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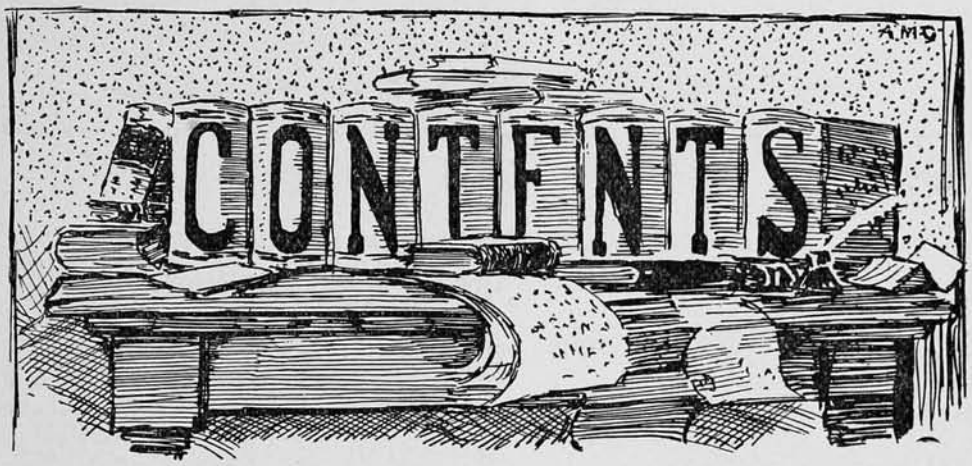
INDEX.

BOOKS REVIEWED.



A KISSING EPISODE.—A WARNING TO FRESHMEN.

JOE TAYLOR was a freshman, a Cornell freshman of the glorious class of "naughty-naught". None of your freshmen was Joe who (happily in the small minority) come to Cornell merely to have a high old social time, hating study, given to dissipation, and early earning the unenviable title of "sport". When your "sporty" freshman takes up his Drill Book in the evening, he can command no concentration of mind for hard study of its mysteries, but his wandering thoughts are way off on the gayeties of the coming winter and the glories of the Junior Prom—Junior Prom, indeed, as if it were *his* prom, the *Freshman* Prom. Dancing, to be sure, had its attractions for Joe, but when the time was for study, he gave himself to it with a will and enjoyed it too.

Taylor's home was in the city, but for two years he had been away at an up-state prep. school, where he had captured

a state scholarship on his sixteenth birthday. In spite of his brightness, Joe was the freshest of all fresh freshmen; not fresh in the sense of forward, inquisitive, and impertinent, but young, green, and tender. In fact, he was "easy", and though popular and a good student, he was considered by the fellows as more or less of a "kid".

Taylor roomed with his cousin, Sam Duncan, a sophomore, four years his senior, a quiet fellow and somewhat of a grind, caring nothing for athletics except tennis, which he played moderately well. The two roommates, in many respects unlike, were similar in this, that both were stubborn and fond of debate. But here again they were unlike, for invariably they took different sides of a question.

"Sam," said Joe once, "what makes you so everlastingly bashful? You are more afraid of a girl than a mouse is of a cat. Look at *me* now. I *enjoy* the society of girls. I like to dance and intend to take in all the military hops this year."

"Well," answered the sophomore, "I don't."

Such differences of opinion as this, on many common subjects, led to frequent hot discussions and free fights between the roommates; but on the whole they got along well together, and there was peace in the family.

The cousins had a suite of rooms on Eddy Street, which Sam had occupied alone when he was a freshman. The house was a small one, and there were only two other student boarders. The landlord, Mr. Bartel, was a down-town tradesman. He didn't need to keep boarders and didn't want to; but he did so to please his wife, who thought it an easy way of earning pin money. The Bartels had two children, a son of twenty-one, who was away from home at a medical college in New York, and a daughter, Jessie, twelve years old, who lived at home.

The Bartels were of German descent. Mr. Bartel was stern and disagreeable, always fault-finding and rarely cheerful. Happily he was at home but little of the time, or no student would ever have remained long under the same

roof with him. It was said, with a strong appearance of truth, that he was a drinking man, for his nose was always red, and on Saturday nights it fairly blazed. Mrs. Bartel was generally pleasant; but occasionally she seemed to be possessed of the same demon of ugliness as her spouse. Mrs. B., *generally* pleasant and *occasionally* ugly, was *always* lazy. She would sit for three hours at a time (and that every day) in a large red-plush chair by the parlor window, idly watching the passers-by and seeking food for gossip. In her good-natured humor, she would often send up grapes or homemade cake and lemonade to her boarders. Then Joe would go down to the parlor to "chin" with his landlady, laughing and joking, free and easy, and acting in general as the "kid" that he was. When, however, Mrs. Bartel was grumpy, Taylor would keep out of reach until she came back to her usual, amiable self. In fine, the degrees of the popularity of the landlord and the landlady may be inferred from the nicknames which their boarders gave them among themselves. Mr. Bartel was the "Old Man" or the "Baron" (often too, simply "Old Bart"); Mrs. Bartel, not the "Old Woman" or the "Baroness", but the "Old Lady" or the "Duchess".

As for the Bartel children, the young man son was at home only for the Christmas holidays and during the summer. So the student boarders rarely saw him, for at these times they, too, were usually back at their homes. But Jessie,—every student on Eddy Street knew her. She was the pet of the house. In cheerfulness of temperament she surpassed her mother and was utterly unlike her father, for while the former, as has been mentioned, was usually agreeable, and the latter rarely so, Jessie was never anything else than bright, happy, winsome little Jess. And yet, alas, this innocent little miss was the cause of all the trouble and discomfiture of that luckless freshman, for one day Joe, in the exuberance of his above-mentioned "kiddishness" and boasted enjoyment of the society of the fair sex, kissed her.

Only once, it is true; but that was fatal, for Jessie told

mamma, and mamma told papa, and papa lay awake that night devising means for humiliating the enemy. The enemy, at the very moment that the plot for his downfall was consummated, all in ignorance of impending misfortune, fancied himself secure and was quite happy, except for a somewhat sheepish feeling for having kissed such a little girl and not "taken a feller his size".

Two days later, when Joe came down from the hill after morning recitations, a couple of letters were awaiting him on the window-sill near the door. One of the envelopes was type-written and post-marked "Ithaca". Wondering what it contained, Joe opened the letter and quickly read:

"*Mr. J. A. Taylor:*

DEAR SIR—We have been consulted by Mr. G. T. Bartel on a matter of serious moment to you. Before further complications arise, you will do well to consult us immediately and alone. Very truly yours,

S. P. CROOK,
Attorney and Counselor at Law."

Hurrying to his room, he read it again, and then again. Poor quaking freshman. What was he to do? Rather, what was the trouble? If he knew that, he might know what to do. Was it a sophomore trick? Hardly that, for Sam had told him that Cornell sophomores no longer hazed and tricked the freshmen, and that the old milking parties and cane rushes were no more. Well, then, if it wasn't the sophs, it must be "Old Bart" himself, or perhaps the "Old Lady". Joe remembered that once he had spilled ink on one of her two-dollar curtains in his room and that the "Old Lady" had threatened to sue him, if he didn't pay her ten dollars; but that had all blown over, and the "Duchess" had sent up grapes and cake many a time since then. It came to his mind that one time she had said something about bringing suit if Sam and he should leave before the year was out; but this letter couldn't be about that, for they didn't expect to leave. Anyway, in such a case, Sam, not he, would have got the letter.

"That stumps me, sure enough. Short and sweet, though. Nit! Talk about your coons having trouble? Guess the first thing to do is to wait for Sam. Maybe he can solve the riddle." This was his conclusion, as often as he thought the matter over,—to wait for Sam, in hopes that two heads would be better than one in conjecturing the cause of the letter.

It seemed an age before Sam appeared. He, too, read and reread the letter and was as much puzzled as Joe.

"Has anything ever happened between you and the Bartels," he asked at length, "that you have never spoken of, that could possibly give us any light on the subject?"

Then Sam heard for the first time of the kissing episode.

"No wonder you kept it to yourself," said he; "but I can't see how the "Old Man" can make anything out of that. Of course, it was a fool thing to kiss such a kid, but at worst it was only an indiscretion. You're a freshman, and you slipped up on a freshman trick; but you wouldn't be likely to do it again. Of course, you'll hate to go alone; but keep as cool as you can and go down and see the shyster."

As this seemed to be the best thing to do, Joe went off right after lunch, cutting two o'clock drill, for military affairs had no charms to a mind so disturbed as his. He "saw the shyster," and went through the ordeal with a pretty stiff upper lip; but he came back no less disturbed in mind.

"Worse and worse, old man," he said to Sam, upon entering the room and closing the door. "I'll be fired out of the University and disgraced for life. He told me it was the kissing business. The 'Old Man' is awfully hot about it, and wants to put the law on me. Crook pretends to be holding him back for my sake. He says I'd better see the 'Old Man,' get on my knees and beg his and the girl's pardon, and try to appease him by offering to settle up."

"Settle up!" cried Sam, interrupting him. "What have you got to settle up about? That looks mighty suspicious.

All I can make out of it is that it's a dirty, combination Dutch–Sheeny trick. The 'Old Man' is a crank, but I didn't think he'd do such a low-down thing as this. They'll never take it to court. Why, it's ludicrous. The judge would be convulsed with laughter. 'Old Bart' would ruin himself and his daughter. They know you were a yap to kiss the girl, and they are trying to make something out of it, by frightening you.''

''It does look that way,'' Joe admitted; ''but I'd hate to run the risk of taking no more notice of them and seeing what they'd do next. I'm afraid they'd 'do' me. Now, if I should write home, perhaps Pop could write a letter that would terrify them and make 'em back down, and that would be the end of the matter; but if I tell the folks of my part in the affair, they'll never get over jollying me. Why not try to run the thing ourselves and get our own lawyer?''

Sam thought that to follow such a course was to give the matter too much importance. And yet, after all, it did seem an easy way of disposing of the difficulty by turning it over into older and more experienced hands. He consented to the scheme and as there was yet time on that very afternoon to carry it out, the two repaired in haste to the offices of the firm of Dixon, Snide & Twoddle. Luck of lucks! the great Dixon himself was in, and they were ushered a-trembling into his private office. He listened to their tale with a smile of sympathy that was in itself an assurance of victory; and when he called in his stenographer and began the dictation, Joe really pitied Crook for the overwhelming blow that was about to crush him. Here is the letter:

''*S. P. Crook, Esq. Attorney and Counselor at Law, Ithaca, N. Y.:*

SIR:—In regard to the incident for which Mr. G. T. Bartel has threatened to bring suit against Mr. J. A. Taylor, we beg to say that it was a most trivial affair and one not deserving of the dignity with which Mr. Bartel seeks to invest it. The attempt, however, of extorting money to hush up

the affair, demands severer language. That, sir, is defined by a name in the criminal code. We trust that we shall hear nothing further of these matters.

Very truly yours,

DIXON, SNIDE and TWODDLE,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law."

Crushing, indeed, as it deserved to be, would doubtless have been the overthrow of Mr. Crook, if the illustrious Dixon had carried to completion the work he had so nobly begun; but he considered the affair so insignificant that, having dealt, as he supposed, the death blow, he turned the case over to Snide for settlement, if by any chance there should possibly be any developments.

Alas, the best of lawyers, like other mortals, sometimes make mistakes, and the good Dixon had made his. Developments did arise and Snide had a hand in their settlement. Now Snide and Crook had been chums and classmates at the same law college. Naturally then, it was painful for them to be at enmity before the law. Indeed, what could be more laudable and affectionate in them than to attempt to arrange a peaceful settlement?

In a day or two, our friend Joe, as yet unconscious that his joy in the downfall of Crook was delusive and vain, was summoned to the office of Snide, where he learned the truth.

"You see," said Snide, when his hearer was alone before him, "after all it's a serious business, this kissing on the sly. Hard to keep out complications, you know. The defense wouldn't be sure of plain sailing, and it might be cheaper to compromise. That is what I certainly should advise you to do."

"But Mr. Snide," stammered Joe, dumbfounded, "What a backdown that is from Mr. Dixon's letter."

"Well, you see," Mr. Snide answered hurriedly, "I've been looking up the law on the question, and I find the outcome is dubious if we take the case to court."

Helpless freshman! What could he do between two fires, when his own lawyer went back on him? Who could be more

helpless than a freshman in the clutches of a Crook and a Snide? So he compromised to the tune of twenty dollars, and settled up completely to the louder strain of thirty dollars,—twenty dollars to Bartel, (*via* Crook who kept half) and ten dollars fee to Snide,—a dear price, indeed, for a stolen kiss. The first thief went heavy-hearted back up the hill in penitence. The other thieves tripped around to Casey's and a merry party of "jolly fellows three" they were.

Of course the Old Lady immediately lost two of her boarders; and strangely enough she didn't sue them for room rent, either.

Where did the thirty dollars come from, seeing that the freshman managed to keep his experience a secret to those at home? That's hardly a part of the story; but fifteen of it came from Sam, only too willing to share his cousin's misfortune. Nobody knows how he raised it. Perhaps some of Joe's share, however, came from staying away from the military hops that year, and otherwise denying himself the "enjoyment of the society of the girls."

R.

MORE STORIES.

OLLECTIONS of short stories are becoming as abundant and as all-pervasive as excursionists who visit the Campus and Ithaca. Last year we spoke particularly of two notable collections, Ambrose Bierce's *In the Midst of Life*, many of them stories of the west and far west, of panthers' eyes, of ghostly apparitions; and Agnes Blake Poor's *Boston Neighbors*, gentle, cultured stories of Boston and its environs. Of an utterly different atmosphere is the collection *Life is Life* by Zack. These stories are set mostly in Devonshire or in Australia, though one, "The English Girl's Christmas Presents," has its local habitation in Dresden; another, "The Red-Haired

Man's Dream," is of an Italian setting; and a third, "The Stone Pine," begins rather vaguely, "They dwelt beside the mulberry-shadowed Mediterranean".

Knowing such to be the settings, you may, perhaps, conjecture the general character of the stories—men and women of Australia and of Devonshire sketched from life in various Kodak moments of their existence. But you cannot know, without reading, the firmness of touch, the brilliant vigor, the all-seeing eye, that the author has brought to his work. By the way, we must acknowledge that we use *his* grammatically though blindly; we know nothing about Zack except from this volume. As a matter of fact, in our reading we were tempted to conjecture that Zack must be a woman, possibly a lone Devonshire girl, who has been everywhere.

We said some of the sketches were marked by a particular firmness of touch. One of these is the second part of "The Failure of Flipperty." Flipperty was an English girl of eleven who ran away in boys' clothes to join her big brother Philip in an Australian diggings. Soon after she found him, half dead with fever, the flies settled on his face, as they have a way of doing in Australia under such circumstances; for he was dead. Another sketch showing a steady hand is "Rab Vinch's Wife." Her husband killed a man and was going to be hanged for it in obstinate silence; but when the judge had taken the black cap and had asked the prisoner if he had anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed on him, his wife made him speak and tell why. "'Twez done temperzome, powerful temperzome; ha said thic thet wez baisteous o' hur"—and Rab pointed in the direction of his wife.

The vigorous diction to which we referred is apparent throughout. Mechanically underscore the verbs and adjectives on a single page of the longest piece, the one which gives title to the volume, "Life is Life," and you will see that the hackneyed is as far removed from Zack's pencil as is Stevenson's *An Inland Voyage* from the ordinary school-

boy's account of an outing abroad. Yet, oddly enough, and producing a most ludicrous effect, this writer, who is preëminently vigorous in her words, allows a girl who had just heard the words, "I love you," to say helplessly in reply, "It is all so sudden;" and in the same story, writing in her own person, says of the other girl proposed to by the same man: "Despair swept down upon her; it was all so strange, *sudden*, terrible." (The italics are mine.)

The last characteristic to which we call attention is the author's keen observation. It is shown in the brilliant descriptions of scenes in Australia and Devonshire. Here is a passage at random: "Then the umbrella would drop from his hand, and his blind eyes fill with visions of his English home; the crude street noises around him would hush themselves, and the lop-lop of the river as it humped its way over brown pebbles became audible: he watched it wind through the Thursby meadows where the big elms lolled and sunned themselves, past the gorse-covered hills, and the shuffling woods in their spring coat of beech-green. He saw again the long green alleys of the Chase, played in its old-world gardens where the old-world flowers dozed with drooping heads as if dog-tired of blooming." Clearness of observation is shown, too, in the descriptions of persons. Sometimes a single compound adjective suffices for description of a person or thing. In fact Zack seems to write herself out quickly in this field of condensed characterization. "Red-eyed," for example, is sufficiently distinctive to be restricted to one man instead of being applied to several; "black-faced" water may do once, but scarcely four times, and one tires of "brown-faced" water and "yellow-faced" also. Besides this single-adjective description, the author sometimes sketches vivid portraits, as: "He saw a small oval face; eyes deeply blue, peering down, full of anxiety, at the reflection of the chestnut hair that curled out, glinting with gold, and scrawled along the edge of her broad white forehead. The short nose tiptilted [an echo of Tennyson's "tip-tilted" in Gareth and Lynette?], delicate, expressed

a faint, questioning surprise ; the mouth too large to be small, freshly, childishly red, curved back indignant, only the dimple that had been pressed into the chin was content in its own happiness, and refused at all costs to express anything but pleasure.'' One must acknowledge, however, in spite of one's appreciation, a certain limit to Zack's observation ; for her, glinting chestnut hair is the only color ; besides Roch of ''The Red-Haired Man's Dream'' pictured above, both Rab Vinch's wife and Dave Vlint's bethrothed were so favored. Especially is a quick discernment shown in such little phrases connoting a great deal, as ''talking on to avoid silence''.

With all the brilliant vigor and keenness of this writer there is a certain nonchalant coldness. Zack simply registers coldly, dispassionately the facts of mental experience or of action of personages to whom she has been pleased to assign names. To her it is a matter for terse, concentrated statement when a man loves other than his wife, or wife than husband. The writer looks on unmoved when a boy is enthralled by inherited taste and is led devilishly toward the fume-emitting bottle, ''the smell of the spirits dripping on to his lips, he licking it down''. Yet the portrayer of the pathetic Widder Vlint—who had seen three sons drunkards and dead and could nevertheless say palliatingly to another struggling against the overmastering desire for drink, ''Dave, didn't I borne 'ee all, didn't 'ee all lie upon my brast, an' ain't 'ee all my childer, an' why shud wan gaw vor to make hizsulf higher than tothers?''—is not entirely cold.

Generally serious, Zack shows sometimes a ready appreciation of the humorous, as in the incident of the painters and the pig. The bubbling young Roch, above described, lets her little black pig, Felice, eat up the sketch-books of two German artists, the fattest of whom is amusingly exasperated, so that this incident redeems the oppressively serious pages of the rest of the sketch. A certain sardonic humor ppears, too, in ''Widder Vlint,'' where the narrator, a De-

vonshireman, while the widow is being seriously interrupted in preparing supper, worries only at the danger to "the good bacon" that is frying. The author has a knack for striking some note of absurdity and letting it recur from page to page as a relief to too much seriousness; in one story a box of chocolates, that is always being trampled upon by the pig or the man fulfills this function.

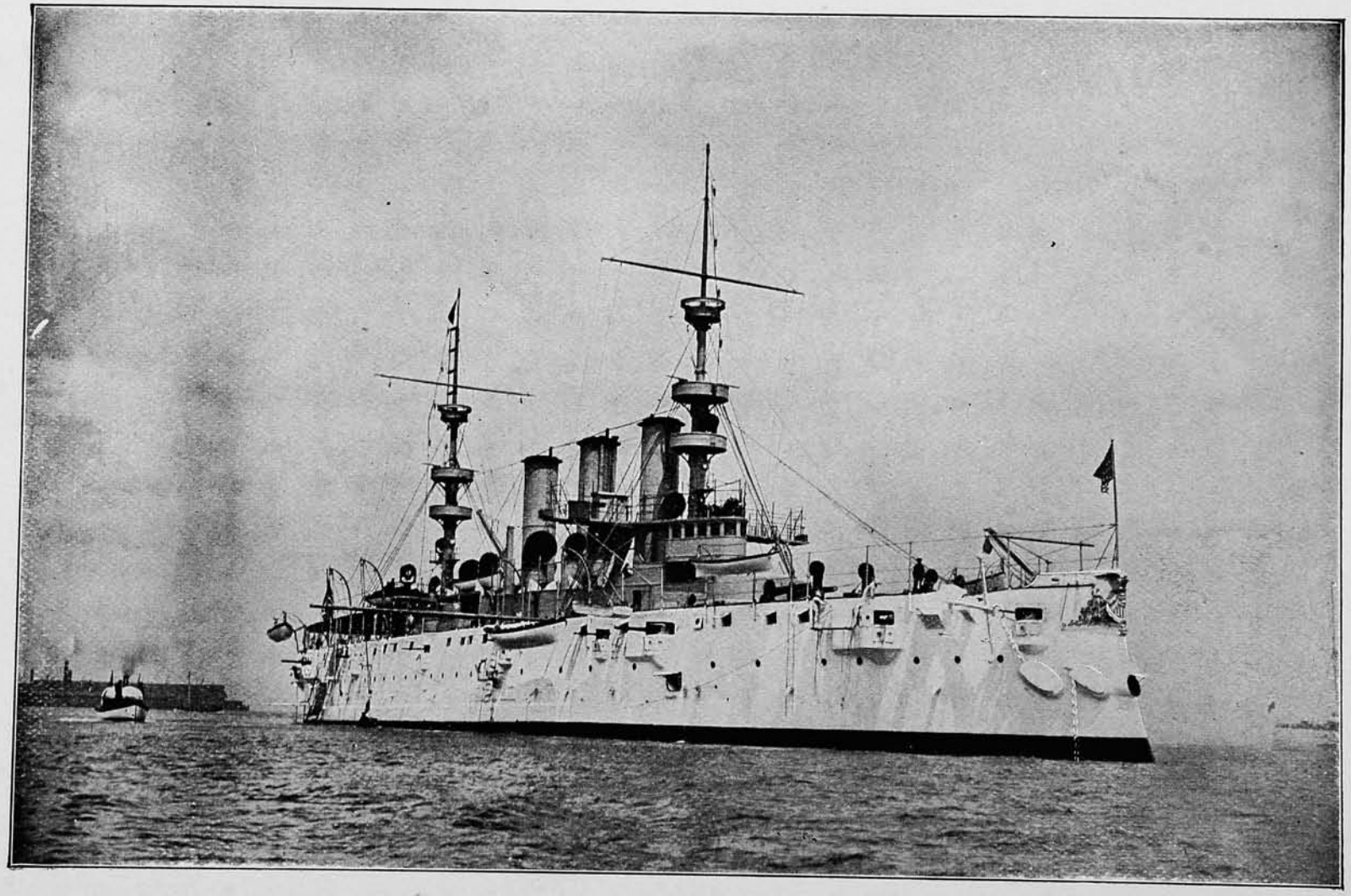
On the whole, although of the dozen stories some are in parts of oppressive atmosphere, as "The Red Haired Man's Dream"; one or two have no apparent reason for existence, as "The Busted Blue Doll"; and "Travelling Joe" is desultory—the volume reads well. It jolts one somewhat, but in the Australian sketches it opens a new vein for American readers; and in the last four Devonshire sketches introduces to us a writer of remarkable power.

G.

