, two reliefs of watchers of six men each stood sentry over it at $10 apiece, etc., shows to what lengths such things will be carried, if they are not strictly forbidden. So, too, the payment of useless ticket peddlers under our old laws was greatly abused, and even under present laws the payment of railroad fares to voters away from home, the aid given by sending carriages, etc., is carried much too far. The only safe way is to forbid such expenditures. Many of our legislatures would think such regulations foolish now and would not pass them; but when we become, as a people, really earnest in this matter of electoral purity, we shall not hesitate to do what is necessary.

On the other hand, there is danger of making penalties so heavy that they will not be enforced, though they should be severe. England has probably gone too far in this direction. The chief penalty, so far as effectiveness is concerned, is the forfeit of the seat, and that to the defeated candidate, if his canvass has been free from corruption. Any one, the defeated candidate, the political committee, or a reform club, should be permitted to begin the suit, with of course sufficient costs granted to the defendant, if the petitioner fails to prove his charges, to prevent cases brought unnecessarily or merely from spite.

The measures just mentioned are enough, under ordinary circumstances, to keep corruption well in check, if the people have the determination to see that laws are well executed, and if they have confidence that the officials will do their duty in this regard. In this country, however, where the decision regarding contested elections is left with the legislative body concerned, it is a general opinion that these contests are often settled, not on their merits, but in the interest of the majority party. The same complaint is made in Italy and in France, where practically the same system obtains ; and in England the abuse became so patent that it was found necessary to let the courts settle such cases. In the interest of, not merely the detection and punishment of corruption, but also of its prevention, we should perhaps adopt the same system. There will be less corruption if it is certain that a just judge is to decide the matter instead of a partisan committee that may wish to conceal the truth ; and for the present at least we need not fear the effect upon the judges.

Europeans, who are apt to think that corruption in the United States is worse than with them, and who, as far as Germany and England, at least, are concerned, are probably right in this opinion, are inclined to find its cause in the salaries paid our elected officeholders. Not long since, a very intelligent, upright member of the German Reichstag said that practically no bribery existed in their elections, chiefly because the place was not worth the expense and risk of bribery. The position instead of being a source of income is simply one of expense, and there is not enough influence, either political or social, in the position, to make it a great prize. It is often difficult to get men to become candidates, and

the best ones serve from a sense of duty. On the other hand, poor lawyers and adventurers cannot afford to run ; whereas with us not a few members could not make their salary at home. The case is much the same in England as in Germany, with the exception that an able English member has more influence and chance of rising. While the point is good, the experience of England has shown that ambitious rich candidates may and do bribe with no money gain in view. At any rate, it would not be wise for us to abolish the payment of members ; but on the same principle, if the prizes of office distributing were taken from our Congressmen and other officials, it would lessen greatly both the temptation toward bribery and the power of bribing. A man with from twenty to fifty or more appointments at his disposal finds it practically impossible not to use them for his own official advancement, and this is corruption of the worst type. The strictest civil service reform should go hand in hand with the Australian ballot and corrupt practices acts.

One of the chief causes of corruption of late years in some of our states has been the desire to secure a majority for the dominant party, so as to be sure of the United States Senator as well as to control all state patronage and law-making. There can be no doubt that the last two state elections in New York have been very materially influenced by this consideration. Acting on the principle that we should so far as possible lessen the evil motives, it will be seen that the adoption of a system of proportional representation, would probably, on this account, greatly lessen corruption, and the experience of some cantons of Switzerland justifies fully this opinion. It would then in such a state as New York be perfectly sure that no one party would have a complete majority, but that compromises of the moderates of all parties must be made for all purposes. A variation of three or four members or of a dozen, Republican or Democratic, would really then be of less importance to the party leaders than one or two members often are now. The effect may well be different where a small clique of three or four men hold the balance of power between two great parties ; but that would not be the case under the system proposed. The objections to many small parties that are valid in a country that is under a parliamentary system as France, Italy or England do not hold here. There could be no greater blow to the bosses than

such a system ; and it is their strength in good part that keeps up corruption.

But these laws are not in themselves enough. In New York, in exceptional instances, the secret ballot law has been dropped by tacit consent of both parties at the polling place, and voters were openly almost bought.

In England even, where in spite of the low state of corruption in 1880, perhaps the purest and freest elections in Europe are to be found to-day, bribery is yet to be met with, to no slight degree, in some twenty constituencies. These constituencies are the old boroughs where bribery has been rampant for centuries, and public opinion there is not yet fully with the law.

Back of every successful effort to put down corruption must be a sound public opinion and people who are willing to see and to combat the crime. That opinion we in the United States have lacked until within five years ; but now the people are aroused and we shall succeed for the time being. Our laws must be improved, and in the main, along the lines mentioned. This year corrupt practices acts should be pushed. It must not be expected, however, that any laws will be completely and permanently successful. "We may say of the elective system and corruption," says Bonghi, "what Leopardi says of love and death : 'They were born at the same time.'" The desire to get the prize of office by hook or by crook, on the one hand, and, on the other, the readiness to act from low motives, are and will long be present in humanity. We shall make good laws that will for a time succeed ; then, as honest citizens rest content and slacken their efforts, the rogues will learn how to evade the law, and new measures must be taken.

But the people at heart are sound and moral. Our duty is to ferret out the evil practices, bring them to the light and suggest the remedies. The laws of the last four years are enough to prove that when this is done the people will act ; and that right, honesty, purity will triumph.

Jeremiah W. Jenks.

DRINKING SONG.

To Auld Lang Syne let others drink,
With all its good old folks, sir,
And over old times let them blink
Around their old black oak, sir ;
I give for mine a toast in wine—
I hope 'twill please you some, sir,
Then fill the cup and drink it up—
The days that are to come, sir.

Here's to Dame Fortune, fickle jade,
She's ever to be won, sir ;
Here's to the fame that's still unmade,
Bright as the glowing sun, sir,
Fill up the bowl, and let each soul
Be free to drink his share, sir,
We'll put the juice to proper use
In drowning of old Care, sir.

Drink to the fish that's still uncaught,
Ne'er better swims the sea, sir ;
Drink to the maid that roves unsought,
She's just the one for me, sir.
Then with our backs turned to the wracks,
Fate-driven on the shore, sir,
We'll stand like men and drink again,
Until old Time's no more, sir.

R. M. P., '81.

THE DECLINE OF COLLEGE ENTHUSIASM.

"IT is indeed a state of affairs much to be deplored when from seventeen hundred students, there can be found but half a dozen who are willing to brave any inclemency of the weather and come out to play against the 'Varsity. Unless more interest than this is shown in football we must give up the game." The foregoing paragraph from a November *Era*, is but a specimen of the matter that fills a large part of the editorial departments of Cornell student papers. Appeals for the support of one club or another club, of this interest and that interest, have became so frequent that they no longer make an impression on the mind of the reader; nay, they scarcely catch his eye. The managers or officers of the different organizations are wise if they abandon the columns of the press and make their appeals by letter or personal interview. But when it is sought to enlist the sympathy of the students at large as in the case of a 'Varsity athletic team, representation on debates or student publications, the time-worn newspaper phrases still have to do duty. "A few men are now in training," says the *Sun*, "but there should be at least twice as many." But the enthusiasm is lacking which will bring out the men capable of redeeming Cornell's defeat in the games with Pennsylvania last year. "It is time to again [*sic*] remind those who intend to compete for places on the college papers, that time passes," etc. But the response is not such as to warm the cockles of the editor's heart. Positions on the staff go a-begging as they never did of yore. Rarely two competitors for one position on the staff of a college weekly! Ye Gods, how pleasantly singular would such competition seem to the candidates for editorships on the Harvard *Lampoon*, or *Nassau Lit* or *Yale Lit!* The most melancholy instance of this decaying college enthusiasm is the recent announcement that there is a lack of competition and material for the 'Varsity crew. To think that such a condition of affairs should ever confront the students of a university that has for years borne the title of the queen of rowing colleges! The Freshmen are doing well; indeed, Coach Courtney says that "if a quarter of the enthusiasm that is shown by the Freshmen were shown by all other classes together, there would be no need to complain." Truly, that is a lamentable

college spirit which kills the natural enthusiasm of young men after a year's contact with college life.

What is the reason of this lack of enthusiasm among Cornell students for their representative athletic teams and literary boards? The comparative method of investigation shows us that it is not fraternity spirit, for other college students not troubled with Cornell ennui are even more devoted to fraternities. Besides, you often hear fraternity men lamenting the fact that "the chapter is no longer the all in all to our men; it's hard to get them to put themselves out of the way even for their own society." Does the absence of dormitories account for the decline of college enthusiasm? Possibly, in some small measure. And yet I think there are many institutions which lack dormitories and do not lack in enthusiasm. Possibly the death of the cane-rush and the absence of class rivalry diminishes college enthusiasm; but in my judgment, the deep underlying cause of this half-hearted devotion to university teams, and boards, and organizations in general, is to be found in the multiplication of student societies—scientific, social, literary, and what not. This increase—this "diversification of industries" as the protectionists say—is a phenomenon of the last half dozen years. And that very period marks the decline of college enthusiasm at Cornell! Was there any want of energy, of devotion, of sacrifice of time and labor in behalf of the 'Varsity interests six years ago? Was there any lack of material for a Cornell 'Varsity crew in those days? Was there at that time a debt of fourteen hundred dollars hanging over the Cornell Navy?

Nothwithstanding the large increase in the number of students in recent years, the larger increase in student organization has necessitated such a division of efforts, and division of interests, that nobody has a sufficient amount of time and energy for any one organization. The free-traders say that diversification of industry merely scatters without increasing capital in the aggregate; whether their argument holds or not, it will scarcely be disputed that the multiplication of societies does not augment the aggregate amount of enthusiam, but merely divides it into units so small as to be practically inefficient.

How many clubs are organized thoughtlessly by enthusiasts of the moment, who think that nothing can be done in this world

without machinery! The American fondness for organization is no more suppressed at college than it is in the wildernesses of the West where two or three pioneers frame a constitution and machinery of government before they stake out their own lots. In America even seven-year old boys must have a formal constitution and by-laws and board of officers for their Coffee Brigades and Broom-Drill companies. The office of president is with truth said to be the American safety-valve; it gives each individual citizen a chance to dispose of surplus energy. The trouble is that it often allows the escape of too much steam. Run over the list of clubs started at Cornell so far this year, and consider the aims of each: The Orchard Lake Club, Cascadilla Club, Electrical Society, Liberal Unity League, Orange County Club, Society of Self-Supporting Students, Episcopal Union, Curtis Debating Society, Quill and Dagger, etc. No one can doubt the need of some of these organizations, but how many of them do you suppose will live long enough to prove their usefulness? The struggle for existence will soon be a discouraging fact for some of them. Meeting after meeting will be adjourned for want of a quorum and the officers will despair of providing programs sufficiently attractive to interest the members and enlist their sympathy, not to say their energetic support. Fines will be levied and never collected. The only dues that will be paid, will be those required for securing the insertion of the society's name and list of members in the *Cornellian* for the year. What else can you reasonably expect? Has a student who pretends to devote any considerable amount of attention to his University studies, time to attend the meetings and do his small share of committee work in the technical organization of his department, in his class societies, his denominational society, his debating club or literary society, his preparatory school club? If he has time for all this, how much leisure will he have left for the contribution that he ought to make toward the University organizations that represent Cornell in the eyes of other college men and of the general public—the crews, base-ball, football and other athletic teams, the college press, the Christian Association and other functions that devolve upon the students? He must be possessed of a superabundance of enthusiasm who can give whole-hearted devotion to more than two or three of all these organizations.

An attempt to classify the student organizations at Cornell gives

the following results: To begin with, there are twenty-seven Greek Letter societies, eight class societies and two honorary societies; there are six student publications, ranging from the daily to an annual; about six musical and dramatic organizations; besides the university athletic teams, there are the Cross Country Club, Lacrosse Club, Tennis Association, and the Gun Club; of social clubs there are the Graduate Students' Club, Mermaid, Bench and Board, Undine, Fruija; of denominational societies, the Baptist Circle, Episcopal Union, Liberal Union League, Presbyterian Union, Methodist Alliance and Catholic Union; sectional clubs to perpetuate anti-university friendships include the Canadian Club, Southern Club, The Senators, Orange County Club, Cascadilla Club, Buffalo Club, Albany Club, Orchard Lake Military Academy Club; among the literary and scientific societies are the Ethical Society, Cornell Congress, Woodford Debating Club, Curtis Debating Society, Classical Association, History and Political Science Association, Mathematical Club, Electrical Society, Association of Civil Engineers, Chemiker Verein, Natural History Society, Medical Society, Agricultural Society; then there are the Christian Association, Students' Guild, Ramabai Circle, the Society of Self-Supporting Students, the Prohibition Club, Total Abstinence League, etc. I dare say this list is incomplete, but at least it gives some idea of the astonishing activity that students display in undertaking voluntary work which they expect will benefit them. Is it not time to call a halt on further enterprises of this character? Why should heavily-burdened students in their unwisdom be allowed to waste their enthusiasm and energy upon affairs that are predestined to failure and expiration after a brief session of desperate struggling for life? There must be a limit drawn somewhere, but it is not now easy to determine at what point. Why not organize a Gum-Chewing Club? Would not a Tall Men's Club have as sufficient a basis in a community of interest as have some of the present organizations? The Society for the Suppression of Sunday Sleeping might serve a most commendable purpose, as the majority of my readers will readily admit. May we not expect to see such a society organized if students keep on scattering their energies?

Every year sees half a dozen student societies consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, and there is no one to call for their resurrec-

tion. Last year the Fortnightly Club went into "innocuous desuetude" and no one mourned except the editors of the *Cornellian*, who thereby lost a page of advertising. And yet the Fortnightly Club was looked upon as an uncommonly useful society when it was first organized. The Cornell Press Club is another defunct institution. But the name of Cornell Press Club created no end of enthusiasm among the tyros last year.

Common sense demands that we confine our efforts toward self-improvement and enjoyment to a reasonably small number of organizations. The broadening of sympathy and character which one expects from activity in many lines is too apt to be lost in the dulling of the interest and the deprivation of leisure. One enthusiastic literary society of such a comprehensive nature as the Curtis Literary Society of the seventies, would be of more benefit than three or four organizations that have resulted from specialization. Such a society would conserve the student's enthusiasm; he would no longer be compelled by a multiplicity of interests to turn a deaf ear and unfeeling heart toward the appeals of the directors of university athletics and editors of university periodicals.

Adna F. Weber, '94.

TO THE VENERABLE BEDE.

From out thy cloister in Northumbrian fen
O father Bæda, thou didst view the moor,
Its wilds unpopulate, its aspect dour,
That and the German Ocean, flung again
From Norroway, bleak wastes unto thy ken
Yet not so savage, nor the Saxon boor
Who sheltered inland, as the storm and stour
Of Danish pirates, foes to God and men.

Within thy cell the golden classic prime
Yet throve, but tinct with Christ his mellower soul;
And thou, rare scholar, from each parchment page
Culled wisdom as from every zone and clime.
Boy monk thou wert and living there thy whole
Long life, there breathed thy last in placid age.

Herbert Crombie Howe.

THE SAYLES CASE.

THE reporter's room was not an inviting place ordinarily. But along in the early morning when one was not quite sure whether it was to-day or to-morrow, when all the matter for the next day's issue was in and mostly up, and the staff at last was as much at leisure as newspaper men ever are, this dreary room was jolly enough. Through the door we could see the telegraph editor in the next room bowed at his desk over endless sheets of thin yellow paper brought and taken away constantly, the electric light, swinging just over his head, casting a halo over his scholarly brow. He was a pleasant and conscientious man and was always the last to join our morning symposium. Not so with the stock editor who held down the desk in the corner railed in from intrusive outsiders. His work, being mostly set up before the rest of the paper was done, was always out of his way long before ours, and he waited, a gentleman of elegant leisure, till we finished. He might just as well have done his work somewhere else or some other time, but it was a fad of his to be "one of the boys" at the office, and they humored him, for he was a good man and companionable. The editorial writers dropped in now and then to talk. They were not all newspaper men. Some of them were women, who, of course, did not drop in. Others were bright young fellows who dabbled in "literature" for a change, so they said. Our standard joke was, that the change was financial. The city editor too, that all-powerful potentate, made this a frequent stopping place on his way home.

One night there was a paper full of news in early and everybody was in high spirits. Even the proof-reader dropped in on us at an unheard of hour and our circle scattered irregularly about the rough room on desks, chairs, railing, anything strong enough and flat enough to sit on, smoked and told stories with gusto. The map-covered walls rang with our noise, the very reference books, banged old veterans, looked more cheerful. We were telling ghost stories, funny at first then more solemn till even that scoffing crowd of wild young men were sobered a little. Only the city editor held out with loud scorn and sneered down every preternatural occurrence with loud contempt, silencing all opposition with his brilliant sallies and more than usually vicious

sarcasm. We looked at each other that he was in great feather to-night. He was the envy and ambition of every man under him, their scourge and model in one. Openly they derided, secretly they feared and admired. To-night he was unusually intolerant and very brilliant, and when at last he sat down upon poor Layton, our newest addition, it was a fearful thing to hear. Layton, in his innocence, had told what he believed to be a true story of hypnotism. He had hardly finished when the oracle was upon him, and the result was that Layton left. We were all sobered a bit by the way he took it, and presently, one by one, we drifted away till the indomitable city editor reigned alone, waiting there till the paper was out. The next we who still lingered down stairs knew of him, there was a shriek and a fall, and we rushed to the room to find him in a dead faint. As nearly as we could get at his story from later developments, it ran something like this.

The last man had been gone but a few minutes when from the corner behind him where he sat with his back to the door there came a slight rustle as of a woman's dress, Surprised he wheeled his chair round and stopped amazed, for while he would have sworn no one was in the room but himself, there sat a young, and as well as he could guess, a beautiful woman. She was dressed in black and wore a thin black veil. It was a startling apparition in that place at that time.

He addressed her at once, asking her name and business there. Her voice was soft and low and a slow monotone as she began :

"You are the editor, are you sir ?"

He bowed "The city editor at your service. Is there anything I can do for you—"

She interrupted, "And are you the person to whom I can give an item of news that *must* go in to-morrow's paper ?"

He glanced at his watch. "It must be brief and importaut madam." He could not restrain his curiosity "Pardon me but this is a strange time and place for such a communication. May I ask—"

Again she interrupted, "You are at liberty, sir, to ask nothing. The matter is of the utmost importance. I offer it to you, to accept or refuse—"

He had drawn paper toward him determining to humor this

strange creature who, he reflected, was probably mad and who could best be handled thus, till some one else came in.

"Proceed, madam."

She began :

"At eight o'clock this evening Mrs. Charlotte M. Sayles, widow of the late Charles W. Sayles left her home, No. 714 N. Missouri Ave. to attend the theatre. She spent the evening there, and returned home about eleven, being admitted by her butler."

He broke in, "Madam this is—"

Again she went on, unheeding the interruption.

"He ushered her in and closed the door after her. She went directly to her room. The butler followed her to her room, struck her from behind with some heavy instrument and as she turned half stunned, struck her again across the forehead crushing her skull and killing her instantly. He then secured her jewels and a considerable sum of money she had in her room and escaped. The maid found her in a few minutes, screamed, roused the house and—"

She paused and the editor who had but made a pretence of writing and was intently studying his paper wondering how this mad woman could best be disposed of, asked :

"Madam, you have proof of this story of course ?"

"I have."

The voice came from a different point and he looked up. She was near the door.

"And the proof is—"

"I *was* Mrs. Sayles," and she drew aside thev eil showing to his startled and horrified gaze a ghastly white face streaked with blood, glittering eyes and a rough dark line across the forehead. An instant later she was gone. He sat dazed a moment, sprang to his feet and dashed to the door to meet a reporter rushing in headlong. "Stop the paper !" he cried. "Terrible murder! Sensation ! Mrs. Sayles murdered by butler !" he gasped. But the editor looked at him shrieked "It was all true then." We rushed in and found him insensible. He came to presently and told us about it faintly, all his braggadocio gone. Layton came in and he begged his pardon most humbly. For weeks he went around a changed man, doing his work thoroughly but mechanically. One day he was offered a bigger place

and snapped at it. We never saw him again. He was half way across the continent and never seemed to care to see our place.

We heard from him now and then. One day he wrote: "I had a letter from Layton the other day. Some of you remember my experience in that Sayles affair. Enclosed find L's letter. It gives me some light on the most awful experience of my life."

Layton's letter was characteristic of him. It read:

DEAR JACK:—

You remember that Sayles affair four years ago? I was the woman. Took news off the telephone from police station and got disguise from Mad. König, the costumer around the corner. Sorry I scared you so but you deserved it. Pretty nearly flunked, that fool Smith came in just right. Been a minute sooner he'd have ruined me. Wore overshoes and didn't make any noise. Hear you're doing well. Luck to you.

Hastily, LAYTON.

Richard K. Lyon.

MY VALENTINE.

My Valentine—I care not if her hair
Be brown or gold, alike to me are fair.
Her eyes are hazel—yes, or haply blue,
But deep and tender, of whatever hue,
And lovely is the spirit mirrored there.

Her form and carriage—graceful past compare.
A Circe—I shall fall into her snare
And never wish to wander forth anew—
My Valentine.

For her dear sake I'm brave to do and dare;
To her, long since, fidelity I sware.
Just now, indeed, Fate hides her from my view,
But we shall meet, so sure as Truth is true—
In the wide world she's waiting, there, or there—
My Valentine.

Edward A. Raleigh.

THE INFANT.

ROBERT ENDICOTT EAMES; thus was it inscribed in the ancient family Bible, in the university register, and on his cards, so it is quite safe to believe that was his name, but to the fraternity fellows he was known only as "the infant." In a fatal moment, Holmes had called him "blessed infant." The other frats had taken it up, partly because Holmes had said it and partly because it was so very appropriate. He was so young, and his eyes were so very blue, and his smile was so merry, and there was such a confiding, frank expression on his face that the name was his, for four years at least.

He had been rushed into the swellest fraternity before he realized very well what had happened. The fellows were very kind and very good-natured, but somehow he liked best Holmes who did not mingle much with the rest of the men, and who scarcely ever noticed him. There was a fineness, reserve and strength about Holmes not found in the other fellows. "A thorough gentleman" the Infant concluded, and being an Endicott and an Eames, he knew.

Holmes could not know how whole letters written to a certain mother in Boston were filled with praise of his generosity, his manliness, his kindness, and a hundred and one other qualties; and he could not know that this mother with the dark eyes and beautiful smile went about for days with a warm glow in her heart toward the man whom she knew, yet did not know.

If he had known all this, things might have been different, but as it was, the Infant was mostly with the other men, who finding out how really untutored he was in the ways of the world, the baser world, proceeded to teach him a few of the "underlying principles" as Bloomer expressed it with a loud laugh. Bloomer was sometimes a little coarse, the rest of the men thought, but at heart he was a good fellow, and his father was worth so many millions. Like a good little boy the Infant learned these lessons surprisingly well. The fraternity men had no reason to complain. He never mentioned his mother now. His letters were fewer and more brief, but his mother understood—his work took all his time.

About this time Miss Burdette and the Infant met, through Holmes, who would have been astonished had he realized how much of his time was spent with her. She was very beautiful, and he was wealthy in his own right, and the fraternity men were begining to take it for granted that it would all result as such things often do. The Infant liked her because her satiny hair and brown eyes and gentle smile were so very like his mother's. They had a long talk together and he found himself pouring out his heart as he had not done for months. She straightened out several difficulties, really trifling, but momentous to him. He was pathetically grateful. She was flattered by his confidence, and begged him to come to her when he was bothered, and they would try to find an easy way out of the trouble. In this, she was very earnest. She liked him with his air of gentle breeding and she also liked the name with its train of Puritan ancestry.

To-night he felt sorely tried. Why not go down to her? Only yesterday they had met and she had gently reproached him for neglecting her. "Yes", he decided, gazing blankly at the open book, "He would go down and tell her everything." He hurried over the everything; there was so much; "and she would find a way out of it all." He stepped into Holmes's room. Only Billy was there, the laziest, best-hearted fellow in the university.

"Hello, my boy; going out? Nasty night; children like you ought to be in bed."

"Where's Holmes?" asked the Infant.

"Gone out, won't be in till late."

"Well, I'm going down town a little while."

Billy surveyed him with half shut eyes. "You don't look just happy. Haven't been looking that way very often lately. Children of tender years must not take life too seriously. Pattern after me and you'll find it no grind. Ah! pretty boy!" he continued lightly, as if ashamed to give utterance to a half serious thought. The rest of the discourse was finished under a shower of cushions, and when Billy had struggled forth again, the object of his admiration was gone.

"Well, you are a pretty boy whether you like it or not, and you'll make a fine old fellow, if—" but Billy never finished the sentence.

The Infant was thinking hard as he plunged down the street, and he did not notice as he mounted the wide steps that the house was ablaze with light. He touched the bell and the soft ting-a-ling brought him to his senses. There must be some sort of a function going on and he had made a "horrible break" as the fellows would say. A wild idea of dashing away came into his mind. The maid opened the door and he went in. She left him thoroughly wretched, in the dainty sanctum at the end of the hall.

Was there ever such a blundering idiot as himself? What would Holmes think and say? There would be a long discourse on the conduct of infants in general and one infant in particular, and Holmes would never have anything to do with him again. And what would she think? He heard her softly excuse herself, regretting that there was no one to take her hand. There was a soft rustle, the heavy curtain was pushed aside and she stood beside him smiling questioningly. He had not courage to look at her, as he stammeringly apologized for his blunder. He realized it was well nigh unpardonable, but somehow the thought that she might be engaged had not occurred to him. He had been so thoroughly wretched, and there was something about which he wished so much to speak to her. Her lip curled impatiently. Probably it was a prelim or something of the sort, and Holmes was so charming this evening. Why couldn't children be kept at home where they belonged, she wondered. She did not help him out, and he was floundering deeper and deeper, when suddenly glancing up he saw the expression about the mouth. As his eyes met hers she dimpled and beamed, but in that one swift look he saw clearly. He was embarrassed no longer. He made a formal apology so quiet and clear and cold that she was astonished; he had seemed so confused the moment before. He hoped she could forgive him. He had been very selfish, but he would not so trespass again. He seemed years older than herself. He lifted the curtain and passed out into the hall, meeting Holmes face to face. They greeted each other coolly, and the Infant went out into the street. A fine, stinging snow was falling. The flakes struck sharply against his face, but he did not feel them. He did not accuse her as an older man would have done. It was all his fault. He had trespassed on her kindness; had thought she understood

when she had not. He should have been more keen. But what was to be done? To whom could he go? Every trifling mistake, every blunder and all the worse things rose accusingly. It was no trifle he had come to her about, this time. It was real trouble, and serious trouble. He had learned his worldly lessons well, in the hands of his friends. There were gambling debts—and worse, so much worse he dared not think of them, much less talk of them to the rest. If he had only gone to Holmes at the start and told him all. It was too late now, too late to do anything to save his mother from the disgrace she would feel so keenly. He had been very weak and now he was desperate with that worst of desperation of a weak nature at bay, that blind, unreasoning terror that nerves men to do anything, and there was no one to help him now. How he had fulfilled his mother's ideal! He laughed harshly. He had been weak, criminally weak. His mother's heart would be broken. His uncle would gaze coldly at him through his eyeglass, and speak of the disgrace that he had brought upon the name; he, in whom they had placed so much hope. Things had gone too far. The skein of his life was hopelessly snarled. It could never be untangled. The knots would be drawn only tighter and tighter until—. He looked up. A bright light was streaming from the fraternity house. He recognized the bulky shadow on the curtain as Billy's. He could not go in and listen to their chaffing. They had never known, never would know how they had hurt him, had trampled on his ideals. It was his own fault; he had been so weak. Only Holmes could have understood and he had not cared. It must stop. There was no other way. He stepped off the road where the trees stood thick. There was a sharp crack and things of this world for the Infant were forever ended.

Holmes came home rather early. He confessed to himself that he liked Miss Burdette immensely. His face changed as he thought of the Infant. He hated to talk to him, but it was better that he should understand a few things to-night. His room was quiet and empty.

"Hello, Billy, where's the bairn?"

Billy for once was very wide awake. He would have died rather than confess to his anxiety, but at intervals so often during the evening, the vision of the disturbed boyish face had risen from his

calculus tables that he was relieved to have his friend speak. "He went out early; said he'd be back soon."

Holmes moved impatiently. "He can't keep such hours." "Be easy," Billy interposed, "this is his first flop over. He'll pull in soon. Sit down awhile?"

For a long time they sat silent. The clock on the tower boomed out one. Then Holmes went to his room and pulled on a heavy ulster. In the hall below as he went down he found Billy with a small lantern. He could not restrain a smile; it was so like Billy. The snow had ceased to fall, but the wind was bitter cold. They spoke little.

"We'll go to Blake's first. Perhaps he has fallen in with some of the fellows down town. We'll find him there all right enough, but he promised not to go there without one of us, and all the fellows were in, weren't they?"

"All but little Eames."

Holmes started; the name sounded very strange.

At Blake's they found a few boisterous stragglers who had seen nothing of him.

"So your babe is using his own legs," sneered one of them. He belonged to another fraternity that had rushed the Infant hard. Holmes turned away with a shiver, He was beginning to see what abominable work it had all been. The man who had spoken looked at him sharply for a moment, then rose and putting his hand on his shoulder said kindly, "Go home old fellow, and I'll wager my latest stick that you'll find him all tucked up in his little bed, dreaming the dreams of the righteous."

Holmes would have been ashamed to acknowledge how much comfort the idle words gave him, he was dreading something, he knew not what.

"Holmes," Billy said quietly as they trudged home, "we have prided ourselves on not doing some of the things that the other fellows do. We're just as good, and just as bad as the rest of them. There's got to be a grand reconstruction somewhere before we accomplish quite what we are supposed to. We had better go in the back way," he said breaking off suddenly, "it's shorter, and I can leave this lantern."

"Don't be so cut up about it, old fellow. To-night has taught

us both something." They turned off the road into the same path that someone else had taken hours ago. And they found him, the dead leaves with the fine snow in their hollows banked against his head.

Holmes lifted him gently. "This shall never happen again," he said, not realizing what had happened. "No," cried Billy brokenly, "You don't understand, Holmes, don't you see, it can't."

The next morning, Miss Burdette properly chaperoned by her Mamma, came for a last look at him. Seeing she was such a dear friend, you know, she was privileged. Holmes had been down early that morning and had told her what happened. Tears had filled her glorious eyes, but she had bravely repressed her feelings, had been strong that she might comfort her friend, whose remorse quite frightened her. That is how he regarded it, and perhaps it amounts to the same thing. Her mother had not cared to climb the stairs, and the duty devolved upon Holmes to take Miss Burdette up where little Eames was lying in his own room, only his mother's picture keeping watch. Sunlight filled the room, falling on the brown curls clustering over the gaping little hole and hiding it wholly away. There were flowers everywhere and she noticed with satisfaction that her violets were placed all about him, a stray one resting against the white cheek. She stood gazing down at the troubled, child-like face, and her eyes filled with tears. He felt her tremble on his arm, and gently led her away. They went out to the carriage where Mamma sat waiting and talking to one of the men.

She was perfectly silent. He thought he understood ; she was so deeply moved that she would not trust herself to speak, and as ever, she was considerate of others. Inwardly she was wildly raging at Madam Roneau because she had never given a hint as to what dainty, tactful thing one could say on such an occasion. For every other emergency, it seemed as if Madam had prepared her girls well, but now, she, Miss Burdette, the acknowledged beauty and leader of the town, was losing the opportunity of a life-time just on account of Madam's carelessness. Surely she should hear of this. And as Holmes watched the carriage roll away he was filled with strange hopes.

That afternoon the mother came alone. She had so preferred, she told Holmes afterward. He could not keep his eyes from her

face. Little Eames, in the old days used to tell him how closely Miss Burdette resembled his mother. He had not paid much attention, but now it all came back again. There was the same satiny hair, the same dark eyes, the same clear white skin and gentle smile, yet there was a strange difference. He kept wondering wherein it lay.

They went upstairs together. At the door he turned to leave her, but she begged him not to go. They went in and he turned away to the window. The bare branches grated and clashed against each other in the gray light of the late afternoon. The glen was frozen and silent. The mother bent over her boy tenderly smoothing the soft, cool hair. The warm cheek pressed the cold one close. She spoke so wearily, "It was all a mistake, my boy, such a mistake. We'll go home together soon, dear." She kissed the cold, pale lips, and the heavily fringed lids, and pressed a last one on the broad white forehead. No tears fell.

As they went slowly down the stairs, she spoke to Holmes. "Do you think you could talk with me for a little while? There are some things that ought to be made clear, and Robert loved you so, I should like to know you better." They talked far into the night. He told everything possible, without dragging in others and he did not spare himself. That night he solved the problem of the faces and understood many things. The next morning little Eames and his mother went home, but the influence of the gracious, noble presence lingered for many a day.

From that time Holmes has been a man. He seldom sees Miss Burdette, the sight of her is somehow repulsive. It is rather strange, perhaps, for the hair and eyes and smile are just the same. As for her, she has still to forgive Madam Roneau.

Lillian C. Swift.

A PROFESSORSHIP OF MUSIC.

SOME time ago, in a communication appearing in the Cornell *Sun*, the sentiment was expressed that, since the campus was "a place of business," the trustees should allow one of the accompaniments of business, namely an electric railway, to encroach upon its boundaries.

What would our friend, Prince Wolkonsky say should he hear our campus styled "a place of business." His remarks would, perhaps, have been something to the following effect:—"Business! Are you not going to keep that word out of your lives even as long as you remain here, a word with which you will be so saturated on once entering the turmoil of American life that no sacrifice will be too great for you in order to escape for one moment from its thraldom. Are you going to clothe this beautiful place in an atmosphere such, that when you look back over your past life, the walls of your college and the walls of yonr office will assume in your imagination one and the same hue. Cannot you be content for the few years you spend here to keep yourself aloof from the spirit of unrest that pervades every nook and corner of your land. I ask you for the sake of the broad humanity that prompted your founder to build this institution to look upon Cornell, not as a place of business, not as a mere workshop, but as a home for culture, destined not to thrust you into a groove which yon may, all too soon, be forced into, but to help you to understand the broadness of life, the immensity of knowledge, the beauty of humanity, to form you into such beings that in your graduation you may say: 'I am a man, nothing human is foreign to me.'"

Doubtless we should say that such sentiments, however truthful we felt them to be, were extreme and unpractical. Nevertheless it may be well to consider for a moment the feeling that would prompt them and if possible, see ourselves as others see us.

Let us look at the appointments of the university. In them there lies a proof that not one but many, and, as far as possible, all the various phases of life are taken into account. From the mechanical laboratory to the archæological museum, from the

law school to the gymnasium are great steps, but not too great to be grasped by the cultured intellect. Wherever we turn we are reminded of the harmony of things, whenever we lose ourselves in the pursuit of one phase of knowledge some other springs up before our vision to check our impetuosity. New paths are continually appearing in the complicated maze, we cannot follow any one of them far, but who can say that a glimpse of each will not be beneficial? The further we go the more easily will we appreciate the fact that moderation is the secret of success and generosity the key to happiness.

But many of the students being bound down in the pursuit of a technical education by which they intend to make their way in life, with every hour packed full of work in their particular course will say that it is physically impossible for them to dip into any of the manifold studies that tend to broaden and round off our characters. This is quite true and, in the opinion of many of the most thoughtful educators it is the crying shame of the age. This ever-increasing necessity to specialize in one particular branch, to the exclusion of everything else is, in their opinion, one of the worst phases of the present state of development. Men are becoming machines, each one fitting himself to be a part of the great engine of human progress which keeps running at a more and more rapid rate; but the development of intellect to govern it is neglected, men are wanting who will fit themselves to take a comprehensive view of the whole and who will so educate themselves that from the experience of the past they may be able to foresee the dangers of the future.

But no radical reform in such a matter can be suddenly effected; the most that can be done is to gradually apply a check and so by degrees to get men to look upon life more rationally. Every little helps to this end and every one who conscientiously adds his influence toward such a result is truly benefitting his fellow men.

Such a one is now in our midst. He feels the lack of genial, humanizing influences to smooth and calm down the regular, mechanical existence of a large proportion of the student body, and through the medium of music, he hopes to make the idealistic assert itself here where the practical predominates.

Such an attempt cannot but meet with the hearty endorsement

of the student body. The great part that music takes in modern life cannot be ignored even by the most matter of fact person, and its beneficent effect upon those who open themselves to its influences, is never questioned. Why should this one branch of a liberal culture be neglected here where almost every other is open to us? It will be said that the conditions here are not such as to warrant the establishment of a musical department in the University. Our not being in the midst of a great city such as Berlin, Leipzig or New York, would, it is true, make the teaching of music concretely unadvisable, but it is an additional argument why there should be a regular attempt to diffuse a taste for music among the students, and to furnish them with opportunities to enjoy it. Such a plan is far from impracticable, and indeed has been seriously thought of by certain members of the faculty.