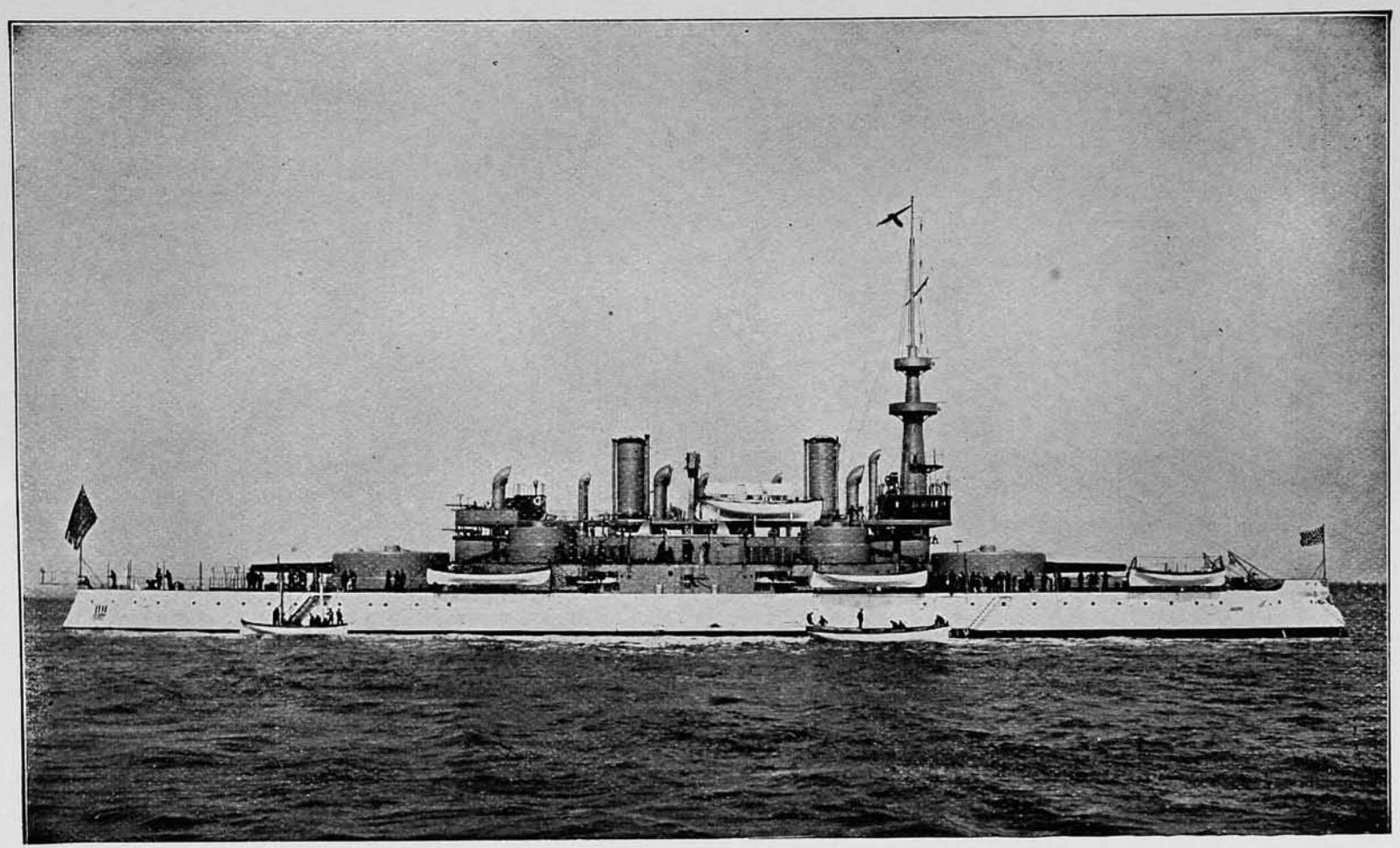
AFTER VACATION.

OVER the mountain summit shoots the train—
Lo! there below lies Ithaca, the town
On which our fair Cornell looks proudly down
From her high throne, the campus. Once again
We hail thee, Alma Mater! Through each vein
Courses our blood exultant—not a frown
Doth Nature wear; all noise our voices drown,
As with glad hearts we sing the old refrain
Of "Alma Mater"—"Hail to thee, Cornell!"
Our thoughts return to all the former years,
As those inspiring notes resounding swell;
Our hearts are fill'd with mingled joys and fears,
But chiefest is the joy again to see
Thy halls, Cornell—to be once more with thee!

F. Monroe Crouch..



NEW YORK.



INDIANA.

OUR WARSHIPS.

N reading accounts of our recent war with Spain, one must be fairly well versed in the meaning of the modern warship classification in order to understand thoroughly the subject in hand ; accordingly a description of the various types of our warships seems not out of place at this time.

Since the revolutionizing of naval architecture caused by Ericsson's famous "Monitor" in 1862, the classification of warships has gradually changed as new vessels embodying novel features have been introduced. The rating of a vessel by the number of guns carried has evidently ceased to show her relative fighting strength ; instead, her displacement, protection, speed, and means of offence are all taken into consideration. Somewhat different systems are employed in foreign navies from that in our own, but it is probable that in a few years a common classification may be agreed upon, of as great simplicity as that in vogue in the early years of the century.

To begin with, all warships are separated into two main divisions, armored and unarmored, according to whether they have or have not any portion of their water lines protected by plates of vertical armor. Of armored ships, there are in our navy four different classes ; the battleship and the armored cruiser, which are seagoing and coast-line vessels ; and the monitor and the ram, built for harbor defence.

The battleship is sometimes designated the unit of a nation's naval strength, occupying the same relative position as the old three-deck ship of the line. It is designed to sacrifice to some extent the qualities of speed and coal capacity to the ability to carry a heavy armament and a thick armor protection.

Armored cruisers are supposedly vessels of lighter armor and guns and greater speed than battleships, but the dividing line is so indistinct that it was a matter of considerable doubt as to whether we had lost a second-class battleship or an armored cruiser when the "Maine" was destroyed. Both she and Cervera's fine squadron of armored cruisers should properly be rated as battleships from the thickness of their armor and the heaviness of their guns. The United States now has four first-class battleships in commission—the "Iowa," the "Indiana," the "Massachusetts," and the "Oregon," and eight building; one second-class battleship, a ship of smaller tonnage or less efficiency than the first-class vessels, the "Texas"; and two armored cruisers, the "New York" and the "Brooklyn." It is expected that Congress will authorize in its next session the construction of three battleships and three armored cruisers.

Chief among our harbor defence vessels is the monitor, which may be defined as a battleship of very low freeboard or as a floating armored battery capable of self propulsion. Its unsteadiness as a gun platform, and the short distance of its guns above the water line, combined with its small radius of action, limit its usefulness to land-locked bodies of water. No modern vessels purely of this type are to be found any where except in this country, though Russia, Norway and Sweden have a number of old-timers of about the same degree of efficiency as our thirteen relics of the Civil War. We have six in commission, five of about 4,000 tons and one of 6,000 tons; and four of 2,700 tons authorized.

One ram is carried on our navy lists, the "Katahdin", a vessel of 2155 tons displacement, whose sole means of offence other than a few six-pounders to repel boat attacks, is her powerful ram bow.

The foregoing classes are substantially the same in all navies. In addition, there are numbers of small armored craft which are conveniently grouped under the head of "coast defence vessels" or "armored gunboats".

Turning now to the unarmored boats of our fleet, we find

protected cruisers, cruisers, gunboats, torpedo boat destroyers, torpedo boats, and those of "special class", not taking into consideration the obsolete iron and wooden warships.

Protected cruisers derive their name from the steel deck which extends from bow to stern sloping at the sides from a few feet above to several feet below the water line, its thickest portion being immediately over the engines and boilers or "vitals" of the ship. Armored cruisers and battleships are also protected in this manner, but as a rule, the deck does not extend over that portion of the vessel protected by side armor. The deck assists but slightly in maintaining stability; for this purpose are designed water-tight compartments to localize the effect of penetration, and belts of cocoa fibre or corn pith to exclude water. The protected cruiser class corresponds closely with the frigate and sloop-of-war of the old classification and utilizes the weight saved in armor and heavy guns to increase the speed and bunker capacity.

Cruisers differ from protected cruisers in that they have no protective deck or only a very thin one. Fifteen protected and three unprotected are now in the service, the former ranging from 3,000 to 7,400 tons in displacement, and the latter being of about 2,100 each. With the exception of the "Atlanta" and the "Boston," all of these boats are capable of making at least eighteen knots, and nine make upwards of nineteen. The "Columbia" and "Minneapolis," developed trial speeds of 22.8 and 23.1 knots respectively, and Dewey's flagship, the "Olympia," is credited with 21.7. Recommendations will be submitted to Congress at its next session for the authorization of six more protected and three more unprotected cruisers.

Gunboats have the same general features of the cruiser class, but they are under instead of over 2,000 tons displacement. Of these vessels we have eleven built of steel and six of "composite" construction. Another gunboat is being built. The composite gunboats are built of

steel above and wood, copper sheathed, below the water line, in order to prevent the necessity for frequent docking.

In the special class there are at present three vessels, all of which might with propriety be grouped under the head of gunboats. These are the despatch boat "Dolphin," the "Vesuvius," a dynamite gunboat or more properly, an ariel torpedo gunboat, and a training ship as yet unbuilt.

Great Britain, instead of dividing her unarmored vessels into protected cruisers, cruisers and gunboats, classifies them as first, second, and third-class cruisers, sloops, first and second-class gun vessels, torpedo gunboats, and first and second-class gunboats.

For further convenience, our fleet is often divided according to tonnage, every boat of over 5,000 tons displacement being called first rate, those of 3,000–5,000 second rate, 1,000–3,000 third rate; and fourth rate embracing all those of under 1,000 tons exclusive of torpedo boat classes. For example, the "Texas" is a "first rater" though a "second-class" battleship.

Last and smallest of our vessels are those of the torpedo boat type, of which there are but two classes, torpedo-boat destroyers and torpedo boats. Abroad the classification is very minute, especially in France. England divides according to lengths as destroyers, sea-going, first, second, and third class, and vedettes. The United States is fast swinging into line with regard to a torpedo boat flotilla, and appropriations have been made for sixteen destroyers of about 400 tons and thirty-six torpedo-boats, fifteen of the latter being already in commission. The object of these vessels is not to attempt the reduction of shore batteries with their puny gun-fire, as was attempted at Cardenas by brave young Bagley, but to steal up on their prey under cover of darkness or behind some protecting boat, until near enough to discharge their torpedoes. If one reaches the mark, the boat is considered a good investment, even though it should itself be destroyed.

Our regular navy's present strength, including all ships,

built and projected, but excluding the vessels taken from Spain, consists of twelve first class and one second class battleships, two armored cruisers, ten modern monitors, one ram, fifteen protected and three unprotected cruisers, eighteen gunboats of which six are composite, three of special class, sixteen destroyers, thirty-six torpedo-boats, and one submarine torpedo-boat; as well as thirteen antiquated monitors, five iron and nine wooden cruising vessels, seven sailing ships, fourteeen tugs, and seventeen boats of various old types which are unfit for sea service. A bill to increase the navy will be introduced into Congress next December, which will call for an expenditure of over thirty millions of dollars, and will provide for the construction of three battleships, and three armored, six protected, and three unprotected cruisers.

The auxiliary navy comprises vessels not originally built for naval service, but which are called upon in time of war. They are classified under several heads, as auxiliary cruisers, auxiliary yachts, colliers, supply ships, auxiliary steamers, transports, ambulance ships, tugs, revenue cutters, etc., according to their previous service. Upwards of one hundred and twenty boats of all sizes and sorts were included in the auxiliary navy during the war, of which about thirty-eight were auxiliary cruisers and yachts, twenty-seven were tugs, and twenty-one government vessels used for different service in time of peace.

In spite of the many changes occurring in the ships and guns with which he fights, the Spanish War has demonstrated very clearly at least one fact—that the American bluejacket—"the man behind the gun"—has undergone no change in bravery since the days of the victorious "Constitution," nor in the skill of his gunnery since the very beginning of our navy, when it was pure pluck and a sure eye which won us victories.

J. S. H.

A DISH OF ORTS.

AGAIN, this morning, I sipped sweets from the flowering stacks. George Macdonald seems to be a good old soul. I like his picture. A venerable man, large bearded, broad browed, kindly eyed—your ideal of the good-humored cultured gentleman, whose days appear to have been mostly sunshine. Have you read any of his books? They are largely stories founded on fact, or else historical in that they present the tone and atmosphere of a period, if not the exact happenings. Macdonald published also several collections of essays, such as the curious titled one "A Dish of Orts." In this I turned to a page, expecting information on forms of literature, for in the table of contents was an essay entitled "Essays on the Forms of Literature." But here was a review by Macdonald of a book written by Lynch, the critic.

Not in the least disappointed (you know, the browser is like the little toy boats you used to sail; he drifts where "the spirit moves"), I read a few pages in which the writer commends the pleasure in reading biographies. In his stories a man often embodies beautifully high ideals; that is, he creates characters whom one admires as men. Is the author at all able to realize in himself the ideals which he makes convincingly concrete in his books? Is, for example, Anthony Hope other than the perfect gentleman? Macdonald thinks some authors must be able to embody in their own lives their imaginings. Shall we, then, find in their biographies the essential men? Rarely. Often their inward life has not revealed itself in its wholeness to human beings about them. Because of this, shall we give up biography? Never. Read, say, Lockhart's Scott and Boswell's Johnson or Southey's Nelson to have opened to you an enticing form of literature. Macdonald thus gives one something to think about.

He has furnished, too, just what we were looking for—a

title under which to group a number of widely differing college sketches by different writers; we adopt the phase in the sense in which Mr. Macdonald explains it, and herewith pass to the new boarder (subscriber) as well as to the old, "A Dish of Orts".

LETTERS.

Charlie and the Colonel and I were dallying with our breakfast—eating a little, but chatting a good deal. It was one of those raw, dreary, rainy mornings of summer when one doesn't feel particularly hungry or even ordinarily brilliant.

The Colonel broke out with, "I wrote a dozen letters last night."

"Gracious Garcia," I bubbled. "You don't mean it! They couldn't have been letters to friends?"

"Well, no. Mostly of about a page. Business letters, you know."

"That's more like it. It's a pretty big job to write twelve letters."

"Just the same-ee, I've done it, more'n once—on a Sunday."

"Did you write repeaters?"

"Never. I detest them."

"Surely, you told some things though, in some letters that you'd said in others."

"Yes, but I told them in different ways."

"That's the way I do. You know you feel that some folks'd like to hear more about one thing, and so you make three or four paragraphs of that to them. 'N then to others you won't give more'n half a paragraph on that same topic. You just take your thoughts, and sprinkle salt into one letter and pepper into another."

Charlie hadn't said a word while the Colonel and I were playing tennis with these words. Now was his serve.

"And sugar into another."

"Hurray for the lady-killer! He's right, isn't he Colonel?"

Charlie was quick here to say that he was simply trying to look at the matter from my standpoint.

The Colonel brought the letter-writing talk to a focus with "And cherry pie into another," then grated back his chair, and we two followed naturally.

HUZZA.

With your blood running cold and your whole being in a flutter, you leaned far out of your window, little icicles of excitement vanishing down your back, while the trolley car, bedecked with flags, sauntered slowly up the grade to the E. C. & N. station. The boys were off to war, twenty of them—Jack Appleby, Patsy Griffin, Mike Coogan, and all the rest. The drums rub-a-dub-dubbed in the most conventional way, but the gong of the trolley joined in to make a new combination in sound, keeping time with the bass. Men in quiet rows filled the body of the car. Men excited to fighting pitch, though they were going to stay at home, lined the side platforms, and huzzahed intermittently and gaily.

Not gay were the two slight dark-clothed women who hopped along the two narrow planks trying to keep within sight of their Joe and their Fred—when the boys go to war, these mothers that have to stay behind! To them from the back platform a man without collar or tie, ruddy faced, sunburned perhaps, more likely rum-burned, waved a square bandanna as encouragement to keep on. No tears were in the womens' eyes, but the tears were not far back of the set, white faces. These mothers! Who would care for them, while sons were gone? Their black showed no husbands would be home to earn them bread. Many are the soldiers' wives and mothers who, in months of waiting, are but ill-sustained physically by the tapping of the drums and the fleeting shouts of exultation that accompanied the starting of the train which carried the men to the front.

NEWLY FLEDGED.

Have you seen him? Grasping firmly in his young right

hand the insignia of four years' study, he stands erect in the circle of admiring friends. Father stands near by, receiving the congratulations of an old bachelor friend, who has just shaken hands with the blushing boy. Mother simply beams on the assembled neighbors, who eye the hero and long to pat him affectionately on the back. Sisters want to know what's inside the white roll, so that now you see the boy tenderly unrolling and peeping into his diploma, while the favorite sister zealously takes care of the red ribbon. Thus they clog the crowded halls for an hour after the "exercises" are over, during all which time the big, helmetted policeman looks comfortably important, and the little, wiry, scrawny moustached janitor is itching to put out the lights and go home.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

Graham strolled leisurely into his eight o'clock, synchronously with the quarter-after strokes of the bell in the tower, unmindful of the reproving and somewhat threatening pause in the voice of the long-suffering instructor; or of the mild stare of the students more prompt in attendance, who knew the signs and scented trouble in the air; or of the fellows whose quick smile of welcome greeted him here, as everywhere.

He was idolized as only a man can be who has won and kept a high place for his college in the inter-collegiate; and to whom the glory of many a crew victory is willingly accorded. The fellows on the seat in the extreme rear of the room, sufficiently removed from the platform to be undisturbed by the fund of information emanating therefrom, laid aside their newspapers and novels, even the books whose lessons for the next hour they were eagerly conning, and made room for Graham.

The instructor, exasperated by Graham's frequent non-appearance many mornings back; not recognizing in the big fellow's deliberate movements his cherished laudable ambition to move with dignity like Herr Professor, whom the fellows secretly dubbed "Zeus;" and forgetting in the short

eight minutes he had been at his post, the long, hot walk up the hill—gazed fixedly, almost sneeringly, at the unconscious Graham as he hurriedly whispered some final directions to the fellow next to him about the game that afternoon.

The pause began to impress the new-comer, for he flushed, broke off, and then looked unflinchingly at his instructor, waiting results. Mr. Demetson wavered an instant under that cool, frank, respectful glance. Personally he liked Graham—dependent though he was upon the tender mercies of "the powers that be" for enough hours to graduate in the spring. But this tardiness must be stopped, and he was the man to stop it. The unobtrusive entrance of a girl at that instant, who came regularly at 8:20, in spite of, perhaps because of, many a would-be persuasive tête-a-tête with her handsome young instructor after hours, decided him.

"Mr. Graham," he said, with appalling distinctness, "the next time you come to class at this hour, you needn't come."

Some girls tittered. Graham bit his lip; but work at Percy hadn't spoiled him, so his "not prepared," in response to an unreasonable request to "continue the translation" immediately after was somewhat awe-struck and humbled.

Realizing that he was free from responsibility for that morning, he gave loose rein to his thoughts and during the remainder of the hour remained oblivious to all desultory claims upon his attention.

He thought of the old farm, with its nerve-destroying monotony, from which he had broken away under protest. He recalled his father, bent with age, who had refused to aid his son in "getting an education." His mind reverted to his entrance into Ithaca life—the queer little hair trunk, the first dreary lonesome night at the Ithaca Hotel,—later his puzzled surprise at the popularity which greeted his big frame; his own athletic renown—and he gazed proudly down at the winged foot on his sweater; then thoughts of the coming graduation filled him with delight and also uncertainty. Fervently he hoped his name would have an "O. K." after it! when the clock sounded the hour, and there was a general shuffle of departing feet.

A hand upon his shoulder roused him. "Graham," said his instructor kindly, "a little more diligence is worth the price of an extra medal or two, my boy!"

With a smile, Graham grasped the extended hand. "I've been thinking it over, and if the end isn't too near?" he stopped; but the instructor gave him an encouraging grin as he said, "Go in, and win."

On Class Day, Graham answered to his name at roll-call, more or less to the surprise of some members of good old '98. Still, such things have happened from time immemorial.

IN BEAUTY'S QUEST.

We were three, all Cornellians; an architect, who, believing that there was no more beautiful scenery than was to be found about Ithaca, intended to demonstrate this proposition by perpetuating a small portion of it in water colors, and two girls who had been reading French. We were prudent; we had taken with us, in addition to the materials for the sketch, a copy of Merimées' *Colomba* and a coverless French dictionary, one cape, and two umbrellas. We were young and confiding; we offered to the weather prophet who had promised us "generally fair."

"Courage and faith. Vain faith and courage vain." And we were votaries of Nature, with a capital letter! We were in search of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good as revealed to us progressing up Fall Creek in a row boat. Surely the blessed gods who dwell in Olympus might have looked upon us with kindly eye!

On we paddled slowly, looking and talking. We spoke of it all: the little unknown flower with its three round white petals that grew in the water near the shore; the golden rod, the purple flowers, the tall grass, the tangled mass of growing things on the banks; the little green island; the log projecting from the water like the head of some pre-historic creature of the sea; the tree growing in the water, with its drooping branches and their wealth of yellow leaves; the trees, the tall, vine-clad poplars with their wide spreading arms, like gigantic monsters of wind and space suddenly

become stationary; and the deep, dark, thick green water that faithfully mirrored it all. Up and down we paddled, seeking the best place for the sketch, arguing gravely the morality of representing the log in a different place.

At last we halted and sunk a weight; we girls placed ourselves in the stern with *Colomba* and dictionary, and the artist was about to begin when—Jupiter Pluvius seized the reins of power. Surprised, but still trusting the omniscient weather prophet, we pulled under the tree with the drooping branches, and waited. Off went our hats and under the seats; up went the two umbrellas. Our artist looked out from under his umbrella at the rain which had spoiled an opportunity to sketch, and, literally and metaphorically, ate sour grapes. We girls, never so fond of each other as now, when we were trying to protect the two of us with one small cape and one small umbrella, drew ourselves into as small compass as possible in the stern, read *Colomba*, and condoled with each other, while the rain was playing the mischief with our thin summer dresses. We, the youthful devotees of Nature, the guileless enthusiasts, misguided, but harmless and innocent, were the helpless victims of the ruthless elements.

Well soaked, convinced that there was no end to the rain, cruelly disillusioned and despondent, we started back. At last we reached the Inlet. Up above us we could get a back view of the Campus buildings. The whistles blew and the bells rang for six o'clock, and we knew that we had still a long distance to row. The rain dripped down on chilled, cramped limbs, on wet clothing, on dishevelled hair. Lifting up our voices we sang in chorus:

"Far below the Campus buildings
Up on yonder hill,
In the Inlet's devious windings
Float we sadly still.

CHORUS.—"Lift the oars and speed us onward,
Or we'll get a chill;
And go home in plight untoward
From the rippling rill.

"Far below the busy city
Where there's fire and food,
Sing we here this doleful ditty
In a mournful mood." *W.*

AN ENTRANCE IDYL.

"Can you tell me the way to Sage College?" Her young voice trembled as she falteringly nerved herself to put the troubled query. Her companion, dressed also in blue, looked still more timid. She didn't dare ask even a subdued question.

He was a strong, big souled, track man—stocky, vigorous looking. He was, moreover, inordinately bashful. But, luckily, his face had become so reddened by his outdoor work at Percy and by his about-country excursions for bugs (he was a graduate bug-ologist) that one couldn't really tell whether he blushed very much or not when he was asked the scared question.

They all three were yet on the Lackawanna train, he sitting in the seat in front of them. There was something frank and honest in his face; like Alan Breck Stewart in *Kidnapped*, he had a "good open expression." The girls had been watching him all the way over from Owego. At Candor they had conspired to find out from him the thing above all things that they wanted to know. At Caroline she of the bluest blue was on the point of bending over to ask; but a jolt of the train seemed a negative from fate. The train had now pulled wearily across the trestle just before you get to State street. At the station, desperate, she simply had to find out.

"Why, yes." This quickly enough, but he had to pause for breath. "Er—er, you take the street car." This was progress. Pushing along behind the three sub-freshmen, whose gigantic grips—surely they hadn't brought trunks also?—cumbered the aisles, they of the blue and he of the red made their way to the trolley. He cheerfully carried two valises of theirs, thinking to put the girls on the car and be done with the business. Innate gallantry, however, was

not thus to be satisfied. He found himself sitting by the side of the bluest blue one—she *happened* to be the prettier. His tongue loosened a little as the car buzzed along State; by the time it was toiling up towards the about-face place, he was talking gaily. By the time they reached gloomy Cascadilla, he'd resolved to go right on up as far as Sage; it wouldn't be much out of his way—he roomed just over there on Huestis. At Sage, he might as well carry the valises round to the front door.

Here was the beginning of his consternation. It was six o'clock of the night before entrance exams, one of the girls had to take English history at eight next morning, the girls' rooms had been engaged weeks before—but Sage was only an echoing caravansary on a deserted hill-top!

That Sage bell had had a good many ringings during the summer school when frolicsome parties of a dozen or so sprightly inmates unavoidably had to rouse somebody to let them in. But it never had so prodigious a clanging as now when an athlete at his wits' ends pressed his finger thereon in desperate sallies. Happy thought! There's Sage Cottage. Yet it, too, as any all-summer man could have told him, was deserted, though looking prim and inviting in its new paint. Joy of joys, but confusion confounded, as the weary, frightened ones and the worried, flustered one mechanically turned from the Cottage into Central Avenue, the affable mogul of Morrill and his charming wife heartily greeted the graduate.

Redder faced than before, in an aside he explained the situation, ruefully adding that he couldn't introduce his companions—for he didn't know their names.

Through the kindly offices of these two the uncomfortable trio were placed at ease, but ask *him* about two girls in blue if you want to see him try to blush, and *them* about their athlete if you want to hear things about Sage.

C.

A WAR TIME DITTY.

I.

A PRETTY little maiden sat a reading in the shade
Of the ladies and the cavaliers of old,
And she giggled and she tittered at the merry game they played
In the merry, merry story that they told.
"If I had been a maiden", said the pretty little maid,
In the merry, merry tilting days of yore,
I'd have chosen me a cavalier resplendently arrayed
To battle for the colors that he wore.
Oh what a merry frolic to sit upon the green
With the gallants and the ladies all around,
To see the merry cavalier a fighting for his queen
And hear the merry buffeting resound!"

II.

But the pretty little maiden heard a step approaching near
And she looked around to see who it could be,
And she left her merry ladies and her gallant cavalier
And she caroled forth a greeting merrily.
For she saw a youth approaching in the shadow of the glade
And her little heart went pit-a-pat in glee.
For she loved the youth approaching, did the pretty little maid,
And his coming made her happy as could be.
Oh what a merry meeting for the pretty little lass
With no one hiding near to oversee!
Oh what a merry meeting upon the shady grass
Beneath the mellow shadow of the tree!

III.

But the lad returned her greeting with a melancholy smile
  And he looked the little maiden o'er and o'er.
"Alas", he said, "my darling, I can tarry but a while
  For my regiment is going to the war!
Alas my little maiden don't tremble so and weep
  Nor hide your pretty features from my view,—
But give me some memento, some souvenir to keep,
  To remind me ever afterward of you."
She raised her pretty lashes, and she handed him a pin
  With the banner of the nation graven there.
"Oh you shall be my cavalier to battle and to win
  And these will be the colors you shall wear."

IV.

A pretty little maiden sat a sobbing in the shade
  Beneath the mellow shadow of a tree,
Her little heart was aching, her little soul afraid
  And her little face was sorrowful to see.
"I suppose I shouldn't worry", said the pretty little lass,
  "Nor trouble him with evidence of fear,—
Yet I am but a maiden with a maiden's heart, alas,
  And I feel a maiden's sorrow, sitting here;
I am glad I wasn't living in the horrid days of old
  When the women were as cruel as the men,
When pugilistic gallants were merrily extolled,
  Oh I'm happy that I wasn't living then."

J. Kenneth Fraser.

TRIOLETS.

WHEN Dorothy comes down the hill,
  To church on Sunday morning,
In neat chapeau and dainty frill,
She trippeth lightly down the hill;

And, ah, my heart will not keep still,
  All calm demeanor scorning,
When Dorothy comes down the hill,
  To church on Sunday morning.

While Dorothy is passing by,
  She looks not where I'm sitting.
Ah, can it be because she's shy
And fears to look in passing by
Lest there be love-light in my eye,
  The Sabbath unbefitting?
Yes, Dorothy is passing by
  And looks not where I'm sitting.

When Dorothy is gone from sight,
  My heart is filled with longing
But lingers yet a keen delight,
I see her still though gone from sight;
And memories round that figure bright
  In fair array are thronging,
Though Dorothy has gone from sight,
  And I am filled with longing.

R. S. H.

THE HOUSTON CLUB AND ITS HOME.

EVER since the class of 1896 left its memorial fund to be applied to the erection of a students' club house on the campus, when the necessary financial support should be available, Cornellians have been deeply interested in the university club idea. The classes of 1897 and 1898, with admirable regard for the interests of the University as a whole, have devoted their memorial funds to the same purpose. The cost of one club house, however, will swallow up a surprising number of memorial funds without inconvenience, and call for more. In the absence of sources of revenue other than these funds, it is to be feared that none of us who are now living will be privileged to see the completed structure adorn the campus.

Happily, the alumni are in cordial sympathy with the desires of the undergraduates and are planning to furnish the financial aid so much needed. Cornell architectural students and graduates have already been invited by the Alumni Association to participate in a preliminary prize competition to secure plans for an Alumni Hall, to be designed and used as a university club house. When the project can be placed in definite form before the alumni, a vigorous canvass for funds will be inaugurated with the idea of erecting on the Cornell campus a club house in all its appointments second to none.

The movement having progressed thus far favorably, information with regard to similar institutions already established at other universities will be opportune, and may be of some practical value. The Houston Club at the University of Pennsylvania is one of the best equipped and most representative of these institutions, and the writer is

able to present some facts about its field of usefulness derived from a year's experience as a member of the club.

Houston Hall, the home of the Houston Club, was erected through the generosity of the late H. H. Houston, a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, and his wife. It is a memorial to their eldest son, Henry Howard Houston, a member of the class of 1878. Portraits of father and son are prominently hung in the hall. The corner stone was laid on December 22, 1894, and the building was formally dedicated to its uses on the evening of January 2, 1896. It is situated in almost the exact geographical center of the University's group of buildings in West Philadelphia, and possesses many architectural merits, which cannot, however, be discussed here.

The club, which is privileged to occupy this hall, includes in its membership a large proportion of the students of the University of Pennsylvania. It is open to all students at an annual membership fee of two dollars. Reasonable charges are made for the special privileges of the club, such as the use of the billiard and pool tables, bowling alleys and baths. A barber shop, news stand, café and book room are also supported by the patronage of members.

Upon entering the hall one passes through a vestibule opening into a large lounging and smoking room, luxuriously furnished with cushioned seats and easy chairs. The interior is of dark polished wood with open fire places at the east and west ends. At almost any hour of the day groups of students may be seen chatting between recitations, and coming and going as a bell marks the end of the hour. Here of an evening the club sometimes gives a general smoker to its members, or Coach Woodruff and other men of the football team talk to the students on the eve of an important game. Then, like as not, the hall echoes with "Hoorah! hoorah! hoorah! Pennsylvania!" or with the picturesque "Osky-wow-wow! whiskey-wow-wow!" yell, or with the loved strains of the "Red and the Blue."

After a notable game at Franklin Field students pour into

the hall, until the smoking room is crowded, or sit on the stone railing and steps outside, discussing the merits of this run or that tackle, and waiting to get a glimpse of the giants of the opposing team, who are brought to the hall for a bath and a plunge in the pool. Last Thanksgiving Day the Cornell team, battered and begrimed, ran the gauntlet of eager eyes after upholding the honor of the carnelian and white against Pennsylvania in the best game at Philadelphia during the season.

The club's reading room, opening into the smoking room, is one of the most frequented parts of Houston Hall. It is abundantly supplied with the current periodicals, and has one alcove entirely devoted to the daily newspapers, while another is fitted up as a correspondence room. This part of the hall is often used for a quiet hour of study between recitations.

At the opposite end of the hall is the well patronized billiard and pool room. There are also alcoves with tables for chess and checkers. Card games are forbidden by the rules of the club. On this same floor are the offices of the secretary and custodian, and cloak and toilet rooms.

A stairway leads from the lounging and smoking room to the basement floor. Part way down is a news and stationery stand, and opposite the foot of the stairs is the club café. Here, to the extent of his appetite and purse, the student can lunch on articles selected from a bill of fare which usually includes sandwiches, croquettes, fried oysters, oyster pie, fish cakes, soups, ham and beans, a variety of cakes and pies, coffee, tea, chocolate, and milk. Sad to say the sandwiches are thin, and the delectable Cornell "dog" is not served. At noon the café is always crowded, and it is said to be one of the club's most important sources of revenue. A similar club house café on the Cornell campus would without doubt enjoy a large patronage, and be a blessing to Sibley men and other workers in shops and laboratories, who are now constrained to inflict cold lunches upon their stomachs. No intoxicating liquors are sold in Houston Hall, and the wisdom of that policy passes unquestioned.

In the basement are also a kitchen, a barber shop, and bowling alleys. Attendants keep the alleys in good condition, and a small fee is charged for their use. During the winter months many exciting matches are contested between teams within the club, and between a representative club team and other Philadelphia teams. The members of the club's team are chosen by competition, and medals are awarded to the best bowlers.

The east end of the basement contains a diminutive gymnasium, a locker room, shower, needle, and tub baths, and a splendid swimming pool. The pool is a large one, with water kept at a moderate temperature and ranging from extreme shallowness to a depth of about ten feet. On all sides of the pool is a marble flooring, and at one end a spring board affords excellent opportunity for diving into deep water. Swimming matches and water games are of frequent occurrence. Dr. Paul Neumann, winner of many swimming championships, is a member of the University and club, and he last year gave several exhibitions of his skill. For the accommodation of beginners a swimming teacher is engaged to give lessons at a moderate price. The charge for the use of the pool, including locker and towel, is ten cents. The constant swimmer can, by taking a special ten dollar membership ticket, enjoy the baths and pool for a year without other charge. It is probable that, if the cost of swimming were somewhat reduced, greater use of the pool would enhance its value to the club without materially decreasing receipts.

To the visitor from another college the athletic trophy room on the second floor of Houston Hall is of peculiar interest. It is filled with cases containing cups, medals, flags, baseballs, and footballs, tokens of the hard earned victories of Pennsylvania teams and individual athletes. The man from Harvard, Princeton, Yale, or Cornell is here reminded of occasions on which the colors of his alma mater have floated below the red and blue after contests on diamond, gridiron, track, or water. In the baseball case one sees a considerable number of carnelian and white balls inscribed

with the scores and dates of games in which Cornell has met defeat at the hands of Pennsylvania. Balls in other college colors are similarly memorials of Pennsylvania victories. Footballs are preserved and inscribed in like manner, though not colored. The 'Varsity challenge rowing cup has found a temporary home in this room, but Cornellians are expecting Courtney's pupils to bring it to Ithaca next year. Upon the walls of the room are tablets inscribed with the names of all who have won first places for Pennsylvania in the track and field games of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association. Pennsylvania track teams have of late years been so habitually successful that at present the tablet space is nearly exhausted. This treasury of athletic memorials and trophies must afford a continual stimulus to faithful work on the part of the members of Pennsylvania teams.

On the same floor at the east end of the hall is a large auditorium containing a fine pipe organ. Club meetings and entertainments are held in this auditorium, which is also used by the University Christian Association for large meetings in which prominent men address the students. The Christian Association has its home in the building with rooms at the west end of the second floor. One of these rooms was last year used by the newly formed Pennsylvania Union, which seeks to train speakers who will wrest the laurels of debate from Cornell. Adjoining the rooms of the Christian Association are those of the Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania.

The third floor of Houston Hall contains offices for the college newspapers, a book room for the sale of text-books to members, at reduced rates, and a dark room for amateur photographers. A guest chamber is also provided which may be secured for a limited time by any member of the club for the use of his visiting friend. Cornell's Alumni Hall will be designed to include a number of these guest chambers for the accommodation of alumni coming to Ithaca at Commencement and other times of especial interest.

This account of the equipment of the hall shows how large a place it occupies in the every day life of Pennsylvania stu-

dents. In at least one respect the club is of benefit outside of the hall to its members. Every person who becomes a member of the Houston Club is furnished with a little blue book certifying that he is a member of the Houston Club Co-operative Association. This book contains a list of Philadelphia dealers in all lines of business, who agree to give the discounts placed opposite their names, to all members of the association making cash purchases. The usual rate of discount is ten per cent. although in the case of certain classes of goods it is greater. The writer last year saved in *bona fide* discounts several times the cost of his membership in the club.

Houston Hall is controlled by University officials as trustees, and its management is under the direction of a custodian. The club, however, is a student organization. A full list of officers, and house, library, and membership committees are chosen annually by the students with due regard to the representation of all departments of the University.

The Houston Club and the new dormitories have exerted a marked influence upon student life at Pennsylvania, especially in the quickening of college loyalty and spirit. The club is not all, however, and it would be wrong to suppose that, with the establishment of a similar institution at Cornell, clannishness and factional strife would forthwith disappear, and harmony and good fellowship reign supreme. The club offers every opportunity for the development of an harmonious and united body of students in the University, but success ultimately depends upon the willingness of one student to meet another half way, regardless of society, fraternity, or class distinctions. By reason of unlike environment a student's club at Cornell will probably differ in some particulars from the Houston Club, but points of similarity are apt to be more numerous. The action of successive classes has conclusively proved that Cornell undergraduates will hail with delight the day when the student life of Cornell will find a center in Alumni Hall on the campus as does the life of the University of Pennsylvania in Houston Hall.

William H. Glasson.

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WE feel a certain exhilaration because Cornellians are taking to themselves the pleasures of writing; already we have enough contributions for the November issue. They are such, too, numbering among them a genuine mine to be exploded, that you will be inclined to read the issue straight through. That is our aim—to print college stories, verse, critical essays, studies in literature, perhaps in language, all of such a nature that they will be read. To help the editors, we exhort Juniors at once to begin contributing in competition for places on next year's board; to help the business manager as he ought to be encouraged, we beg you who have any regard for the things not purely material to subscribe for the MAGAZINE, the one publication at Cornell devoted solely to the general literary student.

AS SEEN BY A SENIOR.

Freshman, you have become a part of a great university, a university which has a national and even an international reputation, a university than whose scope none is broader, a university which in its dealings with other universities, has ever stood for clean honorable dealings, and the fairest of fair play. In becoming a part of Cornell University, you have done more than merely enter your name upon the register. You have taken upon yourself new responsibilities; you have given yourself new duties to perform. You are not merely a member of the class of nineteen hundred two you are first and foremost a Cornellian. Whatever conduces to the prosperity and progress of Cornell, it is your duty to promote; whatever may prove hurtful to her best interests, it is your duty to oppose. Wherever you can do honor to your Alma Mater, see that you do it; wherever word or deed of yours can stain her fair name, take care that neither word nor deed appear. When victory attends our banners, it is your duty to be glad; but when defeat comes, it is just as much your duty to help crown the next effort with success. You are a member of a class; you will enter a fraternity, perhaps; multitudinous smaller interests will claim your attention. But do not think they are all. As your studies are far from being the whole of your college life, just so are these but parts of a whole. Be loyal to your class; love your fraternity; but remember that these are but incidents, that you are pledged to the greater cause of a Cornellian working for Cornell.

Because you are a freshman, don't try to conceal the fact. In the first place, you cannot; in the second it is silly. Startling knickerbockers and gaudy golf stockings do not make the upper-classman; but they do accentuate the freshness of the freshman. The more unobtrusive you are, the better you'll get along. The sophomores will be hard enough on you, but the seniors and even your friends, the juniors, detest a "fresh freshman."

The juniors are your best friends in college, freshman. The seniors are not unfriendly, but they tolerate rather than like you. The juniors, however, both from regard for you and from natural animosity to the sophomores, watch over you. The class of 1900! Nineteen-two, you have a good example to follow. Make yourselves like Nineteen-hundred and you will do well. Nineteen hundred began its course a large and healthy class. It was enthusiastic. It ached to busy itself in college affairs. It was very fresh at first and felt itself the biggest class in college. This feeling was unfortunate, for it was not so. But good fortune turned the eager blood of Nineteen-hundred into helpful channels. As freshmen, their class spirit and unanimity ran high, and their Cornell spirit higher. They organized entertainments for the benefit of the navy; they turned out good teams; they went to the athletic contests. When they became sophomores they started out in the right track. They bound themselves closer together by their class-smoker; and gave up their class boat ride for a university celebration. Nineteen-hundred has been a good class in its youth. Let it continue so in its two years of manhood, just now begun. Its sphere is now enlarged. University smokers, university campus-meetings, these it now has to organize. We welcome Nineteen-hundred to upper-classdom. Work—and the seniors will work with you—for the unifying and strengthening of Cornell!

Ninety-nine, wake up! You are Seniors now. It is for you to set an example to the under-classmen, and your example, good or bad, will have its effect in future years. Start right in. Show the freshmen how to support the football team; go down to Percy Field to watch the practice and they will go and do likewise. Have campus meetings this fall. Teach Nineteen-two right off what Ninety-seven taught at their campus meetings—fair play and no cat-calls or rattling. Be strong, Ninety-nine, and Nineteen-one and Nineteen-two will also be strong!

If nothing else be accomplished this fall by the Senior

class, may it at least have a clean senior election ! It is long since we have had one. Last year's election was notorious. It is bad to have fraud or attempted fraud in college class elections. Not only does it destroy friendships, and give malicious and lying tongues free play, it disunites the class and injures Cornell ! Then, too, what hope have we for purity in national politics if college men, enlightened, educated men, who should be exemplars of manliness and truth, cavil and cheat in choosing a class president? It is an honor to be a senior class president ; but, nowadays, it is not the greatest honor in college. It certainly doesn't pay for foul play and broken friendships !

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT BOOKS.

A somewhat attenuated story, well sustained by Mr. R. H. Davis's vigor of style, is his *The King's Jackal.* (With illustrations by C. D. Gibson. Scribner's, p. 175, $1.25). It will furnish a couple of hours of diversion.

Moriah's Mourning. (Harper and Brothers, p. 219.) These half hour sketches (a "bakers' dozen") are of uneven value. Some are distinctly good, some just as clearly indifferent. The good ones, however, are sufficiently preponderating and sufficiently good to make the collection admirable. Mrs. Stuart is at her best in "The Second Mrs. Slimm," (which recalls the delightful *In Simkinsville* character tales), "Christmas at the Trimbles'," "The Rev. White's Three Glances," and "A Pulpit Orator."

We had often wondered about peoples' noses. Are there many different types after all? You have seen the pug nose, the sheep nose, the fox nose ; the Roman nose, the Hebrew nose ; the Washington nose. Is there any scientific classification of noses? Mr. Haddon presents one in *The Study of Man.* (Putnam's. Octavo, p. 410, $2.) He offers also to "that delightfully vague person, the intelligent reader" a good many other things that he will like to know about

Furthermore, Mr. Haddon's book is likely to stir you to employ a good many spare minutes in thinking about various subjects connected with anthropology (even if you do not bewilder yourself by calling it anthropology). For example, note the treatment of the singing games of children. To us the lines are "London bridge is fallen down" not "*broken* down", as Mr. Haddon has it; and we say "Build it up with bricks and stone" not "with bricks and *mortar*." We commend this volume as a worthy addition to the excellent Science Series, of which we have also received Mivart's *The Groundwork of Science*, a study of Epistemology.

Another new book which we heartily commend is Prof. J. Scott Clark's *A Study of English Prose Writers.* (Scribner's, xv+879, $2.) Twenty-six authors are represented. The plan is to offer a brief biographical outline of each author, a bibliography of his style, and a systematic presentation of his particular characteristics. These characteristics appear under various headings such as, for Bacon, the first author treated, Extreme Conciseness, Clear Analysis and Arrangement, Rich Imagery, and so on. After each heading follow opinions from the critics who seem to Prof. Clark the keenest. Then come illustrations selected from the works of the writer.

Here is the teaching value of the book. The student obtains a fairly adequate idea of each author, but he is impelled by the "laboratory" spirit to investigate for himself, to select parallel illustrations, to note characteristics not mentioned, to make use for himself of the admirable bibliographies. While thanking the author for his work and looking forward to the suggested volumes on English and American poets and on Shakespeare, we may perhaps not ungraciously query why, say, Fielding or Richardson should not be included, and may suggest that a volume treating Old English and Middle English writers by the same method would be valuable.

Words are selected solely for their effect—this doctrine,

which Prof. Bates, in his *Talks on Writing English* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., p. v+322, $1.50), thoroughly endorses, seems to us one of the fundamentals of writing. Surely the day has passed when one is to be admonished to use only "Anglo-Saxon" words, only "short" words, to avoid sesquipedalian words, to use on no consideration "words in -osity". In a paragraph, of course, we cannot dwell at length on the practical merits of Prof. Bates's book, yet we wish heartily to emphasize the fact that the ordinary man can here find sound and palatable teachings for every-day use in his writing.

A step towards a desired goal is Mr. Henry Grey's *Classics for the Million*. Anything to give the general reader convenient access to classical writings is desirable. The volume at hand presents an epitome in English of the works of the principal Greek and Latin writers, with the idea of stimulating the desire of all classes of readers for a better acquaintance with "the earliest and grandest literary efforts of the human brain."

One of the most seasonable books of the period is Little, Brown & Co.'s new edition of *The Man Without a Country*. Philip Nolan, "poor" Philip, yet "dear old" Philip, is a fixture of American letters; he is a candle always to be kept burning at the shrine of Patriotism. If there is an American student who is unfamiliar with the story, he should learn it instanter. To the novitiate in fiction, the preface in this edition will be of particular interest. It is an illuminating revelation of the author's processes of construction of the story.

Three Putnam books of uniform binding are Sombart's *Socialism and the Social Movement in the 19th Century*, translated by Anson P. Atterbury and connotatively inscribed to "the other and better member of the communistic society to which we belong"; George W. Walthew's *The Philosophy of Government*, a treatise on the fundamental characteristics of man as exhibited in his relations to the state, and the ultimate form of civil government certain to result there-

from; and Dr. Frank Sargent Hoffman's *The Sphere of Science*, a study of the nature and method of scientific investigation. Believing that, unless philosophical discussions can be carried on in the language of the average educated adult, they will fail of their true mission, Dr. Hoffman has put together a number of chapters, such as, What Science Takes for Granted, Certainty and Probability in Science, The Limitations of Science, The Harmony of the Sciences. They will surely be found intelligible by the "average educated adult". One aid to this end beside the avoidance of "technical and unusual expressions" is the frequent illustration by example, as in the chapter on the Scientific Method, where to make clear the process of "perfect induction" the author cites the fact that after examining all the books in the Astor Library and finding them "printed on paper" we do not need to mention each individual book whenever we wish to acquaint a person with this idea.