To endow a professorship of music similar to the one at Harvard would be a most beneficent act. Such a professor would not need necessarily to instruct classes in the mere theoretical technicalities of music, as is the case at Harvard ; his sphere would be rather to foster the love of it, to keep it alive in our midst, and to encourage its development, to instil into the atmosphere of this place, where theories and formulas suffocate, the spirit of

> "Music, too, dear music, that can touch
> Beyond all else the soul that loves it much."

What a boon it would be if, after a long day's work in shops and libraries we could step for a while into some beautifully windowed hall and listen to the swelling chords of a grand organ. And is such an idea so difficult of realization? Not so, many more difficult and some less beneficial things have been accomplished in the short period of Cornell's existence.

With some one to keep the idea before the students much of the musical ability lying dormant among them would be brought out ; choruses and orchestras could be formed and trained, enthusiasm would be created and what is now a great gap in the course of our development here would be beautifully and advantageously filled.

What is strenuously and enthusiastically wished for by a whole

community is fairly sure of being obtained. If all the member of the university feel this need and agitate this question there can be but little doubt but that their wishes will be ultimately fulfilled, but if they remain passive and do not attempt to change the existing order of things nothing can be accomplished. Let them therefore unite with those who are already imbued with the idea and some means will be found to bring about the much wished for result.

Herbert James Hagerman.

OVER SEA.

Three thousand miles of winter sea
Are tossing wild 'twixt you and me,
And darkness falls and tempest roars
Between our storm lashed native shores.

But haunting memories of the past
Come borne upon the snowy blast,
And o'er white fields and moaning sea
Bring back your face and voice to me.

The picture of that autumn wood
Where we on that last evening stood,
The landscape set with foliage bright,
A dreamland lit with sunset light.

* * * * * * *

Grey steals to gloom. The dreamland dies,
Its tints dissolve in ashen skies:
Till falling night and swirling storm,
Shut out the vision's radiant form.

THE MONTH.

ONCE more has Junior Ball week come and gone, and certainly more delightful entertainment has never previously been furnished to Cornell students in the week that society loves. The first public entertainment of the week was the farce-comedy, "The Pink Mask," presented at the Lyceum by the Masque. The acting was excellent; indeed, much of it was superior to any amateur work ever done at Cornell, and with the scrupulously careful "make-ups" left no point exposed to adverse criticism. The second evening, the Sophomores held their Cotillion at the Lyceum and made a social success of it. The concert of the glee, banjo and mandolin clubs attracted the Junior guests and their escorts the next evening; many kind words were spoken of this year's Junior Ball concert which portend a successful Easter trip. The Promenade itself was the same joyous occasion to the devotees of Terpsichore as of old. The attendants were as numerous as ever and as light-hearted. The decorations were somewhat out of the usual order and were looked upon as an improvement. Another innovation was the removal of the low partitions between the boxes; and this, too, was an improvement.

A member of the Sophomore Cotillion committee made the surprising statement that the affair was a financial success. Called upon to explain he said: "No, we didn't pay expenses, of course; but we didn't go so deeply in debt as we expected." The Sophomore Cotillion has always been a failure and has had no reason for being. Simply for the amusement of the men who control the Sophomore election and secure the committee, the class is made to pay several hundred dollars for something that is not enjoyed, not even wanted, by any considerable portion of the class. If the Sophomore class wants to entertain, let it give a ball in the Fall term and make it a class affair; it is all foolishness to attempt to compete with the Junior Prom. as a public ball.

Right in the midst of Junior week occurred the eightieth birthday of the Honorable Henry W. Sage, the zealous officer and benefactor of the University. On the morning of the anniversary, Wednesday, January thirty-first, a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held. In the afternoon the dedication of the museum of

classical archæology took place, Mr. Sage making a short address in presentation of the collection of casts and President Schurman accepting the gift in behalf of the University. Professor Augustus C. Merriam, of Columbia College, delivered the address of the occasion, his subject being "The American School of Classical Studies at Athens." It is worthy of note that this new department of Cornell is better equipped than any other university museum of classical sculpture in America, and among other foundations is excelled only by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Wednesday evening a party of professors and other friends of Mr. Sage assembled at his home to offer their congratulations. Generous messages were read from President Cleveland, Governor Flower, Ex-Governor Cornell and others. Addresses engrossed on parchment were presented to Mr. Sage by representatives of the student and instructing bodies. Finally, General Woodford, in behalf of present and former trustees, presented to their co-worker and presiding officer, a beautiful silver vase. The occasion was one that will be long remembered by the participants.

The dedication of the new dairy building, January twenty-seventh, was chiefly noteworthy for the presence of a party of state officials including the Republican and Democratic leaders of the Assembly. They were outspoken in their professions of the rightfulness of state aid to the University. A bill appropriating $150,000 for a Veterinary College at Cornell has been introduced into the Assembly, and with the influence of the party leaders secured in its favor, the prospects are good for its final enactment.

The crews are the centre of present interest in athletics. Coach Courtney has selected twenty out of the original seventy candidates for the Freshman crew and henceforward will keep them in training in order that he may have two full boats in the spring. The men are enthusiastic and promise to develop into strong oarsmen. They are loyally supported by their classmates who have taken much interest in crew affairs. On the other hand there is a lack of enthusiasm as respects the 'Varsity crew. Only twenty candidates have come out. Of these Hall, Robbins, Troy, Hager, Shape and Freeborn rowed on last year's 'Varsity, and Hamilton, Matthews and Dyer, rowed on the '96 Freshman crew.

THE SAGE TESTIMONIAL.

THE silver vase presented to Henry W. Sage, by the Trustees of Cornell University on his eightieth birthday is of classic form, and stands about 18 inches in height. It is simple and dignified and tells its own story. On the front side in bold relief stands a large and graceful figure of Generosity with outstretched hands, calling attention to the great and noble gifts that Mr. Sage has made the University, which consist of the Sage College, the Sage Chapel, the Cornell Library, and the endowment of the

School of Philosophy. The three first are represented by copies of the buildings, and the last is symbolized by the introduction of the Greek Temple of Theseus, with a simple scroll on which is placed the one word "Philosophy." Running in and out and encircling all these is the ivy wreath of friendship. All this work, which lies back of the figure, is etched in a very artistic manner. On each side of the shoulder of the vase is introduced the head of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom and education. Around the neck and forming with the oak leaves a border, is the quotation, "On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind." Around the lower and narrow part of the piece is a band on which is the verse, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." On the reverse side is the following inscription :

> "Presented to Henry W. Sage on his 80th birthday, January 31st, 1894, by former and present trustees of Cornell University over whom, as chairman of the Board he has presided for almost 20 years, as a mark of their esteem and affection for the man and of their grateful appreciation of the devoted love, the wise and zealous service, and the munificent gifts which he has lavished upon the University."

It is interesting to note that this beautiful testimonial, is the work of Messrs, Tiffany & Co., who produced the famous "Bryant Vase" now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art ; the work, in fact, reveals the handiwork of the same artist, for Mr. James H. Whitehouse, who nearly twenty years ago designed the "Bryant Vase" also created this one.

NEW BOOKS.

Sub-Coelum : A Sky-Built Human World. By A. P. Russell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

In this volume Mr. Russell has portrayed an ideal republic. The author locates the people of *Sub-Coelum* in a place where earth and sky so smile upon them that it is their own fault if they are not happy. He then proceeds to give a series of sketches of the most important characteristics of this ideal state. The people no longer sought wealth to the exclusion of all else, but they desired most of all to know how to live. Life was maintained

with ease. Selfishness and indolence were among the greatest of vices, while modesty and simplicity were exalted to a high place among the virtues. Cooking was held in high esteem as an art. There was a popular belief that morals emanated from the stomach, and bad cooking was therefore a sin. We are not surprised to learn that the prisoner on trial was always allowed to plead a bad breakfast as an extenuating circumstance. The burdens of government were equably distributed upon all classes. The rich were glad to take upon themselves a greater amount of taxation. The holding of office was not regarded as the most desirable end of political life. There were differences of opinions in religious matters but without bigotry. The book is a very cleverly written sketch on the old plan of "Atlantis," "Utopia," and "Looking Backward," but notwithstanding its threadbare theme, is well worth the reading.

The Social Contract, or the Principles of Political Rights. By Jean-Jacques Rosseau. Translated by Rose M. Harrington, with an introduction and notes by Edward L. Walter, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Michigan. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The writings of Rousseau must ever be of interest to the student of the history of human thought. His first book, *La Nouvelle Héloise*, lies almost at the beginning of the literary movement of the nineteenth century. The *Social Contract*, which was followed by the educational work, *Émile*, is of importance in the political field of thought. Professor Walter shows in the introduction the connection of this enquiry into the foundations of civil government with the times in which it was written, and its effects upon the leaders of the Revolution. Professor Walter is of the opinion that the chief interest of the *Social Contract* is historical, and that it had far less to do with the shaping of the doctrine of popular sovereignty in America than is generally supposed. The present edition is a careful translation, and its notes are ample enough to be of great service to the reader.

Rachel Stanwood. By Lucy Gibbons Morse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

The title-page informs us that this is "a story of the middle of the nineteenth century," a period whose interest for the writer of either history or fiction is not yet exhausted. The scene is laid in New York, and the author shows a ready knowledge of the various grades of social life in the great metropolis, as well as no little skill in arranging the elements of a successful story. The plot turns about the cause of the fugitive slave, and the grand crusade of the abolitionists, of whom the Stanwood family are noble examples. There are several strong situations, and the story is not without amusing incidents to furnish spice withal. As a character study, the book is a very clever piece of work.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York:

The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry. By R. C. Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge.

An Old Town by the Sea. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

From Ginn & Co., Boston:

Morceaux Choisis d'Alphonse Daudet. Edited and annotated by Frank W. Freeborn.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston:

Ekkehard, Eine Geschichte aus dem zehnten Jahrhundert von Joseph Victor von Scheffel. Abbreviated and edited with English notes by Carla Wenckebach, Professor of German in Wellesley College.

Guide to the Study of Common Plants. An introduction to Botany. By Volney M. Spalding, Professor of Botany in the University of Michigan.

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EVOLUTION AND RELIGION.

David Starr Jordan

(The following was suggested by a recent incident. It is an unfinished fragment, but may have some interest just now while the discussion is still in progress.)

DR. JOSEPH LE CONTE, one of the kindliest of Christian gentlemen, well known as an evolutionist, has written a book on the relation of Evolution to Christian thought, a book regarded by critics generally as most helpful. One of his critics, however, finds in this book, and in Dr. Le Conte's teachings, a spirit contrary to his conception of Christianity, and asks that such teaching be forbidden in a University supported by public taxation, in which no religious belief is recognized or opposed. In Dr. Le Conte's gentle life and noble character, he finds an especially dangerous influence, as students are prone to judge a tree by its fruits. "If these be the fruits of Evolution," they will say, "they are more to be commended than the fruits of the tree of life." Hence, Dr. Le Conte, he would argue, should be muzzled or removed and some one not an evolutionist, or at any rate not a personally-beloved evolutionist, should be put in his place.

omit
G. S. H.

The dread of the theories of Evolution, formerly wide-spread among religious people, but now subsiding everywhere except in the "backwoods" of sectarianism, constitutes a phase of the doubt with which each passing generation looks on the discoveries and aspirations of the generation coming on. It is not in any proper sense a conflict between science and religion, but a conflict between progress and conservatism, and thirty years ago the same conflict existed within the ranks of scientific men themselves.

Each new generation has a larger conception of the universe and of the terrible unseen powers by which all things visible are controlled. The spread of science has given deeper and deeper meaning to our conception of the great centre of intelligence in which originate these powers and forces—forever acting, the only unchanging elements in a changing universe.

The discoveries of science must necessarily be the work of those who as experts have devoted their lives to such investigations. These men must do their work in advance both of church and of state. As Dr. Le Conte has well said, "they cannot be expected to wait until the truth of their discoveries has been passed upon and approved by the orthodox." All truth will sooner or later justify itself and doubtless the approval of the churches will come in time in the science of Evolution as it has already come in the sciences of Astronomy and Geology. It is a matter of little importance whether it comes or not, for popular acceptance of truth adds nothing to its value. Those who do not recognize truth are the only losers by its rejection. In history they are usually remembered only as the darkeners of counsel in the progress of truth. Thus it is that in the words of Huxley, "Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every infant science—as the strangled snakes beside the cradle of the infant Hercules."

The doctrine of Evolution is simply a broad way of looking at the universe, not as a finished product, but as being forever in a condition of orderly change. It is not a belief or a body of doctrines; it is rather an attitude toward the problems of nature. It is the recognition that in all the changing scenes of the changing universe there is the unity of unchanging law, the continuity of Him in whom men have found no "variableness nor shadow of turning."

But men who have no acquaintance with Nature at first hand, those whose knowledge of modern investigations is but fragmentary and casual, are distressed by the results of these investigations. As cherished superstitions are dissipated, they find no stability anywhere, and from this feeling of fear of the progress of knowledge few can escape. The most advanced thinker of one generation as he passes to the shady side of life turns naturally to conservatism; he has the fear that this time "the boys are carrying matters a little too far." The truth is not what he expected when he was himself a radical, and he is not quite confident of the good judgment of those who are radicals of to-day. So, as Dr. Ross has said, "he will have the appalling feeling of being nowhere at home, that awful sinking as if the bottom were dropping out of all things."

And yet each new generation finds its own reason for its own optimism. Right doing and right thinking in each age justify themselves. In all ages, "those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves." In all ages "there is room for the man of force and he makes room for many."

In the death of any cherished superstition, optimism gains more than it loses. Every age is henceforth to be an age of transition, for in transition the human mind is growing. The development of the human mind is apparently the highest present business of the powers of nature, and if ever the human intellect ceases to grow and settles down in contentment with its past achievements, we may expect that some race of our Simian relatives will take up our fallen banner and continue the task that was too great for us. The task will never be abandoned, and the progress of human knowledge will go on till the fires that light the earth are extinguished and sunshine and protoplasm vanish together. In the growth of the human mind the theology of one age becomes the superstition of the next. The gods of one mythology become demons in that which succeeds it.

Creeds will change; they are human expressions. But though every word in every creed should be false, that for which they stand will not pass away. The "Human Reaction" from the forces of nature, the kindness and reverence which may find in creeds and ceremonies their crude expression, are a part of humanity, which will last as long as humanity endures.

So the conflict between science and religion is a battle of the immortals. In every struggle the victory will be on the side of science. From the dust of every defeat religion will arise brighter and stronger, because with each defeat she will be more and more freed from the bonds of human superstition.

But in another sense there never was a conflict between religion and science. They do not occupy the same field. The dreams and aspirations of the human spirit cannot be reduced to the forms of exact science. Religion must look beyond knowledge. At the same time no part of the field of science has ever been claimed by religion except as a trespasser. Whatever limit to human thought has been set in the name of religion or in any other name must be cast off. Fetters once cast off can never be forged again. *Roma locuta est : causa finita est*, is a dictum never recognized by science. Her causes are never finished. Her followers can never recognize any power on earth as capable of giving answers to the problems they are trying to solve. Only Nature herself can answer questions about Nature, and only those who patiently give their lives to awaiting her answers can expect to receive her secrets.

David Starr Jordan.

PILOT STARS.

We follow guiding stars on every hand,
And stars are sometimes fixed and sometimes free.
But when we rise to them—if that may be—
Though the bright star prove false the heavens stand ;
We linger, though our star was but a brand—
Rest in the heights for aye—if that may be.

Edward A. Raleigh.

A MINIATURE EUROPEAN STATE.

ON its course from the glaciers of Switzerland to the German Ocean the Rhine passes many an interesting object, and not least curious among these is the little Principality of Liechtenstein. The present position of this state is instructive. While the tendency in modern Europe has been to develop large and powerful states, certain very small communities have, in remote corners and by reason of peculiar circumstances, maintained an independent existence, preserving much of the character of primitive political units. Such are the tiny mountain republics of San Marino and Andorra and the Principality of Monaco. Liechtenstein has, indeed, had a shorter history than these, but in some respects that history is peculiar.

In the years 1699 and 1712, respectively, the small baronies of Schellenberg and Vaduz were purchased by Prince Johann Adam of Liechtenstein and united under the name of the Principality of Liechtenstein, which under his successor Anton Florian in 1719, was raised to the dignity of a principality of the Empire. When, in the year 1806, the Empire was going to pieces and the smaller German states were being marked out for distribution among the larger, Liechtenstein, by reason of its remoteness and insignificance, appears to have been overlooked. At any rate it survived to become a sovereign member of the Confederation of the Rhine under Napoleon's protection, and so continued until 1813, when, by deserting Napoleon and joining the Allies, it received the guarantee of continued existence along with the other German states. It became a member of the German Confederation of 1815, and furnished its quota of fifty-five men to the federal army, the population at that time being 5500. Adhering to Austria in the war of 1866, Liechtenstein was, after the dissolution of the Confederation, left standing as an independent unit, or, as its people proudly inform the traveller, "ein für sich bestehender selbstständiger Staat." It is said that, in the clash of larger interests, no one thought about including it in the treaty of peace in 1866, so that it continues to this day *de jure* in a state of war with Prussia. The people of Berlin, however, seem to be in no

fear of invasion, for the Liechtenstein army was disbanded after 1866.

Situated between the Swiss cantons of Grisons and St. Gall, and the Austrian province of Voralberg, Liechtenstein is far removed from the busier centers of European life. On the side of Switzerland the Rhine forms the boundary, but the Rhine, here, near its sources, is not the great river that rolls by Mayence or Cologne. The only level portion of the principality is the narrow strip of valley along the Rhine, nowhere much over a mile wide. The remaining territory is covered with rugged and barren mountains, a part of the great Alpine chain which stretches away through the Tyrol to the east. The whole area of the state is but three German, or about sixty English square miles, less than that of many an American township.

The present population numbers about 10,000. The capital, Vaduz, is a straggling village of 1000 people. Originally inhabited by a Rhætic people, traces of whose language still survive in the names of its streams and mountains, Liechtenstein was later settled by the Allemanni, and the Allemanian dialect of the German is spoken by the people to this day. The inhabitants of the little Alpine commune of Friesenberg, however, speak a Romance tongue like that strange speech found in some neighboring parts of Switzerland.

The people have the characteristics which travellers observe among the Tyrolese. They are simple-mannered, thrifty and pious. Nearly all are devoted to agriculture or dairying, but some cotton factories near the Rhine, erected in recent years, remind the visitor of the great industrial world outside. Everywhere are wayside crosses and shrines, tokens of that simple piety found among all the Alpine peoples.

The present sovereign is Johann II, a member of the great Austrian Liechtenstein house which possesses vast estates in both Austria and Germany. After the events of 1866 Prince Johann went to Vienna to live, and has never since deigned to revisit his capital or bestow on his subjects the light of his countenance. The latter are by no means insensible to this neglect, and openly complain that "the Prince comes not," because he takes no interest in them. Meanwhile, a bachelor and blessed with a vast

fortune, he lives in great state at Vienna, a favorite of the court and a pet of the Viennese ladies.

In the Prince's absence the government is administered by a Landesverweser acting by his appointment, by a Landtag partly appointed and partly chosen by electors, by a minister of education, and by several minor officials. Justice is administered through the court at Vaduz in the first instance, the court of appeals with the Prince at Vienna in the second instance, and the Austrian supreme court at Innsbruck in the third instance. For purposes of local government the principality is divided into eleven communes which possess a large degree of self government. The lilliputian character of the state may be seen from the fact that the largest of these communes includes one thousand one hundred and sixty-seven people, while the smallest has one hundred and forty-four. Some of the so-called "villages" possess but two houses.

The present position of Liechtenstein presents one of those curious anomalies which seem almost like a great practical joke worked out by the course of history, or a piece of satire on the ambition of states. Among the former members of the German Confederation it was the greater states like Bavaria and Würtemberg that aspired to independence and a European standing. But their very size and importance rendered it inexpedient to leave them standing separate. They have therefore been forced by the trend of events and somewhat against their will into a united Germany. But Liechtenstein, with its little handful of mountaineers, was too insignificant to be dangerous and was geographically isolated from the rest of Germany. Consequently it was left to repose in the plenitude of its independence,—an independence, which it had not especially desired and which it scarcely knows what to do with when attained.

To the Alpine tourist who wishes to get away from the beaten paths into a region full of interest, a tramp through this little principality is to be heartily commended. Though not possessing the sublimity of some parts of the Alps, great natural beauty is by no means lacking. Peaks like the Mittagsspitze and the Naafkoff command fine views of the Alpine ranges to the east and west, while from the Drei Schwestern there is a fine outlook to the

north over the country about the Lake of Constance and beyond. Very interesting too is the old princely castle at Vaduz, which stands on the mountain side directly above the village. Its early history is clouded in obscurity. One tower is popularly believed to have been built by the Romans. The castle at least is known to have existed in the eighth century, and to have been captured and plundered by the Swiss in 1499. It was the residence of the princes down to 1866, since which date it has ceased to be kept in good repair. In the chapel are a fine altar and some interesting old paintings.

In this quiet land, far from the noise and hurry of the larger world, and far, too, from those who lie in wait for the "Trinkgeld" of the summer tourist, the traveller can enjoy the fullest communion not only with nature in some of her most inspiring aspects, but also with nature's children. Molested only by the ubiquitous mosquito, he will consider a disfigured countenance and broken sleep, a small price to pay for an otherwise unmixed pleasure.

Ulysses G. Weatherly.

Leipzig, 16 February, 1894.

REGRET.

I would weep bitter tears,
  And yet I scarce know why,
It is for a love that never came,
  A dream that hath passed by.

It is too late, alas!
  But ah, was never time
When I might win the love I sought,
  Nor weep, in aught but rhyme.

"What might have been" is sad,
  But yet 'twas worse to me,
To think the longing of my life
  Was what might never be.

Herbert Crombie Howe.

THE BELMAR GHOST.

"WHAT? Haunted? In this age of the world? Surely you can't be in earnest!"

We sat upon our horses before a massive brick house of the old plantation style, with long low porches in front and a large wing on one side. The main part presented a very dilapidated appearance, windows broken, porches sagging, and here and there a pillar gone. Part of the upper cornice was broken away and chimney bricks lay scattered about the roof, while the Virginia creeper cast a kindly mantle over the seamed and mouldering walls. The wing was better preserved, though apparently of no more modern origin than the body of the house. Not a solitary tree broke the monotony of the meadow stubble in the midst of which stood this ancient pile. The desolation and loneliness of the place was complete.

For a moment my companion did not answer my incredulous exclamation. Then he said in a tone of unmistakable earnestness:

"Would to God I were not, Hal! If you had seen what I have within those walls, even your skepticism would quail."

He shuddered. Then he turned his horse's head.

"Come! We are late." I followed with an amazement that can be easily imagined.

Charles Howard was a type of the decendants of the old slave-holding aristocracy of the Southern tobacco belt. At an eastern university we had been room-mates and our friendship had continued during the seven years that had elapsed, though we rarely saw each other. Now, in the summer of 1879, I was making my initial visit at his home near Dartborough in one of the Southern states.

We had spent the day in riding over the plantation, and returning late in the afternoon we came to the old mansion. Struck by its singular appearance and situation, I drew rein and asked Charles what it was. His strange answer had drawn from me the exclamation of wonder which begins this tale. The abrupt manner in which he dismissed the subject whetted my curiosity to

know more. I promised myself the pleasure of unraveling the mystery, if mystery there were, and my lawyer's instinct fairly gloated over the prospect of rending to shreds all evidence of the supernatural. But I contained myself until we reached the house.

That evening as we sat in the twilight upon the broad, low piazza, I recurred to the dilapidated old mansion, and begged Charles to explain his strange words of the afternoon. He was very reluctant, but at last began the following recital:

"The old brick house on the Milford road, known as the Belmar place, was built nearly seventy years ago by a Harford Belmar, who came here from the Gulf States. He was an object of suspicion to his neighbors, and a great saber cut that had left a most hideous, livid scar upon his right hand was pointed to as evidence of his past desperate character.

"His sleeping chamber was in the front room of the wing, and there he was found dead, one morning, with a strangling cord about his neck, and a great knife with his initials upon it clutched in a death grasp. It was said that this weapon could not be wrenched from his hand, but was buried with him; and the old house came into the possession of my grandfather.

"Several persons claimed to have seen the wraith of Belmar flitting about the wing, after his demise; but the stories died away and for thirty years the property was leased to a tenant who dwelt entirely in the main part of the house, and troubled himself very little about strange noises in the wing.

"About 1850 the place was again rented to a young man named Chancy who gave many wine parties. At one of these carousals the old stories about the wing were recalled, and Chancy declared in drunken bravado that he would stay that night in the room where Belmar had been murdered. When morning came, and night, and the next morning, and no sound from the front room, some of the servants ventured through the iron doors and broke into their master's room. Chancy lay rigid and lifeless upon the floor, half undressed, with open mouth and eyes starting from his head. The doctors called it apoplexy, but many scouted the idea that a young man of slight build, like Chancy, could have an apopletic stroke. Those who saw him as he was found said he looked more as if frightened to death by some great horror.

"After the war a family named Leigh took possession. One morning Mr. Leigh was found stabbed to the heart in one of the corridors of the wing. No trace was ever found of the assailant and this new mystery set the tongues of the country folk wagging vigorously. The place was avoided like a plague spot, and people who passed at night did so with many a fearful glance. No tenant could be prevailed upon to remain three nights in the house. All averred that dreadful groans proceeded from the wing, and ghostly footsteps crept across the halls, and glided stealthily out of hearing toward the wing, only to return and repeat their wanderings. A few nights of this shook the strongest nerves, and no persuasion could induce a person to remain. I am convinced that the old house is accursed, and never will I have anything more to do with it."

He ceased speaking and there was a moment's silence.

"Well," said I, "what's mysterious about all that? Two of the deaths were undoubtedly due to human hands, and nothing is more reasonable than that a drunkard like Chancy should fall a victim to some acute disease. The groans and stealthy footsteps are too absurd for an instant's belief. You owe it to civilization to disabuse the minds of the country people of such antiquated superstitions. For my part I'm going to pass a night in the much talked about bed-chamber of old Harford Belmar, and find out what reason there is for believing any supernatural noise ever came from there."

I looked at Howard. He sprang to his feet, with pallid face and trembling lips.

"You shall not! I forbid you!" he exclaimed agitatedly. "You're mad to talk of passing a night in that room. Am I to have that scene of five years ago repeated——?"

He stopped, checked by the violence of his emotion.

"Scene of five years ago!" ejaculated I, again astonished, "What do you mean?"

Howard paced rapidly across the end of the piazza once or twice, and then drew his chair nearer to me.

"I will tell you this story just as it occurred," said he, addressing me, "and I hope nothing more need be said to dissuade you from your foolish determination."

I smiled incredulously. He proceeded.

"It will be five years ago this fall that Jack Stanwood, the son of a friend of my father's in C——, visited us for a week or two of hunting. One morning we rode by the Belmar place, and I told him the stories about it. He ridiculed them, and to banter him I offered to wager a basket of champagne that he dare not remain a night, alone, in the haunted front room. He accepted at once. The next afternoon we took some bedding over to the house and set up an old bedstead and about nine in the evening we drove over to the place. I took my leave, telling him I would send a servant over early in the morning unless he came flying back before that time with a troop of ghosts at his heels.

"Shortly after daylight the next morning I was aroused by the servant whom I had told to drive over for Jack. He had been to the Belmar place and could get no answer to his calls and knockings at the door of Jack's room. I called my father and we lost no time in starting for the old house.

"Jack was not in the habit of playing practical jokes, and it was with great anxiety that we approached the place. Leaving the carriage with the driver we hastened upstairs and into the wing. My heart stood still as I knocked upon the door. No answer save a faint hollow echo from down the corridor. I bent to the key-hole and a cold chill ran through my veins as I saw that the key was on the inside. I shouted, but still no sign of life from that chamber of silence. My father called to the servant to tie the horses and come to the house.

"'We must break the door,' said he in a strained voice, and he bade the negro get a timber for a ram. At the second stroke the lock yielded and the door swung back with a crash. A cry of horror from my father's lips, and a frantic yell of terror from the negro, gave warning of what was within. I stepped across the threshold and the sight that met my eyes and sent the blood to my heart will never leave my memory while I live.

"In a corner of the room close to the wall stood the bed, and upon the farther side of it lay poor Jack Stanwood, face upward, the clothes turned down almost to his waist, and the handle and about two inches of the blade of a great dagger projecting from his breast. The spurting blood had left a crimson stain around

the weapon upon his shirt, and his right hand, thrown back against the wall, held a cocked revolver with all its chambers loaded. The expression of the face showed that he had died in all the conscious pangs of a violent death, though that death must have been nearly instantaneous, for the blade was directly through his heart.

"I started toward the bed. My father checked me.

"'We mustn't touch anything until the body has been seen by an officer,' said he, and he told me to go for the coroner while he remained.

"I had the officer there as soon as possible, and he took a description of the room and its contents. The only means of ingress, besides the door, were two windows. These were closed and apparently had not been tampered with. There was no trellis or arbor outside, by which a man might reach the second story. The door had been found locked upon the inside. The condition of the bed excited the officer's surprise. The body lay close to the wall, so the blow must have been struck across the bed. The cocked revolver in Stanwood's hand indicated that he had been awakened before receiving the fatal stab long enough to seize and cock the weapon, and it would be natural to suppose the front of the bed would have been disordered by a struggle. But merely the coverlid had been thrown aside from the upper part of his body, and the rest of the bed bore no marks of disturbance.

"But the strangest was yet to come. The doctor we had summoned drew the knife from the wound. As he turned it toward the light I gave a cry of surprise—and well I might. There upon the blade were the letters *H B*, just as they were said to have been upon the one buried with old Harford Belmar! My father paled at the sight, and I knew he remembered the old story about Belmar's death and burial. After the body had been removed, the room was sealed up to await the inspection of detectives who had been summoned from F——. The next morning I admitted them. They asked for the dagger. It had been left upon a small table, but though we searched the room it could not be found. Neither was any trace of the murderer discovered, nor the means by which he entered the room. Stanwood's clothing had not been touched, and, as he had not an enemy in the world, no motive

could be assigned for the deed. It is one of the mysteries connected with the old house that will be cleared up only at the judgment day."

He ceased speaking and sighed heavily.

"Do you really believe that Stanwood was murdered by other than human hands?" I demanded.

"I think there is something about his death that we don't understand."

"Something supernatural, do you mean?"

"I might say that. I don't know what else to call it."

"That is decidedly inadmissible," I declared.

He smiled sadly.

"At any rate, I hope I have said enough to make you discard your rash intention."

"Indeed you haven't," I said, "I shall stay there to-morrow night if ten generations of Belmars, armed with cavalry swords engraved with all the letters of the alphabet, should oppose me."

He combated my determination stoutly at first, but at last yielded.

"May the consequences be upon your own head," said he gloomily.

The next morning we drove over to examine the house. We went upstairs and into the wing. The door of the mysterious room opened at a push, for the broken lock had never been replaced. I examined the interior carefully. There were two front windows and another door. I opened the latter. It entered a small closet in the thick wall. The door itself was badly gnawed and cracked. Beneath each window there was a narrow opening in the floor, extending down between the siding and the brick. A small table, two chairs, and a bedstead constituted the furniture.

"What are those holes under the windows for?" I asked.

Charles explained that when the room was dismantled some ornamental tiles had been removed, leaving the openings.

"I must have a lock put on the door," said I.

That afternoon we came with some bedding, and had a locksmith repair the door, which I carefully locked as we left. Just at nightfall we drove over again with Charles's large dog, Brutus.

He had insisted I should take the animal, and I very readily consented. With every mark of emotion Charles bade me good-night, after seeing me installed in my quarters. I locked the door and for a moment stood at the window watching the long line of white dust from the departing carriage. As I turned away, my fingers struck sharply against the sill, and the door key rattled out of them down the opening under the window.

"Here's a pretty mess," thought I. "If I get out of this it 'll have to be by a ladder."

Somewhat vexed, I turned up the light and sat down to read. The dog went calmly to sleep beside me. I had privately determined to stay awake until twelve o'clock, though unwilling to admit to myself any reason for it. After a time I tired of reading and fell to musing. I thought how strange had been the old house's history. What if the tales were true? Suppose I should have a ghostly visitant? It pleased me to play mental hide and seek with such ideas.

More and more misty grew my thoughts, and I was fast becoming unconscious when a low whine from the dog aroused me. He had risen to his feet and was trembling violently. Then he crept to my chair, moaning feebly. The light had burned low. I turned it up and looked about. Nothing. I went to the window. Not a sound. The meadow lay peacefully in the starlight.

Wonderingly I returned to the dog, who was whimpering and shaking as if in a distemper. His instinct seemed to give him warning of something unperceived by me. Again I glanced around. What was that moving over there in the shadow by the closet? Surely it was slowly creeping up beside the wall! Breathless, I gazed at its progress. It seemed to float unsupported in the air. As I looked it came into the circle of light from the lamp, and—Great God—*it was a human hand clutching a dagger!*

For an instant everything grew black before me. By a supreme effort I recovered myself and faced the frightful thing. No body, no arm, only a single hand grasping a long, cruel blade. Nearer it came, slowly swaying and circling in the air. The light shone upon it distinctly, and, crowning horror of all, the hand was disfigured by a deep, livid scar that showed red and angry against

the whiter flesh. A gleam of light illumined something in raised letters on the blade. I gasped in terror. No need to ask what those letters were! Too well I knew that the dagger was the one that had been buried in Harford Belmar's grasp, and that it was his hand that clutched it now. I seized my revolver and with shaking hand fired once, twice, at the dread thing, and then my weapon was snatched away by some unseen power and I heard the crash of glass as it hurtled through the window.

My blood seemed to freeze in my veins. Here was I, alone, defenceless, imprisoned, with that awful hand circling ever nearer, only awaiting its time to destroy me. In all human probability the knife that had pierced poor Jack Stanwood's heart would before many minutes be buried in my own. To be cut down defenceless; to die like a rat in a hole, beneath the stroke of an unseen and unassailable enemy; the thought was maddening! Love of life asserted itself. I sprang to my feet in desperation.

"I will not die!" I shouted. "I defy you, spirit or devil!"

The hand drew back a little and moved in wider circles. I kept it up. I shouted, cursed, and recited passages from my favorite authors. Whenever voice or memory failed me, that armed hand again approached, silent, slow, relentless, certain of its prey. My strength was failing and nerves were giving away beneath the strain. As I staggered backward I struck the dog. With word and gesture I strove to urge him against my remorseless assailant, and at last, goaded by my voice, he sprang forward and leaped into the air, aiming at about the height that a man's throat might be. A flash of steel, a short strangled howl from poor Brutus. and he was rolling at my feet with a red stream pouring from his gashed throat. Head and limbs worked couvulsively a moment, throwing a spray of blood about the floor, and then with a sudden flexing of the muscles, followed instantly by a slow relaxation, he lay still.

Dumb with horror I staggered to the bed and fell powerless. The streaming knife advanced and paused above my prostrate body. I felt the slow drip, drip, drip of blood, falling from the dagger upon my face and hands. It was horrible! My head was bursting. My lips refused to utter a sound. Already I felt the pangs of death. Suddenly there came the noise of tramping feet, up the stairs and through the corridor. With a last despairing

effort I gave a shout for help. There was a crash at the door, and a great darkness overwhelmed everything. Then I knew no more.

When I regained consciousness, Charles was bathing my head with water, and two other men were looking anxiously on. My weakly attempted questions were checked, and as soon as possible I was driven to the house. For the next few days, nature and medicine battled hard against a threatened attack of brain fever, and by the narrowest of chances conquered.

I learned that one of the servants had been riding by the Belmar place, returning late from F——, just as my shots were heard. He had run his horse all the way home and aroused the house, and they had returned to rescue me, with the result told above. When they broke the door and entered, I lay insensible by the bed, and beside me was the bloody dagger. It was recognized by Charles as the very one he had seen before under such tragic circumstances. My revolver was picked up the next moring under the broken window.

This is my story. Account for it as you may, I shall ever believe that the timely arrival of my friends alone saved me from the fate of Jack Stanwood—death from the dagger in that awful hand.

James Parker Hall.

HEROISM.

'Tis not so hard high on the front to fight
While all the world looks on with smiling eyes,
And sense of earth's best greatness round one lies,
When victory crowns the brow with laurels bright.
But see the myriad struggling toward the light,
Out of their darkness striving hard to rise,
That fall defeated spite their energies,
Unknown, unnoticed back again to night!
There far along in swamp and mist and dark
Uncheered, unsung, forgotten or unknown,
Of hope or help or praise they have no spark,
But know that others reap where they have sown,
Yet calmly choose that hard lot for their own
And fight that long, long weary fight alone.

INDIAN BELIEFS.