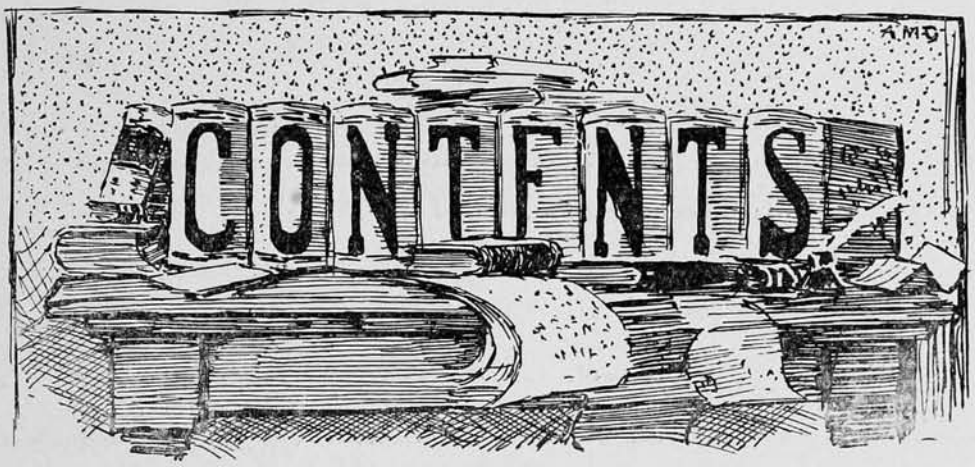
Scott and Denney's *Composition-Rhetoric* leads the secondary school pupil, energetically but smoothly, along the road of vigorous, technically correct expression. Professor C. F. Johnson's *Elements of Literary Criticism* aims to guide one to understand "why admired writings are admirable." If men write who possess several of the qualities, power of drawing character, musical word-power, phrasal power, descriptive power, emotional power, what they write becomes literature; if a man possessing most of them in a high degree writes, what he writes becomes literature of the first order. With this standpoint, Professor Johnson has produced a convincing book. In a smaller field, Professor John A. Himes, of Pennsylvania College, makes clear why Milton is one of the world's great minds. (*Paradise Lost.* With an introduction and notes on its structure and meaning. Harper & Brothers. 1898. p. xxxii+482.) We call attention finally to Part II of Andrews's *The Historical Development of Modern Europe*, which covers the period from the Congress of Vienna to the present time.

PRESS OF ANDRUS & CHURCH, ITHACA, N. Y.

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

DAHM-PETERSEN'S STAR COURSE.

Boston Ladies' Military Band at the Lyceum, Dec. 1.



A TRANSIENT.

AISY VERONICA DOUGLAS," read the secretary. The class scarce heard the name, save that a few girls looked at each other inquiringly. Pretty Miss Caswell dropped her bright eyes, called up two perpendicular wrinkles between them to assist her, and sent her thoughts racing back through four years of mingled lectures and larkings in search of Daisy Veronica.

At last an enlightened smile brightened her face. She had located that long-forgotten name and the attached personality among the line of tenants of the little room across the corridor from her own. The unobtrusive Daisy had slipped in silently one busy morning and had lived there a week before she was discovered. Then girls came in chattering groups and soon a drift of snowy bristol-board flakes had heaped upon her bare oak table. She had listened to their bewildering nonsense with an occasional barely perceptible smile and had stood dumbly by when they departed, never to return again.

The owner of this sonorous name was a plain, drooping, apologetic little creature, with pale, sharp face, big pale blue eyes, and a tiny knot of dull brown hair. Her clothes, antique of mode and faded of hue, were plainly not the result

of natural selection, but the miscellaneous drift from wealthier quarters. The manner of the Daisy was abjectly self-effacing. Her arms drooped limply and her body shrank back as if hesitating to follow where her more adventurous feet might lead. Her attitude was altogether that of a mouse that has come to nibble at a big cheese—big enough for all, surely—and finds himself suddenly surrounded by his foes. She scurried fearfully about the campus, and crept close to the wall of the class-room, as if she knew of a ragged hole in the corner into which she might slip if the emergency were desperate. In class she sat with her big eyes fixed distrustfully upon the instructor, ready to leap away at any moment. When called upon she would hold her breath for a frightened second, then two pink spots would come out upon her cheeks and, in tones of unutterable meekness, she would give the unvarying answer, "I don't know."

There were generous, large-hearted girls and girls officially philanthropic who tried to win at least an acquaintance with this curious little being ; there were wicked, teasing girls who sought her out for less worthy motives, but a non-committal monosyllable or two and a faint, brief smile were all they could get from her ere she fled to her room, where she would sit in tomb-like silence until exactly half-past nine, when the light vanished from her transom.

"I never saw such an idiot," candidly remarked an unpleasantly bright freshman, waving the lid of a chafing dish.

"I wonder why she ever came here", queried the girl in the pink silk dressing-sack.

"Taught country school, of course, to earn the money."

"But that doesn't explain the clothes", said a voice from the cushions. "I think she is the daughter of a poor southern minister, and the clothes came in a barrel."

"I'll tell you, girls," drawled the pink dressing-sack, "she's the *fiancée* of the son of a millionnaire chewing-gum manufacturer, who is educating her up to his station in life."

"Bess always would carry 'the Duchess' in her geography," explained her room-mate, and, being freshmen, they all screamed.

"What is this hilarity, children? Have you no proctor?" inquired Gertrude Burnett, who could smell melting chocolate around three corridors and had just come in to borrow a match.

"We were talking about that big-eyed Douglas at your table. She's going to be busted out this term," said the girl with the chafing-dish lid.

"My child, you imagine a vain thing," said Miss Burnett, gravitating toward the chafing-dish. "Brer Rabbit lies low but you want to watch out for him. This flunking in class is pure affectation. It's only exams that count anyway—wait until your Phi Beta Kappas are given out, and then the despised Daisy will come marching in with a gold slab hung about her throat, and you fudge-making freshmen will wish you had burned more midnight oil and less alcohol. Oh, I've seen it many a time! I go now to light my own little taper, but I've burned it nearly up from the other end, and it's not much use."

So saying she took her matches and the last piece of fudge and departed. Miss Burnett was a senior and there were reasons why she spoke bitterly, but her words sank deep. From that evening the Daisy was respected among her class-mates as a mine of concealed learning. It was noted that she never betrayed any nervousness over an examination, never admitted that it was too hard, and was always one of the first to hand in her paper.

It was late one night in cram-week that Frances Caswell, sitting with her back against a radiator long grown cold, with a cracker in one hand and a chemistry note-book in the other, heard a strange sound—a sound as of some one singing in the wavering notes of an untrained, disused voice, leading its unwilling owner far from the prescribed path. She opened the door. The light was still shining through the opposite transom, thing most unprecedented. Then she

laughed softly as she closed the door, for these were the words flung recklessly into the corridor :

"Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm, dare to make it known."

It was the swan-song of Daisy Veronica Douglas. For —alas for the fallacy of reasoning by contraries!—when the French instructor made up his marks he gave her just fifty-nine ; the German professor credited her with a little less, while the chemistry instructor, who placed great value on recitation, thought she deserved at least forty-two. If only deportment could have "averaged in," the Daisy might have led the class.

So she slipped away to the home nest again. What was the impulse or the influence which sent that poor shrinking bit of inefficiency in search of the higher education, is still an unsolved mystery.

AUTUMN.

THE sounding water and the sighing wind ;
What do they say one to the other?
"Proserpine the good and kind
Is pained to leave her lonely mother."
Not glad to meet her gloomy master,
She sorrows at the falling leaf,
While Nature, dying faster, faster,
Trembles with her grief. —*X.*

WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.

THERE was the same busy air of excitement at Percy Field with which we have all become so familiar whenever an important athletic event takes place to bring the children together once more. On this day of an eventful year they had foregathered from the distant parts of the earth.

Every one was in gay humor in keeping with the day; hearty hand shakes were exchanged, and words of greeting were flying in all directions.

"Hello, Willie; how did you enjoy your summer's outing in Porto Rico? Glad to be back again, I s'pose? Wish I had your coat of tan," cries one voice.

Then from the other side a conversation is overheard between two old classmates. "Yes, Jones, he went to the Klondike. Williams was with the fleet at Santiago." And then follow recollections of others who are scattered about their own country. A few graduate students are talking of this and that friend studying in Leipsic, Oxford, or Paris, and hoping for the time when they may do likewise. Various little comedies are acted out on such occasions and it may be tragedies also. Careless words cover up many a heart burn.

In the midst of the gay throng in the grand stand sat Johnnie Turner. Johnnie was feeling very well satisfied with himself and the world. He had persuaded the girl to come to town to see the game. The customary routine of a Saturday morning on such occasions had been passed through—the visit to the Library where the rule for silence was a dead letter and later, Sibley and the shops, where many a sly wink was cast at Johnnie when his companion's back was turned. In return for these Johnnie could give only a feeble grin.

This was not Johnnie's freshman year. He was a senior,

but this was the first time that he had had the pleasure of introducing a young lady to the campus. He had declared to the girl that her education would be incomplete without witnessing a good football game; that the game with the Carlisle Indians would be an excellent opportunity to study that neglected branch. In consequence, Miss Taylor had decided to come on for the day and see Johnnie in his native habitat.

They were now seated in the stand. Johnnie was busy pointing out the celebrities among the crowd and soon after, when the Indians came on the field, he began telling his companion about the different men.

"There's Hudson, the quarter-back, that dropped two goals against Penn last year. That big fellow is Bemus Pierce, the guard, but Reed will simply do things to him."

"How rough they look," said Miss Taylor. "Is there any danger that any one will be injured?"

"Oh, no," Johnnie reassured her, "this isn't a rough game. That's all newspaper talk. Once in a while a man strains his ankle in running, or falls down on his countenance, but that's all. Never anything serious."

After a few minutes of waiting out came the Cornell team and, after the mighty shout had subsided, Johnnie was again busy in his elementary course in hero-worship. But after a minute his companion's eyes began to wander through the crowd again. She suddenly spoke, breaking in on an enthusiastic account of "Pop" Warner's new play, and said, "Oh, Johnnie, I am so sorry that I've not met your friend, Miss Leslie; is she here at the game?"

For some reason Johnnie caught his breath for an instant, and then stammered hurriedly, "No, I don't think so. I—that is, I think she's out of town." And then hesitatingly, "we'll talk about her in a few minutes. Look, the game is going to begin. Cornell has the kick-off. There she goes."

For the first few plays nothing was said. In any case it could not have been heard in the pandemonium that broke

loose. "Cornell's ball," shouted the referee. Play followed play in quick succession and then—"Just four minutes," said Johnnie, "for the first touchdown. Wasn't it easy?" And he settled back in his place and began to tell how it was done.

"But, Miss Leslie—?" began the girl at his side.

Johnnie's face fell. After a moment he began, hesitatingly, "Well, Miss Taylor, I may as well make a clean breast of the affair. You won't be angry, will you?"

"Oh, I had no idea that it had gone so far already."

"Wait," said Johnnie, plunging desperately, "I may as well tell at once. I've been writing you fairy stories. There is no Miss Leslie. She's all a myth."

"But, I don't understand. What do you mean? Why did you tell me of any such person, then?"

"Just let me explain. It was this way. I got tired of writing the same old things in my letters to you about lectures and recitations and such things. So one day I conceived the idea that I would make up something interesting to tell you, just to see how you would take it. The evolution of Miss Winifred Leslie was the result. I told you the story in installments. A sort of 'continued in our next' affair, you know. You know it all—how I met the fair creature, her fair hair and blue eyes. I told you of her father, a fine old gentleman, and her mother, who was so kind. Those cozy visits to her home, how we sat about the fire-place in the shadows and how I enjoyed it all—they were all made up. After I had introduced her, in your very next letter you wished to learn more about such an interesting girl; so I was obliged to cudgel my brain for more to tell. I described all her characteristics and likes and dislikes. I thought you would surely notice they always agreed with mine; did you? I used to give her violets, which we liked so well, and she wore them."

"Quite a little Marjorie Daw episode *a là* Thomas Bailey Aldrich," said Miss Taylor, icily.

"Please don't be hard on me. At last, I thought it had

gone far enough. My fall had been so rapid after the interest you displayed. Then I wrote to you that 'for my own peace of mind, I had decided not to see much more of Miss Leslie.' That was the last straw. You took it just the contrary way and gave me the most disinterested sisterly advice. You had always hoped that I would meet some such person who was so well suited to me. You admonished me by all means to continue Miss Leslie's acquaintance. She must certainly care for me after the interest she had shown. I could answer you nothing to all this, so I kept silence. Now it has all come out. I have told you everything.''

Johnnie ceased. In the silence that had fallen upon the onlookers he could feel his pulse stirring quickly. The Indians were beating Cornell back on her own goal-line, with short, bull-like rushes. Johnnie's spirits fell to the zero point as he vacillated between glancing hurriedly at the sphinx-like face of the girl at his side (there was such a tantalizing little curl just behind her ear, too) and then at the rapidly diminishing distance between the struggling lines of players and the Cornell goal posts. The fullback was gradually forced to retire down the field until, glancing up, he noticed that he was in the very shadow of the standards. There was a last desperate stand, but the distance was fatally short, and then the score was tied. The half ended immediately, leaving Johnnie miserable to a degree.

''It is very cold, here, don't you think, Mr. Turner,'' said Miss Taylor at last. ''I thought your team would win easily from the Indians, they started off so finely.''

Eager comments were heard on all sides.

''I tell you, Cornell is played out,'' said one. ''The Indians will play horse with them this next half.''

''Oh, I don't know,'' vouchsafed another.

Johnnie sat grimly silent watching the white-faced girl by his side. Neither he nor Miss Taylor seemed ready to begin the conversation again.

At last he gave a half gasp and began, "I know that you don't enjoy being made sport of, Agnes, but just consider, it was only between ourselves. No one else is the wiser. Can't you see that I had no thought of doing harm? I started merely with the idea of amusing you. Let me tell you now that it is and was only you that I care for. Can't I even hope that you will forgive me. I have loved you, dear,———"

"Your remarks are certainly untimely, Mr. Turner," said the girl colouring.

"Then if I stop they will suffer an untimely end, won't they," said Johnny boldly.

"I fail to see the logic of that remark," was the reply. "I really cannot understand how it shows any regard for me to deceive me as you have done. I had always trusted you so implicitly, too."

"I am unable to do any more explaining, then," began Johnnie, "but forgive me and I shall promise never to do so again."

The reply was lost amid the storm of yells that greeted the reappearance of the teams upon the gridiron. Johnnie did not dare to press the point further but muttered: "I stand just about as much show of winning this suit, as Cornell does of winning this game."

"That's just about the state of the case, Mr. Turner," said the girl in a tone which meant there was very little hope for Johnnie or the team.

Now there is no need to describe the continuous breeze of excitement that followed during the second half, when Cornell simply walked away from her opponents. Johnnie's spirits rose again to the occasion and his companion's face also became flushed from the contagious enthusiasm. The end of it all came quickly and the rush for the cars began.

"We shall be obliged to hurry to catch your train," said Johnnie as they went out in the gathering dusk. Then he hung on the outside of the car by her side and babbled incoherently of the game, the fine plays and Whiting's wonderful runs, until the station was reached.

"I have not had my final answer yet," ventured Johnnie, as they paced along the platform.

"Well, if you will promise to never tell me again anything but the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth and ——"

"I can tell you the greatest truth in the world right here and now, dear, that I love——"

"Don't interrupt, please. I shall continue,—and send me a bunch of violets once in a while to remind me of Winnie Leslie's blue eyes; sometime in the future I shall forgive you."

The train drew in with a rush and as Johnny left her in the car, she said: "I shall expect to see you at Christmas time, but mind, not before."

Johnnie stood on the station platform and watched the red light on the rear of the passenger train with the brakeman's lantern waving just above it until it faded out around a curve.

"Cornell colours," he murmured. "This day has been 'twice blessed.' But one thing I can't understand is why she wishes to be reminded of the affair and that with violets. I suppose I don't understand girls."

Benj. Powell.

WINTER'S ADVENT.

THROUGH the valley, soft by night,
Voiceless, noiseless, clad in white,
Sped a herald to the hills,
To the sources of the rills.

At his passing though unheard,
In its home each brown nut stirred;
Leaf and flower throbbed and thrilled,
All their life-blood strangely chilled.

One the message that he brought,
Yet twofold the meaning caught;
Heard the first, life's purpose clear,
Death, the other: "Winter's here."

E. M. B.

FOR A FRIEND.

ED WILLIAMSON was "dead broke" and the fact worried him. It was only about the middle of the spring term, but he had used up his year's allowance. He hated to ask his father for more money—in fact, he knew that the latter couldn't give it to him. It was the same old story—Ned's father had experienced reverses in business and had felt that he really couldn't afford to let his son finish his course; but finally, hoping for better days, he had decided to give Ned at least one more year in college and as far as possible amid his former surroundings. So Ned had stayed at the lodge, though obliged to practice rigid economy. But his expenses had been heavier this year than he had anticipated, and here he was, more than a month before vacation, almost without a cent. Borrow he wouldn't, and there was no opportunity to earn anything, even at tutoring. He had only one hope—to win the '86 Memorial prize, for which he had been chosen as a competitor. But even that was a sort of "forlorn hope"; for another one of the speakers was Jack Halsey, probably the best declaimer in college. Ned didn't fear the others, but he knew that his chances of outspeaking Jack were exceedingly desperate. Now, the latter belonged to Ned's fraternity, and the two, though not roommates, were very intimate. Jack was the richest fellow in the chapter—a fact that made his probable success in winning the prize seem harder to Ned, who needed the money so badly. Jack, who knew of Mr. Williamson's financial misfortune, was exceedingly generous, and, had he been aware of his friend's present plight, would have gladly offered his assistance. But Ned was naturally too proud to mention his need of money.

It was the afternoon of the day appointed for the contest. Ned was reclining on a divan in the hall. He had just re-

turned from the last rehearsal, and he was discouraged. The way Jack Halsey had spoken had convinced him beyond any doubt as to where the prize would go. Ned knew that he had not done so well as Jack and that he could not on the night of the contest, unless something unexpected happened. While he was meditating bitterly on the subject, Jack came in.

"Great Scott, old man, you look like a tombstone! Cheer up! What's the matter?" And Jack sat down beside Ned and looked at him sympathetically.

"Matter enough," replied Ned. "The fact is, I'm dead broke. I need that prize to put me through the rest of the term, and I know, after hearing you speak this afternoon, that I haven't the ghost of a show to win it." Ned didn't know how he came to make this confession—except that he was discouraged and Jack Halsey was an unusually sympathetic fellow. He was half sorry afterwards that he had spoken.

"Nonsense, man!" replied Jack, laughing; "you make me tired. You've got just as good a show as I have. Besides, suppose something should happen—I might make a break, and that would 'cook' my chances, you know! You just keep a stiff upper lip and fire ahead! In fact, old man, I feel just as if you were going to win that prize anyway. So cheer up and come along to supper."

Despite himself, Ned was somewhat encouraged by Jack's words, and hearty manner, and he resolved to make a desperate effort to outdo himself that evening. He was even glad that he had confided in Jack. But had he known what the latter was thinking of, he would have been even sorrier than at first that he had spoken. Jack's brain was working rapidly.

"Hang it all!" he was saying to himself, "why is it that such nice fellows as Ned Williamson have to get hard up, while fellows like me, who don't begin to be so worthy, have money to burn? What the deuce do I want of that prize anyway? The fifty bones won't do me any good and

they'll help Ned out of a 'tight hole'. It's as easy as 'rolling off a log' to manage it. All I've got to do is to make a break—forget my lines in the middle of my piece—and the prize will go to Ned—he's easily the best of the other speakers." Jack wasn't especially conceited, but he was perfectly conscious of his own declamatory ability, and he knew that if he did his best Ned wouldn't, as he had expressed it, have the "ghost of a show." "Of course," Jack continued his soliloquy, "it won't be particularly pleasant to make a fool of one's self in public, but what do I care? I've got enough glory out of my college career already to afford to sacrifice a little in a good cause." So he settled the affair to his own satisfaction.

That evening the Armory was crowded. The audience was unusually appreciative, a fact that had its effect on the competitors. Each appeared to make the speech of his life, and it was a remarkably even thing as to their respective merits till Ned Williamson's turn came. He was eleventh on the programme, Jack Halsey being last. Just before Ned's name was announced, Jack leaned over, and, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, whispered, "Here's your chance, old man. Steady!" and Ned smiled back gratefully. A moment later he was on the platform, facing the audience. If he was nervous, he didn't show it. His voice was clear without the suspicion of a tremor; his manner was easy, and his gestures were firmly executed. He looked straight into the eyes of his hearers and spoke as he had never spoken before. When he had finished, the audience broke into thunderous applause. Ned knew that he had fairly outdone himself—that he had eclipsed the previous speakers; but he couldn't help feeling that Jack Halsey would as certainly eclipse him. This sentiment his hearers did not share; they had already settled the awarding of the prize when Jack Halsey's name was announced. They waited indulgently for him to begin, thinking it almost absurd for him to attempt to speak better than Ned had just

done; but he had uttered only a few words when they realized their mistake. Jack had been on the platform scarcely two minutes when he had his audience simply spellbound. His speaking was magnificent, and his hearers saw that they had been too hasty in their judgment. Ned Williamson gave a sigh of despair. Had he ever had the presumption to think he could outdo Jack? And was Jack having some fun at his expense? It wasn't like Jack. But Ned knew it was all up with him—whatever chance he had previously had of capturing the prize was gone. Jack Halsey had it "cinched" before he had half finished. His voice, his enunciation, his gestures, his bearing were all masterly. The audience listened almost breathlessly to his splendid declaiming. He was in the midst of a magnificent burst of eloquence when he suddenly stopped short—he had forgotten his lines. His hearers looked at one another in amazement; his friends were perfectly aghast. Jack Halsey had never before been known to make a break. What could be the matter? When finally almost a minute had elapsed and he had made one or two ineffectual efforts to recollect himself, the audience's wonder changed to pity. "Too bad!" they said under their breath, "but his chance is gone." Yes, the break was fatal. Jack finally remembered his speech and continued, but he had lost his hold on the audience and he couldn't regain it. At the end of his speech he was loudly applauded, but more from sympathy than admiration. Yet it was really a triumph for Jack. The thing had been skilfully done; he was a better actor than the audience thought. Not a person who heard him, save one, suspected the truth—the solitary exception was Ned. He knew that Jack's break was intentional, that his friend had voluntarily spoiled his chance of success on Ned's account. And the latter's heart was filled with gratitude. It was a generous break. But the judges, supposing it was genuine, returned, after a short consultation, to announce that they had awarded the prize to Mr. Edward Williamson. The audience clapped their hands enthusiastically and then dispersed to the music of the band.

As soon as Ned could escape from the crowd who came forward to shower congratulations upon him, he hastened up to Jack, and said in a low voice:

"Jack, what on earth made you do it?"

"Because, old man," replied Jack in the same tone, while grasping his friend's hand and pressing it warmly,—"because I always do what I want to."

It was true courtesy and Ned was grateful.

F. Monroe Crouch.

TO THEE, CORNELL.

AIR "AMERICA."

CORNELL, it is of thee,
Who art most dear to me,
Of thee I sing.
May Heaven attest our vow
With love we'll thee endow
And with thy name let now,
The welkin ring.