FLOWERS wither and fall from their stems ; an arrow shot into the air returns to earth ; a wounded bird tumbles from the limb to the ground below. What makes them drop, civilized man cannot tell. Scientists, have given us nothing save the phrase, "Let us call this force gravity." But what is it? The uncertainties of life and the unexplained phenomena of the universe seem, in one sense to have robbed the intelligent civilized world of a portion of the happiness and contentment found in the ignorance of the actual causes of things. True, civilization and education develop in man that which increases his capacity for enjoyment, increases his power of appreciation, yet on the other hand, he is taught to realize what he does not know—is placed in a position of uncertainty and doubt, utterly unknown to the savage mind.

To the uncivilized Indian everything is known, he has no doubts as to the true cause of everything that happens. His feathered arrow falls to earth because it has a soul, because that soul cannot live away from the soil of the earth that gave it life. The wounded bird comes tumbling down through the air carried by its spirit which must find the earth, through which to travel to the happy land, where after death all good birds receive a new plumage of brilliant colors and learn to sing charmed songs that have no end. The world of this savage is a world of spirits. Everything has a soul, from the howling wolf, to the pale, pink, prairie-rose. All things have the gift of speech. The rippling brook with its silver voice tells the nodding forget-me-not on its banks, of the beauties of the boundless open prairies and the hidden secrets of the darkest thicket. The soul of the deadly arrow piercing the heart of the terror-stricken deer, begs forgiveness from the poor animal's dying spirit. In late October the moaning of the wind through the naked trees, is the wailing of living branches, mourning the death of the now withered fallen leaves, their summer companions. The spotless daisy is a fallen star. The moonbeam is the sweetheart of the perfume of the night rose.

There is one explanation for every phenomenon,—a spirit does

all things. The savage puts his hand to his mouth and feels his breath upon it, the wind blows on his hand and he experiences the same sensation, so to him the northern tornado is the breath of some great beast, breathing heavily after a long chase. When it rains, the rain god dips his bunch of many colored feathers into the spirit lake, and stretching it across the heavens, causes the drops to fall upon the earth. The colors of the rainbow are the colors of the magic wand. The moon was once a frog and its rays are cold because the blood of the frog is cold, and they are full of magic influences, because this frog was once the son of a forest witch, who one day in a fit of passion tore from the heavens a handful of stars and made them daisies here on earth. For this sin against the gods of the heavens, she was compelled to sacrifice her son to become the moon, and so fill the space once occupied by the stolen stars.

Religion enters into every detail of an Indian's existence. He never enters on any undertaking without first praying for its success. In every great mountain, so he believes, there dwells a spirit, owning all the game and timber found on its summits and sides, to him the hunter prays for the swiftness and faithfulness of his bullet or arrow. Every deep and precipitous cañon has its spirit whose melancholy voice is heard at night, through the moaning of the wind along its narrow passages, the sighing of the pines clinging to its rocky sides, mingled with the muffled noise of foaming waters at the bottom. One can truly appreciate this belief if caught at nightfall in such a place with no companion save a wild-eyed, nervous bronco. The pale moon shines upon the bleak cañon wall, tinting the light granite a ghastly death-like hue, while the waving pines cast distorted lengthened shadows, taking the form of the quivering, swaying, reaching arms of some troubled phantom; a white owl, with slow noiseless flaps of its great spreading wings, sails by uttering its mournful note, followed by its magnified, dark shadow sulking along the narrow trail in front; a disintegrated fragment of rock comes tumbling down in long leaps, splashing with a dull sound into the waters below; a coyote howls from above, and the echo bounding from side to side, fills the whole cañon with a chorus of hideous voices as though each crevice in the rocky wall had a tongue let loose to

join in the hollow mocking,—surely this is a place of spirits—who can blame the ignorant savage for believing in them!

Besides his supreme gods, each Indian has a special god of his own, whom he believes his guardian and whose name he never reveals to anyone. To him he dedicates his lodge, his treasures and his weapons. The savage is, moreover, a great believer in dreams. Spirit voices talk to him and take his soul on journeys to the spirit land where often he is presented with charmed gifts, or is told how to prepare them or where to find them on earth. These charms may be the hind paw of a black wolf, the dried entrails of a lizard, a bag of shells, and quite often a small bunch of brilliantly colored feathers prepared during many days of fasting and self torture. Having implicit faith in his fetich, he ties it around his neck, to his arm, to the handle of his knife or to his bow, rubs the points of his arrows with it, buries it under his lodge, under his bed, prays to it, talks to it as one would to a child. When he wishes to obtain a new charm, the old one for some reason having proved evil, a secret liquid, prepared from herbs and roots, is often drunk. This sets him in a wild state of intoxication and he has dreams of the most horrible description, the spirit in the liquid carrying his soul on its great wings to the dead land of the west where the secrets of a new and good fetich are revealed to him.

Totally dependent as he was in the early days upon the game of the mountain and prairie for his food and shelter, the savage naturally realized that his life hung upon the existence of these animals. Without them he would die. So in his ignorance he began to class them with the supernatural and soon they became his gods. To-day, every animal is the descendant of one great, powerful and good animal of its kind, who was the progenitor of the race. The great, great, great grandfather jack-rabbit was the first of the rabbit tribe and he with many other gods like the tarantula, crow, mole, buffalo and bear, made the universe, the stars, the heaven and the earth. The Indian mythologies are rich in curious and beautiful myths, telling how these creations were brought about, nearly every story bringing in the element of war and relating the incredible exploits of these gods. When the young brave hears of the hardships and tortures these divinities

endured on the rough trail to glory, hardships and tortures that make the agonies of the sun-dance of to-day, where the flesh of human chests is torn in shreds, seem but small sacrifices, no wonder his first and only ambition is to become a mighty warrior.

As a rule the Indians are great orators. Having no written language, their books are found on the tongues of the old men of the tribe. Sitting in a large circle in the moonlight around a small smouldering fire on the broad, flat, waving prairie, their dusky, blanketed forms looking more like round boulders than human beings, they smoke and listen for hours to the tales of valor of their tribe, to the deeds of their gods, told by the old warrior who stands inside the ring. Acting out each part of his narrative, distorting his hideous painted face, he rants like one insane. Throwing his whole soul into his words, the volume of his great deep voice rolls out over the silent prairie, he beats his hollow sounding chest, and with animated gesture, imitates the mighty god as he scalps one enemy and sends an arrow into the heart of another. The dusky ring of women and children, sway backward and forward murmuring a low chant, and as the orator with specially vivid gestures, tells of some extraordinary feat, they burst forth into a yell as they fall forward on their faces overcome with enthusiasm and awe, while the frightened row of coyotes, who attracted by the fire had added their voices to the dismal accompaniment, go scampering across the prairie in all directions only to sneakingly return when a calm comes over the savage gathering and once more the low monotonous wailing begins. It is by such scenes as this that the young brave learns the religion and history of his tribe. Is it strange that they are so indelibly stamped on his mind that even the training of our eastern schools can not make him forget them? Often he steps from his civilized graduating gown back into the blanket and paint of the savage. We can not in one generation blot out from the mind that which has been developing for ages. It is but a short day's ride from civilization to savagery, from library and laboratory to wigwam and war-dance. Can we hope to overcome centuries of tradition with a few years of education at best more or less superficial?

Thomas S. Clark.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

WE were stopping at the lake. I was only a "little girl" then, they told me. That morning my battered Virgil was shedding loose leaves along my path, while the stiff lake breeze blew my hair into my eyes. Almost out of breath I reached the pier just as the steamer landed, and doubling over the railing of the second balcony gazed ardently down upon the "new" people. No one I know,—yes there is,—there is a boy from home and I am smiling, bowing and waving. He is smiling, lifting his hat—and, alas! it is *not he.*

My smile changes into a childish look of defiance, the wind is blowing all my short curls straight at him, while my eyes say "I didn't mean to, and you know it."

He smiles mercifully while *his* eyes are saying "Of course you didn't. I know it. Don't cry."

I went back to the cottage, thinking "who is he? How did I ever mistake him for Tom Kent? He had a pleasant smile any way. What if he had grinned at me?—Well, never mind, he didn't," The next evening I saw him again at the Promenade Concert. He was alone. I felt sometimes that he was looking at me. I saw him somewhere every day, and presently I had discovered that his name was Richard Bailey, that he came from St. Augustine, and that he was stopping at the Athenaeum. The girls thought that he was beautiful, but I didn't tell them what I had done nor what I felt. I think it was his odd and intelligent smile at my exuberance on the pier that made him interesting to me, and he haunted me so respectfully that I was not offended.

One morning as I was sitting alone on a little rustic seat near the cottage, I spied him, also alone and coming toward me; yes surely coming. I felt my face grow hot. I turned over the leaves of the Virgil, and glued my eyes upon the lines which were running into each other, while I knew that he was standing directly in front of me waiting. Then his "Pardon me," compelled me to look up. "Pardon me, but are you not Miss Bliss?"

There he stood, with his pleasant high-bred smile waiting for me to speak. I felt at bay, and answered resolutely "Yes, I am."

He smiled, "I knew you were and so I have taken the liberty to speak to you. I have known your sister well—so when I found that you were her sister I ventured to speak. How and where is your sister?"

The agony was abating, he was Phebe's friend, but that was all.

"She is well, thank you, but she is not here this summer. I wish she were."

"Yes indeed. You are reading Virgil? Do you like it?" I did not like it, nor understand it, but I said I did, for I knew I ought to. I wished I were older. After a few words he bade me good morning.

Altogether our meeting left a rather unpleasant impression. I felt that my dress was painfully short,—that I was not old enough and that—well, he was my older sister's friend.

Once he joined us at the amphitheatre. I introduced him to Mamma. They talked about my sister while I listened. Another day he walked with me on the beach, when upon passing the pond-lily stand, I said, "I wish I had some," and then, remembering before he had time to make any answer but to smile, I added hastily, "No, I don't either, those are terribly wilted"—they were not. "I do not like wilted ones."

The next morning when I came down for breakfast, there at my plate was a great bunch of white pond lilies, all fresh and dripping. I was delighted, of course, but never dreamed but that Mr. Gale or some other of the elderly gentlemen at the cottage, who had taken a paternal interest in me, had gathered them on an early morning row. I fastened a bunch at my waist and dashed off down to the point to see, or rather to have him see the lilies. He beamed when he saw me and came directly to me.

"Aren't they lovely," I said.

"Yes, and I am glad you like them."

"O! I do! they were given to me"—hastily—"an old man at the cottage gave them to me," emphasizing *old* and *cottage*, lest he should think they had come from any of the small boys. He looked disappointed and amused. What had I done? Surely something. But what?

We sat down and talked of other things, of school, of books and *of life.* He told me of his home, indirectly of himself. I

listened as though it were a story. He had been very successful—very "lucky" he called it. He believed in *luck*. Did I! No, I believed in *fate*. He wore a mascot, did I wish to see it? I had caught glimpses of a queer looking pin upon his breast and wondered. It was a tiny rabbit's foot—caught in the grave-yard at twelve o'clock at night, he said—mounted in gold and suspended by a little chain fastened at either end. It was a charm against all evil and brought good luck. He had worn it for eight years and proved its value.

"Has it brought you happiness?" I asked. He looked at me quickly and answered. "I had not thought of that until lately—I trust it will do that too."

Then with a laugh, he said, "You may wear the mascot and be lucky and I will go without it and be happy."

So I fastened the little foot beneath my broad collar and hoped that it would translate Virgil for me. We were better friends from that time. We met every day, we sailed, walked, or played tennis, he taught me a better serve, he translated my Virgil. I was wearing the mascot and the mascot was working its charm.

The days ran on, they were not different one from another, so that each should be remembered. All were alike happy. The season was drawing to a close. My tutor told Mamma that I had made a marked improvement. The mascot was still pinned under my ruffle. One day after the fifty lines had been disposed of, Dick closed the book and said: "We shall separate in a week, you to your school and I home." Then musingly, "I didn't stay in college. It was no use, it wasn't in me, so father took me out and put me in business and now I'm glad of it, but I need something to live for."

These life problems were a little deep for me but I tried to catch the spirit of it and said that I liked to go to school, for I wasn't a man and didn't have to go into business. He didn't seem to hear me but went on. "I am not extremely brilliant and don't think I'll ever set the world on fire. But I can enjoy a good thing, and I think I can become a respectable citizen. I have a good start but I must have something to live for."

"Some institution?" I asked. I knew better.

"No, you witch, some person. I know that you are still a

child, but I know that I have grown to like you very much. I want you for my own. I want you to go back to school, and I will wait for you. I can work meantime with a purpose. If I can only know that wherever you are, you are living for me, and that sometime I can come and get you, and you will be ready and waiting for me, then I can make a man of myself."

"But," I interrupted, "why shouldn't you do all this anyway? Why should I be the 'if'?"

"To me the 'if' is necessary."

He was handsome. I like golden hair. Mine is brown. His blue eyes were growing almost black. He is waiting, I cannot speak, but I try. "Oh! I do like you too. I like you so well, better than any one else, but I had never thought about your going away. I *shall* be lonesome. And to see you look so strange and sad makes me want to do as you wish me, no matter how sorry I should feel for it afterwards."

He smiled sadly,—"No, my dear, you must do nothing out of compassion for me. It isn't fair. I will go away—for a few days—and while I am away from you"—"Don't go."—"And while I am away from you think it all over, remembering how dear you are to me, and while I am gone decide what you will do with me, and if you decide 'yes'—as you must—be where I first saw you, but if you decide 'no'—as you must not—don't come at all and I will understand.

When he had gone and I had watched the steamer until the large gilt letters written around her stern had become indistinct, until the passengers had become but a mass of black, then grey, and finally were lost in the whiteness of the boat, then I turned and walked slowly along the beach toward the cottage. I pressed my feet into the damp sand and waited until the water filled the prints. I picked up a shell and laid it down, slowly waiting, waiting for the despair to settle down upon me. I expected nothing else, but that, when he had finally gone, an awful loneliness would come over me. I seemed to feel that these sad griefs came from without and settled down like night upon the heart. But it did not come. I was not even sad, only contemplative. I thought over all he had said, I saw him again as he smiled, I saw him as his blue eyes grew black, and I sighed, then smiled.

The next day came, but not the despair. I was not sorry. Truly I recited the Virgil mechanically for my mind was far away but I was not lonesome. It was as though I had read it all in a book. Somehow I didn't care to take up the book again, and so I make up my mind I had decided "No."

The day came at last and over the poplars on a projecting point the blue-brown smoke of a steamer was being blown straight before it. He was coming, but I had decided "No." I did want to see him again, I felt so sorry. It seemed so cruel for me to stay away. Would it not have been better had we decided that I should at least have come to tell him, to say that I was sorry. The steamer was landing but I sat still on the little rustic bench near the fountain. I had conquered myself.

But why did she not pull out? The new comers are all off. How long she waits. I will go and see what has happened, remembering to be careful. I ran to the upper balcony and looked through the window of the Japanese bazaar. I was so near I could see distinctly the faces of the few remaining passengers—and—how can I say it?—he was *not* there.

Still he might be below, I must see, and I push through to the railing and bracing my hands upon it gaze eagerly down at the dismal scene. No, he was not there. I do not know how long I remained motionless, the boat steamed off, the gilt letters around the stern grew dim and vanished—and still I stood waiting—for what? At last I turned my steps homeward. A leaf fell out of the Virgil but I did not care to pick it up. My hand stole involuntarily to the mascot—the broken pin was still fastened beneath my ruffle—but the mascot *was gone.*

K. C. W.

LACROSSE.

WHEN the French first penetrated the wilds of North America they found that the Indians played a game called Bagataway which they used as a training school to quicken and strengthen their young warriors. The French named the game Lacrosse. It was then played without any definite rules and usually with sticks having at the ends oblong or circular sacks just

large enough to contain the ball. Although the kinship of the two games would be scarcely recognized to-day, Lacrosse is simply an evolution of Bagataway, and thus enjoys the unique distinction of being the only field game purely indigenous to America.

Lacrosse was first adopted by white men by the organization of a club in Montreal some fifty years ago. It made no progress for many years. Its popularity in Montreal dates from the year 1860. To-day 15,000 people is an average crowd at a lacrosse match in that city. In the year 1867 under the wise direction of Dr. W. George Beers, the Montreal Club framed the first rules of Lacrosse. From that date the game spread very rapidly throughout Canada and now there are hundreds of active clubs. There are five associations who legislate in the interests of the game. The largest of these is the Canadian Lacrosse Association of Ontario with a membership of about sixty clubs.

The father of Lacrosse in the United States is Mr. J. R. Flannery of the New York Athletic Club who has labored for a quarter of a century with unflagging enthusiasm to promote the interests of Lacrosse. The game is now played in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Paul and many other American cities. Lacrosse was introduced into England by several visits from Canadian and American teams. It has now a firm foothold in England and Ireland. The game is likewise played in the chief Australian cities, Sydney alone having half a dozen first-class teams.

Lacrosse in American colleges dates from the old league of Harvard, Princeton, Lehigh and Stevens. Lehigh and Stevens are still members of the league which is known as the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association. Johns Hopkins is the third member. The University of Pennsylvania was formerly a member and is expected to put a team in the field this year. Princeton still plays the game and Harvard is reorganizing. Cornell was first represented by a Lacrosse team in the season of 1892 when a single game was played with the University of Toronto team. There are traditions of a bloody battle with lacrosse sticks between sophomores and freshmen here at some period in the remote past. Why they should have chosen lacrosse sticks it is difficult to say. Clubs would have been less expensive and much more effective,

The University of Wisconsin is the latest college to fall into line with a lacrosse team.

There has been a very decided revolution in the past ten years in the method of playing Lacrosse. A decade ago the hero of the field was he who ran and dodged most. Each man felt it his duty to carry the ball past as many men as possible. The outcome of this method of playing was a good deal of roughness in the "checking," the technical name for stopping an opponent's career. It was soon discovered, however, that the team which played a consistent team-game always won from an aggregation of more brilliant individual-players. Combined play has almost entirely eliminated the element of roughness.

Lacrosse commends itself to the spectator equally from its simplicity, its scientific character, its beauty and its exciting qualities. The object of the game is to put the ball through one of the goals placed at opposite ends of a field one hundred and twenty-five yards in length. Each goal consists of two posts six feet high and six feet apart. The ball must be put through from the front. Each goal made counts one. Twelve players constitute a team. Twenty-four men in light, bright-colored costumes are lined up on a greensward. There are eleven pairs disposed at intervals of about ten yards and a goal keeper to defend each of the opposing citadels. When the ball is put in play the whole field seems to spring instantaneously into motion, and motion so quick, so various, so graceful! There are the sudden dash for the ball, the sharp clash of the sticks as they struggle for it, the dexterous twists of the stick and the sinuous movements of the body to elude an opponent. Now it is a brilliant catch that elicits applause. Now it is the graceful swing of the stick as the ball is picked off the ground at full speed. And now it is the deadly shot on goal, straight and almost swift as a bullet. The easy harmonious motions of stick and body as the player catches, throws and dodges never fail to cause the spectator to thrill with pleasure. The rapid passing and accurate catching delight the lover of clean, scientific athletics. The open character of the play enables the spectator to see every move and makes it easy for the referee to detect and punish rough play. Almost the only source of roughness is reckless handling of the stick and this is punished

by ruling off the offender. In a well contested match the play is so fast that one must pay close attention to follow the movements of the ball. The partisan is continually at fever heat, waves of alternate emotions, of hope and fear crowd on one another in rapid succession as the ball flies from end to end. "Lacrosse is the epitome of swift and perpetual motion, that only ceases when time shuts off the steam."

From the player's standpoint the game is no less attractive. The knack of catching, throwing and picking up the ball are difficult of acquirement, but when once learned their charm never fades. The game calls for a combination of psychical qualities that make the ideal lacrosse player a *rara avis*. Dash and coolness, endurance and speed, precision and force, individual resourcefulness and power of coöperation, all go to make up the good player. Lacrosse is preëminently adapted to the work of building up good physiques. It does not demand much brute force. It calls into play more muscles and functions of the human body than any other field game played to-day. Legs, arms, shoulders and chest are continually in use. It is particularly good as a lung-developer. Lacrosse is admirably fitted to afford needful exercise to the average student. It is rapidly spreading in American colleges and destined, I think, to grow steadily in favor.

J. A. Leighton.

EVENING.

The last long line of quivering sunset light
Fades slowly in the west and it is night;
The clouds that hover on the broad hill's crest
To mimic mountains tower in the west.

And on the broad dark bosom of the hill
The farmhouse lights star all the dusk, until
They mingle with their brethren of the sky,
And earth and heaven meet by night's strange witchery.

HERE AND THERE.

APROPOS of Mr. Weber's article in last month's MAGAZINE on the decline of college enthusiasm, and his appalling list of our hundred societies, one naturally thinks first of those products of an advanced and complex civilization—officers. A superficial examination reveals the fact that, allowing the fraternities three officers each, and excluding committees and that highly ornamental institution, the Cornell Battalion, there are about four hundred officers required to minister to the wants of this institution's undergraduate organizing activity. One student of every five one meets, then, is probably a member of the Cornell Four Hundred. The idea is distinctly humorous. When the ambitious young Freshman writes proudly home to announce his election, let us say, to the vice-presidency of the Society for the Prevention of Useless Societies, he is hardly the great man his fond parents are apt to imagine, much less the person of distinction he thinks himself. Each office of course, is not held by a different man. Indeed one student can, with difficulty, stagger along under the combined weight of half a dozen at times, as those who string their titles after their names in the *Cornellian* prove. It has not been long since a number of the *Sun* was apparently published for little other reason than to announce the election of various men to bear the numerous and diverse dignities one student had previously combined in himself, and on account of which, one is led to suspect, he is no longer with us. With the steady increase of societies Mr. Weber has pointed out, one can easily calculate the number of years till the millenium when every man holds an office. Would it not be better, on the whole to follow the example at once of our agricultural brethren, who, by an equitable arrangement of having a great many officers and electing new ones every term, manage to give twenty-four men office every year. The idea is surely worth considering. The trouble, however, would then be that the distinction of not holding office would be the more highly esteemed, a direct contradiction of American spirit, which no true Cornellian would for an instant tolerate. After all there is a serious side to the question. Such manifold duties not only interfere with one's work but perhaps even more serious, from one

point of view, is the effect on the general university interests, the teams, the musical clubs and the press that such diverse and often useless distractions have by dividing and thus weakening the energies of the more active in the management of student affairs.

The new system by which examination week is done away with is no doubt an excellent one in many respects. But just now, when the tradition of examination week is still with us, the new system undoubtedly works much harm. If, as is not improbable, a man happens to have five three-hour courses, and his five professors severally announce three-one hour examinations for the last week of the term, it is not hard to see that the result on a conscientious student will be distinctly harmful. One three-hour examination is in no sense comparable to three one-hour examinitions in point of time for preparation required and mental strain involved. Doubtless, as has been said, when the tradition of examination week is done away with, and these examinations are extended through the term as it is intended they should be, the matter will right itself. As matters now stand however, the system is receiving much adverse criticism from the students.

There have been few happenings in Cornell that have been more commendable in every way than the recent student mass-meeting to consider the question of the recent Sophomore-Freshman trouble. The spirit which prompted and controlled the meeting was admirable, and, if there should be no other good effect, it has done much to inculcate a feeling that the students of the university are not unconnected and unresponsible units, but a coherent body with a definite personality, duties and responsibilities. It is a curious and interesting fact that so firmly was this idea planted in the minds of those present, so firm were they in their commendable belief that they were the people, not only of the present but of the future, that it does not seem to have occurred to any one, any speaker at least, that their authority over generations of Freshmen yet to be was not absolute. It is fortunate indeed that the resolution to do away entirely with the Freshman banquet was voted down, since its passage would have undoubtedly caused much unnecessary trouble, when a Freshman class enters which regards itself justly as in nowise bound by the passage of certain resolutions by its predecessors.

THE MONTH.

PREPARATIONS for the joint debate of Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania are well advanced. President Schurman and Provost Pepper have asked Hon. Elihu Root of New York, to act as presiding judge, and Mr. Root has accepted the invitation. His long experience as a lawyer, and his keen interest in political affairs, make him particularly well qualified to fill the position, while the presence of a man of national reputation will add dignity to the occasion. Both universities have selected their debaters. The three debaters and one alternate of Pennsylvania are Messrs. C. A. Herrick, Alden, Wagonhurst and Heysham. Mr. Herrick was one of the Pennsylvania delegates to the New York conference at which the Dual League was formed. The Cornell debaters are Messrs. Chapman, Fordham and Sherwood, and Cornellians are all satisfied that their cause rests in capable hands. Mr. Chapman's effective oratory, Mr. Fordham's close reasoning, and Mr. Sherwood's quickness in repartee will combine well and make the trio a powerful one.

The unusual amount of interest aroused in debate at Cornell this year has been very opportune for the class of '94. The search for a suitable class memorial might have gone on as unsuccessfully as it has in past years and finally ended in the same old fashion of making a contribution to some athletic fund for a memorial. How many students in Cornell University could name the '90 memorial, and yet the boat house started by the class of '90 and designated as the '90 Memorial is probably the best of all the athletic memorials. Compared with the '86 memorial contest in declamation, which is kept prominently before the public every year, the disadvantage of an athletic memorial is patent to every mind. The recommendation to establish a Ninety-four memorial prize in debate was unanimously made by the memorial committee, which is representative of all departments and interests of the University. The proposal was heartily favored by President Schurman and members of the faculty who were consulted. A prize in debate has long been needed at Cornell. The Congress a few years ago made strenuous efforts to secure the funds requisite for the endow-

ment of such a prize but failed. The class of '94 is to be congratulated on having accepted the opportunity offered of devoting its memorial fund to an object which will not only greatly benefit the university but will perpetuate the name of the class as no athletic memorial could have done.

The subject of the Freshman banquet is now old. The tragedy that occurred in connection with the affair was reported in the newspapers from Maine to California—and not always reported with strict fidelity to truth. What was nothing but a college prank was held up by some fire-eating editorial writers as a wilful, malicious murder, carried out with the same motive that influenced Vaillant the Parisian bomb-thrower. The effect of the whole affair will doubtless injure the university in the minds of the unthinking readers of the press, but the second thought of rational minds is already finding expression in the public prints. A very effective, though costly lesson, has been taught the Cornell students, which will probably result in a different sort of banquet for the Freshmen. It is plainly recognized by all that the time has come to abolish the time-honored tradition that the banquet is merely a challenge issued by the Freshmen to the Sophomores. With the feeling prevailing that the Freshman banquet should be a gentlemen's dinner instead of an occasion for an underclass scrimmage, the affair will be honorably conducted. The banquets of the law school—of which the sixth annual one was held March 5th—serve as an excellent model.

The most important lesson of the whole affair, however, was taught by the mass meeting which set the students of the University right before the world. It was not a tame meeting called by the University authorities for the purpose of forcing this certain prescribed resolutions, but a voluntary assembling of a thousand students apart from faculty influence. The resolutions were adopted only after a thorough discussion, and the spirit with which the debate was carried out proved that there was a college spirit at Cornell after all, however doubtful that statement might ordinarily seem.

NEW BOOKS.

The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry. By R. C. Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

After one has read the elaborate review by Professor Gildersleeve, of this charming book, in a recent issue of the *Nation*, one is reminded of the harmful effect Montaigne had on the later generations of essay writers by saying all the bright and charming things before his successors were born. The book before us is an arrangement of a series of lectures delivered in Johns Hopkins University in 1892. There is perhaps no wiser or more valuable endowment in any American University than that which enables Johns Hopkins to bring to her halls non-resident lecturers of distinction, year by year. It is seldom, of course, that such lecture courses can be of absolute instructing value, but as a source of inspiration to students brought in contact with the personality of great men their value can hardly be overestimated. And when in addition to their local influence such a man gives to the world at large a book like this comprehensive review of Greek poetry, combining as it does a more or less popular treatment with the latest results of scholarly investigation, written in a style so charming that it would be a most interesting book even without its more substantial value, we cannot but feel grateful to the wisdom and foresight of one who has made it possible to bring such men among us with such results.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Walter Jerrold. Macmillan & Co. London and New York.

In this number of "The Dilettante Library," Mr. Jerrold introduces us to the ever genial Dr. Holmes. The work is not voluminous, but in a small space it gives one a correct notion of the scope and versatility of the Doctor's genius. His life is briefly outlined in the first chapter. Then follow discussions of "The Poet, The Novelist, The Autocrat and Teacher, The Doctor," which, illumined by frequent quotations, bring one into ready sympathy with the famous author, and create a desire to know him better. No one can escape being benefitted by an acquaintance with the wholesome and kindly words of the broad-minded man who has in so many ways added to the wisdom of the world, and this volume will bring them to the notice of some who have not previously felt their invigorating influence.

An American Peeress. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

When Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor writes a book, people will read it out of curiosity, if nothing more. The reader of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's

interesting book will be well paid for gratifying such curiosity. While the style betrays the immaturity of the writer, the story as a whole is well constructed and more than that, is distinctly elevating in tone. The author has nothing to do with sermons; he has not written a dull Sunday-school book, in which the beautiful characteristics of his model heroine are lavishly portrayed. But he has given us a story of fashionable life which is unmistakably pervaded by a free, healthy spirit. His young American girl who unwittingly marries an English peer, is thrown into the whirl of London society and learns the traits of a "woman of the world." Her success in preserving her native modesty, unselfishness and entireness of devotion to her husband, engages the hearty sympathy of the reader and draws from him a tribute of praise and thankfulness that American society, as represented by the author, is so appreciative of what is best in man and woman. Few Cornellians will need to be told that the author is an alumnus of Cornell, class of '86. His deeds are already a tradition, of the sort, alas that are too few among us, and with his new venture go the well wishes of every Cornellian.

An Old Town by the Sea. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

This charming book of Mr. Aldrich's introduces us to the now quiet, but once bustling, town of Portsmouth, with its long wharves, deserted save by some solitary fisherman, its thickly shaded streets, its colonial mansions, with their traditions of splendor now long passed away, and its old inhabitants, relics of a time already gone and soon to have no living representative. Much of the history of the discovery of the Piscataqua, and of the ancient worthies of the place is given ; but it is so cleverly woven into the whole as to make one forget he is reading facts which would ordinarily be entirely uninteresting. There is something peculiarly picturesque and attractive about old New England towns. Every one who has wandered along their rambling streets, almost hidden from the sun by elms that were young when the "Merry Monarch" was on the throne, must have felt their fascination, and perceived their adaptability to pleasing description. But with all the materials ready, an artist like Mr. Aldrich is required to use them. His success is manifested in the portrayal of "the interesting widow of a once very lively commerce." The outward appearance of the book cannot fail to please the most fastidious.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Macmillan & Co., London and New York:

Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Walter Jerrold.

The King of Schuorrers, Grotesques and Fantasies. By J. Zangvill, author of "Children of the Ghetto," etc.

From Ginn & Co., Boston:

Selections from the Essays of Francis Jeffrey. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Lewis E. Gates, Instructor in English in Harvard University.

From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago:

An American Peeress. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, author of "With Edge Tools."

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SPRINGTIME AND TRUTH.

EVER since I knew Eugenius the springtime has been for me the time for Philosophy. As old Omar says:

"Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires."—

Omar's new year was, of course, the springtime, the time of roses and nightingales. So it is with me; being a thoughtful soul myself, the spring is the time when I turn to solitude, and, as I walk about the leafy lanes, I meditate upon the problems of existence.

I have not always behaved in this manner—I used to have a notion that springtime was the time for poetry. But Eugenius taught me that such was not the case. The idea of connecting springtime and poetry was very distasteful to Eugenius, or, to tell the truth, not exactly poetry, perhaps, for he wasn't a poet but a painter, let us say springtime and art.

I found out these things about Eugenius, because it was my fortune for several years (too few, alas,) to visit him in the early days of spring. This was when Eugenius was living in Paris. I made it a point to come and see him in the Oster-ferien.

It is in the spring that two great art exhibitions of the year, the Old and New Salons are held, and I always used to come upon Eugenius about the time that he was sending off his pictures to the New Salon. It was very interesting to see the actual result of the winter's work in the five or six pictures around the studio: that's one of the privileges of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, he can see right before him a result, adequate in a way, of his time or trouble. An author looks at a little book and sighs to think of the many, many nights that are shut up within its covers. A composer is as badly off; a musician perhaps even worse, for the music has been played and where is it? But Eugenius could look at the work of the autumn and winter, and pronounce it good. True, the work of many hours had sometimes gone to the making of very little, but still there was some result, he could see it right before him. And it was in looking at those half dozen pictures of the year, that I happened to say something that caused Eugenius to give me some idea of his theory of life and the arts, a theory which took such a hold on me then that it has influenced me ever since.

I said to him that it seemed to me rather a pity to have the exhibitions in the spring, because it generally resulted in a man's doing much of his work in the autumn and the winter,—and the autumn and winter, I remarked (with unconscious imbecility) were not periods favorable to artistic inspiration. The spring and the summer were the painter's time and the poet's, then nature rejoiced with the artist and was glad, and the world was in harmony with his soul. More in this direction I might have said but that Eugenius didn't seem much interested. Indeed, he wasn't paying any attention at all. He suggested that we should go to lunch.

Eugenius had his studio on an *impasse* off one of the streets that radiate from the Arc de Triomphe. Not on that account, however, are you to imagine that he was one of the rich and great. The people who live on the back streets of that part of Paris are not necessarily rich and great, and Eugenius' studio was in many ways very like other studios. You went up very dark stairs at night, you slept on a sort of shelf to which you climbed on a ladder, you warmed yourself on one of those queer little stoves,—in

fact it was much like a studio in the Latin Quarter or over in Montmartre. But one thing that was very nice about it was that you had to walk the whole length of the Champs Elysées to get to Madeleine's to lunch. Now a walk down the finest street in the world on a good spring morning is a lovely thing. There are lots of beautiful sights, among which must be mentioned particularly delightful children in exquisitely dainty clothes playing in sand heaps with hearty earnestness, and the four-in-hand coaches (driven by Americans) on their way out to Passy and beyond. These two things in especial used to give us the keenest pleasure. I single them out particularly from the whole combination of gaiety and life and freshness of those mornings.

"No," said Eugenius, "spring is not the time for art, for poetry, since you are especially interested in poetry ; the spring poet is the type of the abominable in nature. There is nothing conceivable more horridly amorphous." (Amorphous was a favorite word with Eugenius. He was such a worshipper of beauty of form that it was expressive of the highest detestation.) "The time for art is autumn, the time of the dying, yellowing year. The time for art is not the morning, it is the evening, the darkling beginnings of the fading of the sunset. The time for art is not birth or youth, it is the time made beautiful by the power of approaching death."

"In other words," said I, in jest, "Art concerns itself not with health, but with disease. The most beautiful things of life are the phosphorescent glimmerings of decay, the waning glow of degenerescence."

"Precisely so," answered Eugenius, as though I had been in earnest, "there is no more lovely thing in the world than a sick child. This was sometime a paradox, but now—"

"But now the time gives it proof?"

"Now I will give it proof," said he, "if you want to know it."

Really he was a great man, Eugenius. I shall always remember the days when he expounded to me his philosophy of art, or one might better say his philosophy of life, for he somehow managed to make very little difference between the two. We used to talk perpetually. In the morning (if he could be induced to get out of bed) we went to a funny little place for our coffee. In front

it was a vegetable store, where they sold also milk and eggs, and behind was a sort of kitchen with a table or two, where one could have a bowl of coffee and bread. Zoë used to do us eggs and we laid hold of them the instant they left the fire. At this particular time Eugenius was tired of coffee (it wasn't very good coffee, it must be confessed) and so he had hit upon milk and honey as a good breakfast. I couldn't manage it myself, but he rejoiced in it every morning,—it had associations of richness and plenty, he said. Then after breakfast we would stroll across to the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne and sit down and watch the early riders on the riding path across the avenue. Somebody fell off nearly every day, so there was always a little excitement and anyway it was a good time for the morning cigarette. One gets used to the French tobacco without much difficulty, though the flavor is not really good. But having sat there sufficiently, we would return to the studio. This was Eugenius' vacation time, remember, so he had plenty of leisure for matters of importance. Then we would walk down to Madeleine's, as I've said, and on the way there was a good opportunity for Eugenius to make observations of weight and value as well as those passing comments which are amusing but leave little trace on the mind.

"You have evidently read much on the subject of Aesthetics," said Eugenius, "and so, of course, you know nothing at all about the matter. Do let me advise you in this. Nothing is so prejudicial to a knowledge of any subject as reading. The more one reads, the less one knows. This is so with most things but it is especially so as art. And as to art we may say that it is not only reading that is disastrous, but also thought. Don't think about art,—be content to feel all that you can and to know what is given you, but don't think about it. That way madness lies: I mean other people will get mad when you talk to them on the subject. Now for my part," he went on, "I never read about these matters at all, and rarely think about them. I talk about them constantly, but that's a different matter. When I talk, I just utter the truth as it happens to come to me, simply and unconsciously, you get it pure and undiluted, anyone ought to be content with that. Now if I thought over these things, read books about them, sweated and grunted about them and bore fardels (what-

ever they are) I should soon be so involved in the dust or the mist of other men's opinions that I should very soon be wholly unable to have any clear views on the subject at all."

"My dear Eugenius," said I, "you are always delightful to me, even when you have just been reading Oscar Wilde. But let me ask you, do you really speak of reading books about things as having anything to do with thinking of them? You must be different from most people."

But to this remark Eugenius paid no attention, for he was deeply engaged in enjoying the deeds of a beautiful bare-legged boy of about ten years who was driving four hoops with wonderful skill, two with his right hand and two with his left.

"You know," he answered, "that it's said there are those who can drive six hoops, three with each hand. And there was a girl once who used to say she could drive seven, but nobody believed her."

On many another occasion, too, besides these morning walks did Eugenius find opportunity to expound to me the true views on art and philosophy which form the subject of the present writing and which I sincerely hope I may be able to reach before the end of it. I think his favorite place for such exposition was a café. He was very fond of cafés and indeed the Parisian cafés are delightful places; very favorable to a flow of ideas. Any way it was at that well-known corner on the Boul' Miche' that goes by the name of "The Little Cows," or something of the sort, that I first learned the true inwardness of his opinions.

"You see," he said, "there is first of all this thing called Life. The world keeps going round and round and the soul of man which has somehow got involved in the business keeps going round and round with it, like a big beautiful butterfly which has got caught in a windmill. And man is always trying to make the best of it; that's Life, the continual fixing of one's self to one's circumstances,—adjustment to the universe, you'd call it. Now of life we have representations, oh, such representations. All kinds we have, but they fall into two great classes, those which try to give us life as it really is, and those which really do give us life as it seems. Now life, or this continual adjustment, is, on the whole I suppose, a success. I'm optimist enough for that, it is

really successful, but it certainly doesn't seem to be so to most of us. So in Life as it is and Life as it seems we have the two things commonly known as Comedy and Tragedy. Comedy is where things go right and Tragedy is where things go wrong. So much of course is perfectly plain."

"Yes," said I, "so far it's all right." Somehow in talking with Eugenius, I often feel as though I were the speaker in a dialogue. The dialogue as a literary form is a conversation between the author and a man of straw. With Eugenius I am too often the man of straw.

"Well now," he went on, pouring out for himself a certain beautifully colored liquid which was a favorite drink with him, "Well now, these two things are philosophy and art. Philosophy tries to get at life as it really is and Art does get at life as it seems,—there's got to be personality to art, it's not the representation of life as it is, but of life as it seems to you, to me, or to some one else. So of course philosophy is comedy and art is tragedy. It's foolish to speak as though there could be any comedy in art, as far as the subject is concerned,—it's all tragedy, nothing else. And so the most artistic things are those that are the most essentially tragic,—autumn, evening, death, certain shades of green."

"That seems to me a strange doctrine," said I.

"It's perfectly sound, however," said Eugenius. "Those things which they call comedy are not comedy at all. The clouds, for instance, Don Quixote, Falstaff, Tristram Shandy, all Tragedy."

"Well now," said I, "there's one thing. You painters are forever telling us that the most beautiful thing in the world is a beautiful woman."

"I'm not always telling you so," said Eugenius, "but there would be some sense in it if I did. They are almost the most tragic things going,—Eve, Bathsheba, Helen, Cleopatra, my Lady Venus, Héloise, the more beautiful the more tragic. But I was going to tell you something else which is more important even than the truths I have already uttered."

"Really?" asked I.

"More important when we are talking of art. You see art is tragedy and philosophy is comedy, as far as this view of life is con-

cerned. But then, of course, philosophy is only a try at what life really is, because nobody yet has known much of anything about it. So in form philosophy is unsuccessful. But art isn't a try at anything, art really is the representation of life as it seems. It's always successful or it isn't art. So as to form, philosophy's the tragedy and art is pure comedy. That's the reason we enjoy it. That's why form is really the most important thing there is."

This last notion I didn't grasp as readily as the others, being, I fancy, more of the philosopher myself than the artist; besides, I had thought of something else.

"Suppose," I said, "by dint of philosophizing you should manage to get a true representation of life as it really is. Wouldn't that philosophy be better than art?"

"It wouldn't be philosophy at all, for one thing, and we shouldn't reach it by dint of philosophizing," said Eugenius. "That's Religion,—a true presentation of man's right relation to the universal, what else? So you see," he reverted, "why I said, the other day, that Spring was not the time for art. You see why it is that there can be nothing more inartistic, more jarring on the sensibilities than a man bubbling out his ridiculous delight in Spring. Turn him over to the philosophers, let them deal with him, if they can. No, autumn is the time for art. Keats knew that of course. The time for poetry with him was when

> 'The sedge is withered from the lake
> And no birds sing.'

Or when

> 'The squirrel's granary is full
> And the harvest's done.'

So then he says

> 'Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
> Think not of them——'

Right of course, as always; no use thinking of them, for, from an artistic standpoint, the songs of spring are not songs at all. Springtime is not the time of beauty, it's the time of truth. I never paint in the spring: I would read philosophy if it were not too much of a bore."

This was not long before I was called away from Eugenius and Paris, across the Rhine,—away from the cafés and ateliers to the more serious kneipes and lecture halls. Each country has its own peculiar charm for me; as the winter drags along I am apt to think of my friends in the universities of their Vaterland. But in the spring and autumn I think of Eugenius. For his words sank deep into my heart and I still remember him as with every waning autumn I turn to Shakespeare and Keats, and as with every ever-changing spring I open my Hegel or my Plato. 'Tis a charming study, is philosophy,—'twill last me out a many springtime, till, in the days that close a well-spent life, I shall put my books away and say with Omar:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about, but evermore
Came out by the same Door wherein I went."

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

A SONATA BY BEETHOVEN.

The music falls in cadence soft and low
On ears that hear entranced the rolling swell
Of distant harmony; as far afield
Sounds to us o'er the lea the vesper bell.

Then sharp, staccato notes of triumph burst
The organ's throat; anon a wail succeeds,
As of a warrior victor on the field
Who does his penance for unhallowed deeds.

But soon come tones so rich and deep and full
Of perfect peace, that earth is lost to sight:
The soul has found its happiness and sinks
Into the bosom of the Infinite.

Clark Sutherland Northup.

AN EXPERIMENT IN TELEPATHY.

ONCE upon a time, as the fairy stories say, I was young and and bashful, and very much in love, and, though my case seemed then the most extraordinary and unique the world had up to that time seen, wider experience and more extended observation have convinced me that youth, shyness, and susceptibility are quite commonly found together in well-ordered youths of my sex, so I have no hesitation in saying that I was an average young man. Moreover I was a lawyer. The object of my affection was all that fancy could paint, and more than language—my language at least—could describe. I shall not, therefore attempt a description of her as she appeared to me. Professional duties of many years have somewhat restricted my vocabulary in that direction. I was, as I say, very much in love. There was, however, one serious drawback to my happiness. I knew absolutely nothing of the state of the young lady's feelings regarding myself. I had paid her assiduous attention, and my devotion had not been repulsed; at times, indeed, I fancied it was even encouraged. There seemed, finally, actual grounds for hope. With the faintness of that hope, however, I was far from content, though the idea of boldly attempting to change that uncertainty to certainty, was rather more than I could think of then. So between hope and fear, and disgust with my shyness, my lot was not particularly fraught with bliss.

In this frame of mind as I was walking down to my office one morning, my eye was caught by this rather unique sign:

"Grandest Discovery of the Age—Telepathy an Assured Fact. Step in and examine our Neuro-Magnetic Undulator."

Having always been interested in such matters I determined to investigate this, and having ascended three flights of stairs I saw on a door before me the same sign as that which had attracted my attention below. I entered and found myself in a small neatly furnished office. A dapper little man bustled up to me, and, upon my explaining that I had been led thither by a curiosity which I hoped he could gratify, he began at once:

"My dear sir, I shall be only too glad to enlighten you in regard to one of the most remarkable scientific discoveries of the age. It was long suspected and of late has been conclusively proven, as you doubtless know, that the act of thinking by means, not yet fully understood, throws the ether into vibrations similar in many ways to those concerned in electro-magnetic and light phenomena, and differing from these only in period and form. The results of this demonstration, as you can easily see, are of enormous value. The problem of telepathy we have succeeded at last in solving practically, by means of our neuro-magnetic resonator, by which the thoughts of two persons are entirely transmissible without external communication. Each person wears a peculiar device we call a transmitter, which, agitated by the thought disturbances, sets in motion another transmitter, tuned as it were to the same key, which collects the waves of ether, instead of allowing them to become lost in space, and by means of its vibrations awakens exactly the same thoughts in the mind of its wearer as those that first produced the disturbance. The same form of apparatus, therefore, can act at once as receiver and transmitter. It is only necessary, then, that two of them be worn simultaneously in order to make communication possible."

"Through what distance?" I inquired, rather interested in his wild story.

"Theoretically for any distance," he replied. "Practically, however, we are at present limited to something like five miles."

"But language—" I began.

"Language, my dear sir, is entirely out of the question. It is now an exploded superstition. We have so long used speech as a means of thought transference that, clumsy and rude, and absurdly insufficient as it is, we have come to regard it as indispensable. This fallacy we hope to explode by our invention. With this, one can as well talk to a Spaniard or a Hottentot as to an Englishman. Thought has no language. By means of this glorious discovery we hope to abolish the harsh discordance of the human voice, for the silent, infinitely more powerful, direct action of mind on mind, without the clumsy machinery of speaking or writing."

"But," I objected, "the influence of one mind directly on an-

other, would produce insanity in the brain that does not act, it seems to me."

"Let me ask you some questions," he answered. "A slow vibration of the air produces what? Sound! Good! A faster vibration of ether? Heat! Faster yet? Light! Now the theory is that still faster ether vibrations of perhaps a somewhat different character produce thought. The slow vibration strikes the ear and is taken to the brain by the sense of hearing, the faster vibration by the sense of touch, the still faster vibration impinges on the eye, and light sensations are conveyed to the brain. None of these drive you insane. Now if we supply a sixth sense-organ, which shall convey to the brain the thought vibrations, why should they produce insanity more than those perceived by the other five."

"But language—" I protested again.

"Language," he continued, "what is it, spoken or written, but an illogical, absurd, awkward attempt to project mind on mind, purely mechanical and unscientific at best? This invention substitutes for the present absurd means of communication with your fellows, a simple, scientific device, not likely to get out of order as is your voice or hand, removable at pleasure, admirably constructed, easily repaired, and absolutely indestructible by use."

"Come," said I, "enough of this. Show me your machine." The earnestness of the man interested me in spite of myself.

He begged my pardon for his enthusiasm, and proceeded to show me the practical workings of his device. It being necessary or at least preferable to have the affair near the seat of the brain action, he had inserted the apparatus into a number of articles commonly worn on or near the head. I was accordingly shown a variety of things, including wigs, night-caps, ear-rings, combs, trimmings for ladies' bonnets, ear-muffs, and the like, in all of which I was assured, lay concealed the mysterious device.

"In each individual," he explained further, "there is a certain pitch to which he responds more readily than to any other, though if you wish to come into communication with any one it will hardly be more than necessary for you to be fitted with a neuric resonator, as we call it, suited to your own pitch. By this means," he went on, "we hope eventually to do away entirely with tele-

phone, telegraph, and even mail, save for packages and the like. It is—"

But I stopped the flow of his eloquence by signifying my intention of availing myself of such an opportunity as this thrown in my way by Providence. For a plan had come to me by which, provided my informant told the truth, with no trouble whatever, I might learn a certain young woman's thoughts concerning myself, and so be spared the humiliation of the failure of my suit, in case she did not care for me. It was an unfair advantage, my conscience suggested, but that could not deter me, and I blessed the man who had first proclaimed the fairness of all measures in love and war. A sudden chill crept over me, though, when I reflected that the plan I was about to put in execution would perhaps betray my thoughts to the girl as well as hers to me. My extreme shyness prevented me from seeing for an instant that this would be quite as desirable as the other alternative.

My companion meanwhile had turned me over to their psychophysicist, a pleasant young fellow, who, after testing me in several ways by a series of curious machines, announced that my "pitch" was approximately that which in music would be known as B double-flat. The science, he explained, was as yet so new it had not developed a terminology of its own, and they were obliged to adopt that of the nearest allied science which happened to be that of music. I was then requested to select some form of apparatus, and, after some hesitation, chose a Louis XIII. comb in tortoise-shell, and a pair of ear-muffs. These latter, of course, were for myself. It was the beginning of winter, and on that account they seemed to me to have some advantages over either a wig or a night-cap. The neuric resonators were cunningly concealed, and no one would have suspected their presence. Upon my selection, the resonators were adjusted to the proper pitch, and I departed with my purchases, in much elation.

Upon reaching my office I despatched the comb with a note to the object of my devotion, explaining that the somewhat unique design had attracted my attention, and begging her to accept the trifle. That done, I donned my ear-muffs, supposing that if she accepted the comb, with feminine instinct she would at once try it on. But in this I was, strangely enough, disappointed. A kind

note of thanks came back, but no telepathic communication. A sudden fear came over me, that perhaps it was after all a fraud, but I resolved at least to give the thing a fair trial.

I had not, however, calculated on the result of wearing ear-muffs steadily, day and night, for, once having put them on, I was afraid to remove them, or rather the one containing the resonator, so, resolutely feigning a frost-bitten ear, I wore that ear-muff night and day, at home and in the office, till I began to think even a gray wig or a frilled night-cap would have been an acceptable change. After a week of this I could stand it no longer, but determined to call on the young lady and investigate. I still wore the ear-muff, even while waiting her descent to the drawing-room, since I reasoned she might wear the comb as a graceful way of showing her appreciation of the gift. In a few moments she entered and I looked at once for the comb. It was not there. I was naturally much disappointed. We talked weather, people, social events. I told her the old, old fairy-story about my frost-bitten ear, and received much sympathy. She was the only person, I may add here, who did not offer me some advice regarding its cure, nor tell me about some friend with a similar—and usually fatal—experience. If my devotion had needed confirming, this fact alone would have rendered it eternal. When, at last, I rose to go, she mentioned my gift, thanked me very sweetly, and told me she had been saving it to wear at a certain charity-ball near at hand, at which she proposed to appear in a French costume, for which the comb was peculiarly fitted.

Encouraged by this, I wore the ear-muff conscientiously, but to no purpose. The time for the ball drew nigh. An important case in which I was interested, took a sudden, serious turn, that demanded my undivided attention, and the night of the ball I had gone down to the office and was carefully examining a huge pile of documents relating to the case in hand when suddenly to my intense surprise, I felt the ear-muff start and quiver slightly. Next I became conscious of a curious confusion of thought. It was several moments before I understood the cause. Then it dawned on me that the *neuric resonator was at work.* Instantly all thoughts of my law-case fled, and I endeavored to make my mind as inactive and receptive as possible.

Soon I was able to recognize certain ideas which I was quite sure originated outside my own consciousness. I have never been worried, that is to say, about the fluffiness of my hair, nor have I ever wondered how my elaborate, pink satin train hung, and whether there was another costume like mine in the room. I was intensely excited, the experiment was about to succeed, and I trembled with the anticipation. I shall attempt no detailed account of what followed. It would be unfair, even if it were possible, for me to recall and set down these glimpses into the mind of another. One thing, however, was prominent. There were thoughts of a "he" constantly in her mind. I may note here that there is no inherent idea in a proper name, and that proper names are seldom thought of as such, but rather in connection with their owners. We seem to think the personality not the name, so it was impossible to say definitely who this person was. Little by little, however, I felt that this was myself; the more surely since I discovered associated with the idea of "him" the thought of a gift recently received. At first this idea was so delightful that my staid office furniture was doubtless shocked at the absurd manifestations of joy the junior partner allowed himself. But gradually this changed. It forced itself on my mind slowly that the thoughts of this person were far from complimentary, and that they were far from indicating that frame of mind for which I had hoped. It was forced upon me, resistlessly, that she despised me as well as my gift, and, worse than that, there was love for another whose personality I could not guess, though the thoughts connected with him showed that by no possibility could it be myself.

And this was all. This was the end of my dreams and fancies for the future. I had been deceived. The thought was very bitter. Slowly and sadly I took off the ear-muff, the innocent cause of much suffering, and laid it carefully away. This was the end, and yet perhaps, after all, it was better that I should learn my fate in this way than to have gone on hoping, only to be more bitterly disappointed by hearing my dismissal from her own lips. I could not work. Leaving the office I met a friend who noticed at once the absence of the fatal ear-muff and congratulated me on the recovery of my frozen ear. I thanked him ironically, and went

to my rooms, utterly miserable. It was impossible for me to sleep. I had not realized how much I cared for the girl till I found I had lost her. I had no idea how closely she had been bound up with every idea of my future till I knew she would never share it. The next day was no better, nor the next, and the senior members of the firm noticing my haggard look told me I had been working too hard and advised a vacation.

In despair at last I threw up my work and left suddenly for the far West, hoping there to forget my sorrow in a new life, I resisted the temptation of writing a farewell letter to the girl who had, unknowingly, driven me away. In the West I threw myself feverishly into the busy life I found there. and for five years led a restless, unsatisfactory, money-making existence at law, real estate, mining, and politics.

But it was no use, the old thoughts kept coming to me again and again till at last I desperately determined to return and at least be near her. Having no family ties at home, and having cut myself off absolutely from my friends, I had during my absence, heard nothing of her. She might be married. I would at least go and see, and if she were not married, I would tell her the whole story and throw myself on her mercy.

A few weeks later I was at home in my old lodgings. My furniture had been stored away, and on my return I took a sad pleasure in going over the details of my former life as they were expressed in the various articles my desk contained, notes, invitations—and suddenly I caught sight of that fatal ear-muff among a pile of papers. I took it up with melancholy interest, this thing that had cost me so much. Moved by a sudden impulse I placed it on my ear, and sat musing over the incidents of that fatal night five years before.

Suddenly to my great surprise there was a tremor in the ear-muff that I knew too well. Curiosity prompted me to let it remain, and presently I became aware that some one, a woman undoubtedly, was musing tenderly over the memories of some man. How she had loved him, and she thought, foolishly, that he had cared for her. Then he had gone away with no word, no message, suddenly, mysteriously, and she had never heard from him since, though she had thought of him constantly, and in a hun-

dred ways sought to learn at least his whereabouts. There was a thought, too, of something he had given her just before leaving, of the last time she had seen him and what he had said—this last was curiously accurate.

Little by little it came over me, and at last I realized with overwhelming force, that there had been a terrible mistake somewhere. There was but one person in the world to whom these thoughts were possible, and that was—. But I had already started to see if it could be true, this beautiful dream. I told myself on the way to her house that at one period of my life, about five years before, I had been very much of a fool, and a good deal of a coward, and that now I was going to make up for it, if it killed me. People looked at me curiously as I hurried by, but I did not care. In a few minutes I reached the house, sprang up the steps and rang the bell. A servant came to the door. I sent up my card, and paced up and down the room in wild eagerness. Presently she came, with a look of surprised delight she tried in vain to conceal. There was a commonplace or two, then I could stand it no longer, and I blurted out the whole story, hurriedly and unconnectedly—but she seemed to understand me perfectly. I told her about the neuric-resonator, the comb and the ear-muff, of my experience the night of the ball, of my sudden departure, and my life in the West. I told her how I had tried to live without her, and how miserable I had been, till at last I had come back. I retained enough presence of mind *not* to tell her about my most recent experience with the ear-muff. Then I ask her to marry me. It is hardly necessary to go into the detail of this part of the story. It is perhaps enough to say she at last consented.

Then I asked her, finally, how she had happened to have such thoughts concerning me the night of the ball.

"You foolish boy," she said. "If you had *only* gone. I didn't wear the comb that night. My cousin who came unexpectedly wore it and my French costume. I went in an Elizabethan dress." Then she added slyly: "and has your ear been frostbitten for *five years.*"

And then I put my hand up in sudden confusion and took that ear-muff off.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

IT is now some fourteen years since there appeared in the columns of the *Indianapolis Journal* an editorial which, under the title of "A Boone County Pastoral," introduced to the public a new poet, Mr. Benj. F. Johnson of Boone, whose first poem, the now famous "Old Swimmin'-Hole," appeared in that issue. This was followed by other poems also in dialect, till, in 1883, twelve of them were collected in a little volume entitled "The Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems." In the meantime, however, the author's identity had been discovered, and behind the name of Benj. F. Johnson was found the personality of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, who for some time previous had been connected with the *Journal*. The Bowen-Merrill Co., book-dealers of Indianapolis, stood god-father to this first modest volume of verse, (as it has to most of his later books) making it still more a purely local affair, but one is just now informed that the last collection of Mr. Riley's poems "Old Fashioned Roses," published in England by Longmans, Green & Co. has reached its tenth edition. That a volume of poems should, in this age, run through ten editions is certainly remarkable. But as Mr. Howells has said of their author, he "has found a lodgment in people's love, which is a much safer place for any poet than their admiration."

It was chiefly by his dialect poems that the new author was first known, by his Indiana "Hoosier" dialect, and by the delineation of the simple, homely life of the Middle States farmer, but the deeper sense of humanity that underlies them has made the world interested in the doings and sayings of this locality just as it has in Mr. Barrie's "Thrums." Riley writes of the commonest surroundings and experiences that never seemed poetical till he wrote his first success, the "Swimmin'-Hole," where

> "the bullrushes growed, and the cat-tails so tall
> And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all;
> And it mottled the worter with amber and gold
> Tell the glad lilies rocked in the ripples that rolled."

or that Autumn idyl that begins,

"When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence
O it's then's the time a feller is a feelin' at his best
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house bare-headed and goes out to feed the stock
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

These are, of course, the better known poems. One is tempted to indefinite quotation despite the fact that Mr. Riley's genius is not one that lends itself readily to quotation. His flowers wither when they are broken from the stalk. One is tempted to insert entire "Thoughts fer the Discouraged Farmer," "My Fiddle," and that delicious "Pen Pictur' of a certain Frivvolus Old Man," besides half a dozen others that go to make up his "Neghborly Poems."

"Sketches in Prose" is the dignified title of what was originally published as "The Boss Girl and Other Stories," a collection of poems and somewhat crude though powerful prose sketches, in the main pathetic, always interesting and vividly descriptive. Here, among others, appeared "And This is Fame," and that now so well known "Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay" with its much imitated stanza-ending:

"An' the gobble-uns 'll git *you*
Ef you
Don 't
Watch
Out!"

"Bells Jangled," reminding one slightly of Swinburne, represents a dreamy, musical style of composition, of which Mr. Riley is very fond.

"I lie low-coiled in a nest of dreams;
The lamp gleams dim i' the odorous gloom,
And the stars at the casement leak long gleams
Of misty light through the haunted room
Where I lie low-coiled in dreams."

Here, too, one finds "Old Fashioned Roses," that gives title to his latest volume.

"They ain't no style about 'em
And they're sort o' pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here without 'em
Would be lonesomer, and shaded

With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the mornin' glory makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
For their good old-fashion' sakes."

Much on the plan of the preceding, though with but five stories and fifty poems, is "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury," which has, among others the musical ballad, "An Old Sweetheart."

" As one cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine."

His remarkably clever imitation of other's work finds perhaps, a good example in "Kneeling with Herrick."

The wintry faggot piled beside
The chimney wide,
While the enwreathing flames upsprout
And twine about
The brazen dogs that guard my hearth
And household worth.

. . . . . .

Thus with good friends, the rarest few
Thou holdest true,
Ranged round about the blaze to share
My comfort there,—
Give me to claim the service meet
That makes each seat
A place of honor and each guest
Loved as the rest.

Ike Walton's prayer, in the same vein, is perhaps even better.

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
Nor jewels fine,
Nor lands, nor kine,
Nor treasure heaps of anything.—
Let but a little hut be mine,
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing,
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine;—
Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr—
Love, and the smiling face of her."

Some one has said, recently, that "the small boy never had a laureate till James Whitcomb Riley came." We have had many rhymes and many poets of childhood, but it is an abstract childhood whence the bloom of Paradise had not yet faded, the "trailing clouds of glory," childhood around whose infancy heaven lies. Now, however, whether it be great or not, we have in "Rhymes of Childhood" the active, actual, concrete, live boy, the little boy who tells us all his adventures, his thoughts, his boy hopes and fears with such charming naivete. This is the boy who takes us fully into his confidence at once and tells us how

"The Raggedy Man one time when he
Was makin' a little bow-n'orry fer me,—
Says, 'When *you're* big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his,
An' be a rich merchant, —an' wear fine clo'es?
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows!'
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann.
I says, ''M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!'"

His "Raggedy Man" is a distinct creation, along with "Our Hired Girl, 'Lizabuth Ann." The child dialect seems never to have been studied before, the dialect of those children of whom

"Uncle Sidney says,
An' takes me up an' smiles,—
The goodest men they is, ain't good
As baddest little childs!"

Nonsense verse is not the least of the accomplishments of the poet. "The Nine Little Goblins" runs much like Lear or Carroll.

"And then the whole of the goblin band
Rocked on the fence-top to and fro,
And clung, in a long row, hand in hand,
Singing the songs that they used to know—
Singing the songs that their grandsires sung
In the goo-goo days of the goblin tongue.

. . . . . .

And they sang 'You're asleep! There is no board fence,
And never a goblin with green-glass eyes!
'Tis only a vision the mind invents
After a supper of cold mince pies.
And you're doomed to dream this way,' they said,
'*And you shan't wake up till you're clean, plum dead!*'"

And "Grandfather Squeers":

"And so glaringly bald was the top of his head
That many's the time he has musingly said,
As his eyes journeyed o'er its reflex in the glass,
I must set out a few signs of *Keep off the Grass!*"

The frankness and simplicity of his poetry, humor and pathos alike, and its clear directness is something remarkable. There seems nothing superfluous. His poems abound in accurate, minute observation and vivid description, and above all they are essentially readable. Few things are more pathetic than "He Called Her In" or "That Air Young Un," few more clever than "The Runaway Boy" or the "Sudden Shower," or more musical than "The South Wind and the Sun," and one does not often find anything more purely poetic than these verses:

"And, cool and sweet,
My naked feet
Found dewy pathways through the wheat;
And out again
Where down the lane,
The dust was dimpled with the rain.

. . . . . .

And all our dreams were lit with gleams
Of that lost land of reedy streams,
Along whose brim
Forever swim
Pan's lilies, laughing up at him."

One of his most charming poems is the "Afterwhiles," which gives title to the collection of Mr. Riley's poems which perhaps best shows his various gifts.

"Ah, the endless afterwhiles,
Leagues on leagues and miles on miles
In the distance far withdrawn,
Stretching on and on and on.
Till the fancy is footsore
And faints in the dust before
The last milestone's granite face
Hacked with: Here Beginneth Space.
O, far glimmering worlds and wings,
Mystic smiles and beckonings
Lead us through the shadowy aisles
Out into the afterwhiles."

Besides this one finds here "The King," the "Life Lesson," now so familiar, "There, little girl; don't cry," and in dialect, "Knee Deep in June," "The Train Misser," "Regardin' Terry Hut," and "Jim."

This is not work that ranks a man among the few great poets enshrined in cloudy splendor, but certainly it does assure him a place in men's hearts and memories. It is not sublime, but much of it is very beautiful. He does not touch the sterner chords, the loftier passions, but there is surely place for one who has done so much for the softer and sweeter side of a life that is too harsh at best. The kindliness, in humor as well as pathos, the honesty, the clear, simple directness, the concreteness, a certain delicacy of discrimination, and melody of verse and the sympathy with his surroundings are characteristics of no ordinary talent. His imagination is not powerful but he has rather a delicate fancy and an insight which puts before us the finer shades of feeling, love, joy, sorrow especially, never hate. Certainly these qualities are accredited passports to an assured place in the hearts of men. Known at first as a writer of dialect merely, his more serious work, to which one hopes he may in future confine himself, has gained wide recognition. And as an earnest of this finer future one may scarcely end this hasty and insufficient sketch better than by his charming sonnet "When She Comes Home."

"When she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion to myself the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: And the perfume of her dress:
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight—soulsight even—for a space:
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace."

Wilbur C. Abbott.

THE LAME BEGGAR.

IT was one autumn evening in 18— that I set out from my home earlier than usual, expecting to take a little walk about town before going to my usual performance at my theatre on King William Street, Strand. While walking along in an aimless way thinking of the numerous things that had occurred during the day, I was suddenly struck by a novel idea. Why shouldn't I go down to the theatre now, and watch the people as they crowded before the box office? I might then hear directly from their lips what kind of impression I was making upon the London audiences and what they thought of my new theatre.

Having decided to carry out my idea I turned about, for I had been walking out Caledonian Road. Although it was only a few minutes past six I made as much haste as possible, taking all the short cuts that were known to me, for my first object upon arriving at the theatre was to prepare myself a disguise, so that I might not be recognized by the attendants and the people while moving among them.

Upon reaching the head of Judd Street I was again on very familiar ground, for every evening, weather permitting, it was my custom to walk to the theatre by way of this street. When I arrived in front of the Foundling Hospital I was so much out of breath, that I determined to call a hansom, but unfortunately none were in sight. I then accosted a boot-black who stood near, and gave him a sixpence telling him to find me a cab without delay. I watched him dash off in the direction of the nearest cab-stand, and then I turned about and walked through the stream of passing people to the corner of the Hospital. There, seated on the pavement, was an old, lame beggar that I had given pennies to a thousand times. He held out his ragged black hat as I approached, and muttered "Help a lame man." "How were you injured?" I asked, tossing a few coppers into the uplifted hat. "Run over," he grumbled, as he placed the money in his pocket with the hand that had escaped being injured.

I gazed at him a few minutes with interest. The ragged, dirty, old clothes; the long, snarly white hair hanging about his face;

the injured arm, and the lame leg stretched out in front of him on the pavement, what a sad picture he made, and what a curious history he must have, I thought. Why not do the old beggar a kindness, and hear the story of his life from his own lips? Possibly some of it might be interesting enough to tell my audiences at William Street.

This last idea was enough. I would give up my other plan, and have this old cripple conduct me to his home where, if his surroundings proved his honest poverty, I might send him warm clothes and good food, and then hear the history of his miserable life. Had I time to go with him? Yes. I took out my watch and found that it was not yet seven o'clock. As I returned my watch to my pocket, I saw the eyes of the old man follow it, but I thought little of this, for it was natural for him to be interested in the gold, and in the brilliants with which its case was thickly studded.

Just then the boot-black came through the crowd and tapped my arm.

"Yer 'ansom's 'ere, sir," he said pointing towards the corner.

"All right!" I slipped another sixpence into the ready hand, and then hastened over to where the cab was drawn up by the pavement. The boot-black arrived first, and pointed me out to the driver who nodded his head, and bawled out:

"Right 'ere, sir! 'ere's yer 'ansom!"

"I am not going now," I called up to him. "Keep as near to this corner as possible, and be on the look-out for me in about half an hour. I will pay you well."

He promised to do as I told him, and then moved slowly on with the tide of passing vehicles. I ran back to where my beggar was still seated, and said to him:

"Come, I want to see where you live. If you deserve assistance I will give it to you. Make haste, for I am in a hurry."

I was surprised to see with what agility he sprang upon his crutches, and how swiftly he led the way up the street. He said nothing at all, and was evidently very anxious to have me look into his home affairs. I pitied him very much whenever I took note of his useless leg, but I could not but be surprised when I found it so difficult a matter to keep him in sight. Suddenly he

stopped at a corner, turned about an instant, pointed up a new street, and then as suddenly hastened on again.

The street into which we had now turned was one of the worst in London, and on both sides was lined by dens of all descriptions. A well-dressed man could not have safely walked along it at night, but my leader seemed to be a sort of guardian over me, for the rowdies permitted me to pass on untouched. I cannot say that I was wholly free from fear, for the surroundings into which I was being led were the recognized haunts of the criminals and toughs of London. However, I made up my mind that it would be folly to turn back as I had already advanced too far, and my guide would surely not consent to lead me out safely. Possibly, the man might be honest, and it would be dangerous to doubt his honesty so early, by turning back.

We very soon turned into a little alley dimly lighted by a single lamp at the further corner. As we proceeded toward the light I noticed the outline of my lame guide, and was somewhat surprised and startled at seeing the crutches which he had used so effectively before now being carried in one hand. I was beginning to wonder what his strange performances signified, when he suddenly halted before a tall, dark building. Nothing could have presented a gloomier appearance, and I shudder even now when I recall it.

"This is my home," said the beggar pointing up a short flight of steps, which were almost indistinguishable in the gloom.

"Go ahead," he added gruffly waiting for me to pass up before him.

I obeyed, marveling at the change that had come into his voice, which seemed to have lost its former huskiness. He came closely up behind me, and reaching around my side quickly opened the door. An impenetrable darkness yawned before me, and I paused instinctively.

"Everything is all right," he said rather impatiently, pushing me unwillingly forward into what seemed a hallway. Immediately the click of a spring lock was heard, and I knew myself to be shut in from the outer world. From the door he led me along some little distance, and then we began to ascend a steep stairway. The noise of our feet upon the bare floor way echoed and reechoed, and the dampness made it very difficult for me to breathe freely.

I had now given up wondering, and was simply waiting for the unknown results.

Just before reaching the landing something soft touched one of my hands, and swept silently by down the stairway. I was on the point of asking the beggar what it was that had touched me, when he let go his hold on the lapel of my coat with which he had been leading me, and quickly stepping behind, began to push me in the desired direction. A few moments later I ran into the wall. He muttered a curse beneath his breath, and leaving me for a short time proceeded a few feet in advance. Then I heard him lay something on the hard floor, and soon after he began to tear up something, occasionally uttering low oaths, as if greatly aggravated.

In about a minute's time—it seemed an hour to me standing there in the dark, with all sorts of black forms flitting before my wide-open eyes, and all the while a chill creeping farther up my back—in about a minute's time, I repeat, he seemed to have completed his work, for there was a short silence, followed by the opening of a door, from which rushed a stream of cold air. Again I was shoved in advance through the opening, then—

I had scarcely proceeded ten feet, when suddenly the whole place was flooded with light. A terrible fear seized upon me, and I actually gave partly away to a failing which I had never succumbed to before—a feeling of faintness and horror. But I shut my eyes for a few moments, and being relieved from the dazzling effect of the sudden illumination felt my courage and strength returning. But a more startling experience yet remained for me.

Upon slowly opening my eyes, with a determination to take in the scene that awaited me with absolute coolness. My heart for an instant ceased to beat, and then that feeling of great oppression came upon me, which one feels when the heart is beating too violently. I was gazing down the barrel of a glittering revolver. A powerful looking young man held it in one hand, while with the other he was detaching a gray beard from his face. All the time his eyes were upon me, and in them I recognized the look that the lame beggar had given, when he had seen my gold watch in front of the Hospital.

While he was detaching the beard from his face I again with a

great effort managed to regain my composure and made a hurried inspection of the room. To my left was an open window looking out upon a brick wall, which was possibly the rear of some house. The beggar stood directly between me and the door through which we had come, thus blocking my escape. I, myself, was in a corner of the room leaning against a table opposite the window, which was set with knives and forks. Throughout the room was well furnished. The floor was well carpeted, and everything betokened that the owner of the apartment did a good business, whatever that business was, and I surely had my suspicions as to what it might be.

When the young man had removed his beard, and tossed it on the floor, he smiled disagreeably and said:

"Now, my charitable friend, you will please hand me over that pretty watch of yours, together with all other valuables you may have about you, and be quick about it." His tone had grown serious at the end of his command, and I slowly began to take my watch from my vest, at the same time trying to think of some way of escape.

I had just succeeded in loosening the catch from the button-hole with one of my hands, when suddenly voices were heard at the door behind the beggar, and immediately some one knocked. Then a voice cried:

"Let us in, you rascal! we've got you now! Call up the police, Jim!"

At the words the pounding increased, and then the beggar turned. As he did so I jumped upon him, and snatched the revolver. He turned and struck at me, but quickly springing back, I said as coolly as possible:

"Give me the key to this door, and to the front door immediately."

He stood and gazed at me in blank astonishment, and I plainly saw that he was utterly bewildered, for all noise from without the door had ceased completely. "I will explain," I said, smiling.

"I knocked on the table behind me with a fork. The voices outside the door—well, perhaps you have heard of Toole, the ventriloquist."

The beggar stared at me in astonishment.

"Come," I continued, "hand me the keys. My audience is waiting for me."

He did so sullenly, while I kept a close watch over him fearing that he might make a spring. Going to the door I opened it and passed out, closing it behind me. There, lying in the hall, were the beggar's crutches, and the old clothes which he had torn from his so-called injured arm. The light that enabled me to see these things came from a lamp which had been placed at the head of the stairs by some one while I had been closeted with the beggar.

I took it up in my left hand, still holding the revolver with my right, and went softly down stairs. I had no sooner reached the bottom than a woman ran out of a door near by. On seeing who I was she uttered a cry and would have retreated had I not set down the lamp and seized her by the arm.