Oh Alma Mater bright,
Thou art the guiding light
Of our glad youth.
Long may thy name endure,
Thy station be secure,
And firm thy teaching pure
For right and truth.

Thy children give to thee
With truest loyalty
Their fervent praise.
And sure that Heaven hears,
For her whom each reveres
In prayers for future years
Their voices raise.

—'*01*.

AMONG MY PILLOWS.

THERE is something very attractive about a divan piled full of comfortable cushions. Eighteen used to be the limit of my ambition but that ambition has gradually dwindled until I am satisfied now with twelve. I take the good the gods provide and ask no questions.

As for cushions, there are as many varieties as there are kinds of cabbages. I think that a classification of these varieties would be a profitable thesis subject for a doctorate. I am very much interested in the subject myself. I should make the classification first under two main heads, useful and ornamental. If the pillows to be classified belong to a man, the matter easily resolves itself into

USEFUL.	ORNAMENTAL.
Furnished by his mother—	Furnished by girls not his mother—
a. Made of heavy dark materials.	1. His sister.
b. Made of light silkaline.	2. His cousin.
N. B. The latter are provided with crash cases.	3. His various girl friends to whom he has sent college pins.
	4. Her.

This latter class is subdivided into *a.*, *b.*, *c.*, and so on.

If the pillows belong to a girl, classification is not so easy. In fact I have found it almost impossible to classify my own. Besides, it is a theory of mine that a girl does not possess that distinctively ornamental class. I have heard that men have a habit of suspending above their study desks the latest acquisition that arrived but the other day, done up in red and white ribbons. This a girl never does. She takes the pillow that is dearest to her heart and puts it through all its paces, so to speak. If satisfied with the result she *carefully* arranges it in a *careless* manner on the

most conspicuous corner of the couch and it is then duly installed in active service. My latest idol is made of white linen on which is drawn in indelible ink, a stunning Gibson girl. I never weary of setting her up at one end of my divan and contemplating her from the other, as I lean against a favorite cushion stamped with fierce jawed dragons.

I suppose we all have pillows for which we entertain the most supreme contempt. That seems almost inevitable. They are nondescript, pudgy, little things. When you punch them they never spring back with that perennial vivacity which is so charming. Whenever I curl myself upon my divan to read a fascinating novel, and find myself in a "life-not-worth-living" frame of mind instead of the ecstatic mood befitting the occasion, I know something is wrong. It is sure to be one of those unyielding squatty little pillows that try men's souls. It should immediately be replaced by a soft downy one with fluffy ruffles. I have laid this down as a general rule.

I am going to confess that my pet weakness is for Cornell pillows. This I freely acknowledge. There is a stability about a Cornell pillow that gives a tone to a whole room. If I may be allowed the comparison, it expresses the sentiment of the Widow, "Men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever." There are innumerable styles but they all serve the same purpose. The pride of my life is made of two great silk handkerchiefs, one red and the other white, and tied loosely at the corners. This is a pillow I should like to keep to the end of my days. I am sure that I shall always feel that my heart is tied into the knots of that pillow; so strong is the association of one's college days. But I shall not moralize. Life is still before us and there will be many padded cushions to ease the journey.

W.

LOCHINVAR.

OT Sir Walter's young man come out of the west, but a bonny Scots lowlander, whom Mr. de Thulstrup pictures with blonde hair falling to his shoulders, is the Lochinvar of Mr. S. R. Crockett's romance.

Lochinvar, as says Scarlett, the swordsman free lance, was loved equally of man and of woman. Scarlett himself was ready at a moment's notice to leave the service of the best paymaster in Europe and hie off on his friend's love affair. Kate McGhie was ready to die instantly rather than be the wife of another than her Lochinvar. The young country girl, stranded in the flashy inn, was ready, when Lochinvar was sore distressed in prison, to follow him, because he had been momentarily kind to her; she died that he might the surer escape the superior forces of his enemies. What is there about the hero to make him thus adored?

But instead of dwelling on the fascinating topic of Crockett's characters we are inclined rather to advert to the plot and the setting. The time is in April, 1688, and in 1689, the year of William of Orange's accession to the throne of England. The scene shifts from Britain in the opening chapter to Holland, where the thread of the story becomes entangled, and back to Britain, where it becomes unraveled. In Holland the main action is at Amersfort; in Britain, first in the "south-lying part of the wild lands of Galloway", and then mainly at the small island of Suliscanna. This setting, it will be observed, gives a distinctive historical flavor; it suggests pictures of the turbulent Dutch burgers harassed by the overbearing soldiers of the Prince; of the wild highlanders intensely loyal to their own chief, of the bold free-lance fighting in different causes, of the Scot, separated from his clan and country, not to be moved even by his beloved from fealty to *the* King. It leads one at once into the very spirit of that end-of-the-seventeenth-

century period of dour clashing of arms. The minutiæ, too, of the setting would repay notice, for they somewhat affect the plot.

The plot in its dramatic climax makes use of Scott's theme—the carrying off of a bride on her bridal day from the midst of the whole bridal company. The stages leading to this are the pride of a lad and a lass, the mis-steps which this pride causes both, the mellowing and refining of both in consequence of calamities arising from these hasty actions, the *eclairissement* where each is humble in the presence of the other, and their ultimate pledge of devotion. The steps leading from the dramatic climax to the end of the story are the triumphant marriage of the hero and heroine, their appearance before the king, and the pardon of the hero for all his outlawries.

The plot is thus fairly simple in its main outline. The incidents by which it is filled in make the rushing action of the story ; they are the element that makes one of an evening sit up regardless of time till the volume, finished, may be laid down with a contented sigh of delight. To only one incident in particular are we disposed to call attention. The final chapter, the "epilogue of supererogation, being chapter fifty-fourth and last", bears somewhat the same relation to *Lochinvar* as the incident of the rings bears to the *Merchant of Venice*. After the sober tension of the climactic action, Mr. Crockett has indulged us in a good laugh over the inconsequential solicitude of two wives about imagined calamities to the child of one of them. In spite of tranquil assurances from brave husbands, the women incontinently rush off with the unwilling men to the baby, whom to their great delight, in the spirit of "I *told* you so", they find crying lustily for its mother.

Very briefly, then, we have indicated the locale of this story written by a thorough-going exponent of the Sir Walter romantic school, and the general plot on which are hung strong deeds of valor, brave acts of gentlemanliness, and tender expressions of old style lofty love for the gentle sex.

G.

THE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

VEN without the doubly posthumous fame which Sherlock Holmes has acquired by "The Pursuit of the House Boat," it would be fairly safe to say that every one has heard of him, and has read one or more of the four books devoted to his exploits. Why, then, is there any need of a separate account of his life? Because these four books, "Study in Scarlet," "Sign of the Four," "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," are not chronologically arranged, and generally are more concerned with the adventures than with the man. Perhaps one might gather together the loose material in the books, and construct as much as possible of a biography.

No exact date can be given for his birth, but 1855 might be assumed to be not very far out of the way. He came of a race of country squires, good though not remarkable persons, but his grandmother was a sister of "Vernet, the French artist." His early life was probably spent in the country.

The only member of his family mentioned by name is his brother Mycroft, seven years his elder, who appears in the story of "The Greek Interpreter," and who acts as coachman for his brother when he leaves London for the last time.

The earliest time of his life of which Sherlock Holmes speaks, is of his life at college. Even then he had begun to formulate his peculiar theories. He was not sociable. He disliked women, and his only friend was Victor Trevor, his acquaintance with whom gave him his first case, the "Gloria Scott."

When he first came to London, he took rooms in Montague Street, just around the corner from the British Museum, and waited for cases, filling in his leisure time by studying

whatever he thought might be of assistance to him. He found it difficult, at first, to get cases, but a few were brought him by former fellow-students, who had known of his theories and methods at college. The third of these was the "Musgrave Ritual." When Dr. Watson first knew him, he had established a considerable, though not very lucrative, connection.

Dr. Watson on his return from Afghanistan about 1880, met Holmes for the first time. Shortly after their first meeting, they engaged rooms together at 221 B. Baker St. Before doing so, they mutually confessed their short-comings. Holmes admitted that he smoked strong tobacco, had chemicals about and occasionally did experiments, and got "into the dumps" at times, while Dr. Watson confessed that he kept a bull pup, objected to "rows", got up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and was extremely lazy..

Dr. Watson describes the appearance of Holmes as unusual. He was over six feet, and thin, with sharp and piercing eyes, thin hawk-like nose and prominent square chin. He was exceptionally strong. He was scrupulously careful about his dress, but was not as neat in regard to his rooms. Dr. Watson says that he "kept his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacco in a Persian slipper, and his unanswered correspondence transfixed by a jack-knife into the very centre of his wooden mantel-piece."

The two men got along very well together, but Holmes, quiet and regular in his habits as he was, proved a mystery to Dr. Watson. He could not decide what his business was, and made a study of him. It was at this time that Dr. Watson drew up that summary of the "limits" of Holmes, given in "The Study in Scarlet," the case which first made known to Dr. Watson his friend's occupation.

It will be remembered that Dr. Watson declared that Holmes knew nothing of literature and philosophy, did not know who Carlyle was, and was ignorant of the Copernican theory, and the composition of the solar system. Moreover, he did not care to know about these things, his theory

being that a man's brain can hold so much and no more, and that it was better to stock it with the most useful. But his creator, Mr. Conan Doyle, was not thoroughly consistent. Holmes knew Latin, French, and German, quoted a remark said to have been made by Flaubert to George Sand, and spoke of Hafiz, Horace, Petrarch, George Meredith, Poe, Baxter, Thoreau, and Jean Paul Richter. In regard to his interests and general information, it must be admitted that although Holmes wrote a little, it was only on technical subjects: tattoo marks, the ashes of tobacco, the tracing of footsteps, and the like; at the same time, he talked about Miracle Plays, mediæval pottery, Stradivarius violins, the Buddhism of Ceylon, the warships of the future, and was something of a bibliophile and a musician.

Holmes and Dr. Watson lived together for a number of years and Dr. Watson shared many of his adventures. Some of these can be exactly dated; more cannot. The adventure of the Speckled Band occurred in April, 1883, but many can be placed only as occurring during or after the time when the men were living together.

The adventure of the "Sign of the Four" which introduced Dr. Watson to his future wife, occurred in 1888, and at some unknown date, presumably not very long thereafter, Dr. Watson was married, leaving to Holmes the rooms formerly occupied by both. The adventures of "The Engineer's Thumb" and of "The Naval Treaty" took place not long after. Although Dr. Watson did not have as much to do with his friend's cases as formerly, there are several with which he was connected, as "Silver Blaze," and "The Man with the Twisted Lip." In 1891 began the conflict with Moriarty, which ended in the death of both Moriarty and Holmes, as we have all read in the "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes."

H. E. W.

THE FORGETFUL BENAJAH.

ENAJAH Hookem was walking slowly down the road. It was a bright moonlight night. The day had been a warm one, even for that section of the sunny South. It was the time of year when watermelons were growing ripe, and Benajah looked wistfully towards a patch of them which he was approaching.

"O watermillions, sweet millions," he sighed. "Ter fink you is so nigh, but ain' no nigher; ter fink you is in sight ob my eyes, an' ain' stowed away whar no eyes kaint see yer." Patting affectionately the place where he would have the "millions" stowed away, and occasionally moaning because the store-house was empty, the old negro continued to gaze upon the melon patch. Gradually the longing eyes changed direction and glanced quickly up and down the road. They darted a searching look to the left and a keen glance at the melons on the right, to see if man or spirit could possibly be hiding among them. Evidently the way was clear, for with a leap and a bound Benajah dived from the highway into the patch into the midst of the objects of his longing.

"I could'n help it," said he, in justification of the act, "I uz des bleedzed fo' to do it. I know dat ter-morrer mo'nin' folks di' n' wan' see a dead nigger long aside de road; but sho's you's bo'n, Benajah, you uz a-gittin' so p'orly a-stan'in' on dat paf dat you'd a ben a dead nigger sartin sho', uthouton no watermillions to suxs ain yer." Thereupon he set to work with a view that bid fair to have relieved the road of a "dead nigger" only to deposit one in the neighboring melon patch. Alas that appearances will be deceptive. Then too, who shall measure a black man's capacity for watermelons? The stolen fruit was all the sweeter, and not until three whole melons were within him,

did the old man interrupt his delight. Then he rolled upon his back and groaned. This time the sounds were of rapture, and not of pain as before.

Now it happened that at this moment Abe Hookem, worthy scion of a worthy sire, was stealing along the side of the road with a strangled pullet beneath each arm. He had been sent by his daddy to visit the hennery of Squire Nelson, and was returning home with the fruits of his visit, all unconscious that a few minutes after his own departure from the shanty his father had gone to visit the Squire's melons.

At the sound of the groaning, the boy stopped short and exclaimed, "Who dat?" Then without waiting for an answer, but gasping "Speerits, O Lor'!" young Abe Lincoln Hookem dropped his pullets and lighted out for home, as fast as his quaking legs could carry him

For an instant the father was as terrified as the son. Then as he realized that the voice was Abe's, his first impulse was to answer the question; but he only raised himself and muttered. "Hi dar, you big-foot, fool tarbaby, don' you know you' own daddy yit? Ain' I fotched you up better'n to call you' daddy a speerit? Dis yere speerit'd be atter yer an' a-larrupin' yer like he uz livelier'n any speerit *you* ever see, ef he ain' ben skeart of roustin' up de old Squar' hisse'f. It would'n do no good," he added with a chuckle, after a pause, "ter git kotched myse'f, des fo' administerizin' a lickin to dat ar pickininny."

Benajah was about to lie down again and resume his ecstatic groaning in a subdued tone, when a thought struck him. "What uz dat chile doin' roun' dese diggins, anyhow, dis time er de night. I 'spec' he mammy fink he's gwine to bed long 'go. Des like he daddy, dat honey am, nebber did like to go to roos' early. Great Ab'aham Linkum!" he exclaimed leaping to his feet, "W'y de pullets sho' enough! How I's gittin' to disremember. Dat chile uz sent fo' to git me pullets, dat's p'intedly de Lord's trufe, an here I's done fergit all 'bout it. Whar

dose pullets now? I 'spec' he drap um when he hear de speerets," and away he went out of the melon patch into the road. There lay the chickens where Abe had dropped them.

"Des what I's tol' yer," said Benajah, picking them up and stealing off. "Yasser, dat chile git mo' like he daddy ev'y day. Abe done fergit all 'bout de pullets same ez me."

R.

"WE ARE LITTLE BUILDERS."

N the beginning of our history, when the language we used was very early English indeed, we began to have theories of life, our religions—I mean a religion independent of what our mother taught us, something entirely distinct from the "Now I lay me," though that prayer alone fitted most diverse occasions. I can remember repeating it piously during thunder-storms or whenever I tore my dress.

"But," I reasoned, "if one prayer is good, surely two are better still, and three would be excellent," so I set to work to lengthen my list.

My Reader furnished,

"We are little builders, building day by day
Pure and holy temples where our Lord may stay."

A devout servant taught me "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John," and in due time, I learned the Lord's prayer, but still I was unsatisfied.

I had recently received a card at school on which my marks in various studies were written. Last of all a mark, called "Average" appeared. This new term excited my curiosity. When its meaning had been explained to me, I thought an average remarkably clever and interesting. I became enamoured of averages. I averaged my love for members of the family; I averaged my playthings; at last,

I averaged my prayers. The result was a curious mosaic something like this : "Now I lay me down to sleep, building day by day, four angels guard my bed, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen. God bless everybody."

But discontent followed this unique product. I had not prayers enough. One night when I was especially unwilling to go to bed an inspiration came to me. Instead of saying the usual "God bless everybody," I would particularize; so I began, God bless Papa and Mama, Grandma and Grandpa, my other Grandma, my Sister"; then I took the family friends individually; repeated the roll call at school; mentioned by name the paupers in the county house of which my Grandfather was overseer; remembered in my petitions the hired men, the dogs, horses, cows, and finally the chickens. Parenthetically, I begged at this point that we might find at least a dozen eggs to-morrow. I grew sleepy while enumerating my playthings, much to the relief of my patient aunt, who had vainly tried to check my zeal in prayer.

Every night for a long time this same prayerful spirit manifested itself. To be sure, the stream of my supplications was subject to change. Sometimes I made earnest request for a real, live fairy. A fairy would be so much more interesting than dolls, though dolls were not to be despised, for they could be made to do almost everything. We used to place the jointed ones in a kneeling attitude before their bed —there was but one bed for an active family of twelve—and those who, for structural reasons, were unable to kneel, we laid prostrate on their faces after the manner of Turks.

Doll devotions were at last forbidden, but we could still hold church services on Sunday. The services were rather disconnected, being read from a diminutive book entitled "Dewdrops," which contains a single verse of scripture for each day of the year. The lessons were taken from the same source, but the prayers were our own. We began with "Now I lay me down to sleep," though our congregation

never even nodded ; and our services closed with "We are little builders." One evening my grandmother took me to prayer meeting. This new service interested me greatly, and I took mental notes, meaning to have a prayer meeting of my own next day. People rose, made speeches, and sat down again. It was like speaking day at school. My grandmother spoke. This was too much for me. I determined to distinguish myself, so I rose and began "a piece" in my best style. The words came out clearly and distinctly :

> "Two little monkeys were sitting one day,
> In the top of a cocoanut tree.
> Said one little M. to the other,
> 'Ahem ! You don't look at all like me,
> Not at all, not at all, like ——.'"

My audience was spellbound. None had the presence of mind to stop me until I had disgraced the family.

On the way home, I learned something about the real nature of prayer meetings, and came to feel that I had committed the unpardonable sin in speaking my piece. All my other naughtinesses came to mind and for weeks I dwelt in the Valley of Humiliation. One day the good grandmother and a friend were talking on religious subjects. They spoke of Heaven as if it were very near indeed. For a while I listened quietly, then suddenly exclaimed, "I've no expec'tions of being a Christian." The ladies were horror-struck, but asked for my reasons. "Oh, I was so wicked in my youth," I replied, being then a hardened sinner of six. "But what did you do ?" they asked laughingly. With dignified emphasis, I told them that I had "lied and lied and lied and lied."

But a weight of sin did not always oppress me. There were times when I felt satisfied with myself and patronized the world. I had a garden of flourishing pigweeds which were carefully watered and tended each night and morning. Once in a burst of generosity, I pulled up my tallest stalk and dragged it into the kitchen for my grandmother. She

saw me approaching with the huge weed, scattering dirt across the floor. Before I had a chance to speak, she said quickly: "Take that dirty old stalk right out into the yard again." My æsthetic sensibilities were wounded and before turning to leave the room, I took time to remark didactically, "Grandma, there's beauty even in a pigweed."

This early worship at Beauty's shrine seems somewhat priggish now, but there is some poetry in another notion that I had. I knew how notes looked on a sheet of music and knew that they represented sounds. In some way, I fancied that the little particles of dust which float around in the sunshine were notes of the music the angels sing. I have never learned to read them, though I hoped to do so then.

A year or two later, I lost faith in my religion. My prayers were often unanswered. I had read that a person with faith enough could move mountains. In perfect good faith, I had tried to move several articles of heavy furniture, but had failed. I began to doubt. It seemed as if anything I particularly wanted was denied me. When we wished to go wading in the river, I told my sister to keep saying, "Mama won't let us go; she won't, she won't." Then we firmly believed that the permission, which was never withheld when the water was warm enough, resulted from our reiteration of "She won't let us go." A refusal we explained by saying that we probably had not repeated the mystic words often enough.

Then I remember a period when I was sure that we did not know anything at all. My sister objected to being classed with idiots. She said, "We know this is a table." "Oh, no", I said, "we are not sure of it. What you see and call a table may not be what I see, and besides, maybe there are lots of people who do not call this a table at all." She overthrew my nominalism by saying: "It doesn't make any difference whether it looks the same to both of us or not. We both see something and we both call it a table, and that's all there is about it."

Surely all the stages of religious development are here. First the passive, unquestioning period when one simply accepts what comes. Then an active stage in which new and individual traits are added to the inherited religion. Then the period of guilty consciousness, followed by a glimpse of spiritual glory—almost inspiration. Afterwards a period of doubt and agnosticism. But in the distance, I can see a dim light which grows brighter slowly. It is a perpetual fire, I hope. *G. B. D.*

FOR THE RHYMSTER.

Full oft do we listen in reverent awe
It ain't so very hard.
And tarry in Fancy's domain,
You can do it by the yard,
While some great poet soul, untrammelled by law,
If you listen while I tell an easy way.
Pours forth his romantic refrain.

In rapture we follow the musical beat,
Just purloin an ancient verse,
The magical rhythm and rhyme,
Which is rather short and terse,
The rippling murmur of poetic feet
And employ the thought and meter for your lay.
Combining in metrical time.

From what inspiration this melody flows,
Then a lexicon of rhyme
His mystical bosom confines,
And a little use of time
Until in a moment one readily knows,
Will make the undertaking simply play.
By conning it down, 'twixt the lines.

F.

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MANUSCRIPT for the December number should be in the hands of the editor before 21, November. We urge members of the Junior class to send in frequent contributions.

* * *

MORE than once we have pleaded for a broad view of the opportunity afforded by one's University training. This view should, of course, while broad, be clear-headed and sane. The hard, conscientious student should avoid the dangers of over-work mentally, the athletically inclined should put a personal damper on the too violent fire of athletic enthusiasm. It is easy in theory to suggest where to draw the line between narrow-minded devotion to only one phase of college life and over-broad devotion to too many different lines. But each of us must by occasional thought work out his own solution. A phase of the question to which just now we direct particular attention is outside reading, reading of profitable writing that bears no immediate relation to one's University work. Are you doing any such reading? For it, possibly you will need to *make* time.

AS SEEN BY A SENIOR.

The well arranged placards announcing the prizes for the *1900 Cornellian* competition make us again realize that we have a college annual. It is well that we should realize this, that we have a duty to this branch of Cornell enterprise as well as to the others. Those of us who can write, those of us who have ability in artistic lines, should devote some of their best efforts to making this year's *Cornellian* better than last year's. The *1900 Cornellian* board, able though it is and possessing unity such as boards have lacked for a couple of years, cannot do it all alone. They must have help, and we ought to be glad to give it.

We have every reason to be proud of our *Cornellian*. It has few equals and taken all in all, not one superior. A printer in taking the contract to print the *Cornellian* last year said: "I have had the *Technique* since I began and I am glad to get the *Cornellian*, for I think they are the best annuals in the country."

In the class of college annuals which pretend to be more than a mere catalogue of the names of students, the *Technique* published by Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and our *Cornellian* outrank all others. We cannot, I think, claim superiority over M. T. I. nor they over us. In artistic merit, the *Technique*, because of the aid of the Lowell School of Design, a part of the Institute, surpasses the *Cornellian*. But we are second to none in the written matter and the method of arrangement in the *Cornellian*.

There are a few new departures that come in one year and go out another; now and then one stays. "The wearers of the C," instituted by the '99 board should endure. So, also, the department "Publications," which until last year had been passed by with little thought. One innovation which suggests itself is an alphabetical list of fraternity men placed at the end of that department; then, too, the home addresses might perhaps be useful to students. But this we leave to our friends the *1900 Cornellian* board.

NEW BOOKS.

THE HEART OF TOIL.