"Woman," I said, "find me a disguise so that I may get out of this place."

She pointed to the door from which she had just come. I went in, pulling her with me. A light stood on a table and I looked about for a disguise. I hastily drew on a long ragged cloak that I took from a lounge, and an old silk scarf, which I wrapped around my neck and lower part of my face. Then I exchanged my own hat for a dirty felt one. Having disguised myself thus, I locked the woman in the room and left the house.

Once more in the open air I partially forgot the danger that I had gone through, and only thought of reaching the theatre as soon as possible. My exit to Judd Street was made in safety, and at about half past eight I again stood at the corner by the Foundling Hospital. As luck would have it I procured a passing cab, although I had to pay the man in advance on account of my shabby appearance. The other cabman had probably given me up long ago.

Arriving at the theatre on King William Street I immediately went on the stage, and when the audience had ceased its applause, I recounted to them the story of my adventure with the lame beggar, which you have just read.

Norman Hutchinson, '97.

THE DREAMER.

Make me a dream of life so fine and thin
  That sense grows drowsy at the thought thereof—
  A life that knows no pain but gentle love,
And free from sin ;—

Whose music is too soft for mortal ears,
  Where sleep and rest forever monarchs reign
  And "Slumber, Slumber "—is the sweet refrain
Throughout the years.

Such let life be, the shadow of a mist,
  The echoed echo of a whispered song ;
  And let it pass as glory dies along
Hills sunset-kissed.

Edward A. Raleigh.

THE END OF A DAY.

Draped in purple and gold and white,
  Is the resting place of the reddening sun,
Just past the edge of the smiling lake,
  And the evening is begun.

Winds with hands as soft as a babe's
  Hold the draperies back, and the god of day
With a kiss for the hills surrenders the world
  To the march of the shadows gray.

George Gladden.

HERE AND THERE.

SOMEHOW in connection with the recent agitation in regard to the course in music which many insist shall be added to the university curriculum, an impression has gained ground that this course in some manner will offer to those who desire, opportunities for instruction in vocal training and in the playing of various instruments, piano, violin, mandolin and the like. The idea seems to have gained currency that we are to have added to the university a conservatory of music, which shall train the musical clubs, establish and train choruses, for unexplained reasons, which shall, in a word, do much the work now being done by the Ithaca Conservatory of Music. Now there seems to be a fallacy in all this. Certainly it is not proposed to add a music school of that sort to our curriculum. We are surely not thinking of adding to our numbers a crowd of music scholars, who come to Cornell University to learn to play on a piano. One turns instinctively to the Harvard catalogue as the most available source of information regarding a distinctly university course in music in this country. One finds there six courses, namely in Harmony, Counterpoint, the History of Music, Instrumentation, Canon and Fugue and Free Thematic Music, all of which one, is expressly told, require previous proficiency in piano or organ playing and much more knowledge of music in general than is given to most of us. It would be an admirable thing indeed to have a chair of music established here, no one would welcome it more heartily than the MAGAZINE. It is an addition badly needed and one that would do much for the higher side of university life. But while we are considering the matter let us carefully take into account just what a chair of music means. It does not mean the teaching of the elementary details of technique, it does not mean the training of indiscriminate applicants to superficial acquirements for social exploitation, it does not mean a bid for greater numbers of students. It should be on a distinctly higher plane. There should be courses in the history and theory of music, connected if possible with courses on the scientific side of the subject in the department of Physics; courses in all the higher forms and development; a general course, in short, which should lead to a degree of Bachelor of Music, such as is granted by many universities

and which should be in no way inferior to them, or to any of the other degrees granted by Cornell.

Perhaps one of the most anomalous features (extremely good word, anomalous) connected with life at Cornell is the very curious relation that exists between what have been so felicitously called the Eds and the Co-eds here. Here all ordinary social convenances are practically abolished and in his treatment of the young ladies who form part of his classes, the new student is obliged to practically lay aside all his previous conceptions and rules of conduct, and learn a new and different code of social laws and customs. Many, of course, obviate this difficulty by the comparatively simple process of not knowing any university girls. This is not always snobbishness, though perhaps in many cases it is, nor, on the other hand is it always a shrinking from society. If we are to accept the creed of co-education and push it to its logical conclusion many things seem absurd. Why, for instance, does a young lady to whom a fellow-student of the other persuasion devotes himself one evening, cut him dead on the campus next morning? We are given the lame excuse that it requires too much effort to recognize all one's acquaintances. Certainly the women are more fortunate than the men if, on a walk across the campus, they meet more acquaintances than they do on a similar occasion in their native cities or towns. Again, when an open window makes the girl in front of one shiver decidedly when it is rather pleasant than disagreeable to the men, should one close the window or let her close it if she chooses? Certainly the latter, if one is to abide by the letter of the law. On the other hand if we should treat each other as we would in any normal existence and not as classes set apart by rigid caste distinctions, it would seem infinitely better from many standpoints. The position of the women in Cornell is certainly not an enviable one in many respects if one is to believe the protests that rise so often. It differs greatly and for the worse, from their position in most other co-educational institutions, and there seems no particular reason why it should, save the one that is always given, that the problem here is so much greater and consequently more complex. The truth seems to be, we seem to be trying after a fashion to conduct a non-co-educational institution containing two hundred or more women, and it is rather difficult. This is in no sense a plea for more recognition, social and

otherwise, for Sage and what it represents, a plea that would be as impertinent as it would be uncalled for and useless. It is simply a rough statement of a curious problem that must and will work out its own solution.

More and more does the university world divide itself into dual and triple leagues, for contests of all descriptions. Harvard, Yale and Princeton one reckons first, naturally, and now one is coming to put next to them, University of Pennsylvania and Cornell. In the men of the university of our sister state we have found always worthy and honorable antagonists, on the water, on the base-ball and foot-ball fields, in track and field athletics, and now on the debating platform, the latest fad in inter-university contests. All this is very fortunate for us. The one thing we have lacked in our undertakings, a worthy rival to spur us to our best efforts, seems to have been supplied. Geographically, if in no other way, we are rather outside the circuit of the old triumvirate and the seeking of opponents here and there and yonder is no very inspiring pastime. Now if, as seems probable, we are to have regularly scheduled contests of all sorts with the University of Pennsylvania on the one hand and the University of Michigan, perhaps, on the other, certainly we will not suffer from the incentive of direct rivalry which has been our most serious drawback.

THE MONTH.

The question that has been agitating the meeting of the faculty so far this year —the revision of courses—was settled at the last session held in the winter term. The discussion upon this question began last October, having been started by President Schurman's recommendations touching on the subject in his annual report. A special committee of nine was appointed to go over the ground thoroughly and report upon desired changes in the requirements for admission and graduation in the so-called "general" courses. The report of the committee was made the basis of subsequent discussion. The action finally taken was to abolish the degree of Bachelor of Letters beginning with the class of 1896 and to equalize the entrance requirements for the other courses. In and after 1897 students seeking admission to the course in Science will have to present credentials for two years of

French, two years of German and one year of advanced mathematics in addition to the seven primary subjects required for admission to all courses in the University. The major part of the elective work for the degree of Bachelor of Science must hereafter be in natural science or mathematics. In and after 1896, two years of either French or German will be required for entrance to the course in Philosophy in addition to the present Latin requirements amounting to three years' work. Thus the entrance requirements for all three of the general courses—Arts, Philosophy, Science,—will hereafter include the equivalent of five one year courses in the University curriculum. The major part of the elective work in the courses in Arts and Philosophy will hereafter be required to consist of literary, historical, philosophical, and mathematical subjects under which may be classed work in the School of Law.

Commodore Brown has agreed with the naval authorities of the University of Pennsylvania upon a course for the four-mile 'Varsity race this spring. The race will be rowed between June 14th and 18th over a course on the Delaware river about fourteen miles above Philadelphia, at a suburb of Loovesdale. The river at this place is not less than half a mile in width at any point, there are no uncertain currents or other phenomena to make the choice of position advantageous, the tide is sufficient to give fairly fast water, the river is deep enough to accomodate the largest steamboats used on the Delaware and wide enough for any number, and finally observation trains can be run along the river banks. The course is so near Philadelphia that the Pennsylvania students can attend *en masse* and many other colleges in the state or in New Jersey can send large numbers. Arrangements for the Freshman race have not yet been completed.

The law school prize debaters are Messrs. D. F. Matchett, S. Moreland, J. W. Sherwood, S. S. Slater, F. E. Wood and F. C. Woodward. The subject for debate is the repeal of the alien contract labor law.

The base-ball players have been hard at work on Percy Field for some time. Two strong nines have been made up and under the able coaching of Captain Young and ex-captain Harry Taylor, who recently spent a fortnight in Ithaca, they have been making rapid improvement. The men play with a dash and spirit that

inspires confidence and the Cornell undergraduates are expecting great things of them. Outside the box the team is much stronger than it was last year, when the pitcher was too frequently depended upon to win the victory. Perhaps it will better conduce to success if the players this year see that the game must be won by their united efforts. They will then play with more confidence. Manager Place hopes to secure one or two games with Brown for commencement week.

The announcement that Rev. Lyman Abbott is to preach this year's baccalaureate sermon, gives universal satisfaction. No American clergyman enjoys more profound respect among members of the graduating class, or, indeed, among Cornell students in general, than the distinguished pastor of Plymouth Church and editor of the *Outlook.*

Reviving interest in state and national politics is indicated by the organization, on the part of Republican students, of a permanent club. A large delegation was sent to the third annual convention of the American Republican College League held at Syracuse, April 6th. Cornell was there honored with the second office in rank by the election of W. C. White, '94, as secretary of the League for the ensuing year.

The Woodford speakers chosen for the contest in June, are Miss Harriet Chedie Connor, Messrs. J. P. Hall, E. A. Freshman, E. W. Mayo, J. M. Stoddard, and H. L. Fordham.

The first annual debate between the University of Pennsylvania and Cornell took place Friday night, April 20th, in the Armory. The subject was: *Resolved*, That it is for the best interests of the United States to annex the Hawaiian Islands,—granted, the free consent of the inhabitants of the Islands. The affirmative was taken by the University of Pennsylvania, represented by Mr. R. M. Allen, Mr. J. H. Wagonhurst, and Mr. Theodore Heysham, all of Pennsylvania, and the negative by Cornell, represented by Mr. H. L. Fordham, Mr. J. W. Sherwood, and Mr. W. P. Chapman, all of New York. The judges were the Hon. Elihu Root of New York, the Hon. Charles Emory Smith of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, D.D., of Elmira. The debate was awarded to the University of Pennsylvania, after a very spirited and interesting contest, by a score of 66 points against Cornell's 65.

NEW BOOKS.

The King of Schnorrers: Grotesques and Fantasies. By I. Zangwill. Macmillan Co. New York.

Mr. Zangwill, who is the author of that interesting book "The Bachelor's Club," has certainly given us an exceedingly clever volume in "The King of Schnorrers." It is a collection of sixteen short stories headed by the most ambitious one of the series which gives title to the book, a study of the life of a peculiar Jewish sect. Indeed many of the stories, of which, excepting perhaps the initial tale, the "Rose of the Ghetto" is the best, are sketches of this life with which the author seems to be very familiar. Some of the stories, "The Semi-Sentimental Dragon" and "Mated by a Waiter" in particular are very humorous—and a few are very pathetic. The stories are somewhat uneven in merit and some, though strong, are distinctly unpleasant. All are eminently readable and are essentially and delightfully different from much of what is known as the new school of short story writing.

Selections from the Essays of Francis Jeffrey. Edited by Lewis E. Gates, Harvard University. Ginn & Co. Boston.

In this new volume of the Athenæum Press Series, Mr. Gates has done much, we hope, to correct many false impressions that have obtained concerning this really great man to whose life and work the present volume forms a very good introduction. The great wave of Wordsworth worship particularly has done much to prevent Jeffrey's work gaining the place it really deserves, and his name from being placed as high as it ought in the roll of critics, who at best seldom get the place they merit. As greater intervals of time intervene between later generations and those hotly fought controversies in which Jeffrey took such an active part we can come at last to view with more impartial eye the claims of the new school and the protests against them. We have been too apt to judge hastily from the statements of the victors, which are as little to be wholly believed in literature as in arms, and one welcomes with pleasure the other side of the case, or at least a fairer estimate of the men and matters concerned.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From MacMillan & Co., London and New York:

Oxford and her Colleges. By Goldwin Smith.

The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston :

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated into English Verse by Thomas William Parsons.

A Poet's Portfolio, Later Readings. By William Wetmore Story, D. C. L. (Oxon).

From Lee & Shepard, Boston :

The Political Economy of Natural Law. By Henry Wood.

From Ginn & Co., Boston :

The Contemporary French Writers. Selections from the French Writers of the Second Part of the 19th Century with Notes. By Mademoiselle Rosine Mellé.

Stationery for Students.

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THE DANTE LIBRARY.

WITHIN the last two years the Library of Cornell University has received as gifts three splendid collections: the Zarncke library, (so admirably described in the January number of this magazine by Miss Crandall), the gift of Mr. W. H. Sage, the Rhæto-Romanic collection and the Dante library, the two last named the gift of Mr. Willard Fiske. I hope to say something later in regard to the Rhæto-Romanic collection, the third largest in existence, (the catalogue of which has just been published and fills thirty-two pages of two columns each), and pass on now to a brief account of the Dante library as being of more general interest.

Dante Alighieri died at Ravenna the 14th of September, 1321, leaving besides the work entitled by him "Commedia," but to which admiring posterity prefixed the adjective "Divina," (the poet was first called *divino* in the edition of 1481, with the comment of Landino, and the first edition on the title page of which the word *divina* appeared was that of Venice, 1555, Giolito), a number of miscellaneous writings in prose and verse, and in Latin as well as in Italian. It is not probable that the Divine Comedy was divulged to any great extent during the lifetime of the author (the third part, Paradise, was not completed until the very year

of his death), but immediately after his death it became known and awakened a boundless enthusiasm which manifested itself in the establishment of lectureships, (in Florence in 1373, first filled by Boccaccio), the composition of commentaries and the multiplication of texts. With the invention of printing (the first printed edition of the Divine Comedy is 1472, Foligno, Numeister), an immense impetus was given to Dante studies, and from that day to the present time the presses of the world have teemed with editions of the immortal poem and with works written for its elucidation. For the Divine Comedy is not only a poem of matchless beauty of form and contents, but is also a great ethical work requiring for its comprehension some knowledge of the author's religious and political systems. Nay more, it is an encyclopædia of the learning of the day, a synthesis of the later middle ages, embodying the historical, philosophical, and literary knowledge of Dante's day. This will explain why it soon became difficult to comprehend the Divine Comedy without some kind of a commentary. No great poetical work was ever so local as Dante's; it is filled with an infinite number of allusions to contemporaries, some of which escaped even the earliest commentators, and it abounds with obscure references to mythology, astronomy, ancient history, ecclesiastical history, legends of the church, scholastic philosophy, etc. Above all, besides the literal acceptation of the work, there is an allegorical one which demands the profoundest study and has given rise to an enormous literature.

Then, too, the life of the poet early attracted attention (there are four biographies of the XIVth century), and has produced a large number of works dealing with the history of Florence and Italy in the XIIIth and XIVth centuries..

The pictorial side of the Divine Comedy afforded ample opportunity for illustration, and miniatures in manuscripts and engravings in printed editions endeavored to supplement commentary and present to the eye the marvellous creations of the poet's brain.

The reader can perhaps conjecture from what has been said the vast extent of the literature connected with Dante and his works, and it should also be clear that although relating to one writer it really embraces the history and literature of Italy during the middle ages, besides illustrating the typography and art of the country for over five hundred years.

The collection of works on Dante has naturally engaged the attention of Italian scholars everywhere. In this country Harvard has long been noted for its precious collection of works on Dante, until recently the largest in the United States. The presence of Longfellow, Norton, both translators of Dante, and Lowell, whose essay on Dante is still the best, gave an impulse to Dante studies which resulted in the formation of a Dante society and the collection of a large and valuable library there.

The American student of Dante must now, however, wend his way to Cornell, for the most important Dante library in the world, with the possible exception of the collection in the Biblioteca Nazionale at Florence, is now at Ithaca. As long ago as 1881, Mr. Willard Fiske, then Librarian of Cornell University, became interested in Italian literature, and began his famous Petrarch collection, now the largest and most valuable in existence. When that collection was relatively completed, Mr. Fiske turned his attention to the field of Rhæto-Romanic literature and presented to Cornell the remarkable collection alluded to at the beginning of this article. Book collecting had become a habit with Mr. Fiske, and last year he turned his attention to Dante, the largest and most difficult field he had yet entered. Those who would like to see how one goes to work to get together a great collection of books on any given subject should read the prefatory note to the catalogue of Rhæto-Romanic literature just published. To succeed in this difficult undertaking one must have time and money and knowledge of the subject and of the great book-marts of the world. All these Mr. Fiske possessed, and in six months he had sent to Ithaca nearly two thousand volumes and in a little over a year he had increased the number to three thousand, more than double the number in the Harvard collection.* As Alceste says to Oronte in the Misanthrope: "Voyons, Monsieur, le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire;" but it does in this case prove an extraordinary knowledge of bibliography and an unrivalled acquaintance with the whereabouts of old books. It also shows the superiority of the individual collector over the Library. No library in the world could possibly have made such a collection in so short a time.

* It is impossible to give now the exact number and distribution of the collection, as books are constantly arriving and the collection is not yet catalogued or definitely arranged on the shelves.

It is very difficult to give in the brief space at my command even the most superficial account of a collection, of which the mere titles would fill a good-sized volume. I shall try, however, to convey some idea of the importance of this remarkable collection to the students of Dante in America. First then as to the Divine Comedy and its early editions. The collection contains the rare *editio princeps*, referred to above, printed at Foligno in 1472 by Numeister. The value of this particular copy is greatly enhanced by the fact that it contains numerous and extensive annotations by Luca Pulci, brother of the more famous Luigi, author of the Morgante Maggiore. There were two other editions of 1472, one of Mantua, and one of Jesi, and an edition of Naples anterior to 1477. These three last named are of excessive rariety (there is no copy of the Naples edition in Italy), and are not in the Fiske collection. They were reproduced by Lord Vernon, together with the *editio princeps* of Foligno, in a splendid volume printed at London in 1854, of which there is a copy in the Cornell Library presented by the family of the editor. There are in the Fiske collection eight other editions prior to 1500; viz., Venice, 1477, with the commentary attributed to Benvenuto da Imola, but really by Jacopo della Lana of Bologna; Florence, 1481, first edition of Landino's commentary; Venice, 1484, second edition of Landino; Brescia, 1487, with Landino's commentary and much prized for its many handsome full-page woodcuts; Venice, 1491, Benali; Venice, 1491, Petro Cremonese; Venice, 1493; Venice, 1497, all containing Landino's commentary and illustrated with woodcuts.

Of the many editions of the sixteenth century all but three or four (one counterfeit Aldine of the 1515 edition and rarer than the original, and two or three other editions, Venice, 1545, 1550, al segno della Speranza, all excessively rare) are in the Fiske collection. They are: the rare first Aldine of 1502 with the anchor at the end, and its still rarer counterfeit issued probably in the same year from the press of Bartolomeo Troth in Lyons; Florence, 1506; Toscolano, 1506; Venice, 1507; Venice, 1512; Venice, 1515; Toscolano, 1516; Venice, 1520; Toscolano, 1521; Venice, 1529; Venice, 1536; Venice, 1544; Lyons, 1547; Lyons; 1552, Rovillio, the same as the edition of 1551 with change of date; Venice,

1554; Venice, 1555 (it is in this edition as has already been remarked that the word *divina* appears for the first time upon the title page); Venice, 1564; Venice, 1568 (the sole edition containing the esteemed commentary of Bernardino Daniello da Lucca); Venice, 1569; Lyons, 1571; Lyons, 1575; Venice, 1578, Sessa; Venice, 1578, Farri; Florence, 1595; Venice, 1596.

There was a lamentable lack of interest in Dante in the seventeenth century, and only three editions were published, all of which are in the Fiske collection; viz., Vicenza, 1613; Padua, 1629; Venice, 1629.

The numerous editions of the eighteenth century are all found in the collection with the exception of those of 1772 Venice, Zatta; 1784 Nuremberg; 1792; 1795 (2); 1796 Venice, Gatti; 1797; 1798 Venice, Zatta; and 1799. It would be impossible to mention the enormous number of editions of the present century, among which are several of the carlier commentators of Dante now printed for the first time; viz., Benvenuto da Imola (about 1380) Florence, 1887, 5 vols.; Friar Giovanni da Serravalle (1417) Prato, 1891; and Stefano Talice da Ricaldone (1474) Milan, 1888, 3 vols. It is to this century also that belong the first critical edition, a handsome quarto by Karl Witte, Berlin, 1862, and certain Dante curiosities; as, the Roveta edition of 1820 in which the *Inferno* is printed in white ink on dark purple paper, the *Purgatorio* in black ink on olive paper, and the *Paradiso* in black ink on white paper; and the two smallest editions of Dante: the Pickering diamond edition of 1823, and the microscopical edition of Milan, 1878, said to be printed from the smallest type ever used, with its companion volume *La Galleria Dantesca Microscopica*, Milan, 1880, containing 30 photographs of Scaramuzza's illustrations to the Divine Comedy.

As I have already said, the Divine Comedy early afforded scope for the illustrator's art and many of the manuscripts contain designs, and most of the old editions, woodcuts. Preëminent among the former class are the superb drawings of Sandro Botticelli (1446–1570), contained in a MS. formerly belonging to the Duke of Hamilton and now the property of the Prussian government. These illustrations (in pen and silver point) were reproduced in a splendid volume printed at Berlin in 1887. Next to

Botticelli's designs stand those of the Flemish artist, Johannes Stradanus, executed in 1587 (in water color, sepia, and pen and ink), and reproduced in London in 1892. These are in the Fiske collection together with the illustrations of Doré, Flaxman, Genelli, Scaramuzza, Pinelli, Traquair, and others, together with such special works as the recent *Dante in der deutschen Kunst*, Dresden, 1890, containing 24 phototype reproductions of German drawings and pictures belonging to the late King of Saxony, (author, under the pseudonym of Philalethes, of one of the best German translations and commentary), and never before published. There is besides a large portfolio containing many portraits of Dante.

Next to the texts, comments and illustrations, may be mentioned the translations which have been made of the Divine Comedy. The Fiske collection contains all the principal translations into Armenian, Bohemian, Catalan, Danish, Dutch, French, German, modern Greek, Hebrew, Hungarian, the Italian dialects (Milanese, Veronese, Calabrese, Neapolitan, and Venetian), Latin, Polish, Russian, Sanskrit (the episode of the death of Count Ugolino), Spanish, Swedish, and a specimen of a translation in Volapük, while the series of English translations is an almost unbroken one, from Boyd's in 1802 to Parsons's, Sullivan's and Musgrave's in 1893. Among the most interesting of the older translations of the Divine Comedy is the Spanish one by Villegas, Burgos, 1515, like all early printed Spanish books, remarkable for its typography and extreme rarity.

Besides texts, comments, illustrated editions and translations, the Fiske collection is exceedingly rich in works relating to Dante himself, his age and his works, including complete sets of Dante periodicals, journals of Dante societies, articles in other periodicals, as well as novels, stories, dramas and poems based upon Dante's own life, or upon eposodes from his immortal work ; and musical compositions and miscellaneous engravings.

No one who has not studied the bibliographies of Dante can have any idea of the enormous mass of writings of every kind and extent called forth by the Divine Comedy as a whole, and by detached portions of it. There is scarcely a verse that has not given rise to discussion and publication. Many of these publications are

extremely rare, consisting of privately printed tracts or occasional publications. The curious and, in some respects, laudable custom prevails in Italy of publishing on the occasion of a marriage some work in a small number of copies, which are distributed among what the American journals call "the high contracting parties," and their friends. These works are never for sale, and like other wedding presents get into commerce only on the death of the recipients. It is impossible to give even an idea of the wealth of the Fiske collection in works of this kind, two examples, out of many, may, however, prove of interest.

In the fifth canto of the *Inferno* among the carnal sinners is placed Semiramis, of whom Dante in the accepted test says (v. 59):

Che succedette a Nino e fu sua sposa.

which means that she succeeded her husband on the throne. However irregular this proceeding might have been in view of the fact that her son was the legitimate successor of his father, it would not seem to bring out into relief the particular wickedness for which Semiramis was punished in this circle. As early as the fifteenth century an attempt to correct the text was made by a famous preacher of the day Paolo Attavanti, a Florentine, who in a Lenten sermon (published at Milan in 1479) says of Semiramis: "omnem famam suam denigravit, filium accipiendo in virum," etc., and quotes the verse in question as follows:

Che suger dette a Nino e fu sua sposa,

with the remark: "quasi dicat illa est Semiramis luxuriosissima que habuit in virum Ninum, quem lactaverat," etc. Although this reading was afterwards found in a number of manuscripts, it does not seem to have attracted notice until the Abbé Federici, vice-librarian of the university library at Padua, in making a card catalogue came across a copy of Attavanti and was struck by the extensive use made by him of Dante, of whom he cites about 1254 verses (it seems probable that Attavanti had composed a commentary on Dante and incorporated part of it into his Lenten sermons). In 1836 Federici published a selection of the variants thus offered, among them the one cited above. Since then the discussion has been warm and extensive, and the discovery of this reading (at first supposed to be a piece of bad taste on the part of

the Florentine preacher) in a number of manuscripts, one at least earlier than Attavanti (Barlow, Crit. hist. and phil. contributions to the study of the Divine Comedy, London, 1864, p. 166, cites fourteen) has lately revived the discussion. The literature thus called forth is fully represented in the Fiske collection, which has a perfect copy of the very scarce work of Attavanti.

The other example above referred to of a typical Dante discussion is found in the mass of publications called forth by line 75 of Canto XXXIII. of the *Inferno*. Count Ugolino had been shut up to starve in prison at Pisa with his two sons and two grandsons. The unhappy father saw his children die one by one before him, and on the eighth day died himself, not from grief, but from hunger. The poet's words are :

Poscia più che il dolor, potè il digiuno.

As early as Landino reference was made to an interpretation which explained the verse by the revolting theory that hunger had driven Ugolino to devour his children's bodies. No further notice of this was taken until 1826, when at a dinner in Pisa the conversation fell on this verse, and one of the guests, Giovanni Carmignani, professor of criminal law, defended the early interpretation. This view was opposed by others present, and later Carmignani defended his opinion in a letter to his colleague Rosini. Another guest who had been present at the discussion, Tommaso Gargallo, published at Palermo in 1832, a "lezione academica" on the subject, and from that time to this the discussion has raged and will probably contiuue, as Manzoni says of the discussion between Don Abbondio and Renzo, "dei secoli, giacchè ognuna delle parti non faceva che replicare il suo proprio argomento." The Fiske collection contains the letter of Carmignani and most of the subsequent publications on the subject.

These are but two examples of a host ; volumes have been written on the allegorical meaning of the poem, on the "Veltro," (I., 101), on who it was that made the "great refusal," (III., 60), etc.

These two examples will, however, suffice to show the wealth of material contained in the collection, and what has been said refers only to the Divine Comedy. All the other works of Dante, however, are embraced in the collection and treated with equal care.

Among these are the rare *editio princeps* of the *Convito*, Florence, 1490, as well as the rare editions of Venice, 1521 ; Venice, 1529 ; Venice, 1531, *i. e.*, the first four editions. The *Vita Nuova* is represented by a paper manuscript dated Rome, 1515, and written by "Ia. Ant. Benalio, Trivigiano." This interesting MS. contains also 15 canzoni of Dante ; canzoni of Guido di Messer Cavalcanti ; canzoni and sonetti of Messer Cino da Pistoja ; canzoni of Gitton d'Arezzo ; and "Argomento in 75 terzetti della prima parte della commedia di Dante intitolata l'Inferno." The translations and illustrative works relating to Dante's miscellaneous writings are also fully represented in the collection.

It is intended to make this unrivalled collection useful as soon as possible to the American students of Dante by the publication of a catalogue worthy to take its place by the side of those already issued of the works on the Reformation, French Revolution and Rhæto-Romanic literature.

T. F. Crane.

MAY.

Oh the sweet, sweet breath of the apple trees in bloom !
The roll of the green, green hills in the sun of May !
The glint of the blue-bird's wing, and across the way
The song of his mate, anod on the budding broom.
Oh the sights and sounds of spring, and the rare perfume
Of its blossoms all ! . . . We are men, alas, of clay,
For our hearts are slow at the best, and cold, they say ;
And the web of life is run on a dingy loom.
The grey of life is more than its green and gold ;
The pain of life is more than its joy. Is't so ?
But what of that if the spring of life be gay ?
One dreams of spring when the winter day is old ;
Dreams of lands whence the blossoms never go—
Love and the Poet were born in the month of May.

Edward A. Raleigh.

A STUDY.

I.

WHEN John Maturin knew of the loss of his fortune, his first thought was of the woman he loved; his second, whether there might not be an embarrassing incompatibility between pronounced artistic tastes and the nothing-certain-a-year on which in the future he must indulge them.

That he did not grasp the full meaning of the situation was not remarkable. The habits of thought, the manners, the points of view which have been determined by a thirty-years' life-time of refined luxury, cannot, all at once, be set aside by a shadowy abstraction of poverty. Although his almost penniless state had been set before him that morning in clear-cnt law terms, his poverty still seemed to him an abstraction. It could not be otherwise with the evidences of his wealth yet about him: unobtrusive indeed and not to be taken note of by the casual observer, who cannot recognize a genuine Corot, or a rare first edition when he sees it. Kind wealth had fostered John Maturin's natural tastes and impulses from the time when his mother had taught him the life of Christ from rich reproductions of the great Masters' religious paintings, to the yesterday when, in ignorance of the revelations of to-day, he had paid handsomely for a drawing of William Blake's.

The lawyer had left him. He was alone in his rooms, and the first tumult of feeling was fast subsiding into a gray mood of thought. "I don't care for myself," he said aloud, as he paced restlessly up and down. "I'll have a deucedly good chance to get at that real life, Margaret and I and Julian were always talking of from an artistic point of view—but I hate to tell Margaret. It's lucky it *is* Margaret and not some other girl. There'll be no tears, no reproaches: she'll be tender, perhaps. She's the kind of woman who saves her tenderness for cheerful occasions like this; and she won't say much, but she'll make me feel that I have the best helper in the world in her."

He paused, in his restless walk, before a sea-piece by Richards.

"Julian 'll take that off my hands at the inevitable private sale of a gentleman going abroad. He's always hated me since I

stole a march on him to Sardon's and bought it. I wish that Margaret didn't care so much for it. She said that it should hang in the library of our 'Palace of Art'—poor Margaret."

He spoke the name with an intonation of peculiar pity, unconscious that a man had entered the room and was crossing it with the quick, sure step of one who is thoroughly at home in a friend's house.

"Why are you commiserating Miss Stanton? Has she found an appalling number of errors in the proof-sheets of 'Women's Colleges?'"

"Oh! it's you, Julian. Nothing quite so bad as that. It's a new experience that's come to me. I had always a taste for them, you know. This one came with a suddenness that was positively exhilarating. I never felt better in my life than I do this morning."

Julian Pennell looked at his friend critically.

"Why aren't you at work on your book or on hers at eleven o'clock in the morning? Something must be up."

"Margaret's book can go on, mine must wait, until I can earn money enough to pay for the copyright."

"An inane excuse for laziness! Don't switch off, for Heaven's sake, Jonathan, when the thing's so nearly completed. You used to have a religious appreciation of work."

"I shall need the consolations of religion or work for some time to come. Your curiosity in regard to my new experience is certainly not rampant. It's just this Julian, I've lost every cent I possess—every blessed penny—Now listen."

For the next half-hour Maturin explained the situation, and Pennell listened and exclaimed and swore once; but at the mention of a sale, could not repress the inevitable human reflection on the desirability and the blessed possibility of owning that sea-piece of Richards'; and one or two artistic trifles, which, he was sure, Maturin would want in the hands of a friend, if they *had* to be sold.

When the recital of bank failures and railroad frauds had come to an end, Maturin broke in upon his friend's words of sympathy.

"Don't say any more, old man. I've had my share of cakes and ale. And I'm after all in luck, since the woman in the

question is just the one to show spirit ; I haven't told her yet, but I'm going there before lunch. "

Pennell knit his brows thoughtfully.

"Yes, Miss Stanton is too much of a philosopher to—" He broke off, and began abruptly, "Whatever she'll do, she won't act like other women. Her Ph. D. is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, not a mere appendage to her name—well, don't let me detain you, it's striking twelve. "

Maturin walked rapidly toward the house of Margaret Stanton with an intense inward look of thought upon his face, that brought out a latent beauty in his mouth and eyes, and entirely removed from his expression the commonplaceness which creeps into the countenance of the most intellectual man or woman when thought or feeling is at ebb-tide. He was thinking.

"Perhaps now that we are stripped of the outward shows of life, we'll learn to know each other as we never did before, when wealth made our living so complex. If this trouble brings Margaret still nearer to me, it'll be worth the cost—I wish that I had gone back to the 'Varsity for my second degree as she wanted me to. It would have been so useful now."

It was with this regret that he entered Margaret's own little sanctum, where the atmosphere of her presence clung to every article of the furniture. She sat writing at her little desk. Above her hung the fine large copy of Palma Vecchio's St. Barbara which Maturin had given her because he thought her spiritually akin to the Saint who looks out upon the beholder, with the serene triumph of one who has made the Truth eternally her own. Margaret's clear brown eyes had the same calm gaze of satisfied thought Maturin had often fancied, with a sharp, sweet sense of joy, how glorious those eyes would be when they rested with the yearning tenderness of a mother on the baby in her arms. On this morning he did not shake her hand, man-fashion, as Margaret liked him to do, but he bent over and gravely kissed her forehead.

"I've bad news to tell you to-day, dear one, and I'm going to plunge right in and get it over. If it had been any other woman but you, Margaret, it would have been so hard, so hard."

The girl raised her eyes to Maturin's pale face with a quick, searching glance. "What is it? You look almost ill. Tell me

and don't waste words. We're both mature and can meet trouble. Sit down and begin."

"I've lost all my money," Maturin began, forced into a direct statement by Margaret's manner.

"You mustn't think I've been careless; that I've been unbusiness-like. Listen and don't speak until I tell you how it came about. Then we can talk of our future."

For an hour no voice but his own broke the silence. Margaret listened with her quiet direct gaze fixed full upon his face. Once or twice he dropped his eyes before hers with an embarrassment that he had never before felt. Toward the close of the disagreeable narrative a certain wistfulness of tone crept into his voice. He longed for the forbidden interruption that he might know how she was feeling. He began to wish that she would show some feeling, and for the first time in his long acquaintance with her, her self-possession irritated him. When he had ended the story of his loss, and she still sat mute and quiet, he took her hand timidly and forced a smile as he said:

"It sounds very hard, and it *is* hard. No one would believe me, Margaret, if I posed as not caring. There's too much involved—of your interests, of mine—we'll have to give up a great deal that a life-time's association has made most precious to us. But, thank God! we have each other, and our 'Palace of Art' is fortunately built in our hearts, so that the pictures and books can go. It's lucky we're neither of us mere book worms or collectors. We can still revel in nature's pictures and enjoy the poets in paper-back editions." He gave a little laugh and held her hand closer and looked up into her face as if encouraging her to speak a word to him—to give him the answer that he craved, that her chief happiness was in his love. "You see, I'll go right to work to get a position. It's a great pity about that second degree—but maybe some high school or bastard college will want my services. I'll work like a dog to get on—work day and night, because I can't do without you long—and even if we have to begin our married life in a very simple way, we're so rich in each other and in—Margaret!"

The appeal which rang in his voice as he spoke her name, brought him an answer at last. It was given in the clear, unfalter-

ing tones in which Margaret Stanton would have recited her creed, if she had one.

"What I am going to say, John, I fear that you will misunderstand and misinterpret just as the world will. I don't care what the world's opinion of my conduct is, but you know me better than the world, and I do care that you bring your sense of fairness to justify what I must tell you. I will go to the point, just as you did. I am too sure of myself and of the wisdom of this act to apologize by ambiguities. I cannot marry you."

She paused a moment and Maturin looked at her with not so much a shocked as a confused expression. The jest, if it were one, seemed ill-timed.

"I know what the world will say," she went on. "I know what you would say if you did not know me too well—that I wished to marry you for your money. That is not it. You must let me explain."

"Explain! What do you mean! For heaven's sake, Margaret, let us have no more of this. Why should you play with my feelings when there is so much to talk over, to arrange for. I am in no mood for such humor."

He rose and stood looking down upon her with an expression in his blue eyes that was half entreaty, half menace.

"I was not jesting," she answered slowly. "I meant what I said."

Maturin sat down again, without a word and fixed his gaze on Margaret, as if he meant never to take it away.