Octave Thanet (Miss French) of late has been writing magazine stories centered about the workingman and his work. *The Heart of Toil*, the title chosen for a collection of these stories seems to us particularly fitting. Thanet (by the way, down at Scribner's they pronounce this name Thănet—*th* as in '*th*in', *ă* as in 'th*a*n', *et* as in 'trink*et*') does make straight for the heart of the matter. She sees a workingman, Leroy, going steadily about his daily toil, saving his money, broadening his views of life by reading and by talk with his mates, expanding his circle of influence, preventing strikes quietly, logically, irresistibly by conciliating both sides, or just as quietly and irresistibly aiding the men in obtaining by strike their just demands; when you have read the first four stories, "The Non-Combatant," "The Way of an Election," "The Moment of Clear Vision," and "Johnny's Job," you, too, have seen Harry Leroy and have come to know and honor him. You have besides sympathized with grocer Horace Battles in his testing time when the strike had been on for seven weeks and his old employer frowned upon him for his forbearance with the strikers; you have felt thrills of pleasure when that old employer, the wholesale grocer, Harcourt T. Wells, climbing the ladder and calling out, "Race, you old fool, come down," by main force yanks the half crazed Race from the burning roof of his grocery, saying when both were on the ground, "I paid the insurance policy this afternoon."

You have followed approvingly the words and acts of Stella Battles, willing to give up her new Commencement dress in order that her father need not discharge a humble industrious clerk, who needed for his sick mother his regular wage, and the words and acts of Cochrane, the mill owner, he of "the stumpy gray moustache" and "the sharp little gray eyes," who in his clear-headed Scotch way was sure to

treat his men "white"; you have been indignant at the shamelessness of the saleable Darcy, leader of strikes, and campaign speaker for revenue only. When you have finished the two hundred pages of the volume you have sympathized in the last story, "The Conscience of a Business Man," with old Jabez Rivers who had to decide whether he would keep the steel mill running and give up the house to own which had been his ambition since the time of his barefooted boyhood, or shut down the mill and buy the house.

All the stories are convincingly natural and admirably proportioned, yet in details of construction not all are of equal merit, the first being by far the weakest.

THE WORKERS.

In *The Heart of Toil* you can see the workingman in his working clothes, but more or less dressed up artistically by the author for the particular moment when she wishes you to see him. In Mr. Wyckoff's *The Workers* of the East and now of the West (Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898. The Workers.—An Experiment in Reality. By Walter A. Wyckoff, Assistant Professor of Political Economy in Princeton University. With 32 full-page illustrations by W. R. Leigh. p. 378. $1.50.), you can see him at his work, almost moment by moment,—tramping about in search for the occasional odd job or working steadily as hand-truckman, road-builder at the World's Fair Ground, and so on. You seem to see the very state of the workingman vivisected and the warm heart throbbing before your eyes. Thus, sometimes a sinking feeling of the pity and the unutterable mechanical tedium of it all oppresses you. Yet, on the other hand, time and again the vital humor and optimistic vigor of the student-workman—author relieve pages otherwise over dreary. As in all vivisection, there are elements that will be displeasing to persons of sensitive temperament, but to no one is there anything that should give positive pain. The pages are so obviously the clear-headed observation of a sympathetic man that they

will surely take rank as a profitable study of the workingman as he is. And they are no less interesting to the general reader than they are profitable to the specialist.

THE BLINDMAN'S WORLD.

As a writer of short stories Edward Bellamy had not the gift. He was endowed with a keen mind open to all sorts of subject matter utilizable in writing stories. He knew language well enough to be exceedingly vigorous in presenting his ideas, but he had not the gift of plot, he was at fault in construction. Thus, in the volume before us (*The Blindman's World*, And Other Stories. By Edward Bellamy with a Prefatory Sketch by W. D. Howells. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1898. p. 415. $1.50.) he is at times exasperatingly tedious in the opening of his story, and disappointingly flat in his conclusion, even though there may be much skilled virile movement between. His mind, furthermore, seems to have been distinctly of expository cast; even in the airiest of light fancies, as in his "Hooking Watermelons," he is impelled to obtrude more or less of exposition. For this reason, Stevenson's dictum with regard to the suppression of the unessential, if applied at all rigorously, will delete paragraph after paragraph from Bellamy's pages.

Yet we must acknowledge informally that, picking up the volume to while away a few moments before luncheon, we were beguiled into reading till long after the luncheon hour. For, this writer whom Mr. Howells calls "a most American man," certainly does know how to interest the American reader. It is to be deplored that with such abilities as he had, he had not the gift of construction.

A FOURTEENTH CENTURY LETTER WRITER.

You who remember the neat and attractive title page of President Schurman's *A Generation of Cornell*, published by the Putnams, will be prepared for the clear type and taste-

ful arrangement of the title page in a new book from the same publishers, *Petrarch, The First Modern Scholar and Man of Letters*, by Prof. J. H. Robinson of Columbia and Prof. H. W. Winchester, formerly of Swarthmore. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898. p. x + 436. $2.) In general make-up the book is admirable, both in typography and in substance. It is a selection (translated from the original Latin) from Petrarch's correspondence with Boccaccio and other friends, designed by the editors to illustrate the beginnings of the Renaissance. Part II, which deals with Petrarch and his literary contemporaries, we find especially filled with the graceful culture of a genial master. Petrarch was looked to as a literary mentor by men of all nations; he says, almost poutingly, in one of his familiar letters, that he is overwhelmed by missives, from France, Greece, Germany, England, all asking for his opinion concerning various literary efforts. He even suffers because parents reproach him for having turned the heads of their sons to poetry; if the disease spreads he fears he is undone, for soon the cows will low in numbers and ruminate in rhyme. This Putnam book makes very real the wide-spread interest in literature during the fourteenth century.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

In speaking of the difficulty of being the universal critic that men of his time wished him to be, Petrarch says: "If I condemn the composition, I am a jealous carper at the good work of others; if I say a good word for the thing it is attributed to a mendacious desire to be agreeable; if I keep silence altogether, it is because I am a rude, pert fellow." Each of the forms of criticism suggested here Professor Lorenzo Sears (*Principles and Methods of Literary Criticism*. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1898. p. xi + 364. $1.25.) discusses in fifteen or twenty pages. He takes up, also, two other common forms of criticism, Impressionism and Appreciation, which two he particularly urges upon the atten-

tion of the tyro in review work. The critic will not be harmed by anything he finds in Professor Sears's book; in fact he will find many things that he will consider worth thinking about.

THE EXCHANGE CRITIC.

The October number of *Red and Blue* is a splendid proof of the capability of college men to publish attractive magazines; the departments are well edited, the fiction is entertaining, the illustrations are excellent, and the whole number is well balanced. The *Dartmouth Lit.* presents a very neat appearance in its new cover and is quite readable. The *Sequoia* also appears in a new cover, and while not yet as interesting to the outsider as last year, it is nevertheless bright. The "Fables" in the number for 30, September are particularly good; for some of our would-be politicians the sad but true moral given in the first one is possibly worth remembering: "Honesty may be the best Policy, but Flattery is the best Politics." We are pleased to see the *Georgetown College Journal* once more, with its neat typography, its generally readable but long articles, and its numerous halftone illustrations. "The Passing of Amy Whittlesea" is a well-written though somewhat lengthy story in *Smith College Monthly*, which is starting the year with its usual clever array of articles. The *Williams Lit.* and the *Vassar Miscellany* are both exceptionally good, as is the fiction in the *Wesleyan Lit.* *Morningside*, *Columbia Lit.*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, and *Amherst Lit.* are all acceptably written. The *Adelphian* is one of the best preparatory school monthlies that has as yet come to hand.

A THREAT.

DEAR JACK :—Your tardy letter just at hand :
Have read it twice but couldn't understand
Much more than half ; I do wish you could talk
Plain English now and then, such slang would shock
Mamma most awfully. I am so glad
You're playing ball. It will be just too bad
If you don't make the team. I've learned to score,
Tom taught me: Tom's a Princeton sophomore.
You've had the measles too? How like a fright
They make one look. I hope you had them light.
I've got a sofa pillow almost done.
What color? Guess. A simply lovely one.
I've not decided what the letter'll be,
It may be P, or possibly a D.
Now, Jack, do answer this right straight away.
If you've some pretty monograms you may
Enclose a few. If you have not, why then
Perhaps I might change D. to P. again.

—*Dartmouth Literary Monthly.*

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THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

J. Carrelson

CHRISTMAS

NUMBER.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

THE London *Athenaeum* is the critical weekly by eminence. Though addicted perhaps to burning a trifle overmuch incense at the shrine of certain London celebrities, it usually cultivates in its readers an upright and healthy spirit. Towards this country, however, its attitude is not infrequently puzzling and sometimes irritating. It inspects each product of the American mind more or less askance. When it praises, which happens rarely, the tone is that of condescension : not so bad, after all, for America. When it condemns, it condemns with judicial emphasis, in the tone of a long-suffering judge dealing with a hardened malefactor : what right have these tiresome Americans to waste our time?

Well, we survive the lashing ; perhaps because we have inherited a thick hide. Yet even the most patient pachyderm may have his quiet revenge by treading on his mahout's toes.

One of the *Athenaeum's* hobbies is its unflinching championship of the good old English spelling. Spelling in the tight little isle, as every philologist knows, has been immutable since the days of Chaucer, if not the days of Layamon. An unbroken succession of poets, philosophers,

historians, essayists, has handed down the sacred spelling-canon intact from father to son for five centuries and more. Really, these Americans, Noah Webster at their head, are a pack of impious Vandals. Can any right-minded Briton submit to the diminishing of his inheritance by so much as a letter? Even the great German, through his mouthpiece, Mephistopheles, has declared:

Von einem Wort lässt sich kein Iota rauben.

If you wish to arouse the lion of the *Athenaeum*, you have only to spell "hon*or*," "trave*l*er"; straightway there is a roar and a bound. On the other hand, how easy to smooth the lion's mane. This is how one of our countrymen has done it. His name is Shoemaker; we should scarcely expect one of that craft to be so crafty. At all events, we may safely adjure this Shoemaker to stick to his last. *Athenaeum*, September 10, 1898, review of M. M. Shoemaker, *Islands of the Southern Seas*: "In the cordial tone of all his references to this country, he asserts that the English are the greatest travellers on the globe. He pays us, by the way, the perhaps greater compliment of spelling 'travellers' as we do," etc.

This has the charm of frankness. What matters it that a man is a great trave*l*er; he must be a trave*ll*er. We retire abashed, ejaculating: *Vive la bagatelle!*

To judge America, one should know the land and its ways. That, however, is easy. From London, as from a pinnacle, one can survey the Western Continent, taking in both the infinitely great and the infinitely small. This our *Athenaeum* reviewer does on demand. For example, September 10, 1898, review of Virna Woods, *An Elusive Love*. (We must interpose, in explanation, that the plot turns upon a trial for a murder committed in Los Angeles.) "Apart from the usual Americanisms familiar to English readers, there are some novel and amusing expressions in the text. A few which deal with details of costume may be quoted. Thus we hear of 'young women in shirt-waists and sailor hats, and young men in flannel outing-suits,' and

'baskets of freshly laundered clothes,' and of 'a pretty waist of pale silk.' After all, these phrases may be quite native to California, and have nothing in common with America at large. The writer candidly assumes that the reader knows the town in question well, just as the contemporary writer of fiction assumes that the reader knows the relative position of Bond Street and Piccadilly."

It is quite difficult to satisfy everybody. Still, one can at least try. We feel disposed to advise Miss Virna Woods to accompany her next tale of California life with a U. S. Survey map and a time-table of the S. P. R. R.

But how is it with the "shirt-waists" and "sailor hats" and "flannel outing-suits?" Readers, gentle and otherwise, we leave it to you to meet this question. *Are* they native to California? *Have* they nothing in common with America at large? Please send in your answers to the *Athenaeum*, together with a set of bills receipted, as vouchers for your truthfulness. The body of Cornell students isn't large, not quite two thousand. Still it is fairly representative of our spendthrift country from New England to the Pacific. Pray enlighten Bond Street and Piccadilly.

July 24, 1897, the *Athenaeum* begins its review of Maxwell Sommerville's *Siam*, with the happy statement that the author is "a professor belonging to the University of Pennsylvania." Happy man, we add, to really *belong* to a University. Only one drop is wanting to our cup of happiness: that Cornell University should belong to us! As the beginning, so the ending of the review: "We are not told what kind of insect a 'tumble-bug' or 'katydid' represents." Can it be that our reviewer looks upon tumble-bug and katydid as one and the same insect? The mere thought makes us shiver. Readers, please enlighten the *Athenaeum*.

To revert to our former point, spelling is a noble accomplishment. True, we can scarcely attain to the full distinction of spelling *more Britannico*; though, by the way, we note that the *Athenaeum* describes a certain book as "pleasant for the wiling away of railway journeys." Still

we ought to spell after some fashion, as many Freshmen and sub-Freshmen are now discovering. Is spelling, however, the acme of expression? When we hono*u*r our travel*l*ers, we pay tithe of mint, anise, and cummin to the shallow nymph Convention. Are there not weightier precepts of the Law, bidding us write *true* English? For aid in this we shall always be grateful, even though the aid be ungraciously proffered. But, to be frank, how much help are we to expect from a paper which itself neglects the weightier matters of the Law. For example: "None of the Parliamentary Papers of the last few days is of interest" is scarcely handsome. "Otherwise he (Schubert) would not have dedicated a symphony of which there is no trace to a Viennese musical society," leaves us in suspense. "We read amusedly" savors of the shilling-shocker. "The author of *The House of Life* knew London on the side that Dickens knew it better than any other poet of his time" we should scarcely dare submit to our Intermediate Schools for the crucial diagram. "When questioned at dinner at headquarters on the evening after the repulse by General Simpson as to why he had failed, he (Windham) replied bluntly, etc.," is a Chinese puzzle. Was Windham repulsed by General Simpson, or by the Russians? And why should anyone be questioned *as to* why? "The Spanish painter of the Madrazo family who died lately was neither, as some authorities have stated, José or Frederico of that name, but Raimundo, who married Fortuny's sister, and is chiefly distinguished as a portraitist" is another puzzle. Did the entire Madrazo family die lately, or only Raimundo? Besides, "neither—or" cannot be called orthodox. "Portraitist" may be all right, but we have our doubts. Certain are we that if the word were found in an American book, the *Athenaeum* would be the first to consign it to "the usual Americanisms familiar to English readers." When we read: "Another original idea of his, that of disposing of criminals capitally convicted to the cannibals of New Zealand," we shake our heads over the blunder in history.

We used to think that the genial Jeffreys of Bloody Assizes fame, was the last English judge to capitally convict; he got in his work with a fine sense of humo*ur*. The following is a bit mixed on the "idea": "There is some idea of Mr. Henley's able journal, the *Scots Observer*, which last Saturday entered on the third year of its existence and changed its title to the *National Observer*, leaving Edinburgh and settling in London." We congratulate London upon getting an *Observer* that is able to pick up its bed and walk. Still, how is it with this "idea" of an *Observer*? We are reminded of Heine's resigned query: "Dear madam, have you an idea of an idea?" Even Heine would scarcely have admitted that a rumo*ur* was an "idea."

After all, is it quite fair to the young to write that "the whole of the consuls of France in all parts of the world are made out to be as bad as is conceivable." How can a "whole" be referred to with an "are"? How can birds of "a" feather flock together? Truly the path of a teacher of English, thorny enough at the best, becomes impossible when the prophets in Israel mumble-jumble thus. Americanisms do not trouble us greatly; but we long to see in every writer, American or British, sentences with a spinal column, upright pronouns, words instinct with thought.

HOPE.

THE rain has ceased; the sky is clear.
The drooping flowers their petals ope;
They lift their faces without fear;
And this with human kind is Hope.

DESPAIR.

The forest fire, along its track,
Destroys the woodland green and fair;
And leaves the tree-trunks seared and black,
Symbolic of our own Despair.

R. S. H.

THE CORNELL *IRONE*.

THEOPHRASTUS, writing near the beginning of the third century before Christ, set forth the characteristics of the *irone*. In our language, we have no equivalent for this term. Hence the natural inference would be that the character is foreign to our civilization. But the spirit of this century is adverse to accepting anything on *prima facie* evidence, so an investigation has been instituted and as a result of this, we are prepared to maintain that the *irone* can not be relegated to prechristian times and a civilization where language was not a vehicle for the transmission of truth, but a lubricant whereby social friction was to be reduced to a minimum and the individual's life-passage rendered as pleasant as possible. He is not to be thus relegated, for we have found him in the present day and generation. Nay, more, he is in our midst. You have met him. You didn't recognize him? That may be, for you couldn't be expected, like Diogenes looking for an honest man, to go about looking for a character two thousand two hundred years old, at least. How many more centuries he has to his credit is not yet a matter of accurate knowledge.

The *irone* is the sort of man who apparently assigns to things in general a lower valuation than that accepted by most persons. His natural tendency is toward the assumption of depreciation for word and deed. Whatever is measured by the standard which he affects suffers in importance.

If, on the day previous to that which is to decide a hotly contested campaign, he is asked whom he means to vote for as senior class-president, he replies: "Really, I haven't thought about it. What men are running, anyway? Well, there might be a difference of opinion about Mr. M——, but I'll think over what you say. I don't know yet whether I shall vote or not."

Again, when he has been defeated in an election in the interests of which he has cut twenty hours' shop and lectures for two weeks and has failed to make a recitation for an equal length of time, he congratulates the successful candidate, saying: "I'm glad you got what you wanted, old man. You'll make the best president we could have. My interest, you know, wasn't personal, at any rate. It was only because the boys at the house were anxious for me to have the office."

At Jay's, when the fellows are talking about the money they lost on the freshman race and some one says to him: "You were 'shy' of a neat little pile on that, weren't you?" he blows several carefully considered rings of smoke and as he watches them fade away, replies in a nonchalant tone: "Oh, not so much. I had only eight hundred on it."

When disappointment and regret are expressed because the football team failed to score against Princeton, he is sure to recall the game at Philadelphia in '97, and to talk about the Indian game this year. Yet, the same evening, when merited praise is granted a certain member of the crew, he expresses the opinion that, if Charley O——, a fellow he knew at L——, were only here, he would show them what a man could do in that position.

If some one who has missed a lecture asks him for his notes, knowing how excellent his always are, he says: "Yes, but I'm afraid they will not do you any good. I never take full sentences. Then, too, my writing is so wretched that nobody, except myself, can make out anything from it. You had better not depend upon these alone."

When a member of the Board asks him to write for the *Era*, telling him that he saw an article of his in the Magazine, his answer is: "I should be glad to help you out, if I could, but, really, I haven't an idea. I don't know a thing that I could write about. I'm sorry you saw that thing in the 'MAG.' It got out by chance. B——y

happened to see it in my room one day and just insisted upon having it. I protested against his using my name, but he would do it. You know what sort of a fellow B——y is."

In reply to congratulations on being elected to Sphinx Head, he explains with perfect equanimity: "That is probably a mistake. There's a fellow here whose name is similar to mine. Our names are frequently confused. You've no doubt heard his name, but thought it mine."

When he is working on an oration for the Woodford competition and some one, attracted by the various piles of books six deep around him, stops to make inquiries, we have known him to say, as he reaches for a thesis slip to mark the place in his book: "I'm just looking up some articles on a subject that I ran across the other day. It's rather interesting, so I thought I might as well know something about it."

Again, when a friend exclaims: "Hello! What's this you're wearing?", with a careless half-glance at the article indicated, he replies: "What? Oh, that. Haven't you seen any of those yet? The Junior Prom. medallions. All the fellows on the committee have them."

He is not a gullible gentleman in his own estimation. If you notice, you catch expressions such as "What do you take me for?" "Tell that to Jimmy Frosh." "You think I'm easy, don't you?" This is perhaps due to his great experience, for, no matter what another person has seen or heard, he has always seen or heard something superior to it in what was supposed to be its characterizing feature.

On the whole, he gives the Cornell ultra-enthusiast the impression that, though other persons consider this a great university, to his mind it is rather a slow-going affair and he stays here, because "a fellow would have to go through such a lot of red tape to take out papers and secure transference of credit."

But, on the other hand, when he goes down to the

Regatta, he has the effect of considerably dampening the ardor of the Yale and of the Harvard enthusiast, so far, at least, as it is a matter of expression.

In general, he is the anti-enthusiast, the imperturbable, self-possessed gentleman, who can no more be affected by the effervescence of emotion on the part of other persons than asbestos by fire. In ancient times he was known as the *irone*, the man of irony ; later he was denominated the "wet-blanket"; the present age, in its striving for scientific accuracy, has classified him as the "squelcher." His purpose, if we may judge of it, is to maintain a more equable emotional temperature in general society.

E. M. B.

CUPID'S ASSISTANT.

IT was half past ten at Sage College. Margaret Holmes, a Senior, coming up stairs slowly reading a letter, heard some one say, "You old Math. fiend, so dead to other mundane things, did you forget to go for your mail till now? Come into my room ; we're making fudges in the chafing-dish and some of the girls are there. We want you for cerebral ballast." A rich chocolate odor floating down the corridor clinched her argument, and the next moment Margaret was in the midst of that delightful informality, a "spread."

"Well, Meg," called a Sophomore, "it's rather early in the year for you to join us in these festive vigils, but I suppose even you are entitled to a lazy spell in your Senior year. How does it seem to be awfully clever, anyway?"

"My room-mate dear, take the goods the gods bestow without making such a fuss." This promptly from the hostess, who with face aglow from stirring fudges added, "Isn't it more than jolly to have dear old Meg here?"

When the delectable mixture was pronounced ready, and each one had partaken of it and other dainties to her utmost discomfort, somehow, the varied claims of Greek, Pol. Econ., and Psych. faded perceptibly, and this group of the brainiest girls in college disposed themselves comfortably on couches and floor, and settled down to feminine chatter, —all but Margaret, whose eyes occasionally wandered to the letters in her lap.

"I know there's something the matter with Meg," cried the Sophomore, wedged in as close as possible to the Senior's elbow. "Oh, ye gods and little fishes!" examining the address, "there's one in a man's handwriting,—postmark,— I can't make out, but it's from Michigan. Meg is going to disprove our theory that she never had a love-affair."

"My dear impertinent child, your manner of reaching a conclusion establishes the fact that I was right in advising you not to elect Logic last year. Would not Professor C— call that process 'a fallacy in hypothetical syllogism'?"

"But really, Margaret, I thought you never had anything to do with men," said another. "Tell us about it," urged a third.

"Well girls, you know I went West last summer to visit my uncle, a leading lawyer in a large city. He is immensely wealthy, and their home is a perfect dream of beauty. Edith Douglas, '96, lives in the same town; most of you remember her,—the very dearest girl that ever came to Cornell. I'll never forget her kindness to me when I came to Sage, a poor scared little Freshman; and throughout the year, how lovely she was to me and how almost distraught I was when she graduated the next June. It was blissful to be with her again! By the way, she sent lots of love to you all. Uncle Jasper is very popular socially and no end of men come to his house,—'howling swells' this infant would call them," pinching the ear of '01's representative. 'Some of them had a few brains, which they seldom used, however. All were more or less rich, splendid golfers and horsemen, always projecting amusements and always bored by them. They belonged to a genus entirely new to

me. There was one, however,'' and Margaret's eyes softened.

''Now behold El Capitan,'' whistled the Sophomore.

''Naughty One, listen to a friendly suggestion from an upper classman, if you don't stop interrupting, you'll be smothered in the pillows of your irate chum. Please go on, Meg.''