She looked up at the St. Barbara and wished in her turn that he would speak; but he did not, and after a brief silence she went on:

"I must give you a reason for my conduct. I loved and love you, and find in you what I never found in any other man, a genuine intellectual sympathy with a woman, and a capacity for rare friendship with her. That friendship would have been idealized by our marriage, if that marriage had left us both free to continue our lives along the lines which we have hitherto followed. Under the new conditions it cannot. In this day of complex living it is criminal for a man and woman even with the simplest tastes to marry on less than two thousand a year. You and I have not the

simplest tastes, and need a thousand and one things for mind and body for which in many years you might not be able to earn the money. If you could command a thousand a year now with your lack of training, you would be doing well, and it might be years before we would be justified in marrying. Remember there is a possible family of children to be considered."

She paused again, but as Maturin seemed immured in obstinate silence, she went on.

"The world would say 'continue the engagement.' That would mean continual strain on us both—just when our mental health and strength are most necessary for the accomplishment of what we intend to do in this world. No, let us break it now and start unhampered. It is painful to us both ; but it is right. You see that it is right."

Maturin made no answer.

"You see that it is right," Margaret repeated.

"You never loved me." The weight of final conviction was in his voice, which now carried no undertone of passionate pleading. Its dull even tenor bore in upon Margaret the conviction that to protest would be useless ; but hoping that even yet he might see the justice of her action, she said, "I want you to know that though the old relation is now broken between us, we can still have a calm and helpful friendship. We can still—"

"To the devil with friendship ! You are my wife or you are nothing to me."

"I cannot be your wife. To expect me to be, is unreasonable and I hate the unreasonable."

Maturin made no answer. At that crisis the utter futility of all things to him, included the utter futility of words. He rose and bowed to her and left the room.

II.

Two weeks later, Julian Pennell sat one evening in his "den" a peculiar apartment that was half studio and half library. He was not alone. Two friends, Freeman and Brown, men of his own age, balanced themselves as comfortably as was possible on the uncomfortable antique chairs ; and in the dimness of a little recess half hidden by a strip of tapestry, the fair hair and white

dress of a young girl caught the light from a swinging bronze lamp. She was very young in her appearance and the men who spoke of her to each other as "Julian's little sister" did not realize that she was twenty years of age. Pennell himself regarded her as a mere child, since his position towards her had been for many years rather that of a father than an elder brother, the two having lost their parents when Agnes was a baby and Julian a boy of twelve. No one was noticing her now, as she sat intently listening to the conversation which first turned on Maturin's sale which had taken place two days before, and then on Maturin himself, who had told Pennell with bitter conciseness of the breaking of his engagement with Margaret Stanton.

"To tell the truth I admire the girl's courage," was the comment of Freeman, as he leaned forward to poke the wood-fire that was dying on the hearth. "And after all she's in the right of it, to consider bread and butter, or rather plum cake more desirable in the long run than a 'feast of reason and a flow of soul.' Plenty of girls would have felt just as she did, but there isn't one in a million who would have had the good sense to come right out with it and cut the cord then and there. They would have dawdled on a few months for appearance sake, made sure of another man, and then renounced their responsibility in a sixteen-page letter reeking with sentimentality."

"Have you had the experience?" asked Pennell. "The minute details of the accusation would lead one to think so."

"Me? Bless you, no. My poverty has protected me from such harsh usage—chronic poverty, old as I am. Like a twin brother, you know."

"Well, I think it was pretty rough on Maturin," said Brown, picking up a sketch of Julian's and regarding it doubtfully.

"That needs a little more shadow in this corner, Pennell.—However, he'll get over it. No one dies of a broken heart now-a-days. It isn't considered good form."

"I think you're wrong about Maturin's getting over it," said Pennell. "Unfortunately he's not of that temperament. It isn't as if it had happened in his 'salad days.' An ideal that is crushed at thirty can scarcely recover its vitality in a life time."

"Ah, but the ideal itself—" Freeman began. "Is it right for a

man of Maturin's maturity to cherish the ideals he has—or had—of human nature in general and woman nature in particular. It seems to me they belong to those salad days you were speaking of."

"Maturin's not lacking in the critical faculty by any means," said Pennell; "but he must have something besides the mere intellectual life. It's his nature."

"For heaven's sake, then!" broke in Brown, "why did he fall in love with that walking abstraction of philosophy and all the sciences—and stake his whole ideal of life on her? He might have known that a woman with correct ideas of domestic economy would never marry a poor man."

"Your logic is faulty," Pennell objected. "He wasn't a poor man when he asked her to marry him."

"Yes, but before a man proposes" went on Brown, "he should consider how the object of his adoration would act under any possible change of fortune."

"Only a good-for-nothing lover would ever be so calculating," laughed Pennell. "And, Brown, you're just the man to make a sublime ass of yourself where a woman is concerned—so let's hear no more such talk from you."

"Did Maturin leave this morning?" asked Freeman.

"Yes, for the East, poor fellow, to hunt up an influential Prof. at his Alma Mater. He looked like a ghost in his dismantled rooms last night. I'm glad he's out of them."

"So am I. I don't think he'll come back in a hurry. He promised me to write. That reminds me. I have some letters for the midnight mail. Come along Brown?"

The two rose and said good-night to Pennell. They had forgotten Agnes or else they did not see her, for she had shrunk still further out of sight behind the tapestry curtain.

When they had gone, Pennell drew back the strip of tapestry and the soft light from the swinging lamp fell full upon the face and form of the young girl where she sat in the embrasure of a deep window. Perhaps because of his own abstraction he did not notice an expression of pain in her eyes, and in the curves of her mouth, as she lifted her face half reluctantly to his.

"Why have you kept yourself in obscurity," he said, "are you, too, meditating on the complexities of life?"

"Julian! this is the saddest of all—that now he may never know the possibilities of a woman's love."

Not the words alone, but a note of intense personal pain in the voice, made Pennell's heart leap with a sudden, inexplicable fear. He stood for a moment in absorbed silence, looking down upon the girl's white face and noting with new sensitiveness, its complete and unfamiliar change in expression. Then he dropped the curtain and went back to his seat without a word. He heard her steal from her place a moment later, and at the door she turned and said good-night to him, but he could not look up nor meet her eyes again.

The lamp flickered and went out, leaving him in the fire-light; but he sat on, still, late into the night, thinking of three people.

"Of course it is not so," he assured himself again and again. "He always treated her like a child."

So he spoke, but some insistent undercurrent of feeling drew him into a dream of the future in which the man, the woman and the young girl played parts which acted and reacted on each other.

The subtle influence of one personality upon another, beneficent or malign in its workings, had always been to him a phenomenon of absorbing interest.

He could not foresee the future. He could not know that in the years to come these three lives were never again to touch each other at any point.

Anna McClure Sholl.

COLLEGE ENTHUSIASM: PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE appeared in the February issue of the MAGAZINE an article on The Decline of College Enthusiasm which has attracted no little attention from Cornellians. The position of the writer in his class, his experience in university affairs, and his soundness of judgment in matters relating to the welfare of Cornell and its students, demand that his views on this all-important subject be seriously considered. Yet, notwithstanding this consideration, there are errors in the article which should not pass unnoticed. Much must be admitted as too true, but the import of

the article is apt to convey an impression that the condition of affairs is far worse than it really is. Although presented to us in a new form the subject is not a new one. The university pessimist is almost omnipresent, one meets him everywhere. The subject is apparently a standing assignment for the editorial writers of our student publications. But the trouble does not cease here, for the disease is not only chronic but contagious. The freshman who was one of several hundred present at the boat-house to cheer off the candidates for the crews, returns to his room, and reads in one or more of the student papers that college spirit at Cornell is completely dead. He not only foolishly believes it, but hastens to inform his neighbor of the lamentable fact. The disease spreads, contaminating everyone with whom it comes into contact, and stunting the growth of whatever college spirit he may possess. Were the direction of this energy reversed, what good it would work!

The present condition of affairs is not what it ought to be, the record of the foot-ball team is not what we should like to have it, nor is the amount of college spirit exhibited as great as could be desired. But all will not admit that loyalty to alma mater has so far declined as to be expressed by a negative quantity. Granting that The Decline of College Enthusiasm is a reality, is it true that the organization of literary, social, and scientific societies is responsible for this decline? The tendency of university methods, in contrast with those of the smaller colleges, is toward diversification, and we should not be surprised if this same principle obtains in student life. It cannot be denied that many needless organizations are inflicted upon us every year. But, on the other hand, it cannot be admitted that the societies which have been attacked are antagonistic to university spirit. In the successful accomplishment of their work is the university honored. For example, the sectional clubs are vigorously assailed; it is said that their *raison d'etre* is the perpetuation of ante-university friendships. The friends of these clubs argue that this is a mistake, and furthermore that in these clubs the university finds a strong ally. Nothing could be more desirable than the presence of active alumni associations of Cornellians in the different cities and states of the country. The most natural antecedent to the organization of

these clubs where they do not exist, and to the strengthening of them where they do exist is the formation of clubs of students from the same district, while in college. If these students are banded together while undergraduates at Cornell they are likely to remain together as graduates of Cornell. Is it not true that the good derived by the university from such alumni organizations is sufficient to repay the student for what little time he may devote to them while in college? Only a few days ago there appeared a letter of advice on football matters for next season from our famous full-back, than whom there never was a more loyal and enthusiastic Cornellian. He said that coaches could do a great deal for the success of an eleven, but considerably more depended on the material. He emphasized the fact that no student should return to college in the fall without bringing with him a player intending to enter college. This is, and ought to be the motto of the city and preparatory school clubs, which have been accused of contributing to the decline of college enthusiasm. The spirit of Princeton has been referred to as worthy of imitation. The clubs of students coming from the same school, or from the same city, form an important factor at that institution, and contribute in no small degree to the success of the college.

Almost all of the various class societies aim to inculcate loyalty to Cornell, as well as to the class. The Christian Association, an important department of the University, finds itself aided and strengthened by the denominational societies. Who would gainsay the fact that the spirit of the university is reflected, and its work efficiently supplemented through the investigations and work of our scientific societies? The Press Club is scored as "another defunct institution" that "created no end of enthusiasm among the tyros last year." Perhaps the young scribes through a year's experience learned what were the good and what the bad features in their organization, sifted the two apart, and now derive considerable benefit from the mutual aid and assistance of an organized body.

We are informed that the last six years marks the increase of clubs and societies as well as the decline in college enthusiasm. Therefore the one must be the cause of the other. The writer asks, "Was there any want of energy, of devotion, of sacrifice of time and labor in behalf of 'varsity interests six years

ago?" It may seem strange to make such an unusual statement, but there are those who believe that our oarsmen to-day are just as energetic, just as devoted, just as willing to sacrifice time and labor as the oarsmen of six years ago. "Was there any lack of material for a Cornell 'varsity crew in those days?" In glorifying "the good old times" the writer has apparently given little heed to the facts. Had he consulted the file of the *Cornell Daily Sun* for 1888 (a reliable volume) he could have read Commodore Psotta's announcement that owing to lack of material and to the lack of interest it would be impossible for Cornell to get out an eight-oared shell. Consequently the model year of 1888 saw Cornell represented on the water by a four instead of an eight. "Was there at that time a debt of fourteen hundred dollars hanging over the Cornell Navy?" Perhaps not; the Navy was not then conducted on such an extensive plan, and such heavy expenditures were not required. The *Sun* for February 27, 1888, tells us, however, that the Childs and the Wooster cups, which the crew had won, were actually held down town because of a deficiency of a few cents in the express charges. The *Sun*, commenting on this incident, says editorially: "It appears that the efforts of the crew are hardly appreciated as they would be elsewhere." However lax the interest in naval affairs may be to-day, it would be difficult to imagine such a deplorable occurrence as that which happened a half dozen years ago. There were editorials in those days, too, on the shameful negligence of several hundred students who had not subscribed a penny to the crew fund. We read in the student publications of that time of poorly attended meetings for the nomination of *Sun* editors, and of a mass-meeting called to consider the constitution of the *Era*, which meeting had to be adjourned because only a dozen students were in attendance. We know that any meeting referring to constitutions of college papers to-day would be attended by that many hundred students. The preachers of the decline and fall of college enthusiasm must have been somewhat chagrined at the celebration of a recent baseball victory, for if that spontaneous demonstration proved anything it proved that loyalty to alma mater is not dead, has suffered no decline, but is ever living, ever ready to applaud them who honor Cornell!

Charles S. Young.

A SHAKESPEREAN REVIVAL.

IT was a very hot and dusty afternoon when the through express pulled up at the little country station, and while the engine puffed and panted from its long run, and drank great draughts of water from the big tank by the way, there was bundled off on to the platform an odd collection of travel-worn baggage, followed by a foreign looking youth, apparently of some twenty-five years. The engine having refreshed itself, set its shoulders again to the task and presently the long train was a cloud of dust in the distance.

"You needn't mind about the luggage now," said the youth with a German accent, as he turned away from the station agent. "I'll have them send for it to-morrow. Carriage? No, thanks. I'll walk."

The road lay plain before him and he went along leisurely. He had covered some two or three miles uneventfully enough, when all at once from in front of him, somewhere around the corner of the road, there rang out with startling suddenness in the quiet of the summer afternoon, a woman's voice, screaming for help. Hurrying forward he turned the corner and came upon a scene that stirred all the fighting blood in him. Three dirty, ragged and altogether vicious tramps had stopped a girl. One of the men had just caught her hand, and she was struggling to release herself from his grasp. The other two scoundrels were behind her and one of them had just dropped his heavy stick that he might use both arms in seizing her. The four were too busy with their own affair to notice the presence of a fifth. In an instant the newcomer had reached the group. He seized the stick lying on the ground, and the next moment its owner dropped under his quick blow. Startled by this new turn of affairs, the first tramp released the girl, who, half dazed with fear, and hardly knowing to what her freedom was due, instinctively ran. Before the stick could be raised for another blow the second tramp had caught the intruder's arm, and an instant later the two were rolling together in the dust of the road, the first tramp meanwhile, trying vainly to strike the common enemy without hitting his own friend. Presently, however, his chance came and a blow on the head caused the young man's grasp to relax suddenly, as with a groan he rolled over limp and insensible.

The two tramps kicked and cursed the insensible body of their late antagonist brutally. Then, with the instinct of their race, they rifled his pockets of everything they contained, watch, pocket-book, papers, even his knife and keys and baggage checks, a clean sweep. And so, having divided the spoil, they took their slowly reviving companion between them and hurried him, groaning and cursing, away to cover, as they saw approaching the dust of a company on horseback.

This latter presently resolved itself into a dozen young people, riding along slowly, two and two, and having, evidently, a very good time. Unconscious of any event as exciting as that they had come so near witnessing they rode up to the scene of the conflict. Suddenly the horse of the first man shied violently and would have run, had not his rider, whose *tete-a-tete* he had spoiled, reined him down viciously.

"Oh!" cried the girl with him. "Look at that! Do you suppose he is dead?" She pointed to the body at the roadside.

"Drunk more likely," growled her companion angrily, then suddenly, noticing the generally torn-up condition of the road and trampled grass:—"By Jove, here's an adventure, I think!" He dismounted and went over to investigate the phenomenon. "He seems to be hurt, at least there's a cut on the back of his head. I say, Charlie!" he called out as the rest clattered up hurriedly. "Come down here, will you, and look at this! You're a doctor."

Which remark the one addressed took as a joke and laughed with the rest. "What's the trouble," he asked, "you or your inebriated friend need me?"

"No joke," said the other seriously. "Come here!"

"Bah! It's a tramp," said the other. But he got off his horse.

"Gad!" he exclaimed. "Ugly cut, that! He's no tramp either. Wonder what's the trouble?", and he looked hastily at the signs of the recent conflict. Then with returning professional instinct he looked at the man.

"Not much hurt," he said finally. "Senseless. Be over it presently. Seems to have been roughly handled. What you going to do about it?"

"*I* don't know," said the other. "Can't leave him here can

we?" The whole party discussed ways and means of disposing of the insensible man. He wasn't a bad looking fellow, despite his disreputable condition, and the young people took a sentimental interest in him and his mystery. One doesn't run across nice looking youths lying senseless by the roadside every day.

"I say," cried one young fellow at last. "You've been talking about what a lot of fun that Shakespeare joke was about that tinker, Sly, you know, they took up drunk and made a duke of him, and how we could work it into our theatricals. What's the matter with this? We've a house and a lot of people to carry the joke out. Why can't we have a little comedy of our own as well as that effete aristocrat in Shakespeare?"

"Won't that be *immense* !" they cried with cumulative emphasis.

"But the governor—," said another rather doubtfully.

"Oh, he's all right," answered the author of the plan. "He went to New York this afternoon and won't be back till the Lord knows when. We can get the mother to let us do it, if you girls will help."

In view of the promised sensation and the good looks of the youth before them, there was a unanimous assent from the feminine contingent.

"But," objected the doubting Thomas again, "he may not be the sort of man, you know, we'd care to have, and—and, if he *should* happen to be all right, it'll be devilish hard to explain this little joke to him."

"Well, trust in the Lord and get out of it somehow," returned the irrepressible. "Only you girls'll have to take care of the mother. Somebody must go over and tell the Harkness crowd, too, and now some of you hurry along and send a wagon back to take the dear boy home and tell the people we're bringing home my beloved elder brother Jerry, who was thrown from his horse and dazed by his fall."

"Be more dazed by his rise, I should say," volunteered another.

"Run along, will you, and tell the people!"

And so the modernized Christopher Sly, having been gently lifted into the carriage that was speedily sent after him, was borne

to the Melborn homestead carefully looked after by "Charlie," otherwise Dr. Charles Murdoch Allen, and the brilliant scion of the Melborn house, John, otherwise "Jack."

It took argument to win the mother over.

"It is not a pretty affair, and I am very much afraid you will be sorry for it," she said.

"Mother," returned her hopeful son, "Jerry won't be home for a month. This will last at most a week, that is, till our theatricals. If he takes it badly, we'll explain and apologize and he's *got* to be grateful for what we're doing for him right now. Where's the harm? He'll be mystified for a few days. We'll have a *lot* of fun, and when you say it shall stop, it stops. See?"

"When I see your man," she answered, "I'll tell you my decision. But at any rate we must do what we can for him."

So when the chivalrous adventurer at last opened his eyes and tried painfully to recall where he was, how he came there, what made that fearful headache, those bruises and that bad place in the back of his head, he discovered, to his very great surprise, that he was in a comfortable bed in a darkened room. This did not much accord with his recollections, dim as they were, of his last impressions. Puzzling wearily over the matter, he heard near him somewhere two low voices. He listened awhile till at last overcome with drowsiness he fell asleep.

He awoke after awhile and tried, at first vainly, to remember where he was. It was all very strange. Then he tried to think how he had come there, and what he had done that day. It was very hard at first. Little by little it came back to him. He had gotten off at the station, yes, that was all right,—and had walked along, then a girl screamed and he rushed up and found the girl and the tramps. Then he knocked some fellow over, the girl ran away, and—that was all he could remember. Something had happened—there must have been a great row, yes, there was a row and somebody must have hit him——

"Good morning," said a pleasant voice. "Did you sleep well after your fall?" And the doctor bent over the patient kindly.

"Fall?" said the sick man. "Fall? There wasn't any fall, I think. Blow, you mean, surely."

"Not at all, your fall, of course," returned the other. "From

your horse, you know. How is your head? Ugly cut you got there."

"But," objected the other, "I don't remember any horse or any fall."

"Of course you don't," responded the doctor cheerfully. "When a man goes over a horse's head, breaks his own on a rock and is senseless for hours, he don't usually remember much of anything. You don't remember me probably. I am Charles Murdoch Allen, M. D., at your service, sir," and he bowed. "But come, now," he went on, "won't you have some breakfast? Shan't I send you up something? *Do!*"

"If you please. But this horse story—I don't understand. It wasn't a horse but a man, I think, that made all this trouble. I was coming along the road and——"

"My dear boy," answered the other, "don't think of trying to talk now. I'll send you up some breakfast and have the mother come up and talk to you later."

"The mother?" said the invalid, puzzled.

"The mother," repeated the doctor. "The mother, Mrs. Melborn, of course, your mother. Good bye," and he was gone.

Once in the library, having sent some breakfast up, he delivered himself.

"It's all right to read this Christopher Sly thing in a play, but it's really a very different matter when it comes to picking a man up off the road and bringing him into your own house to play a trick on him. You can't tell, to begin with, whether he's a gentleman or a tramp."

"And it's equally bad in either case," put in the man who had first objected to the scheme.

"Exactly," said the doctor. "He may steal your silver or he may be the sort of man you wouldn't play such a trick on for worlds. Now, as a matter of fact, this man's a gentleman, I think, though a foreign one.

"Speak English?" asked Jack.

"Perfectly," said the other. "Now you mustn't do anything rash in this matter, if you do anything at all, which I hope you won't."

"But we *must, now*," said a girl. "We've gone too far to go

back now. Didn't you tell him he was Jerry Melborn and fell from his horse?"

"Yes," said the Doctor. "Or at least I told him I'd send his mother up. Be surprised won't he to meet his new relatives? It's all right. He's a nice fellow. Now if you're really determined to do this wild thing I'll help you—"

"Good!" they cried.

—"because I'm interested psychologically to learn whether or not we really can make him believe he's some one else. Then, the night of the theatricals we'll explain and beg his pardon, if he don't take it as a joke."

"Devilish awkward if he persists in believing he really is Jerry," remarked Tom Waldon, the doubter.

"But he won't," said Jack. "Take us up there, Charlie, and give us a chance at him. Cold-blooded remark, that, isn't it? But really he must know us. And call us by name, for Heaven's sake."

"Suppose he sees the point and says so?" suggested Waldon.

"Argue him out of it and if he won't be convinced beg his pardon," said Jack, airily, as they left the room.

"He has, of course, an immense advantage over us," said the third member of the trio who went up. "He'll know our names and we don't know his."

"If we convince him," retorted Jack, "that he don't know his own name, or at least has a reasonable doubt of it, he'll have serious misgivings as to whether he knows anything about us."

Mrs. Melborn met them in the hall. "I have been in to see my son," said that amiable woman with a smile, "and we had a very interesting interview."

"I can imagine," said the serious Ashley. "And are we to proceed with the joke?"

"If you like," she said.

"Well, Jerry, close call you had, old man. Bad fall that. Knocked you silly didn't it. Glad you're looking better," rattled Jack as he went up to the bedside. "Suppose you're not past recognizing your own brother and Ashley this morning are you?"

The sick man looked at him. "I tried to explain to your friend here, earlier, that I did not fall from a horse—"

"Yes, so he told us," broke in Jack. "Curious illusion that. You'll get over it. Alice sent these flowers up to you."

"And that I was coming from the train—"

"I am very sorry, indeed, Jerry," said Ashley gravely, "that this sad accident has happened, I assure you. I hope if there is anything I can do for you, you will call on me. It was really a bad fall and I was afraid you were done for. You must keep very quiet and rest."

"I wonder if you are all crazy," said the invalid, "or whether I am. Would you mind telling me who you think I am—and where?"

"Jerry Melborn," answered Jack promptly, "in his own house, and at present master of it, since his father's in New York. There's a crowd of people here I hope you'll remember when you get down to see them—"

"One of us," interrupted the other gravely, "is evidently insane."

"I am sorry to hear it, but I think," returned Jack with equal gravity, "that with about two hours' sleep and some lunch, you will get entirely over it."

"And I think," said Charlie, "that as the physician in the case I'll ask you and Ashley to leave the patient to that sleep."

Once outside Ashley remarked seriously, "I suppose no one ever had quite such a welcome to a strange house since your Shakesperean hero, Jack." Inside the room the new master of the house was thinking to himself that probably no one ever did have just such an welcome before in the history of the world.

And then Jack broke in, "I say we must have some clothes for him. Be up by to-morrow won't he, Charlie? He will? That's good. We've got to do this thing right. Steal those duds of his and I'll run down to the city this afternoon and get him an outfit. Get 'em ready-made somewhere, same size as those he has, tennis clothes, light suit, black and dress. Then incidentals. Oh, won't this be a *beautiful* show?"

And so when the doctor announced to the invalid the next morning that it would be possible for him to get around all right, that startled individual found himself in possession of a wardrobe, part worn, part new, that he had never seen before, to his certain

knowledge, while to his greater surprise the clothes fitted amazingly well.

"I suppose," he said as he looked through his well-appointed wardrobe, "that the special Providence that watches over me, has been at work again and sent me all this as a reward of merit. Well, that coat certainly does fit extremely well," he went on meditatively as he looked in the glass, "if I never did see it before. Come in!" he cried, answering a knock.

"The young ladies are anxious to see you," began Ashley, as he entered, "and if you are ready I shall be glad to take you down."

"Thank you. Certainly," answered the other, then an instant later:— "Come now, honestly, tell me about this thing. I didn't fall from a horse as you very well know. What's the point of this whole affair, anyway?"

"The point simply is this," answered Ashley, deliberately, "you were unconscious for a good many hours and when you recovered you had rather forgotten the cause of your insensibility, which was natural enough——"

They had reached the living-room by this, and the company rose to welcome them. A girl in white came forward quickly.

"Oh, Jerry, I'm *so* glad to see you," she said as she held out her hand. "I was afraid—" she hesitated a little, and then stopped short as she looked up into his eyes with sudden surprise.

"What's the matter with Alice?" asked Tom Waldon of the pretty girl in blue next him. "She was doing the engaged beautifully. Ah, there she goes again."

"We were all so afraid," she was saying as the rest gathered around, "that you were seriously injured. I hope not."

"Thank you," he said. "It is very good of you all. The head is all right, I think. But——"

But Jack, seeing the fatal remark about the fall coming again, started the rest into a perfect gale of talk that swallowed up the question, and when the dazed young man recovered he found himself in a window-seat with a charming girl he had heard some one call Miss Rogers. She talked with animation, indeed he thought at times with a desire to keep him from saying much. One by one the guests came up and spoke to the young man, or were

brought up by Jack and introduced as new arrivals who had come since the accident. In some way the name of each was cleverly brought into the conversation, and it was not long till all their names and faces were tolerably well known to him.

"Really," he said at last to the girl, "my poor brain needs rest."

"Oh, I had forgotten," she said, contritely, "about your accident, and you have simply been talked to death. I am so sorry."

"Jack sent me to take you out to the tennis court and lie in the hammock to watch a game or two if you cared to go," said Alice or rather Miss Huntington as she came up.

"I shall be very glad," he said with his curious German accent. "It has been long since I saw tennis. You will pardon my desertion?" to the other girl. "Or you will come, too?"

"Thank you, no, I have letters to write," and she breathed a sigh of relief as he went away. It had been hard work.

So matters stood for a week. Once launched "the affair ran itself" as Jack gleefully announced. The new guest was no trouble, indeed he was quite an addition. He could talk and dance, row, ride, play tennis and flirt with Miss Huntington very desperately indeed. He seemed to have dropped the question of how he came to be there, and made himself very much at home, accepting apparently the gifts the gods had sent with no questions asked. Jack grew a little worried over it finally.

"He needn't be so *confoundedly* nonchalant about it," he complained, "he might have kept up his surprise a day or two longer it seems to me. What do you suppose his game is, anyway?" he demanded of the Doctor.

"I'm pretty much at sea," said that individual. "I can hardly believe he actually thinks he is Jerry Melborn though he does act like it sometimes. The only explanation I have is that he is probably a foreigner, that he regards his treatment here as a joke of some sort, or a peculiar phase of hospitality, or a mistaken identity on our part, and simply has a good time on the strength of it. By the way, have you any notion who he is?"

"I understand," said Ashley, who had come up, "that two

tramps were captured while attempting to break in a store in Litchburg last night and when searched, some things were found in their possession which evidently were the property of some one else. I have not yet heard the details."

"Guess his story was right, after all," said Jack.

The subject of their conversation happened along at that juncture and asked the doctor to have a game of billiards. Out of hearing of the rest he began.

"I don't exactly see what this is all about, you know, this sudden and unexpected hospitality on the part of what seem to me perfect strangers. It seems impossible this story you tell me can be true about my fall from a horse. Either all these people must be insane or I am, and there is certainly a magnificent majority against me. I am really more than half inclined to believe, after all, that I am Jerry Melborn. It seems impossible that so many of you could be mistaken, for I have asked every one here and they have all told me substantially the same story. The most convincing thing, however, is my wardrobe. That could not have been supplied me. It is impossible that this is a jest. There must be some misunderstanding, somewhere, on my part. Seriously, how long was I unconscious?"

"My Heavens!" thought the Doctor. "This must stop. This man's going crazy. This is serious." Aloud he said, truthfully enough, "I don't know exactly. Six hours, I suppose, and then some sleep."

"And I was cast for a part in these theatricals, and I have forgotten it?"

But the doctor had heard a voice from somewhere calling him, and excused himself more hurriedly than politely. He had made up his mind to one thing, however, and that was that this affair had to stop, and that at once. He met Mrs. Melborn in the hall.

"I was just looking for you," she began.

"Come in here a moment, will you, please," he said hurriedly, and, frightened by his look, she followed him into the room. He carefully closed the door.

"This thing," he said, "must stop!" It's getting serious. That man actually has doubts of his identity now. Hs is actually beginning to imagine he is Jerry Melborn."

"Is that all?" she asked.

"All!" he answered.

"Yes," she said, "for Jack's going to tell him to-night."

"When?" he demanded. "Are you sure?"

"Certainly," she said, smiling at his earnestness, "after the theatricals."

"Then there will be a mess," he returned.

"Not at all, I think," she said. "Jack has a very pretty speech, and I think it will do. If our friend is angry, as indeed he has some right to be, I shall be sorry, but Jack must take the blame. It was his plan."

"There is another thing," he went on in a moment, "and that is Alice."

"Yes?" she said.

"It is a hard thing to say," he said, "but—but—hasn't it struck you, she rather overdid the thing a little? I don't mean," he added hastily, at her look of surprise, "that she has exactly done or said anything, but—isn't she a little effusive? She has devoted herself, you know. They have rowed and driven and danced together so much. Indeed, when I think of it, one seldom sees them apart, and with a stranger whom no one knows——"

"It will all end to-night," she said.

"And I shall be heartily glad of it," he returned. "I'm sick of this thing."

It was a very beautiful time and place they had chosen for their amateur theatricals. A long sloping lawn led down from the elevation on which the house stood, and a clump of trees midway of the slope made the starting point for the preparations. They had chosen two great trees as the limits of their stage front and stretched their line of foot-lights across between these. There was no raised stage. Behind and on the sides they had enclosed their stage with a wall of boughs, leaving a few entrances. The dressing-rooms were behind other screens leading a little way out on either side. There was no curtain and the close clipped grass was the only stage floor. There were lanterns hung everywhere and seats had been put carelessly about the lawn before the stage. It was all very charming and admirably suited to the pastoral which they were going to put on.

The people from Harkness's came after awhile and others dropped in till there was quite a company scattered here and there over the lawn. It grew darker and the dusk was presently dotted with the glow of the many colored lanterns. There was a sound of voices and soft laughter as the little groups wandered here and there or sat on the benches, the white dresses of the girls shining in the dusk. It was very beautiful, and with it all there was a curious expectancy, for it was understood that to-night the mystery of the handsome stranger would at last be revealed, and the audience was mildly excited over the prospects of a sensation.

Gradually, as the time for the play approached, the company collected itself in the seats before the stage with much laughter and talk. The foot-lights were lighted at last, and an orchestra somewhere played a soft overture, and the Prologue came forward amid soft applause to introduce the comedy.

It was a pretty little pastoral, rather Prodigal Sonny, as one of the audience remarked, but still clever. A shepherd had left his companions and flock and gone away to another part of the world, out of Arcady. He had been gone a long while, when one day he came back to find himself forgotten.

"Enoch Arden," whispered one spectator to another.

He is received as a stranger by all and does not disclose his identity. Meantime, however, another shepherd has made love to the absent one's sweetheart, who repulses him. The disappointed swain seeks revenge and would force her to marry him. At the opportune moment, of course, the former lover arrives and is recognized ("Ulysses," whispered No. 2 to No. 1) by none but the girl who, without betraying him, seeks his protection against her persecutor. And so he reveals himself at last, right triumphs, and wrong, in the shape of the offending shepherd, marries another shepherdess who has all this time been devoted to him, it seems, and they all danced merrily at the wedding and, presumably, lived happily ever afterward. It was very simple and the plot was very old, but the charm of costume and surroundings with its very unpretentiousness made it very delightful, and the applause was as sincere as it was hearty.

The orchestra played a moment or two and the Epilogue appeared in the person of the stranger. This was a purely formal

function and the audience settled itself to listen to the set speech. But in this they were disappointed. It was not a set speech.

"I have just been told," he began, "that the kindnesses you have heaped upon me since my arrival here have been a fraud, that your hospitality has been a sham, and that instead of trying to do me a service you have all of you, headed by Mr. Jack Melborn, been trying to make me the victim of a practical joke. I, too, have read the little story of Christopher Sly, and I congratulate you on your disinterested kindness, on your hospitality, I may say, indeed, on the ingenuity of your *Shakesperean Revival.*"

His even quiet tones were curiously at variance with his ill-concealed contempt and his player's costume grotesquely accentuated the dramatic effect of his words. The rest of the actors had mingled with the audience before he began to speak and there was consternation on every face. The Doctor had tried to catch Jack's eye but that youth sat with bowed head in utter despair. He had expected a scene but nothing so bad as this.

"I think," continued the slow, even voice, "that I may congratulate you on the success of your little comedy, on your unkind jest of which I was the victim. It was very prettily played. I thank you, moreover, for your favors. But before I go there is one thing more of which I wish to speak. You have had your turn, I will now have mine. I have a little story to tell you and I beg your patience for a few moments. It will not take long. It is a true story, and I flatter myself it may interest you. Once upon a time there was a boy who was sent away to school and then to college. He was not much at home, even in the holidays, so he became much of a stranger. At the end of his college career he went abroad and stayed five years. He wrote home at last announcing his return, but, for the surprise, he came back a month earlier than he was expected, landed in New York and took the first train for home. He reached his station and started to walk home when he came upon three tramps who had stopped a girl in the road. There was a row in which the girl escaped. He was knocked senseless and lay by the road-side. The rest I think you know. It has dawned on you, perhaps, that I have the honor of being your humble servant, Gerald Melborn."

There was a startled murmur that sank as he began again.

"My speech is tiresome, I know; there is but one thing more I have to say. Bear with me. I heard the plan as I lay apparently unconscious. My mother recognized me and told me the story. There was another person who recognized me as her rescuer of the road, and now—" He turned and a girl came from behind the screen of boughs somewhere.

"I have" said he slowly, "the honor of announcing our engagement."

There was some wild enthusiasm. Then Jack went up and begged his brother's pardon like a man, was told the first part of the speech was simply part of the joke, and retired abashed. The father and mother appeared from somewhere and last Ashley came. "Jerry," he said, "I had your things brought up to the house from the station two or three days ago, but only managed to get your papers and keys and things yesterday. Here they are."

"And so you knew, too?" said the Prodigal Son in amazement. "*You*!

"And now," said Jack, "I should like to know just who the deuce is the victim of this joke anyway?"

"Sorry, Jack," said Ashley, "but it seems to be on you after all."

Richard K. Lyon.

WAITING.

Since you have passed without my gate
Dearest, my heart is desolate,
Lo, I do naught but watch and wait
  Until, perchance, you come again.

For if, while I am waiting, he
Who took you from the library
Brings you, umbrella, back to me
  My watching shall not be in vain.

B. O. H.

THE MONTH.

THE proceedings of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Cornell University have just appeared in permanent form. The book is an octavo volume of about one hundred and fifty pages, bound in dark red cloth. It contains an account of the anniversary addresses, the dinner, the sermon and the reunion, and is enriched with several views of the campus, illustrating its appearance at successive stages of the growth of the university.

The third and last military hop took place April 24, and as usual was the pleasantest one of the three parties given each year by the cadet committee. An unusual attraction was a concert of five numbers given by the University Band before the dancing began. About eighty couples were present.

The five commencement speakers from the four-year courses are the following: John L. Ahern, "Louis Kossuth"; Thomas S. Clark, "The Scientist and the Engineer in American Progress"; James P. Hall, "The Place of the Compromiser in Statesmanship"; Miss Anna L. Perry, "Homer and History"; Samuel S. Slater, "Social Vengeance."

The lacrosse team won its first game this season from Johns Hopkins University, on Percy Field, April 28, by a score of six goals to none. The second game was played on Percy Field, May 8, with the Stevens Institute twelve. It resulted in a defeat for Cornell, the score being 4–1.

Football Manager Atkinson has already arranged a game with Princeton, to be played on Manhattan Field, New York City, October 20, 1894. The management has engaged Marshall Newell, Harvard, '94, to coach the team. Newell has played on the Harvard 'Varsity team four years and has had no superior as tackle. He is a very progressive player, understands the game thoroughly and will be of material assistance to the Cornell coaches.

A Navy Benefit was given at the Lyceum, May 2, consisting of wrestling, sparring and fencing. It was poorly attended and was unfortunately a financial failure.