''This one was handsome, older than the others, and more manly; but what impressed me most was his purposefulness. He didn't talk silly nothings like the rest, he had larger ideas of life—but never mind my opinion of him, I'll give you the story. As soon as I met Mr. Munger it flashed upon me that here was Edith's soul-mate. I wondered if he knew her, but he was so dignified I dared not enquire. Afterward, in our little nightly chat, Aunt Helen told me that Edith and Mr. Munger were very well acquainted, in fact, that already among their intimates it was whispered that an understanding had been reached and that she and Uncle were delighted, because Edith was a favorite of theirs. The two seemed absolutely intended for one another. Of course Edith and I talked it over, though she persisted in in her old defence of Platonic friendship. Seeing them together, I became certain that they cared for each other, only Mr. Munger was altogether too moderate for an ideal lover. He didn't seem to appreciate her talents, her beauty, her sweet womanliness. So I determined to enlighten him. Fate aided me. In a few days, Edith's people went up the lake to their summer home and naturally Mr. Munger gravitated toward me as her friend. We were together a great deal. Every time we met I would turn the conversation to Edith. On a wheeling trip one morning, I asked him if he had observed how she was running down. With her quixotic ideas of independence, Edith had been teaching in the High School for two years. It wasn't necessary, as her father is abundantly able to provide for her. She was very tired and growing thinner daily. There were incipient indications of old maid-yness in her, too, and I thought another year of teaching would make them visible to a mas-

culine eye. Girls, promise me that if you ever see any sign that I am preparing to form a speck in the government's 'Old Maid Chart', you'll tell me. I expect to teach all my mortal days, but I never mean to be an old maid. To return to Mr. Munger: I told him that Edith needed a rest and change, asked him to use his influence to persuade her to give up teaching. I dilated upon her strength of character, her well trained mind, her social qualities, fitting her to be one of Ruskin's typical queens, 'strengthening her husband's failings into truth, making for him a continual peace in the midst of this world's warfare.' We talked of her college life, her popularity here, and her friends. To my surprise, he had met Katherine King, Edith's room-mate; had actually visited her at her home in Massachusetts, while East on business. He expressed great admiration for her. But I skilfully contrasted Katherine's cold dignity with Edith's impulsiveness, Katherine's cleverness with Edith's ready wit, and so on, in every case to Edith's advantage. It seemed to help matters along, for afterward, at the Douglas's cottage on the lake, where both Mr. Munger and I were invited to spend a week, he did the devoted even to my approval. Blissful satisfaction was mine, based on two grounds: First, because poor insignificant *I* had helped bring those two people together. Second, because the proverb, 'Matches are made in heaven,' had been exploded. My summer had not seemed a waste of time, until this evening. Read it, girls", handing them the letter with the masculine address.

The eager group crowded about her and read this announcement:—

Mr. and Mrs. John M. King
announce the marriage of their daughter
Katherine
to
Ellsworth L. Munger
on Tuesday, October the eighteenth,
Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight
Sea View, Massachusetts.

"And here is a letter from Auntie, the postscript of which says, 'We are to have a bridal pair soon as next door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Munger. Mrs. Munger was *née* Katherine King, not as we and our friends hoped, Edith Douglas. Edith sailed for Europe last Saturday.'"

A murmur of disappointment filled the room and Margaret said, "My hope and aspiration for the future is to teach Differential Equations and Theory of Probabilities. I may succeed in that better than as Cupid's Assistant. Good night, girls."

THE SENIOR'S DECISION.

T 7.20 by the clock in the building of pillars and mail-matter, there could be seen on each side of State street two distinct streams of people. One stream was moving westward as quickly as the fruit-stands and trapdoors on the sidewalks would permit, every individual in the stream fearful lest he lose the opportunity of shouting "2022 Stewart" or "52 Huestis" three several times at so many different letter-carriers. The second stream of golf trousers and pipes proceeded leisurely eastward, carrying bundles of papers addressed to Ithaca landladies, and gradually lost itself in the stores, down side streets, and aboard the trolley cars.

From this eastward moving throng Tommy Hamilton stepped into the "Annex." In the college papers the "Annex" bore the title of student resort.

Whether or not Hamilton did wrong in turning in at a student resort is not to be decided by this tale, which simply relates an incident of one man's life. Whether he did right or wrong, according to the judgment of the reader, Hamilton, at any rate, felt no scruples about entering the "Annex." If you had asked him about it in his freshman year, you would have found that he held views decidedly antagonistic

to student resorts. But Hamilton's name in the Register was now followed by 4 Mech. Eng., and in four years his views on various subjects had suffered a change. This was evidenced by the fact that he smiled at the white apron across the bar, and greeted its owner with a familiar "Good evening, Freddie." Freddie smiled, returned the greeting, and then proceeded to finish turning on the electric lights. It was an evening in early May, and the spring twilight was already beginning to fill the "Annex" with dark patches in the corners, and behind the tables and chairs. In a minute, however, the shadows were dispelled by the little incandescents, and, in the uncanny light which is a cross between daylight and lamplight, Hamilton seated himself with his paper at one of the tables.

Under normal conditions he would have opened his paper and turned to the page headed "Sports and Sportsmen"; he would have inquired whether "the Crimson eight was improving rapidly", whether the Blue was "having hard luck with the crew." But conditions were not normal, either in the college world or in the wide world outside. The coming great race was overshadowed by other events, so that Hamilton found his news on the first page. Already the best little navy afloat was keeping its grim watch over war-racked Cuba's shores, already the call for troops had come; the Cornell senior must now ask himself if the call was for him.

For some days Hamilton had been considering tentatively what step he would take, but had arrived at no conclusion. To-night, while he read on, he suddenly realized, as he had not before, that the answer to the call was "up to him." This night was to see what the answer was to be.

The hour was early yet, so that Hamilton was left undisturbed to read with eager sympathy the accounts of the progress of the enlistment, of the plans for mobilization, and of the news of the fleet. In a short time, however, he was interrupted by the entrance of a noisy group of sophomores. As they came filing through the swinging door they hailed "Tommy" with the various salutations which are the property and right

of a popular man. Then they took possession of a table on the opposite side of the room and proceeded to keep Freddie busy. The sophomores were not personally interested in the war ; the crew and the baseball practice were the topics of conversation at their table.

Others now began to fill up the "Annex", entering singly and in pairs, among them Hoyle, the manager of the baseball team, and Carpenter, called "Carp" for short, who hoped one day to be a lawyer. Both arranged their leather covered chairs in restful lounging positions, and drew them up to Hamilton's table with a request that Tommy tell them the news. This Tommy proceeded to do, while at Hoyle's bidding Freddie appeared with three glasses of beer.

Beer was in deference to Hamilton's well known aversion to stronger drink. Many an upperclassman could remember the night when Hamilton, then a junior, delivered his short but famous speech against the custom a few men had fallen into of sipping glass after glass, bottle after bottle, of strong drink until the small hours of the new day. So it was that thereafter beer was always served at Hamilton's table.

This group of three seniors at Hamilton's table was one to be seen only in a university town. Hoyle, of free, easy disposition, active in student affairs, was destined for a minor position, in time a partnership, in his father's company. Carpenter, slow, deliberate in movement, of dry, ready wit, already an A.B., was seeing his last term in Boardman, preparatory to entering the field of law, where he hoped to be of service to his fellow men. Hamilton, painstaking Sibley man, moderate in everything, whether that be a vice or a virtue, popular among his fellows, was to be one of "the workers."

As he finished the resumé of the news, which his two friends had requested, Hamilton turned to Hoyle. "Are you going, Billy?"

"Where, to Cuba?" said Hoyle. "Why, I haven't thought particularly upon the subject as yet. Then, you now I have the team on my hands just now and that has kept my gray matter very busy."

"Too bad," broke in Carpenter, "that you are not manager of the football team instead of the baseball team. Captain Browning said the other day that the whole team would enlist and be back in time for fall practice. As manager of the team you would have to enlist also just to keep the fellows from playing too many games against the Spaniards."

"That would be too much like work", answered Hoyle, "but say, I should like to see the fellows line up with a guards back formation against a Spanish company or two. What's the matter with those sophs?"

The rhythmic pounding of glasses on the sophomore table brought this remark from Hoyle. The sophomores had started a solemn chant in which "Remember the Maine", and the assurance of a warm time for Spain formed a theme for verses *ad infinitum*. It was the same refrain to which five hundred students had marched with enthusiasm but a few nights before. The rhythm at least, if not the words, was contagious. In a moment every glass in the room was clinking a merry accompaniment except Carpenter's and Hamilton's. Carpenter seldom unbent, at least so early in an evening, and Hamilton was not in the mood. The latter turned to Carpenter and said: "They don't mean anything by that", to which remark Carpenter nodded assent.

The time of the chant had gradually increased. Two sophomores had at length persuaded one of their number, by lifting him from his chair to his feet, to "do a few steps." The dance followed, accompanied by a chorus of whistling and the regular clink of glass on the hard polished tables. But no man can dance all night even if the orchestra is willing, so with the end of the dance, normal quiet again settled down, broken by a hearty laugh here and there, and by the irregular scratching of matches as pipes were again lighted.

"Sounds something like distant musketry," said Hoyle, referring to the sound of the matches, as he brought his chair around to the table again. Private Hoyle as a

freshman, had taken part in a gallant charge up the hill against the massive stone front-rear of McGraw Hall.

"Tommy," said Carpenter, "You were right about those fellows. Though they don't mean anything now, if they were needed to-morrow, you would not find better or more loyal boys in the country."

"That's right, Carp, when we're needed you'll have to go to Cuba to see the university." "If that is the case," returned Carpenter, "you can count me with the university in its new home. Don't you think I could fill a chair of military science? You fellows perhaps do not remember when I wore the blue, and won my way to the rank of corporal in the fall term of my sophomore year. It was hard work, too, drilling those freshman squads."

"But joking aside now, Carp, what are you going to do about enlisting?" said Hamilton to the lawyer.

"Oh, you are too serious about this to-night, Tommy," interposed Hoyle.

"Well, it is serious, Billy," said Hamilton, "What are you going to do, Carp?"

"Well," said the latter, "I agree with you, Tommy. But I have not felt the call as yet. I think a fellow has to feel that he is needed."

"Yes, you're right."

"I know very well," continued the lawyer, "what enlistment at this time may mean for a man who is going to enter political life. For some fellows this future effect of their enlistment will be uppermost in their minds. But there is something unpatriotic in that view, it seems to me."

"But to tell the whole truth, as some day I may instruct you to do, I have a mother west who would feel mighty unhappy for a time, if I felt that I must go. She is too staunch a little patriot to say anything directly in opposition, but I can see from her letter that she thinks I can wait a little longer."

"That's about what Prexy said the other day," broke in Hoyle. "Consult your own heart and the wishes of your parents."

"Well, fellows," said Hamilton in his quiet voice, "I think that's where I get a start on you. I have no parents."

"Why, what are you going to do?" asked both his companions.

The sophomores across the room were still laughing noisily and taking long pulls at their new pipes; at the other tables groups of juniors and of seniors were quietly talking class politics, while Freddie was busy flitting here and there with his little tray. Upon Hamilton's table were the three empty glasses, and his New York paper, when his friends turned toward him with questioning faces. Hamilton had decided A kindly smile played about his firm mouth as he looked at his chums and answered. "I am going to enlist. I am going to leave to-morrow."

Carpenter immediately clasped his hand in a warm-hearted grasp and the next moment Hoyle rose from his chair and faced the room.

"Fellows," he said, "Tommy Hamilton is going to the front to-morrow to help beat the Spaniards. Let's give him a good yell to take with him."

All eyes were turned first to Hoyle, then to Tommy, and then back to Hoyle as he led the yell.

The "good yell" was followed immediately by a clamorous "Speech, Speech".

"Get up and say something," urged Hoyle. So Hamilton arose. He was not a speech maker, yet what he said was effective in its simplicity, for every one knew that he was in earnest. "Fellows," he said slowly, "I think they want some of us down in Cuba. I'm going down and will take the old yell with me. I wish you were all going, so we could give the yell together. I don't know as I am doing anything that should cause my name to be tacked on to the old yell, but it sounds pleasant and I shall certainly remember it.

"I don't know whether there will be any fighting or not, or what my chances are, but—if the Lord wants me I am ready. But whatever may happen, fellows, the old yell will help me to always be a good Cornellian."

E. A. McCreary.

A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.

SAY, Mr. Trech, do you remember a young feller around here named Hunt Davis? Yes? I thought you would. Sech a crazy boy he was anyway; hed a funny way of walkin'—recollect?—twitchin' and lookin' back every once in a while; used to be so impert'nent to his grandfather thet th' ol' man licked him every day. Only Hunt, the little devil, used to string horse-hair acrost his hand and bust the switch. He never done much studyin'; was allez up to raisin' Cain in school and never got no higher than the eighth grade; and yet somehow, while he didn't seem to be a bit quick at his books, he used to get up meetin's, election times, and make the rousin'est sort of speeches; and, at the Fair, he'd set up as a lightning-artist and draw the ol' farmers so good thet they all hed to laugh when they looked at their pitture, slashed off in five minutes.

"Purty soon people begun to catch on and realize thet Hunt was a little cracked. They persuaded th' ol' man of it and even hinted it to Hunt himself, jest out of kindness fer him and th' ol' man. So th' ol' man took him out of school, and put him on the farm. But Hunt couldn't stand it and come back every day into town; and got licked agin. Folks commenced to nod their heads and wink when Hunt went by them, twitchin' and laughin' at them for takin' on so strange about him.

"Well, one day Hunt run away without a dollar in his pocket 'cause he said thet if he was crazy, he didn't want the hull town scared of him. The next thing th' ol' man knew of him was when he come back six months later with a dime in his pocket and said he'd been to Florida—worked his way the hull distance. Then, o' course, we was all sure he was crazy and begun to argue about what he was goin' o do next.

"Purty soon, sure enough, he run away agin and th' ol' man didn't see nothin' of him till he come back as advance-agent of a circus, mind you. Th' ol' man was mad, I tell you; but we kinder took pity on the poor boy an' advised his goin' to the asylum. But th' ol' man held off, 'cause, I suppose, he didn't kinder like the idea.

"Jus' then the war broke out and Hunt sure enough, was jus' so crazy thet he went,—'cause he said he thought he was meant for war anyway and not for nothin' else. Well, sir, thet boy led the charge up the San Juan hill,—jus' so crazy he didn't know what he was doin'.

"What become of him? Hunt was shot down there to Santiago. And th' ol' man took on awful jus' as if Hunt hed been all right. Well, sir, do you know, thet boy was as crazy as ever when he died; 'cause Lim Richards was at his side and said thet, just before he went, Hunt raised up a bit, and says to him:—

"'Tell the folks home, Lim, thet I ain't goin' to do nothin' crazy any more.'

"Kind of pitiful, warn't it?"

J. O. D.

A LOVER'S ASSURANCE.

(*From Heine.*)

YOUR letter, dear, of recent date,
I count as no severe rebuff;
Your love, you say, is changed to hate—
The missive is not brief enough.

Twelve pages! And not that alone,
But close and finely written.
Twelve pages never yet were known
To give a man the mitten.

E. M. B.

A SECOND DISH OF ORTS.

BEGINNING YOUNG.

Freddy Smith resembled a jumping jack when it's in a state of spread-out-ness. He had paused to talk. Both pockets bulged, for, after ten minutes up aloft, he was in the lowest crotch of the big apple tree, within one stage of swinging himself to the ground. Jimmy Smith had already descended and, arms akimbo, was craning his neck to peer upwards.

From Freddy, in sauntering by, one heard : "Let's treat."

"Naw."

"Yea. I'll give all I've got to the big girls up there, and you give yours to Bess and Mag."

Freddy was clearly the guiding genius of the two, for Jimmy grudgingly loitered over to where Bess and Mag with still smaller tot Sue were trying to play "drop the handkerchief"; while Freddy himself sprang off around the corner of the house to the croquet patch where on about thirty square yards of turf the "big girls" were trying to play croquet. Surely those boys were on the way towards gentlemanliness. Yet, cynically, were they tired of playing by themselves?

PA AND THE BEER.

From a large party of "fresh air children" that was sent from New York to one of the inland towns, two boys, brothers, five and seven, were stationed at the home of Mrs. B. Although antagonistic to all friendly advances on her part during the first day, they relaxed their animosity as the night grew on and became quite loving, going so far, even, as to call her "mama." Feeling sympathy for the hard lot of the little fellows and wishing to learn something of their parents, she questioned them that evening :

"Who is your father?"

"He's Dutch," replied the elder, supposing that answer to cover the question.

"What does he do for a living?"

"Nawthin!"

"Oh, but he must do something," she insisted.

"Nope."

"Aw, he's a carpenter sometimes," broke in the younger.

"What does he do other times?"

"Nawthin."

Not gaining much information of him, she tried the other side of the family.

"Is your mother living?"

"Yes, but," in a whisper, "she ain't well."

"Why, that's too bad; what is the matter with her?"

"Pa hit her 'cause she wouldn't get the beer; and," he added, raising his voice to a high pitch, "tain't her *place* to get the beer."

E. A. G.

WITH THE ONE.

At Barnes receptions and such like, you have often noticed a callow freshman so confused on being introduced to some young lady that he is unable to remember his own name when the fair one daintily vocalizes, "I didn't understand the name?" But it is left for Morrill to furnish a new development of introduction embarrassment. The One there gloatingly parts on occasion with this treasure.

A member of the corps of instruction enters the office with a sub-freshman. He's a good sub-freshman. While the two have been walking across the campus—the youth for the first time—the elder hasn't been pestered by incessant, no-account questions. The sub-freshman, Mr. Stewart, has said little, but thought much. He has been quietly absorbing, as a good sub-freshman always does. In fact, now that he's standing in The Presence with one hand on the rail of justice, he seems absolutely composed—the exceptioual sub-freshman. "Allow me to present my friend, Mr. Stewart," says the "resident officer" in deliberate tones. Mr. Stewart quickly offers his hand to The One and sput-

ters: "I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. *Stewart.*" Truly, this office is the place for new developments of the acts of the sons of the prep. schools.

A MINOR CRISIS.

With the dying fire shining in his face as he tipped back in his chair, Beardsley Mills was wondering what he would do. He felt sure that the morrow's contest between Yale and Princeton was to be the greatest of all their struggles. For five years, he had not missed a game and before him on the table lay a draft for twenty-five dollars from his father which had accompanied a very nice letter wishing him a pleasant time. But there was that confounded exam. in Psychology! Well, he would cut that and take the chance of being able to make it up later. Suddenly the fire died down and Beardsley's heart sank too, for his mind would cling to that exam. He tried hard to shake off the thought of it. He couldn't. Again he said to himself he would let it go; but his eye fell on the draft and the words of his father's letter came vividly before him,—"You have always been so attentive to your work, that I know you will miss nothing important by going to Princeton". As he turned toward the fire, he could fairly see the words in the glowing embers. There was only one way of interpreting them. Soon, however, hair-raising runs and clever drop kicks took form in the embers. But constantly mingled with them was a shadowy picture of his father's grieved face. For a few minutes Beardsley Mills did not move, then he deliberately leaned forward, picked up the draft, and going to the fire threw it in. In a moment, it was gone. Somehow, when he turned away, he felt, for the first time,—a man.

S.

THE TESTING OF PELEG TALLMAN.

In the early spring of '74, a little group of workmen sat in a shady corner of the King's Yard, busily talking. Although it was then the noon hour, their dinners

lay untasted before them, so engrossing was the matter at hand. The relations between the Colonies and the mother country had become at this time so strained, that already there had been sent from a central committee in Boston to the different colonies, a number of secret communications advising the people to be ready for concerted action. One of these just now formed the topic of conversation among the men.

Finally, the discussion came to an end, and one of their number prepared straws for the purpose of drawing lots. Peleg Tallman drew the longest straw. There was an unconcealed murmur of disappointment at the result of the drawing; because none of them had thought of the timid, ungainly Peleg as being capable of discharging such a duty as that which now fell to him by lot. Some of the men even were on the point of demanding a second drawing, when they were restrained by the almost noble look, which lighted Peleg's common-place features.

All the afternoon, Peleg's face wore a grave look as he chipped the smooth pine spars in the ship yard. A sharp mental struggle was going on within him, between natural timidity and stubborn determination. Peleg had come to one of those crises common to all of us, in which a sense of past inefficiency seems like a foreboding of the future; yet, at such a time, a man's spirit lives years of experience in a moment, when once he has said, "I will."

When the day's work was over, Peleg joined his companions in the wood for the last consultation with them before he undertook his perilous duty.

On the lower floor of the shed, which stood in the sparyard, the officers of the man-of-war in the river had stored a quantity of muskets and amunition, in case of emergency, to be distributed to the Tories in the neighborhood. Peleg had been delegated, by lot, to secure these arms before they fell into the hands of the Tories. In order to do this, he was obliged to wait until night, when the officers had returned to the ship, and but one sentinel was on guard out-

side the shed. Peleg had to exercise great caution in his movements, because the relief slept in the loft upstairs, and would be awakened by any unusual noise.

At half past twelve, shortly after the sentinel had been relieved, Peleg moved cautiously toward the shed. The sentinel was pacing up and down the wharf, not ten yards off, but his gaze was toward the river. Keeping well in the shadow, Peleg approached the door of the shed. Before turning the wooden button that confined it, he hesitated a moment, for there came upon him an almost irresistible impulse to turn back and confess his weakness to his comrades. With a strong effort, he overcame these feelings, and pushed aside the wooden door enough to admit his body. The rusty hinges had been carefully oiled ; so that their creak was hardly perceptible.

Once inside the building, he found himself in darkness, save for the feeble light which filtered through the cracks in the boards. Lest he might stumble upon some object, he picked his way along, cautiously, until he had reached the center of the room. He could hear plainly the deep breathing of the relief, in the loft above. So far he was safe. Suddenly, without warning, his head came in contact with some obstruction overhead : down it came with a terrible clatter.

Awakened by the disturbance, the relief came running to the top of the stairs.

" Who's there," one of them called.

Peleg remained perfectly quiet, his heart beating heavily against his ribs. Hearing no response to their challenge, the relief started down the stairs. All at once, there came to Peleg a happy thought, he would hide himself in the steam box. Making his way to the box, he quickly climbed in. After a hurried examination of the room, the sailors climbed to the loft again, threatening destruction to the wharf rats that disturbed their slumbers. Peleg in the warm confines of the steam-box breathed a sigh of relief, when he heard their deep breathing again.

His first thought, after getting out of his cramped hiding place, was to beat a hasty retreat. Again his better self was the victor. Groping his way to the end of the room, he came to the chest where the muskets and powder were stored. He was obliged to make many a long tedious journey to the door and back, before he had emptied the chest. A low whistle brought his comrades to his assistance. Loading themselves with a heavy burden of muskets and powder, they sought the welcome shade of the woods beyond.

After that everything was dark to Peleg; his mentality had given way under the strain. When he regained consciousness, he found himself in Charity Holcomb's kitchen listening to his name coupled with such adjectives as "dear" and "brave".

H. A. H.

OLD GRAFFER.

Old Graffer was at home; for in a few minutes, we heard a shuffling step moving toward the door of the hovel. The door was pushed open a few inches, evidently for the purpose of reconnoitering. Apparently the old man was assured that we did not belong to the community of wayfarers, for he pushed open the door and invited us to enter. From the cracks in the little sheet iron stove there sifted a tremulous light upon the bent, wizened, old creature standing before us. His bullet head, set squarely upon his bowed shoulders, was covered with a tangled mop of white hair; offering a strange contrast to his swarthy face and shining black eyes. He was dressed in a dirty frock and over-alls through which his misshapen limbs protruded grotesquely. His fingers were seamed and toil worn, yet in spite of these marks of toil, one could recognize a certain suppleness which seemed incongruous with his distorted back and limbs.

A SECOND PROMETHEUS.