The baseball team more than met expectations in its first important game this season. It met Pennsylvania on Percy Field,

May 5, and won by a score of 13–10. The record thus far is as follows: April 16, Syracuse professionals at Percy Field, score, Cornell 8, Syracuse 7; April 17, Cornell 3, Syracuse 15; April 21, on Percy Field, Cornell 10, St. Johns Military Academy, 3; April 28, at Hamilton, Cornell 11, Colgate 5; May 1, on Percy Field, Cornell 10, Hobart 2; May 8, at Princeton, Cornell 7, Princeton 17; May 9, at Providence, Cornell 6, Brown 15; May 11, at Amherst, Cornell 7, Amherst 2; May 12, at Williamstown, Cornell 12, Williams 7; May 16, on Percy Field, Cornell 18, St. Bonaventure 12.

Cornell alumni are unusually wide awake and active of late. The recently organized Eastern New York Alumni Association held a successful banquet April 27, and the New York city alumni held a banquet at the Hotel Brunswick, May 10, which was addressed by President Schurman and other members of the faculty. President Schurman will be in Chicago May 17 and will address the Chicago alumni at their dinner.

The Senior class has held its last important class meeting. The photographer, the memorial, the class pipe have been selected without the usual strife and bitterness. The report of the finance committee as adopted by the class, calls for an expenditure of $1664.25, as follows: Class Day souvenirs, invitations, etc., $400; music, $120; pipes, $350; statistics, $175; prizes, $15; Witherbee club house, $100; photogravure book for library, $6.25. A class tax of $10.00 was voted. The Senior banquet will be held on the evening of May 24.

Since the last issue of the MAGAZINE two deaths have occurred among the students under peculiarly sad circumstances. Mr. James H. Root, of Skaneateles, N. Y., Junior Agriculture, fell under a train on his way home April 25th, receiving injuries from which he died in a few hours. On April 28th, Miss Jean Mumford of Philadelphia, special student, died suddenly of heart failure following a severe attack of pneumonia.

NEW BOOKS.

Oxford and Her Colleges. A view from the *Radcliffe Library.* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Macmillan & Co., New York.

The name of Goldwin Smith always brings a pleasant glow to the heart of every Cornellian. It was he who left the ancient seat of English learning to join the faculty of the despised "college" of central New York; and it was he who did so much to aid in the establishment here of a strong department of history. The present volume by Professor Smith is less pretentious than some of his other works. In it he seeks to interest the American student in the collection of colleges called Oxford, and to hasten the time when students from this country shall flock to the universities of England as well as to those of Germany. The style is clear and polished, and the descriptions are entertaining as well as instructive. To all who have enjoyed the privilege of sitting in the lecture room of Professor Smith, the work will appeal, not only on account of its intrinsic merit, but also because of the charming personality of the author.

Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Thomas Gray. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by William Lyon Phelps, Instructor in English Literature at Yale College. Ginn & Co., Boston.

This latest number of the Athenæum Press Series will be useful both in the class-room and in the hands of the general reader. It contains all Gray's poems which are of real interest, and also selections from his prose writings, including the *Journal in the Lakes.* The introduction gives an account of his life, and a critical review of his work. A valuable article is contributed by Professor Kittredge, of Harvard, on *Gray's Knowledge of Old Norse.* Extensive notes are appended, and will be found specially useful in connection with the poems. This little book will be a welcome addition to the libraries of many who are interested in the author of the immortal *Elegy.*

Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us. By William Elliot Griffis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

Dr. Griffis's early education and associations were Dutch, and aroused his interest in the people of the brave little state of Holland. He has pursued his studies in their history with the ultimate hope of publishing a comprehensive work. Pending the full results of his investigations, Dr. Griffis has written in simple language a brief story of the Nederland for the young folks of America. The book is attractive in form and appearance, and fulfills the purpose of its publication. Some minor faults will be noticed in the manner of treatment; the connection of events seem at times to drop out of sight, the author having apparently endeavored to crowd too much informa-

tion into the book, and thus lost his grasp of the main thread of the story; and the language is not always simple. But the work on the whole is well done; the exaggerated notion of Holland's influence upon American institutions that characterizes many books written since the appearance of Mr. Douglas. Campbell's works is not so noticeable here, although Dr. Griffis gives due attention to the subject. The historical student will watch with some eagerness for the appearance of Dr. Griffis's complete work, giving his authorities and references.

Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life. By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

From the Knickerbocker Press of Messrs. Putnam's Sons comes this new volume by one who needs no introduction to the student of English literature. It is among the very first of what will doubtless be a long succession of eddies and bubbles that show where the mighty craft went down. And as it is among the first, certainly, even without knowing what will follow, one may say it will be among the best. In the five hundred pages of this charming book of criticism and estimate, the author has gone through the poet's life and work, from the poems of 1830, which form the subject of the first chapter, through the mighty cycle of poetic splendor that has so recently ended. To a careful study of the Idylls of the King a large part of the book is devoted. As to the general conclusions, they can perhaps best be stated in his own concluding sentences which, like some other parts of the work, partake rather too much of the worshiper and too little of the judge. "Every one," he says of Tennyson's poetry, "who in the centuries to come shall spend therein his leisure will leave it and return to his daily work, consoled and cheered, more wise and more loving, less weary and heavy-laden, nearer to beauty and to righteousness, more inspired and more exalted. The permanence of the work of Tennyson is secure. Few are his failures, many his successes."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Macmillan & Co., London and New York:

The Flower of Forgiveness. By Flora Annie Steel. Author of Miss Stuart's Legacy, etc.

Katherine Lauderdale. By F. Marion Crawford.

A Modern Buccaneer. By Rolf Boldremood.

The Stickit Minister and some Common Men. By S. R. Crockett.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York:

Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston:

Ausgewählte Meisterwerke des Mittelalters. By Carla Wenckebach, Professor of German in Wellesley College.

From Ginn & Co., Boston:

Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Thomas Gray. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by William Lyon Phelps.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London:

Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life. By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.

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THE

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THE ATHLETE.

WHEN, at the close of the recent Cornell–Pennsylvania debate, the presiding judge rose to announce the decision, he dwelt at some length on the supremacy of the intellectual man, and hailed as a fortunate occurrence anything that tended toward contests of mind as opposed to contests of mere physical strength. The great difference between the past and the present, he said, is that in the past, power was gained by brute force, whereas now it is gained by mental energy. The unparalleled progress, the wonderful development of the world during the last fifty years, he attributed to this continual subservience forced upon matter by the mind. He praised study, he glorified intellect, he extolled eloquence. We all sympathize with such lofty sentiments, we all appreciate the fact that the present advanced stage of human progress is due in a great degree to learning and to education, and that through them we are to attain the lofty ideals of life. When we look up at the buildings of our University and pause to consider the records of mental toil that are bound up in them, we are im-

bued with a desire to add our iota to this grand storehouse of knowledge. When we listen to the eloquent, well-ordered discourses of our professors, we are thrilled with an ambition to ourselves attain such control over our faculties. There are some here who are already well on the road toward such attainment. I see, here and there, a Phi Beta Kappa key, shining out with a brightness that illy betokens the brilliancy of its fortunate possessor. These men will doubtless be held up as ideals for some such theme as this when the rest of us are wallowing in the mire of mediocrity.

But we should not be discouraged because the gods have not favored us all in a similar manner. We cannot all be Phi Beta Kappas or Sigma Xis or Prize Debaters ; such honors are reserved for a few. We all can enjoy life, if we will. We all can use the faculties given us by nature to fill us with enthusiasm and appreciation for the good things of this world. There are none of us but what have eyes and ears and arms. While our more fortunate fellow-classmen are delving in the depths of Philosophy, too complex for our minute understanding, we can still feel delight in breathing the air of a beautiful May day ; while they discourse upon the problems of Psychology, all too deep for our shallow comprehension, we can still be filled with ecstacy by the varying colors of an evening sky ; while they burst forth into eloquence that thrills the very souls of their hearers, we can still call forth responsive echoes from the uncriticising audience of Nature. We can all live ; what more do we want ?

As I said before, we all sympathize with the lofty sentiments of the honorable Judge. But there is another side to the question. However great may be our feeling of admiration and envy when we read the powerful work of a supreme intellect or listen to the inspiring words of an eloquent orator, we still cannot be blamed for loving those merely physical attributes of man which have, from time immemorial given rise to noble deeds and valiant achievements. We all love strength, vigor, hardihood, bravery, merely for themselves. It is instinctive in us. We should be less than men if we did not. Where is the child who does not forget himself in the marvelous adventures of Jack the Giant Killer ; where is the boy who is not filled with enthusiasn

by stories of Spartan prowess and Roman bravery ; where is the man whose blood does not tingle when he reads of the deeds of heroism at Bunker Hill or at Gettysburg !

Strength and valor have been the admiration of all ages, the theme of all poets, sung by the troubadour and the minnesinger, praised in history and glorified in fiction, inspired music, kindled love and intensified religion. Mars was worshipped by the Romans, Thor and Woden by the Norsemen, Mahomet's greatest power lay in his physical bravery ; even we Christians have canonized a man merely for his bravery, and not a church in England is complete without its picture or statue of St. George and the dragon. Homer's hero was Ulysses, the deeds of Amadis are the pith of Spanish literature, the stories of Arthur and his knights fill whole volumes of French and English poetry. Perhaps we, in this age, have outgrown such childish things, perhaps the advance of culture and refinement should make us ashamed of loving these stories of chivalry and adventure, and cause us to study them merely for their forms and inflexions, their language and their style. But as for me, I think they serve a better purpose. In this era of practicality, of dollars and cents, of bustle and competition, of getting on top whether intellectually or financially, little time is left for cultivating those brave, generous, sympathetic qualities that characterized these knights of old. Their enthusiasm was doubtless misplaced, but they had enthusiasm for life and living ; they were imbued with brave and generous impulse ; however illy they may sometimes have applied them, the best of them upheld ideals of purity and honor, of sincerity and devotion which we might do well to imitate. They realized that man's physical, as well as his intellectual nature, might be improved and idealized, and that one could be perverted as well as the other.

The days of war and slaughter are happily ended ; jousts and tournaments are things of the past ; but man's instinct cannot be changed—what has been pushed aside on account of different conditions and new environment, appears in another form. We have no longer the knight championing in the lists the beauty of his lady, but we have his counterpart in the athlete, upholding on flood and field the honor of his Alma Mater. The athlete is the Arthur of the nineteenth century ; the Roland of to-day.

But this modern chivalry, as well as the older, has among its numbers those who forget its true ends and lose sight of the deep pervading principles that ought to underlie the whole system ; those who, by extreme theories and ungenerous actions furnish arguments for a class of narrow-minded people, who bitterly antagonize all the institutions of athletics. There are those who forget the true manly spirit of fair play, who attack their opponents not openly, in the broad light of day, but surreptitiously and meanly taking advantage of their misfortunes. But of these there are few and it is the duty of everyone who has anything to do with athletics to ferret them out and cast them into the ignominy they deserve.

But apart from this, it cannot but fill us with apprehension when we see the spirit that is growing up among many of our leading American colleges ; a spirit which loses sight of the great good to be attained from the physical training and development necessary to work up for great contests, in the contests themselves. While the snap, the excitement, the enthusiasm of a great football game or boat race is a most exhilarating tonic, it would be much better for all concerned if that enthusiasm could be more rationally divided and extended over a greater space of time. It would have the effect of purging our athletics of many of their faults ; it would draw into them a greater number of participants, and involve a realization of the true ends of athletic development which I have attempted to portray—a love of life and of Nature ; it would bring out the generous, open-hearted impulses of our beings. As it is now those impulses are too apt to be choked and hidden. What, for instance, could be more at variance with the true idea of amateur sport than the system of espionage that so often prevails among some of the crews at New London during the boating season there. Instead of being open and frank with one another, as they ought to be, they attempt assiduously to keep as far apart as possible lest some of the supposed mysterious secrets of their stroke should be revealed to their opponents. And this reminds me of a social custom that prevails with two of the leading crews that hold their annual race at New London. The gentlemanly courtesy displayed in its practice would, I am sure, make the most accomplished courtier of old, flush with pleasure and admir-

ation. At Oxford and Cambridge in England, as you know, there exists between the crews of the two Universities a feeling of the utmost good-fellowship. They follow one another in their launches, discuss rowing quite unreservedly, dine together frequently, and sometimes, even, a Cambridge man coaches an Oxford crew or vice versa. So it is with the two crews which I mentioned just now. One Sunday of each year is especially set apart for the display of this good-fellowship, and, as time is a matter of economical importance here in America, the display of the whole year is consummated within the limits of an hour. Attired in new duck trousers and spotless coats, the members of the visiting crew board their launch and, with a dignity and stiffness befitting the occasion, approach the quarters of their antagonists. They are received with all the solemnity of a papal reception. After a few remarks concerning the weather, unless the wind happens to be blowing in such a direction as to make such remarks seem personal, they sit down to a specially prepared feast, of which the guests partake very sparingly. Judging from their conversation, one might think them all students of metaphysics or some other abstruse science, so studiously do they avoid anything that savors of the physical. The meal being ended, the launch is again summoned and, after ceremonious adieus, this highly edifying and economical process of fostering an athletic spirit is ended for the year.

But it is not my purpose to dwell on the faults of our athletics as exemplified in other colleges or in our own. In conclusion, therefore, I am sure that I but echo the sentiments of every member of the University when I express the hope that Cornell, in her athletics, as in all the other branches of development that make up the ideal man, may be ever distinguished by that broad, generous, and fair policy that makes our University pre-eminent among the educational institutions of the land.

H. J. Hagerman.

A WISE DECISION.

THE young minister stood on the steps buttoning his black gloves. Contrary to his methodical custom, he was uncertain upon which of his parishioners to call. Old Miss Wood came next upon his list, but Mrs. Bartlett had waited a moment after prayer meeting, as if she wished to speak to him. Yes, on second thought, he was certain she would have spoken to him, had Deacon Pratt not claimed his attention. It was clearly his duty to go to see her, and while there he could make the final arrangements for the Sunday School picnic with her niece, Miss Mary. His thin lips became less severe at the thought, and he went briskly down the steps, convinced that his conduct was governed by a sense of duty, and by nothing else.

Half way down the shady village street he met Deacon Pratt, and the sight of him recalled their talk of the evening before. The deacon had urged him to marry, and had given several excellent reasons for his advice. According to the Scriptures it was not good for the minister to be alone, and the congregation needed his wife as much as he did. The minister had promised to consider the matter. He had never thought of himself as likely to marry, but if his usefulness would be increased—. Strange, how pleasant the thought was! He was actually smiling when he turned in at Mrs. Bartlett's gate, and he greeted that worthy woman with unusual cordiality, which steadily increased, as she told him that she had an important errand to do, and begged him to excuse her. "Mary's in the orchard, I know she'll be glad to see you. You can go right out there." The minister stammered his regrets and thanks, and hurried around the house. The gleam of a white gown among the trees showed him the way, and in a moment he had shaken hands with Miss Mary, and had sat down beside her.

She was a pretty girl with an indescribable something about her which marked her at the first glance as not belonging to the village. In fact, she was there only for the summer, but she had entered so entirely into the life of the place that her knowledge of people and things was almost as great as her aunt's. To-day her

fingers were busy with some dainty bit of work, and the minister bent to look at it with grave wonder. All that this girl did was a mystery to him. "How can you take such small stitches, and make it look so?" he asked. "Oh! it is instinctive, just as it is for you to look solemn, and write sermons," she answered laughing. He moved uneasily, afraid that she was making fun of him. He was unable to take any remark as otherwise than serious, but he liked to see her gay. If he was going to marry, the sooner he arranged the matter, the better it would be. It seemed to him that the decision must be written on his face, and to conceal it, he said hastily, "Old Mr. Fellows died last night." Her ready sympathy sobered her at once. "I am so sorry. Did he suffer much?" "Yes, a good deal, but he had a strong hope to sustain him. At the last he said he felt certain of heaven, and that he was glad to die." "I can't understand that," she broke in, "I have such a strong clinging to life that I can't imagine ever being willing to leave it." "For a Christian, death is gain. Don't you feel that?" he asked anxiously. He had never learned to tolerate differences of opinion, and that another standpoint than his own might be justifiable he could not comprehend. "A worthy young man born two hundred years too late," she had once called him. Now her eyes were on her work, and she did not see the anxiety in his face. "No," she said, "I don't feel it. I can't. I am a Greek, I think. I would rather be a slave on earth than king of the dead. The thought that I must die gives a shade of sadness to everything. I cannot bear to leave the sun. The barest chance of annihilation after death makes me shudder. The reasonable hope they talk of gives me no help. I want to know." The minister looked at her hopelessly. He could not understand. Such pagan remarks would never do in a minister's wife. Deacon Pratt sometimes made mistakes, and he would tell him that after consideration he had decided not to marry. Meanwhile she had gone on. "But don't let's talk of such solemn things. How about the picnic? Auntie thinks next Thursday would be the best day, and says that she and the others will look after the lunch. If it rains, we can wait till Friday. You are so busy that it is too bad to trouble you about it. We will arrange everything; and I will send you word before Sunday, so that you can

announce it." "Very well," he said, "it is kind in you to do so much." Surely a woman so interested in church work must have sound doctrinal views. Probably she had been joking. She often did. On the whole, the deacon's advice was good, and he would follow it. "We are going to the South Woods," she went on. "It is beautiful there. I don't know which I love best, the trees, the waterfall, or the view of the hills." "Would you be willing to live always in a village?" he asked. "I don't know. I never tried it. I think I should, if my home were there." His face brightened. He certainly must marry, and as soon as possible. The picnic at the South Woods would be a good time for the proposal. "I like the country, too," he said aloud, "but I have always lived there." "It is different from coming for a little while, I suppose," she replied. "I mean the living there always. I think I should want a great deal of money to make it an ideal life." He rose to go. Marriage might not be best after all. He feared he was more suited for a single life.

At the gate he met Mrs. Bartlett and a strange young man, who at once disappeared in the direction of the orchard. The minister looked after him, and then turned to his kindly companion. "I am sorry you are going," she said, "I have something to tell you. Mary wanted to keep it a secret; but you have shown so much interest in her, and I know it will go no farther. She is going to be married next October, and he's come over for a day. Won't you step in this evening, and see him?" The minister stammered "I—I am very busy just now, and have no time for pleasure." It was the first time he had ever told a polite lie, and his conscience smote him. He felt himself forced to add, "I will come." "Do," said Mrs. Bartlett, and they shook hands and parted.

The minister walked slowly down the street. He felt tired, and it was hard for him to speak to the few people whom he met, Once in his study, he locked the door, and sat down at his desk. As he mechanically picked up a book, he said slowly, as if it hurt him, "I am glad that I decided not to marry."

Grace Neal Dolson.

A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN A GREAT CASE.

IN the history of trials, and from out the dry and dusty pages of law reports, there are occasional flashes of intellect and of wit, bursts of forensic eloquence and oratory, which cause even the work-a-day lawyer to pause, and thrill with admiration. In all our jurisprudence, there are but few such cases. The one which surpasses all others, and has never had an equal since the trial of Warren Hastings, is the case of Dartmouth College. It involved a vital principle of constitutional law, and the prestige of such names as Pinkney and Mason, Webster and Story, Livingston and Marshall, has made it a landmark in our jurisprudence.

The case arose in the bitterness of religious controversy. It was fostered by sectarianism for a generation. It was handed from father to son and from master to pupil. Its sponsor on the one hand was Liberalism ; on the other, Conservatism,—Jacobinism against the Church. By an act of the New Hampshire legislature, revoking the college charter, and the summary dismissal of some college officials, the affair was brought before the courts. The case which was at first local, hardly extending beyond the confines of New Hampshire, became almost of national interest. Suit was brought in the New Hampshire court. The decision was against the college. Mason and Webster had availed nothing ; and the cause of this little institution seemed irreparably lost. It invoked the protection of the Federal Constitution, and claimed the act of the New Hampshire legislature void as impairing the obligation of contracts. This single point yet remained to test the validity of the revocation of the charter, and the case stood at the door of the Federal court of last appeal.

It was a dramatic moment in the life of the young New Hampshire lawyer, when he stood before the court to present his case. He was in possession of the hostile and vigorous opinion of the New Hampshire judges. He had mastered the argument emanating from the keen and penetrating mind of Jeremiah Mason. He was in possession of the facts of his case, and the legal and political bearing of every point. He knew the judges upon the bench, their political hopes and ambitions, their political passions and prejudices. To all this was added the magic personality of one of the great orators of history. As the argument of the case

proceeded, the genius of this young lawyer became apparent. He forged a chain of inexorable logic. He introduced the political situation. So delicately, with such a master hand did he turn to this feature of the question, that even the great court seemed apparently unconscious that he was straying beyond the realms of legal logic and reason, into the field of political passion and prejudice.

He pictured the prosperity of this little institution of learning under the wise administration of Federalism and the Church. Now its sacred portals had been invaded by Jacobins and Freethinkers. They had sought to wreck the young republic, to involve it in European wars, to engender a new revolution. Now they were raising their sacreligious hands against the temples of learning. As the strain of his resistless and solemn eloquence flowed on, the great Chief-Justice was thrilled by this plaintive yet mighty appeal. The pæan of war was chanted in his ear. He was carried back to the early days of the century, when in the flush of young manhood, at the head of his court, he had faced the triumphant Democrats. Again it was Federalism against Democracy; again it was Marshall against Jefferson,—the Chief-Justice against the President. Then he had preserved the ark of the constitution, had saved the last bulwark of sound government. Then he had held at bay the maddened frenzy instigated by Genet and the bloodhounds of the French Revolution. Should Democracy further intrench upon the Constitution? Should the shrines of learning be defiled by rampant Freethinkers and Jacobinites? Should the unity of these states be further threatened? The old-time love of battle was on. The imperious, indomitable will was aroused. He would raise yet another constitutional barrier across the path of his ancient enemies.

The strain of eloquence and passion flowed on. "Sir," said Mr. Webster in that deep tone with which he thrilled his hearers, "I know not how others may feel, (glancing at the opponents of the college before him) but for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Caesar in the Senate House, by those who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me and say, 'and thou, too, my son!"

When the great Chief-Justice read his opinion in the case, he announced that the charter of this little college was a contract, and irrevocable by state laws.

The case lies buried in the law reports whose leaves are already yellow with time. The principle,—modified it is true—lives on in the throbbing pulse of our American Law; while the forensic effect of the great advocate at bar is a classic in the annals of English speech.

E. E. Studley.

IN CORNELL HALLS.

Time was when prehistoric man
Here built his house of clay,
The Indian's tenure then began,
He died and passed away:
The later settler held his sway
Near Cascadilla's dell,
And built his hut where stand to-day
The halls of old Cornell.

Their peaceful race here herdsmen ran,
With plough upturned the clay,
Till came in course of time a man
Whose labor lives to-day;
And though misfortune blocked his way
He labored long and well,
Till rose above him, tall and gray
The halls of old Cornell.

It is for us, as best we can
A debt of love to pay,
The work the founder here began
To forward as we may,
That future generations say
"Though empires round them fell
They stand a monument for aye!
The halls of old Cornell."

L. 'ENVOI

Oh Alma Mater! while we may
Thy praises we shall tell,
God grant that they endure for aye!
The halls of old Cornell!

HANDICAPPED.

IT was a very dull and uninteresting scene on which the old young editor looked, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, peering through the fly-specked window-panes of his office at the town square that lay before him, its rawness and crudity sharpened rather than softened by the early dusk of the rainy afternoon. Very dismal and depressing it was, truly. The old signs flapped and creaked mournfully in the wind, the few persons in sight hurried along half-hidden under their unruly umbrellas, and the rain came down steadily. As yet the stores were not lighted and even that small element of brightness was lacking to the dull gray prospect. From his window jutting over the sidewalk he could see three sides of the square. The fourth was hidden from him by the gaunt unlovely form of the court-house, that reared its architectural barbarism before him in all the ungraceful and meaningless show of a political job. It was all alike familiar and ugly and uninteresting, yet he stood curiously scrutinizing it without perhaps really seeing it at all. He knew the legends of all the signs, the identity of all the passers-by merely from their outlines, he could name every man and store and office around the square and indeed in the town. They were all a part of that dull monotone of existence he had come to call his life, that was so terribly familiar to him in all its littleness, its self-centredness, its stolid indifference or ill-concealed contempt for anything different from itself, simply because it is different and so must be worse. He knew it all, its low aims, its petty material ambitions, its gossip and scandal. These came very vividly to him as he stood there in the gathering dusk of the little office. And it was for this, he thought to himself bitterly, that he had come here. It was for this that he had worn out some of his life's best years, beating vainly against prejudices he could but half understand, they were so incomprehensibly little ; for this he had striven to do and be better than his environment, and tried honestly to help others while helping himself.

This was the place where he was to win his spurs—and he smiled grimly at the romantic prospect. There was no egotism in

his sense of effort to somehow help things and people along. It was true, he had tried—and failed. That was the bitter part, that even among these crude surroundings, arrayed against men not half his equals in training, in education, most of them he thought viciously inferior in ability, that here he had *failed*. His very training, his very education that had cost so much, had after all been but a cruel handicap with which he *could* not win. It was a hard word that *fail*, and it hurt. He had not made many friends, of course, he could not. There was a clannishness about their dull monotone of personality and pursuit he could not penetrate. He was in the town but not of it. His words, his very silences were misconstrued by those——

There was a noise at the door behind him and he turned from his reverie. A voice from the semi-darkness said ; "I'll be goin' now, sir !" They always called him "sir" he noted with curious satisfaction at the trifle, that lifted his black temper an instant.

"Well !" he returned. "Have you locked up ?" "Yes sir, Good-night !" and the heavy steps echoed down the vacant hall and stairs.

He turned again to the window. The lights were spotting the dusk around the square, store-keepers and clerks were going home to supper, each with his bundles. A few scattered lights in the second stories showed doctors or lawyers still at work. At one of these he gazed earnestly. It was there that half a dozen men were settling the congressional fate of the district, behind locked doors. He knew most of them well and he could almost see them about the room as they caucussed, and weighed and canvassed the situation. And he had not even been asked to come. That was the present secret of his black hopelessness. He had not expected that. He told himself that almost anything else he had expected, but after five years of uncomplaining, unselfish party service he had not expected to be dropped by those men with whom he had worked shoulder to shoulder, with whom he had shared the weightiest secrets. This was not fair nor just.

There is no feeling so terrible, so benumbing, as the hopeless, helpless feeling of dull despair that comes upon us when we feel that a fight is lost. While there is a chance to win, or even to hold our own, there is some spur to further effort but when we feel,

rightly or wrongly, that we have failed, even the sting of the disgrace cannot rouse us. And the young man felt that to-night. It was for this he had dropped his broader life, that he might live in this hole and wear out his keen edge against dull immovable obstacles. It was not even heroic, it was only absurd. After all perhaps he was no better than these people, perhaps his whole life had been a mistake and they were right after all. It could not be and yet—and yet the facts were against him.

It was worse he said to himself because it had been such an honest effort to do what seemed to him best and right. He could not help the fact that some of his actions had antagonized strong factions and alienated some who might otherwise have been his friends. And now it was but two days since he had told the man who had more influence than any other two politicians in the district, that he simply could not decently defend certain party actions in his paper. And he thought grimly to himself that he did not defend them either, in spite of threats and flattery, and that he had been praised for it—elsewhere.

Then he thought of Her and his eyes blurred a bit and he set his teeth harder. This was what he had promised her, then, was it? When he succeeded he would come back for her but if by any chance he should fail—. He knew no such word then and its exceeding bitterness was borne in on him afresh.

There was nothing to do, that was the worst of it. He could not pose as even a defeated hero, for he had been fighting windmills, there was no substance in his cruel opposition. It had no shape, no material existence. He could not lay his hand on any one particular person or thing that was distinctly and aggressively hostile to him, yet he felt at the same time that intense, intangible spirit of tacit resistance all about him. It was in the air. It had no speech, it needed none, its simple inert passivity was worse than open organized resistance. There was nothing to oppose. To all external appearance he was a successful man. Socially he was well received everywhere, and he was distinctly eligible. The attitude of the town mothers told him that. As for money, only he knew what a struggle it had been for years to reach his present very modest independence. Apparently he was a success, really, he told himself, it was all a sham. He lacked that last fine touch

of success, the leadership that is in touch with its followers. Men feared him and believed in him, few, he knew, liked him, and fewer still sympathized with him.

Then a man came to the window of the caucus room opposite, opened it and peered out across the square. It was the boss whom he had offended by giving only tacit acquiescence to certain party measures of which he disapproved, instead of the active, open co-operation demanded of him and his paper. The man represented principles he despised, and a wing of the party he believed did more harm than good to the causes it espoused. He was a relic of a former political age and stood for issues long dead, as firmly as if they were as live as he declared them to be. He was a demagogue moreover, and his partisan appeals were as successful in rousing the worst political passions of his constituents as they were in putting him in office.

And this man, the lonely watcher told himself, was the mainspring of the caucus. He, at least, was a success. He had no higher duty than office-seeking before him, this statesman for revenue only. He had no conscientious scruples about his methods. Indeed what scruples were there to be had about so low an aim? He had told himself years ago that this man was bound to fail, to be discovered and overthrown, and yet despite prophecy and prediction, in face of all opposition and against all probability, this man had risen surely and steadily. There were murmurs of opposition louder and louder but no action. Bah! it was sickening —he would end it all here and now.

He turned to his desk felt for a match and lighted his lamp. A letter had come that day from a man who wanted to buy his paper, who had offered for it, indeed, a sum that was so absurdly much more than he had paid for it, that he could scarcely believe it sound. He would write to him and accept the offer. It did not take long and then he turned to his harder task. He must write to Her. He must tell her that he had failed, that he could not offer her what he had once hoped, a name and a position, that—. But this was too hard. He could not give her up and yet it seemed all there was to do.

There was a sudden sound of footsteps along the hall that broke in rudely on his reverie, and a sound of voices. "Guess he's in,"

he heard. "Got a light anyway." "Come in," he cried in answer to their knock, and three men entered. He saw at a glance they were from the caucus.

"No, thanks. Can't stay," said the foremost. He was a shrewd but kindly-faced old man, leader of the farming element of the county, the other two were from the other county-seats of the district.

"Jus' stepped in to take ye over t' th' hotel with us fer supper, an' tell ye the news fer yer issue to-morrow—'bout our little talk ye know."

He thought inwardly they might have spared him this, at least.

"You are very kind—" he began.

"Not at all, not at all. Never met Judge Samuels o' Marton did ye? Judge Samuels this is the young man I was tellin' ye about. 'Low me to interduce ye to Mr. Wallace, our next Representative in Congress from the Sixth distric'!"

R. K. L.

LONG AGO.

That summer evening, long ago!
We drifted o'er the Inlet bars:
The light in your soft eyes, aglow,
Far, far, outshone the light of stars.

O, stars that gemmed those darkening skies!
O, soughing breath of perfumed air!
O, Eden-light of your fair eyes,
Love! starlight ne'er was half so fair.

Those stars still burn in yon blue deeps
And scented breezes murmur low.
Say, love, if still thy memory keeps
Thoughts of that evening long ago.

A. G. E.

AS SEEN IN HAWAII.

IN January, 1893, tempting offers induced queen Liliuokalani, to to engineer two odious bills through the Hawaiian legislature ; the one to legalize the opium traffic, the other to establish a lottery. Against the most vigorous protests of her best citizens she signed these bills. This they would have endured, but, flushed by her success, she immediately announced her intention to promulgate a new constitution which would give to her powers then vested in the representatives of the people, and would disfranchise the whites and thus prevent the further urging of their "missionary measures." This from a woman who had enjoyed the advantages of education and travel and had been the school-mate and associate of many of the leading whites in the Islands, was not to be excused. Her advantages seemed to serve only to make her feel the more keenly that the Hawaiians, like other aborigines, must give away to civilization—and in the hope perhaps of checking the decline, Liliuokalani made the radical move which roused the entire city of Honolulu. Beheading and all forms of danger seemed imminent and the citizens at last took up arms and forced the queen and her supporters out. It was done with despatch since a revolution was no new thing for them. The irregularities of the native rulers had led them into forming the habit of revolutions. No longer ago than 1887 and 1889 these same men had to straighten affairs by force of arms. After having taken the government buildings, the citizens proclaimed the abrogation of the monarchy and the establishment of the " Provisional Government of Hawaii for the control and management of public affairs . . . . . until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon."

Their special commissioners left for San Francisco, January 19, enroute to Washington, D. C., and were everywhere met with cooperative sympathy in the furtherance of their mission. The claims of Hawaii for admission into the Union were duly considered by President Harrison and his Cabinet, a treaty granting territorial rights was drawn up, signed, and sent to the senate for action thereon, but was withdrawn by President Cleveland immediately

upon his coming into power. Upon the pretext of desiring a thorough investigation, Col. J. H. Blount was sent to the Islands as a Special Commissioner. In the meantime, February 1st, Minister Stevens proclaimed a United States protectorate, hoisting the American flag over the government building. Commissioner Blount arrived March 27th, and upon the plea of desiring to deal untrammeled with the country in his investigations, he lowered the stars and stripes and terminated the protectorate April 1st. The Provisional Government nevertheless aided him in all his enquiries.

The sending of a commission of *one* man to investigate a question of such vital importance has been severely criticized; he, however, in due time returned to the United States with his voluminous report which was roughly handled in Washington.

On November 7th, U. S. Minister, A. S. Willis, presented his credentials to President and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sanford B. Dole. Notwithstanding the cordial assurances of good-will and friendship which Minister Willis extended to the Provisional Government he at once entered into secret conference with the ex-queen giving her assurances in turn that President Cleveland sympathized with her, and would insist upon her being restored. Upon the strength of these secret advices some of the royalists attempted to replenish their depleted purses by offering wagers of $1000 to $100 that restoration would take place.

Though the frequent interviews between Minister Willis and the ex-queen lent color to the various rumors of restoration, yet the goverment having been recognized and assured by President Cleveland in his accrediting A. S. Willis to them, felt these interviews must have been given to the ex-queen at her request. But upon the receipt of news of Secretary Gresham's letter recommending restoration, all doubt was dispelled, and the city was thrown into a state of intense excitement. Mass-meetings were held in which extreme earnestness was shown; and the speeches were such as we imagine those given in revolutionary times, must have been; ringing with "Liberty or death." The government as well as the royalists now believed forces of the United States might be used to reseat the queen. Barricades of sand-bags were thrown up all about the government buildings; the paid troops were increased; each supporter of the

government kept his gun and cartridge-belt near at hand; and a code of signals was agreed upon, so that upon the shortest notice a determined resistance could be given to all comers.

The arrival of the Revenue Cutter *Corwin* on December 14, with special despatches to Minister Willis was, in the absence of advices to the Hawaiian Government, not calculated to modify public anxiety. Wild royalist rumors were afloat. Conferences between Willis and the queen continued. Business was at a standstill; men forbade their wives and children going about. Rumor now settled upon 9:30 a. m., of December 18th, as the time of the reseating of the queen. Crowds of natives and others flocked to the water-front to witness the expected landing of the troops who were to come from the *U. S. S. Philadelphia* to visit the Provisional Government. It was known that they had made every preparation for landing, on board ship. The strain of excitement was intense; business men now demanded some word from Willis. He replied he would settle all in forty-eight hours.

His first communication with the government was on December 19th, when he called upon President Dole, saying that President Cleveland deemed Liliuokalani wrongfully deposed, and he, therefore, in the name of the President of the United States, requested the gentlemen of the Provisional Government to resign and to surrender the government to *Her* to whom it rightfully belonged.

The royalists were jubilant. While with the government the request produced a brief spell of subdued excitement and alarm, great relief was felt at the termination of the suspense—they now knew their position. They determined to stand firm, relying on the belief that so un-American a policy would never be tolerated by the Congress of the United States or her people.

December 22nd the steamer "Alameda" arrived with the news that the policy of President Cleveland with relation to Hawaii had been assailed by Congress and the press with great vigor, irrespective of party. This gave great encouragement to the government. L. A. Thurston, Hawaiian Minister to the United States arrived via this same steamer, and with his aid an emphatic refusal was drafted, and sent to Minister Willis at midnight of December 23rd.

Minister Willis was now thoroughly convinced of the earnest-

ness of the supporters of the Provisional Government. He further had learned conditions were not as represented in Blount's report, and in consequence he decided to send a report to Washington and wait advices before carrying out the Administration's policy of restoration. The royalists throughout were confident that the assurances of their "great and good" friend "the greatest American," as they called President Cleveland, would be made good. But Congress here took the matter in hand, and its action was now anxiously awaited by all.

January 17th, 1894, was celebrated as the anniversary of the clean government; through all the trials and difficulties they kept things well in hand. They have given Hawaii the best government the Islands have ever enjoyed.

All preliminaries to the establishment of a constitutional authority has been accomplished, and Hawaii will soon have a representative government. The U. S. Senate has recently passed by a unanimous vote a resolution which defines the policy of the treaty-making and the executive branch of Congress toward the Hawaiian Government, to be one of non-interference, and declaring that it of right belongs wholly to the people of the Hawaiian Islands to establish and maintain their own form of government and domestic polity, that the United States ought not in any way to interfere therewith; and that any intervention in the political affairs of these Islands by any other Government would be regarded as an act unfriendly to the United States. The passage of this non-intervention resolution will put an end to the talk of a renewal of the Administration programme to restore, and will tend to settle matters in Hawaii and aid the government in giving the Islands a sound and honest rule, which is what Hawaii has needed and what the annexationists from the first have sought. The best citizens of Hawaii, her mainstay in times past, are nearly all annexationists. The revolution was not a design for gain, long thought of and planned, but it was a movement forced upon them by the action of the queen. Being convinced that sound honest government could not be had under native rulers, they did as they thought best. Royalists are daily coming to support the government.

The most friendly relations have always existed between the United States and Hawaii, to their mutual advantage. If annexa-

tion or the establishment of a protectorate is not soon to occur, the preponderance of American interests will secure for Hawaii, at least an implied protectorate. There is to be found in the Senate resolutions a guaranty for the stability of the Hawaiian Government,and a stable government is what Hawaii seeks.

M. McVoy, Jr.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

A GOOD dress suit makes a poor coat of mail. I had never otherwise asserted, though the colored boy to whom I had sold mine, when a change in style showed me the advisability of buying a new one, was willing to swear to the contrary. So when, after wearing it to the celebration of his tribe 'down de lake,' and bringing it back slashed into a far-off resemblance to a scoop-net, he insisted that the blemishes were in the articles when I sold them, and that I must return the purchase-money and assume the garments, I protested. It was not so much the money—though already spent— that went against the grain ; the evident absurdity of the thing, and a natural unwillingness to be imposed upon, roused me to strenuou objections. I explained the '*caveat emptor*' clause to him, and finally, annoyed by his importunities, stated that I did not care a profanely small amount what he thought of the transaction. It was done, and I could not think of reconsidering the bargain ; and his future destiny was to me a matter of perfect unconcern, or words to that effect.

"Vehy well, sah," he said, drawing himself up with offended dignity, "de time will come when you'll be sohhy foh cussin' me, and foh not takin' back de coat. I'll set de Voodoo man on ye", and he stalked majestically out of the apartment.

I snorted with laughter. The only harm he could do me would be to steal upon me with a bludgeon, and as I seldom went out in the evening, and then never into the quarters of his race, I was tolerably secure. At any rate I could not afford to pay blackmail for protection.

Some two hours after his departure, I received a visit from a bent and aged darkey, who was, as he explained, the Croker and

the Calchas of his race. 'I had committed an injustice to one of his constituents, and, as he heard, had refused satisfaction. Would I reconsider my decision? In which case I should suffer no ill. Or would I be willing to abide by it, and take the consequences, said consequences being the wrath of his gods?'

Yes I would; I would risk it with Voodoo any day. I considered the transaction perfectly legal. It was only his age and politeness which restrained me from having him arrested for threatening me. Would he be pleased to consider the interview at an end? He rose and departed, blessing me between his teeth.

I went to a dance some two nights after this, and, during one dance toward the end of the evening, my partner dropped her fan. As I stooped to pick it up, suddenly and without warning the back center seam of my new dress coat gave away, leaving a yawning gap from the collar to the two useless buttons that decorate the back of the waist. I retreated in good order, but at once. The next day another coat served me the same trick. I took them to my tailor and anathematized him by the powers of Eblis.

When lack of breath had interrupted my peroration, he took occasion to remark that the thread in the seams had not given away, but had been cut with a knife or some sharp instrument. Upon inspection, it so proved. I marvelled and went home to bed.

Toward morning I awoke in the disagreeable consciousness that one of my feet had gone to sleep. Leaning down to rub it into circulation, my hand met a cold hard, moist band, drawn tightly around my leg, just above the ankle. I lit a match, and saw that the band was a little garter-snake, that gradually unloosed itself at the appearance of the light, and crawled away among the bed clothes. I am a brave man, and rather fond of snakes than otherwise, but I will own I shrieked with fright. Afterwards, becoming ashamed, I rose and offered the snake as a holocaust to Voodoo. Then I reasoned: the garter snake is harmless, but unpleasant especially as a bed-fellow. Evidently the design is to annoy, rather than to injure me. But I can't afford to surrender now. I can stand it as long as he can.

The next evening I went down early to supper, for there were to be strawberries, which are not stable property. My dish was heaped up fuller than usual, and I rejoiced, and ate. The cause

of the fullness presently appeared. A live, blind, hairless mouse, just the color of the strawberries, was lying in the bottom of the dish. If there is one thing I loathe, it is a hairless mouse. He has a look about him inexpressibly human, and yet ineffably evil, like that of a newly lost soul. No one else at the table was thus favored—I have not eaten strawberries since.

Up to this time I had not suspected my servant. He was a son of Ham but had been above even the pettiest indiscretions. Even now, though he might be hand in glove with the sons of darkness, I had no proof of it, and suspicion was not sufficient cause to dismiss him. But the thought that he might be even tacitly concerned was too much for comfort, so I sent him to a friend of mine out of town, receiving in exchange his minion, also a negro, but warranted above suspicion. And I sneered at Voodoo openly.

I am fond of bric-a-brac, and had accumulated a valuable collection of it. Somehow, after my new servant's arrival, it seemed to break. Not that he broke it—for I never knew him to handle it carelessly. But without warning Japanese cups would break in my hands; and costly china vases would fly apart with loud cracks. Inspection showed that acid had been applied to them with a brush. One day a table containing my best Sèvres fell forward at my feet with a loud crash. I looked at its broken leg. It was sawed nearly through.

Other misfortunes seemed to come as companions to these. One windy night every upper window sash fell, breaking the lights in all but two. The sash cords had previously been reduced to threads. My valuable setter grew sick with an unknown disease, and it was only by prompt medical attendance that his life was saved. The doctor declared he had been poisoned. It was the slaughter of the first born. I quailed and sent for the Voodoo man.

He came, as meek and polite and unassuming as before. Yes, he would take off the Voodoo if I would return the price of the suit. He would also care for my spiritual welfare in the future, and say a good word for me to the Prince of Darkness. I surrendered, and offered him five dollars to tell me how it was done.

He stood erect, and threw off his wig and beard, and there before me I saw the identical purchaser of the suit, the negro boy.

"I got yoh man to do it, foh me sah," he said, 'he is my bruddah, sah". "But the second servant"—I began. "He is my bruddah too, sah."

* * * * * * * * * * *

But Pharoah was an awfully misrepresented man!

H. J. O'B.

"AFER DIS DAY."

Carrie says:—and points her chubby finger—
"All dis wain and vwet is go away";
Then, as she sees how black the storm clouds linger
Sagely adds, "afer dis day."

Carrie lives in hopes of seeing "Fweddie"—
Long away from home he's made his stay—
Orders: "Buver's woom mus' be fixed weddy"
For his coming, "afer dis day."

"Afer dis day" is all our hopes fulfilling;
Friends returned and storm clouds passed away
But the long, long wait is sometimes killing
For the joy to be "afer dis day."

Edward A. Raleigh.

FOOT BALL AND OUR PROSPECTS.

FOOT BALL is fast taking an equal rank with base ball as an American sport. There is scarce a high school or academy from the Atlantic to the Pacific that does not boast of a foot ball team, and in the fall the small boy and the foot ball are quite as inseparable as are the small boy and the base ball in springtime. No branch of athletic sport has made such rapid strides in the public estimation, and the largest crowds that now gather in this country, are drawn by the great foot ball games. From thirty to forty thousand people attend the Thanksgiving game in New York,

and a better audience socially is seldom seen at any public event, The highest classes of society are the most liberal patronizers of American college foot ball.

In spite of this there exists, however, a strong prejudice against foot ball among many, and from this minority we constantly hear the most bitter denunciations of the game. The writer remembers one article that compared foot ball to prize fighting, much to the advantage of the latter, maintaining that the latter was much more humane. Such words as "brutalizing," "degrading," and the like are frequently applied to it by the press. On the other hand there is much to be said in its favor. It gives a man an all-round development that he receives in no other branch of sport. That time of life, in which a young man's college course comes, is the formative period in his character, when he is most subject to temptation. Foot ball inculcates good habits, self-control, perseverance, patience and grit, the most important qualities for a well balanced man. Physically, it develops every muscle and gives them a health that the man seldom loses.

Last winter Walter Camp, who is justly called the father of American foot ball, sent blanks to the various colleges asking for statistics regarding the mental and physical effects of the game on the players and the opinions of members of the faculties as to its effect on the players' collegiate standing. The tabulated results will doubtless astonish those who claim that the game is dangerous and brutalizing. The number of injuries received at foot ball by the eleven members of our team during the past season was comparatively few ; none of them left any permanent effect, and but two of them were received during a match game.

During the past winter and spring foot ball authorities have been quietly effecting important changes in the game, with the purpose of eliminating the more severe and uninteresting plays. Their efforts have brought forth several changes that are hailed with delight by foot ball enthusiasts, as they guarantee a more exciting style of game than has been seen on the field for two years. "Flying interference" and "flying wedges" will now become a thing of the past and we shall once more see the long runs and frequent kicks that made the game of four years ago so exciting. We may expect to again see games such as the Harvard-Cornell game of

'92 in which there were frequent runs of fifteen and twenty yards by both sides, and in which kicking was a prominent feature.

The graduate committee on the revision of the foot ball rules adopted essentially the following changes:

Piling upon men when down shall incur a penalty of fifteen yards.

A man who makes a fair catch shall, if thrown, be given fifteen yards. If he wishes to make a fair catch, he must signify his intention by raising his hand, which prohibits him from attempting to run with the ball.

Flying and momentum mass-plays shall not be allowed.

After a drop kick for goal the ball shall be brought back to the ten yard line, not to the twenty-five yard line, as heretofore.

The kick-off must be by an actual kick of at least ten yards.

The rules must be ratified by the various colleges in order to become valid.

The changes, although few, are important and will do much to improve the game, both from the player's and the spectator's standpoint. The roughest features are eliminated and a more open style of play assured. The first provision means the elimination of perhaps the roughest feature of the game. It has always been the custom for the runner to make every foot possible after being tackled and to prevent this the opposing team has piled in a heap upon the tackled runner. This has often resulted in injury and is perhaps one of the most frequent causes of accidents. By the new rules, the runner is "down" when he has been thrown and the ball is dead upon that spot. Creeping along will avail him nothing and the penalty prevents the other side from piling on him. This promises to be one of the greatest of the many improvements that have been made in American foot ball during the past five years. It has been claimed that Yale won their game against Harvard two years ago by tactics that would be impossible under this new rule and the possibility of such chances has certainly existed heretofore.

The second change is aimed against the tackling of a man who is trying for a fair catch,—a feature that has been productive of considerable roughness in the past. Next fall a man must decide before catching the ball whether he wishes to run with it or take the free kick to which the catch entitles him. The raising of his

hand is his signal to indicate choice of the latter which when made, prohibits the opponents from throwing him. This obliterates the hard tackling the full back has previously received, when in an entirely unprotected position, and thus accomplishes the second great improvement in the game as proposed by the committee.

The third change was necessitated by the developments of the past season. Mr. Deland, in introducing flying and momentum mass-plays, essentially changed the character of the game. While scientifically considered, his changes are a mark of progress, it has been generally conceded that they have injured the game in the eyes of the public and made it more severe than formerly. The third change in the rules does away with this class of play and brings the game back to the style of three years ago, when running and kicking were a more important feature. This change is hailed with delight by all and will make foot ball the interesting game it used to be. Team play will be of no less importance, but it will not consist in the one-sided method of handicapping the defendants by compelling their weakest man to stand the onslaught of over half of the opposing team. The last change made has reference to the kick that takes place at the beginning of each half and after each touch-down. Next season the ball must be kicked at least ten yards. Heretofore the ball has been touched with the foot and then passed back for a run. It must now be kicked into the opponents' territory. This change will do away with the time-honored V-wedge that has been universally used since 1886, when the Princeton team iutroduced it. This has always bean a dangerous play and has been one of the roughest features of the game during the past five years. Many teams have used it sparingly, fearing to use their men so roughly early in the game. These few changes will eliminate most of the the rougher elements of the game and compel an open game that can only add to the enormous popularity that foot ball already enjoys.

Cornell's foot ball record has been meteoric. It commenced with a defeat at the hands of Union by a score of 24 to 10, and another by Lehigh of 38 to 19. Its upward flight culminated in practically even games with Princeton and Harvard, resulting in defeats of 6 to 0 and 20 to 14 respectively. Under Johanson and Bacon, Cornell had proved her right to a place in the first rank of

foot ball teams. It is needless to speak of the fall. We all remember too well the series of misfortunes that led to a defeat by Princeton of 56 to 0 and by Harvard of 36 to 0. But the past season should prove a salutary lesson. It should teach us that we can never keep our place among the colleges unless every man is willing to do his share.

The policy of the management may be briefly outlined as follows. Foot-ball work will commence on Percy Field on September first, and light practice and theoretic work will be done until Coach Newell arrives on September seventeenth. The foot-ball candidates will, so far as possible, be at the same boarding-house and table, so that they may become better acquainted and work more harmoniously. The men will probably be given the use of the navy launch and boats, and other entertainment will be arranged, so that a good time may be had during the work.

Mr Courtney will have charge of the physical condition of all players, a sufficient guarantee that they will all be in prime condition for each game. As many alumni coaches will be secured as possible.

The part that the management asks of the student body is for each one to consider the eleven *his* team, and not to leave all the work for the captain. Let every man who has played, or who is strong and agile, send his name to Captain Dyer immediately, and then plan to be back here on September first, ready to work hard for his Alma Mater. Let every one who knows of a good player or a strong man in college, send the name in immediately. Let every man who knows of good material that will enter next fall, send the names to the captain, that he may write them and let them know his plans. Only by the united efforts of the management and of the students, can we bring out a team that will place Cornell in the proper rank.

The schedule, already published, shows games with Harvard, Union, Lafayette, Lehigh, University of Michigan, Princeton and University of Pennsylvania. The schedule for the second team will enable it to meet the colleges in the middle of the state. We surely will have abundant opportunity to regain our reputation, and we must do it. Moreover, we *can* do it, if every student does his small part.

W. F. Atkinson.

TRIFLES.

ECHOES FROM "THE SAGE."

"The mail has come," and down the winding stair
In eager rush come troops of maidens fair,
Their footsteps echo up and down the hall,
With laughing eagerness the ladies all
Receive the letters that are waiting there.

How carefully each one receives her share!
The disappointed turn in mock despair,
How each one's spirit brightens at the call:
"The mail has come."

The hour has changed, the shades of evening fall,
A gentleman stands waiting in the hall,
And James with measured step ascends the stair,
How eagerly they wait his advent there
And watch to see who has received the call,
"The male has come."

B. O. H.

EVIDENCE.

Of all the lines that volumes fill
Since Æsop first his fables told,
The wisest is the proverb old
That every Jack must have his Jill.

But when the crowd that nightly fills
The down-town places, hillward goes,
To hear them sing, one would suppose
That every Jack had several gills.

B. O. H.

THE MONTH.

The Senior banquet of '94 was not as other senior banquets have been, but was a "gentleman's dinner." The serious, thoughtful character of the toasts was quite in contrast with the vulgarity and attempted wit that is usually associated with the Senior banquet. A new standard has been created for this occasion by '94, which will have to be followed by future classes that wish to preserve their good name.

The '86 Memorial contest was won by Edward U. Henry, of Elmwood, Illinois, with Wendell Philips's "Idols." Mr. Dyer pressed the winner very closely and in gracefulness excelled him. The general level of the speaking was hardly up to that of last year.

Phi Beta Kappa chose the following seniors: Miss Jessie M. Bunting, Miss Harriet C. Connor, Herbert L. Fordham, Miss Nellie E. Hoag, Miss Bertha Howell, Jerome B. Landfield, John K. Lathrop, Adna F. Weber. From the Junior class: Arthur W. Barber, Miss Margaret F. Boynton, Miss Nellie M. Reed. The annual reunion of the Cornell Chapter for the reception of new members was held June fifth with the new president, Professor Burr.

The 1894–95 editorial boards of the college publications have been elected. The new MAGAZINE editors from the class of '95 are E. P. Andrews, W. F. Atkinson, H. P. Goodnow, H. J. O'Brien, C. S. Young. They have chosen Wilbur C. Abbott editor-in-chief and J. V. Westfall business manager. The editor-in-chief of the new *Era* board is W. S. McCoy and its business manager, G. F. A. Brueggeman. The *Sun* will be edited next year by C. L. Babcock, while its business department will be managed by J. L. Ahern of the present Senior class who returns next year to graduate in law. The editor-in-chief of the Ninety-six *Cornellian* is J. F. McGlensey and its business manager, J. B. Richards.

The members of the faculty who in former years arranged for the Chamber Concerts, engaged Mr. G. M. Chadwick to give an

organ recital in Sage Chapel, Friday evening, June 7, which was made free to all members of the University.

The remarkably rainy season caused a postponement of many athletic events, including the Pennsylvania–Cornell games which should have been held at Ithaca, May 19. Cornell made a better record at the Intercollegiate games at Mott Haven the 26th, than it even did before, five points having been won by Gorby, Becker and Patterson.

Professor Felix Adler lectured to a large audience in Barnes Hall, May 19th, on the subject of the movement for ethical culture. The Cornell Ethical society has not prospered this year, and this term gave up its weekly meetings and discussions.

The ball team has been playing a fine steady game since its first Eastern trip. May 19 it defeated Lehigh at Scranton 7–0; May 22, it was forced to succumb to the Georgetown University team at Washington, the score being 4–7 ; May 23, by good work in the ninth inning it saved a game from the University of Virginia at Richmond, 4–3 ; May 26, on Percy Field it overwhelmed Michigan with a score of 15–1 ; May 30, it played a brilliant game with University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, but could not bat and lost 0–6 ; June 1, on Percy Field it defeated Lafayette 8–0.

The annual visit of Goldwin Smith to the University is always a source of delight to the people of Cornell, because it almost invariably means an opportunity to hear historical subjects treated by the most distinguished historical scholar living. Professor Smith recently published a sketch of the political history of the United States that has made his name more familiar to the popular ear, but University students,—especially Cornell University students,—require no introduction to the brilliant scholar who gave up his high position at Oxford to come across the sea and help build up a new institution on the most liberal ideas. On the occasion of his visit here last month, Professor Smith lectured to a large University audience in Barnes Hall on the subject of "Critical Epochs in the History of the English Constitution." He seemed in much better health than he did at the time of his last visit and spoke with renewed force and power.

NEW BOOKS.

The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. New York and London. MacMillan & Co.

This is a tale of Highland life and adventure a hundred and seventy-five years ago, in the days of the first George. There are dashing, reckless outlaws; chases on sea and stirring fights on land; there is Silver-Sand and his wonderful dog; there is a brave young laird and a girl to be loved and fought for; and over all is thrown a certain glamour of history. A more fascinating and absorbing narrative it has not been our lot to meet in a long time. One is reminded of Jan Ridd and Lorna Doone it is true, and of some of Stevenson's folk; there is the same eighteenth century quaintness, one of the actors tells the story, and he is a man who looks at the spectacle of human life in a way that one likes to get into; but Mr. Crockett is no mere imitator. He has risen out of the obscurity of his country parish at Penicuik thanks to his own vigorous style and powers of description. His Stickit Minister met with immediate recognition from the novel-reading public and from the smaller circle of literary savants, and the new book promised this spring was eagerly awaited. The English edition was exhausted on the day of publication and the book ran through an edition on this side in a single week.

The Raiders and The Sticket Minister will do for Galloway what Scott has done for the Trosachs and Highlands,and Burns for Ayrshire and Dumfries; it will become better known and a favorite resort for the tourist.

The more authors we have like Mr. Crockett the better for those who read books, and the reception that The Raiders is meeting with shows that there is a keen appetite for stories with healthy life and color.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated into English Verse by Thomas William Parsons. With a Preface by Charles Eliot Norton and a Memorial Sketch by Louise Imogen Guiney.

Dr. Parsons was a poet and his life's work was the attempt to translate into English verse the Divine Comedy as he felt it. Dante was his master, and his task was a loving service; his spirit was always one of reverent humbleness. The work is unfinished; it could not well be otherwise, for how can such a man ever be satisfied with what he has done.

His aim was not to make a translation, as the word is usually taken, and

there is no pretence of adherence to word or line with any exactness. What he has left us is an English poem which can be read with ease and pleasure by one unacquainted with the Italian.

It has not the exactness of Mr. Norton's prose translation, nor the grace and charm that Mr. Longfellow gave his version, but it has much of the strength and vigor of the original, and will help one not a little to get a more complete appreciation of the great classic.

The Stickit Minister. By S. R. Crockett. Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

To review a book that has sprung into such sudden and widespread popularity as Mr. Crockett's Stickit Minister, seems a work of supererogation. It is a part of the new school of Scotch fiction whose John the Baptist is Mr. Barrie, whose text is the real as that of the older school of Scott was the ideal. The work of Mr. Crockett is curiously like that of Barrie in this volume as it is curiously different in his second success, The Raiders. The difference in dialect and in surroundings cannot hide the identity of motive, though the former is perhaps more virile and more of a story-teller than the latter. The sketches in the present volume are mainly of incidents clustering about the Scotch church and its servants, and exhibit great familiarity with that phase of life. They are all good, which is a rare merit in such a collection, and the book is certainly, as its popularity attests, one of the most interesting of this short-story generation.

Katherine Lauderdale. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

If poetry, as Matthew Arnold defines it, be a criticism of life, the novel is a dramatic expression of life itself. In these latter days. this form of literary product is made to carry a load never intended for it; and novels with a "mission" are sown broad-cast through the land. Worst of all, perhaps, it is made the vehicle of the "higher criticism." To one, wearied with stories with a purpose, it is a blessed relief to go back to the old-fashioned story-telling novel, with no mission but to amuse; written under no dominant "notion" in the author's mind to which the dramatic purpose is continually subordinated. But error lies equally at the other extreme, and the story-telling novel is as illegitimate as the novel with a mission, only it is less exasperating. The golden mean is found where there is organic development of character along the lines of pure dramatic action. Mr. F. Marion Crawford is a story-teller par excellence, so dignified a story-teller that one is apt to forget that he does not realize the completest purpose of the novel.

His characters lack the essential quality of growth. As they are in the first chapter they are in the last, though they have passed throngh many and varied experiences.

Against Katharine Lauderdale this objection can be scarcely urged, as the time of the action is but five days, but it belongs, nevertheless, to the mere story-telling class of novels. The scene is laid in New York City. The characters are typical well-born, well-bred people who must be judged more by what Mr. Crawford says about them, than by what they say and do themselves. They have not the life of his earlier creations, and the heroine herself is almost as colorless as the home in which she lives. The story, as a story, is interesting, but the men and women involved in the plot are little more than mere puppets. The ending of the book is, in a sense, inartistic, since the problem set forth is still unsolved in the last.

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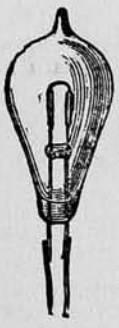

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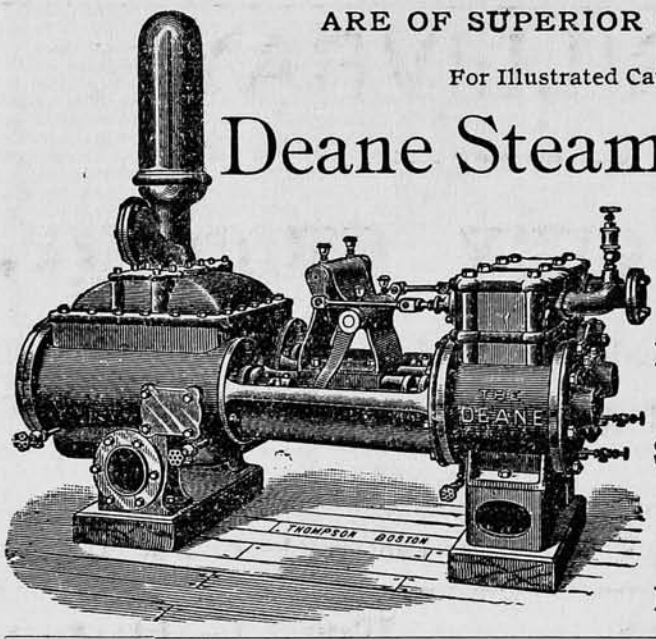

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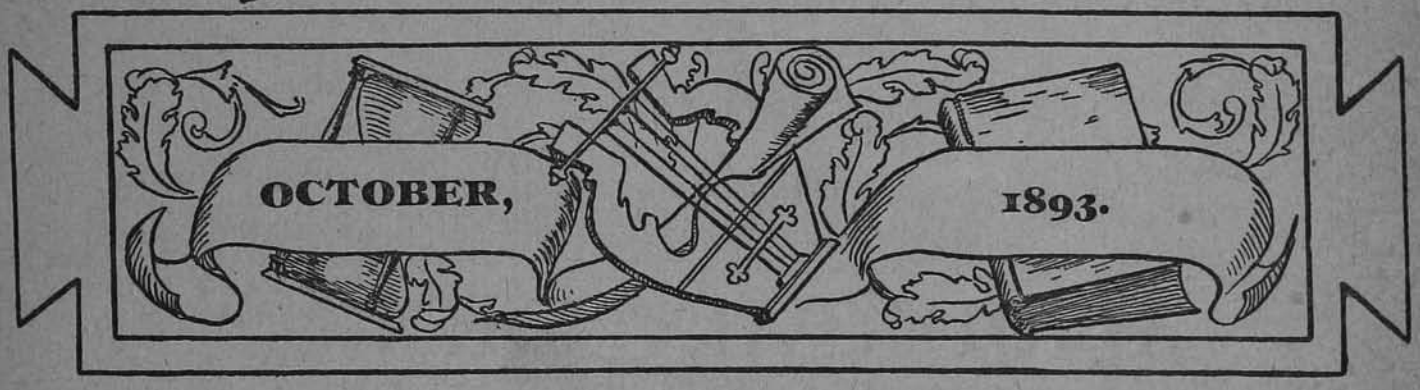

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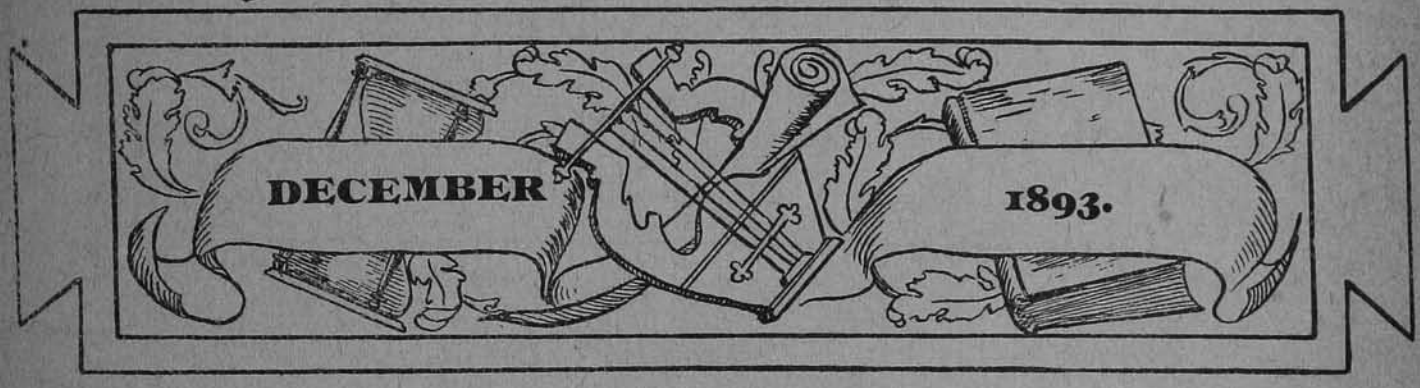

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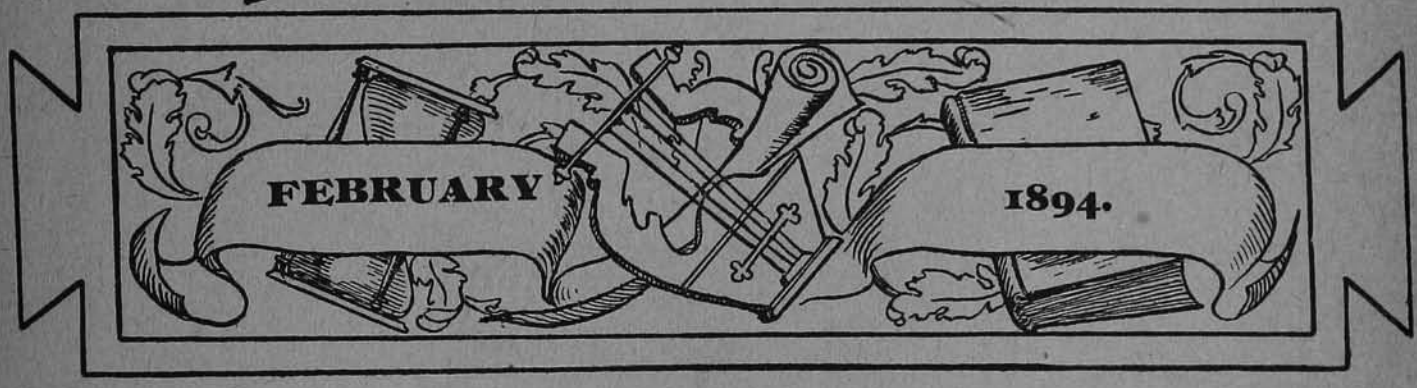

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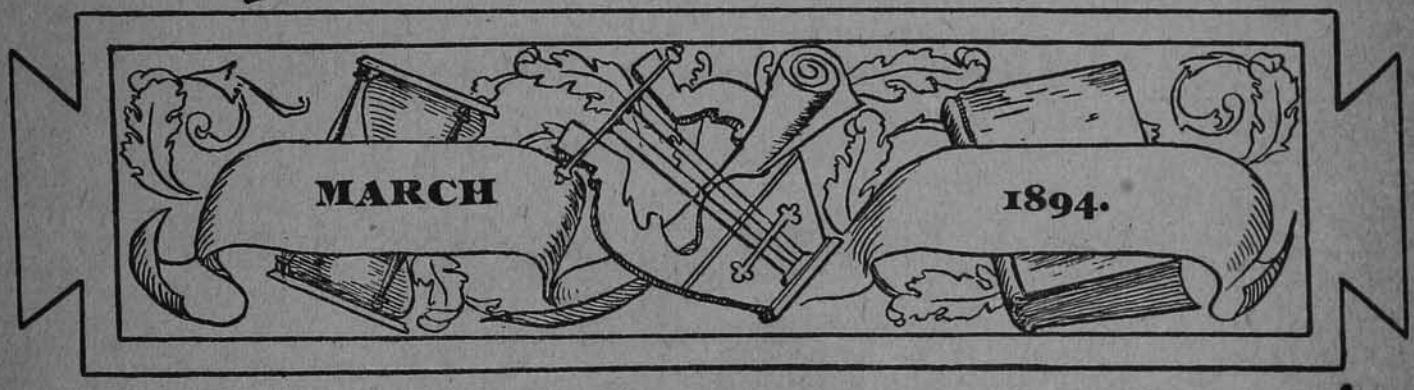

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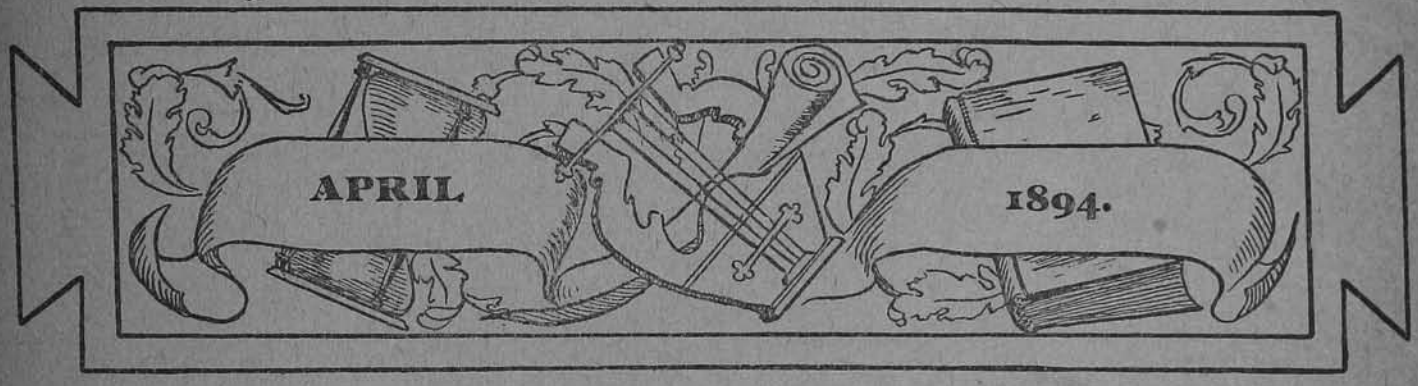

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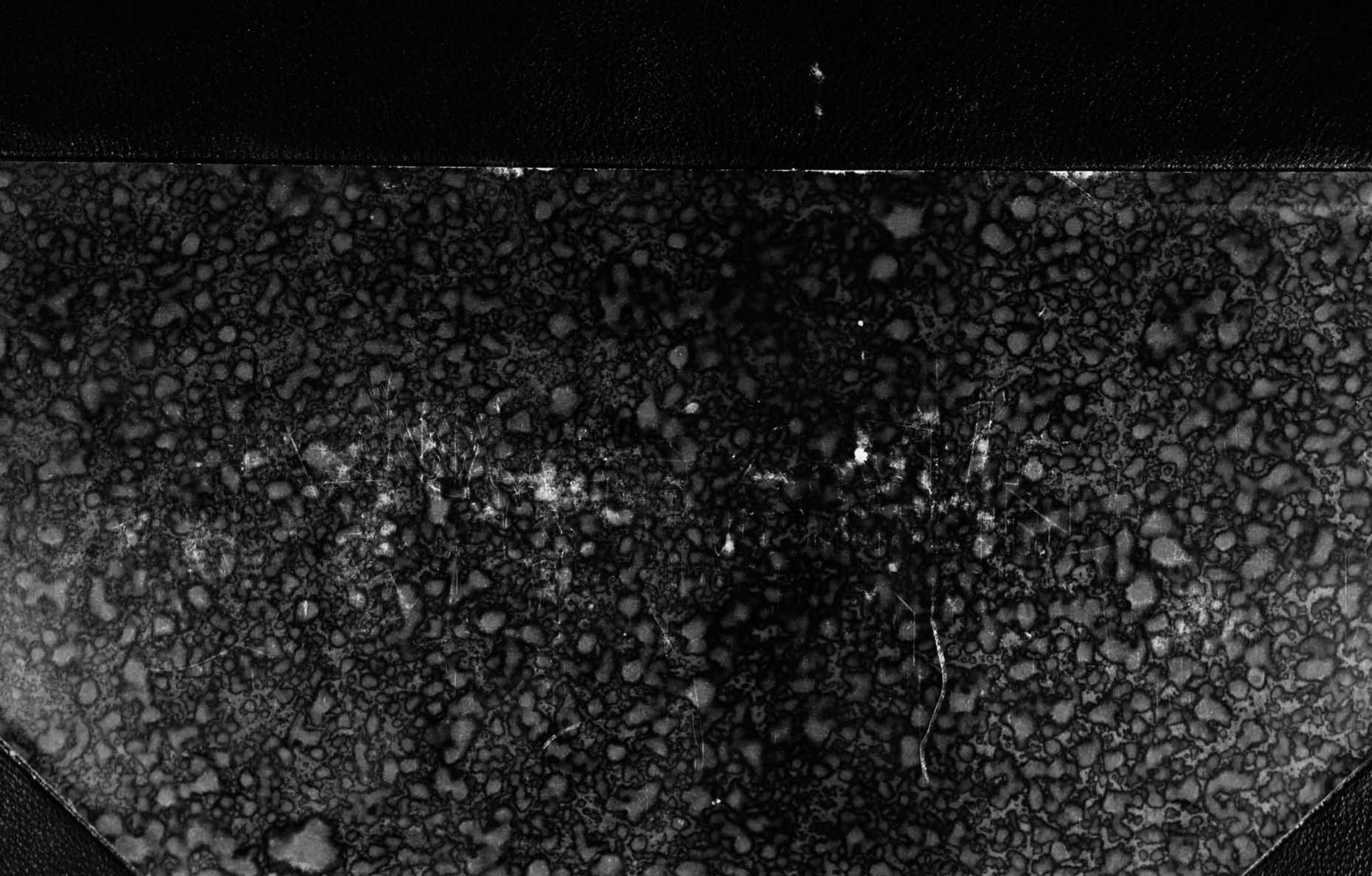
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