In those latter days when the gods grew weary of their old habitations, Neptune rose from the deep and built him a cottage on the banks of the Ilissus. "Now," said Neptune,

"how few of the immortals know how to propel themselves on the water. Here on the banks of this gentle stream will I hold my training school of navigation." Then the younger gods came and learned at the feet of the mighty Neptune. As time went on and the goddesses too desired to keep pace with their brothers, the erstwhile rude and blustering sea god, now grown courtly and kind, summoned Vulcan from his work shop to act as guardian and protector. He also gave them a favorite river god, the young Baionius, as teacher. Thus guarded from the eye of sinful man the goddesses and especially Diana and her nymphs sailed the Ilissus in peace.

Now there was a certain turbulent son of Prometheus named Messanides who one day thought: "My father hath stolen fire from heaven but I have done even more. With the help of this heavenly fire I have become the artist. I will go to the banks of the Ilissus, and, when Diana and her nymphs are sailing there, I will paint their forms with this heavenly fire of mine." And as it happened he met one of the nymphs, strayed from her companions, and attempted to persuade her to permit him to throw his heavenly fire upon them. When the nymph, however, had reached the other maids and had told her tale, one of them cried out that this was assistant to the herald and would show their faces to the world. But regardless of their distress Messanides strolled along the bank and threw his heavenly fire upon them. In reply to the protestations of Vulcan he said that father Neptune had given him permission.

Now Baionius having some knowledge of the deceitful character of Messanides went to father Neptune to see if the son of Prometheus had spoken the truth. The sea god burst forth, "My father hath destroyed the father and I will the son. Base and false beyond compare are the hearts of this Promethean race." Then said he to Baionius: "Hie thee to the maidens and tell them the surpassing falsehood of this Messanides." And Baionius did as Neptune had commanded. The son of Prometheus soon learned of the

wrath of father Neptune and wept sore before him. At last the heart of the sea king was softened. "No mercy is there for thee, Messanides, unless thou givest up that which thou hast wrought with thy heavenly fire and humblest thyself before the immortal maidens"

Now Messanides having plenty of that quality in those latter days called nerve, said to himself "I've hit it!" After he had made a few motions with an instrument called the fountain pen, he went out to hunt up Mercury. When he had found that swift messenger of the gods he said, "Fly with thy winged sandals to these places which I tell thee and be back before nightfall." Now Mercury's good qualities had worn off in consequence of association with other messengers of the time, and so he merely winked and said in an undertone, "I guess nit." Next morning, some time after Apollo had set out with his chariot, scrolls signed "Messanides" were left at the homes of each of the maidens. But by this time Baionius had acquainted the nymphs with the falsehood of the son of Prometheus. When Messanides, therefore, learned of the defection of Mercury, he went and humbled himself before Diana and her maids, and in the language of the day, proceeded to "jolly them a little." But the goddesses grew more and more frightened as they learned that to each one he told a different story. It was not till they learned the comparative weak character of Messanides's heavenly fire that peace reigned again on Olympus. For some time Messanides wandered in and out the golden halls with an expression of grief on his face. The younger gods say that he has learned to his sorrow that it doesn't pay to monkey with Father Neptune and his loyal subjects.

M. E. H.

THE WALK.

THE heavy mist hangs over the wold,
  In the gray gloom each gnarlèd tree,
With ice-bound branches, bleak and cold,
  Stands in lonely misery.

The hoar-frost glitters upon the mead,
  The frozen pools in the foot-path gleam,
And under the willows each blackened reed
  Bends to the force of the mountain-stream.

Dark and swift and silent and strong,
  Onward it flows, and sings for aye
A song of the mad despair and wrong,
  Of the sin and the shame it has swept away.

O gentle river, that dost hear
  The cry from many hearts oppressed,
We whisper our secrets in thine ear,
  Then hide us in thy bosom, and rest.

And thou dost guard those secrets well,
  Dost grant each maddened soul release.
When hounded from this upper hell,
  One plunge beneath !—and all is peace.

And I stand on the rock that juts over the brink,
  Holding the willow fast with my hand,—
I need not jump, I need only sink,
  And river, *thou* dost understand !

Thou know'st I was not a coward quite,
  I strove 'gainst my sires and their tyrant sway,
Tho' environed by fate, I kept up the fight,
  And I beat on the walls, but they would not give
    way !

Like thee, I started glad and pure,
  Like thee, men have sullied and hemmed me in,
Like thee, I will no longer endure,
  But seek the unknown with my burden of sin.

Not vanquished, but baffled, I yield the strife,
  Yet, rather than kiss the scourging rod,
To the Author of Life I give back this life,
  Receive it into thy hands, O, God !

* * * * * *

Black rolls the chilly water below,
  The mist lies beaded upon my hair,
The night bends down and I turn to go
  With blue lips framing—almost a prayer.

To die—that is a craven word,
  But to me both sword and wreath shall belong,
The victor's wreath and the conqueror's sword,
  And the lyre that breathes defiant song.

Anna Maude Bowen.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XI. December, 1898. No. 3.

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MANUSCRIPT for the January number should be in the hands of the Editor before 23, December.

* * *

EXAMINATION week is imminent, week famed for consumption of much oil and more gray matter. A word of friendly advice will of course be scorned, but is nevertheless proffered. Don't worry. Eat regular meals, keep regular hours; these two things will do more to help you to pass your troublesome examinations than any amount of flurried disarrangement of accustomed habits. We speak to the faithful. Examinations are given simply to enable you to have the privilege of reviewing your subject as a whole, of getting its perspective so far as you can in the time at your disposal. Reviewing naturally implies pre-viewing; if you have not been attending to business and have therefore even no glimmering conception of the term's work, all we can say to you is that we fear you will need to be "Slaves of the Lamp." You may possibly receive credit for your term's work, crammed into your head in a week's time, but surely you will not feel in the least proud of your accomplishment.

THE football season of '98 is over and Cornell's position in the "big five" is securely established. The last contest was on the enemy's own battlefield, where, after the most stubborn fight, the hope of wresting victory from the Quakers was deferred until the next Thanksgiving. Old Penn has always been Cornell's most friendly rival. Her champions meet ours on the gridiron, the diamond, the track, and the water; in fencing, in the cross-country run, and in debate. Just now it is the last of these encounters in which our interest centers. That the debate is one of the most important of these dual contests is attested by the fact that to "make" the intercollegiate stage is one of the greatest of college honors. If Cornell shall again come off victorious, the class of '99 will have the delight of passing through college without ever having witnessed a team of Cornell debaters succumb to Pennsylvania. But whatever the outcome, may the red and blue long continue to salute the red and white many times each year with friendly greeting.

NEW BOOKS.

THE DAY'S WORK.

You really cannot think. You sit silent, mazed, your temples throb-throbbing like the engines of Rao's little yacht. Vast whirlings of unappreciated magnitudes mutter unrecognized in your buzzing brain. The meaning of it all: Peroo's wire-rope on his guru's back, those long pages of unintelligible god-talk, the blinding swirl in the flood, the unwitting rush for the one all-holding rope, the mystic opium-pellets, the sudden rise of Gunga, the days and months and years of acred figuring, the hours of unceasing labor with brain and hands and will—these stages gradually unfold themselves from the chaos of your brain, and you know that "The Bridge-Builders" is to be another of your perennial treasures.

Even more mystic—and widely differing because one of the most exquisite of short stories—is "The Brushwood Boy," another of the twelve stories that make up Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *The Day's Work.* (Doubleday and McClure Co., 1898., p. 431. Eight illustrations by W. D. Stevens, Sonntag, Blumenschein, W. L. Taylor.) "The Brushwood Boy" is not a story to be read once lightly and forgotten; it becomes a fount of mere joy to be visited once and again. Yet it cannot appeal equally to all temperaments. Some will take keener pleasure in the liveliness of "The Maltese Cat." You have possibly pressed close to the barriers of a polo-ground when the little ponies were scurrying madly down the field over the hard turf towards the goal posts, you have possibly been by when they crashed wildly into the posts with a triumphant goal for Myopias or Meadowbrooks or Rockaways. Still you would never have thought to put sagacity and intention into the heads of the ponies; it was the riders, Foxhall Keene or Shaw, who made the goals. It is just because Kipling has told of

something which you knew about externally, that you read with consuming interest, uplifted by the vigor of the writer. With somewhat the same interest you read "A Walking Delegate." Who, some time or other, has not seen at pasture a crazy-quilt collection of odd horses? Yet who but Mr. Kipling would convince you that the horses might think and talk as they do in the story? On the other hand, in some of the stories, the author tells of things that very few of us know about from actual experience. In these stories the versatile writer holds our attention by his own obvious knowledge and sympathy and insight, so that from his testimony we are convinced and entertained.

Of course, all lovers of Kipling will secure this new volume. For those who have not yet made his acquaintance, *The Day's Work* forms a most admirable medium for introduction.

SIR EDWARD W. HAMILTON'S GLADSTONE.

If one is prone to a habit of Mr. Gladstone's of penciling the margins of books opposite passages that strike one's attention, one uses the pencil often in the book before us. Not that there is anything particularly remarkable in the style, but the writer has certainly succeeded in presenting the great name in a light to make it forever to the reader more than a name—a personality. Much has been written about Mr. Gladstone, and more has been said in conversation; yet too largely by way of rampant eulogy or equally rampant condemnation. In Sir Edward W. Hamilton's book, of which you will surely read every page, you will find a clear-headed, sympathetic sketch of Mr. Gladstone as he appeared to one who knew him for forty years.

WARMAN AND HORNUNG.

The title *Frontier Stories* (By Cy Warman. Scribner's. p. 246. $1.25) is misleading. These are not stories, but simply sketches. To be sure in the first, "The Columbine

of Cripple Creek," a sheriff and a widow fall in love, peacefully, prosaically and are tranquilly married, but in the larger number, Mr. Warman has merely sketched occasional incidents or scenes that came to his ears or under his personal observation. Because of its vivid verisimilar element the volume is generally readable. More skillfully planned are Mr. E. W. Hornung's stories, collected under the title *Some Persons Unknown.* (p. 276. $1.25.) Some, such as "Author, Author," have a distinct dramatic power that grips one's feelings vise-wise.

DESSERT.

Rarely more than harmless, sometimes entirely vapid, yet always airy as the light whipped cream that one likes on certain favorite puddings is the collection of Mr. Oliver Herford's nimble-witted verses published lately by the Scribners under the title *Bashful Earthquake.* ("With many pictures by the author." p. 126. $1.25.) Some of Mr. Herford's illustrations are exceedingly funny. The verses are particularly suitable for reading aloud in the half hour after dinner when one isn't eager for mental strain. Here are two of the shortest and most whimsical bits:

"Crime, Wickedness, Villany, Vice,
And Sin only misery bring;
If you want to be Happy and Nice,
Be good and all that sort of thing."

"Gather Kittens while you may,
Time brings only Sorrow,
And the Kittens of To-day
Will be Old Cats To-morrow."

THE SOCIAL ASPECT OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

To produce a good book of this sort (*Social Ideals in English Letters*, by Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. p. 329. Crown 8vo. $1.75), an author needs to

have read widely and thoroughly. There is needed, besides, an ability to generalize, to sift, to compare and contrast, to link together, to condense, to summarize deftly. These qualifications are possessed in a marked degree by the author. She knows her Langland, More, and Swift, her Dickens, her Thackeray (her Dickens, I think, better than her Thackeray), her Carlyle and Ruskin and Arnold. These are the main figures in the book. In passage after passage one is compared aptly with another, so that the reader has continually before him the relativity of the subject, *e. g.*, "To pass to him [Matthew Arnold] from Carlyle is to pass from the scorching heat of smoky, crimson flame to a white electric flash: perhaps, of the two, the flash is the more deadly." For skillful selection of salient features the chapter dealing with the period between Swift and Shelley is notable. An illustration of deftness in linking together different parts of the general subject is seen in this paragraph: "Their work [Dickens and Thackeray] shows the social surface alone; of the deeper forces stirring below, neither was cognizant. It was into this society that Carlyle threw his 'Sartor Resartus.' That the book found its own is proof of a profound restlessness, of an aspiration, of a discontent, never probed by Thackeray or Dickens." In coherence of treatment and sanity of judgment the book as a whole is admirable.

THE SWEETEST VOICE OF THE CENTURY.

"For there can be no doubt that he represents the century better than any other man. The thoughts, the feelings, the desires, the conflicts, the aspirations of our age are mirrored in his verse. . . . . Now if this age of ours . . . is a great age, then Tennyson is a great poet, for he is the clearest, sweetest, strongest voice of the century." At the first part of this quotation, you doubtless stopped a moment to reflect and supply for yourself a name; 'the most representative man of the century?' why, Gladstone or Bismarck, of course. Being intensely American, possibly you

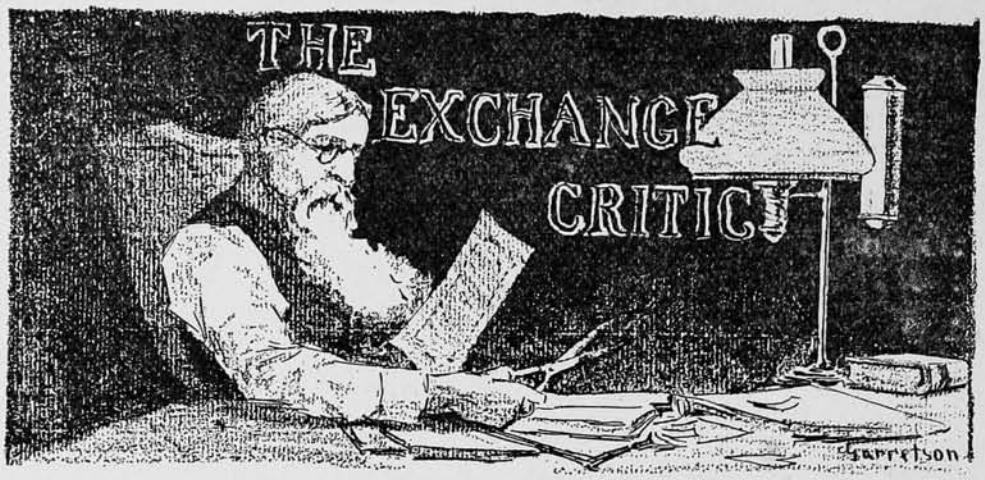
thought of Abraham Lincoln. We doubt whether you considered Tennyson, yet it is Tennyson of whom Dr. Van Dyke makes his confident assertion. When you have read his book (The Poetry of Tennyson. By Henry Van Dyke. Tenth edition, revised and enlarged, with a new preface. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1898. p. 437. $2.), you are quite likely to agree with the writer. Tennyson has been to him from boyhood a companion ; he knows Tennyson. It would be strange, therefore, if with the sincerity and directness which we have come to associate with Dr. Van Dyke, he in this case should write mistily, half-heartedly, unconvincingly. The pages of the volume before us have set us again to reading this "clearest, sweetest, strongest voice of the century." *C. R. G.*

A GUNNER ABOARD THE "YANKEE."

The author has in this book performed a triple service in presenting to us an interesting, straightforward narrative, a clear idea of the routine and customs obtaining in our own navy, and a valuable historical account of the part played in the Spanish war by the auxiliary cruiser "Yankee." During their three months' service, the citizen sailors of the New York Naval Reserve lived up to the standard of the American sailor as set by the bluejackets under Hull, Bainbridge, Stewart, and the other early naval heroes.

In addition to the many sketches and snap-shot reproductions, there are a number of diagrams illustrative of naval practice in various interesting lines, *e. g.*, insignia of officers' rank, methods of signalling, positions of a gun crew in action, and "bosun's" calls. These assist materially yet unobtrusively to give color to the story.

The book, which is printed on rough paper and attractively bound, will be sent postpaid to any address on approval, to be paid for if satisfactory. (Doubleday and McClure, 1898. A Gunner Aboard the "Yankee," from the Diary of No. 5 on the After Port Gun. Introduction by Admiral Sampson. With 35 full-page illustrations, 4 colored plates, and an illustrated appendix. p. 312. $1.50.) *J. S. H.*



The November magazines as a whole show a very perceptible falling off. Many of the short stories are constructed from the threadbare plots of which we are heartily tried. The magnanimous youth who yields the race to his inferior antagonist, generally losing his short-sighted sweetheart at the same time, has become a bore and should be dropped for a few months. As exceptions to the general rule, however, the *Yale Courant*, *Williams Lit.*, *Smith College Monthly*, and *Touchstone* may be cited. The *Williams Lit.* contains a number of varied and interesting sketches. *Smith College Monthly* is leavened with some good short stories—one "A War-Time Story", another "The Courting of Dorothea", showing how the wrong fellow got the girl. *Red and Blue* is illustrated partly in Gibson style and maintains its general attractiveness. *Yale Courant* is bright and readable. We noticed "A Fortunate Foursome" among its other good things. A clearly unwarranted and therefore spiteful slur on our football team appears in *Illini*. We have been pleased to notice *The Saturday Evening Post* on our exchange table of late; its stories are in the main very pleasing, and its illustrations and get-up are faultless. "The Bewitchment of Lieutenant Hanworthy" and "Two Knights of the Grid-Iron" in the issue of 19, November, are illustrative of the interesting and valuable features of the paper.

CORNELL'S FOOTBALL RECORD—1898.

Date.	*Opponents.*	*Where Played.*	*Score.*
Sept. 21	Syracuse	Ithaca	28— 0
Sept. 24	Colgate	Ithaca	29— 5
Sept. 28	Hamilton	Ithaca	41— 0
Oct. 1	Trinity	Ithaca	47— 0
Oct. 5	Syracuse	Ithaca	30— 0
Oct. 8	Carlisle Indians	Ithaca	23— 6
Oct. 15	Buffalo	Ithaca	27— 0
Oct. 22	Princeton	Princeton	0— 6
Oct. 29	Oberlin	Ithaca	6— 0
Nov. 5	Williams	Buffalo	12— 0
Nov. 12	Lafayette	Ithaca	47— 0
Nov. 24	Univ. of Penn.	Philadelphia	6—12

Games won, 10; Games lost, 2; Points scored: by Cornell, 296; by opponents, 29.

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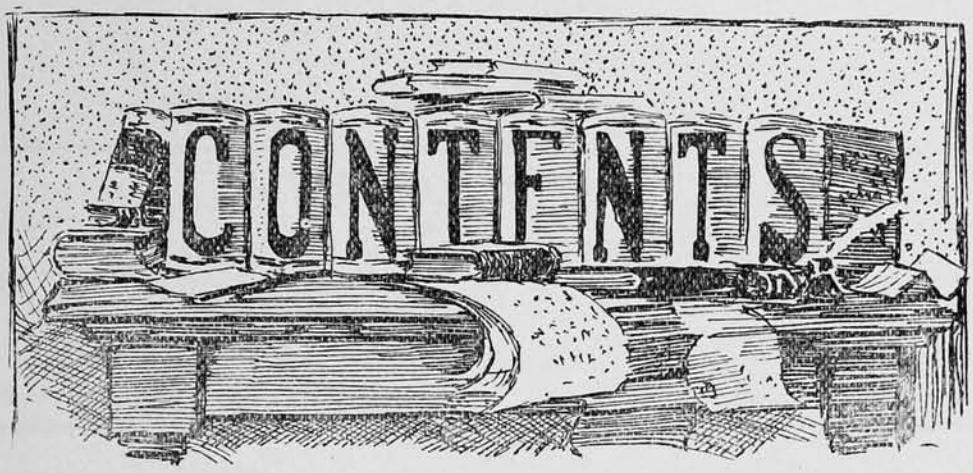

AT THE END OF DAY.

THE tired sun sinks low
  In the golden sunset sky.
The clouds like opals glow,
  And the gray in the East is high.

The evening shadows fall
  From the tops of purple trees ;
The evening mists blow in
  On the breast of the cool lake breeze.

I think—but not in fear !—
  When again the sun will rise,
Shall I be living still ?
  Will the morrow salute my eyes ?

Or will a gentle Death
  Have lulled my soul to sleep ?
What matters it ?—If but to-day,
  Honor and Faith I keep !

R. S. H.

THE LAST SON OF CHEOPS.

WALTER LAURENCE and I were sitting in my modest quarters, relating all that had happened to each since we last met. We had been old college chums, though he was somewhat the older and a year ahead of me in the university. Yet we had found in one another a love and enthusiasm for our chosen life-works that made us the closest of friends. After his graduation, Laurence had joined an expedition sent out by a great university to investigate the tombs and monuments of ancient Egypt. From time to time during the following year I received letters from him, enthusiastic pages telling of his work. I finished my course and entered upon the poorly rewarded labors of a literary man. Several months passed and I heard nothing. I was beginning to wonder what the trouble could be, when one day I found the strange Egyptian stamp in my mail. The letter was very brief, explaining that Walter had been too busy to write, and saying that he would be home in a few days. Then at the end he added that he was bringing a priceless gift to me. Now he had reached the home land and was spending his first evening with me.

"There," he began, after the first greetings were over, as he handed me a package he had brought, "there is the treasure I wrote you about. You have in your hand some literal translations of what I believe to be the most ancient biographies in existence. They are the lives of men who lived in the days of Cheops, four thousand odd years ago. Shall I tell you the story of how I came by them?"

I assured him that I should like nothing better, and when our cigars were lighted he began.

"As you know, there were four of us in the little party which ——— University sent out. Williamson and Rucell had had previous experience, the former in Mexico, the lat-

ter with Schliemann at Troy. Blair went as physician to the party and for the purpose as well of studying the secret of embalming. I, of course, as a student of Egyptian records, was to copy whatever inscriptions we might find.

"We reached Egypt in December, and at once proceeded to the site of the ancient city of Memphis. There, in the country around the three great pyramids, are numerous smaller pyramids and tombs which have been but little explored. It was among these that we began our work. You know, I suppose, the general plan on which these ancient mounds were made. The greater mass of the ordinary pyramid, enclosing the several chambers and their connecting halls, was composed of some inferior quality of stone, which was chosen because it might more easily be cut and worked. This core was then covered with a casing of hard stone, often granite. A narrow passage, its outer end carefully concealed, led from the chambers to the outside world. This passage was often blocked and filled up, after the body had been placed in the sepulchral chamber. Thus, when now we wish to enter these tombs, it is necessary to quarry a way until one of the chambers or halls is reached. This was the work that first confronted our expedition. We had hired a little force of natives, and soon they were at work on one of the pyramids. Well, as you know from my letters, we opened several pyramids and met with varying success. I guess I kept you pretty well posted on all that was accomplished in those first months, for I was new to the work and found it very interesting.

"In the latter part of the October following our arrival, we began work on a pyramid of beautiful red granite. It seemed to belong to the period of the fourth dynasty, which reigned somewhat more than two thousand years before Christ. As so often before, we were unable to find the original entrance, so well had it been concealed. Accordingly, we began to quarry a shaft through the pyramid. As I have said, we set our men at work at this task as soon as the heat of summer began to lessen. The work of cutting

through the hard granite went along very slowly; at the end of several weeks we had a passage only about eight yards in length, and still running through the hard stone. Then we began to suspect what we afterward found to be the case, that the whole pyramid was composed of red granite. Quite plainly, unusual care had been taken that the tomb should forever withstand time and the hand of man.

"On the ninth of December, towards the end of the day's work, the men opened a passage into one of the ancient halls of the pyramid. We placed a trusty guard and awaited the next day for beginning our investigation.

"Early the next morning we were at the pyramid. Torches had been provided, and the four of us with a native servant started in. At the end of our shaft we entered a hall about ten feet high and six broad. Its walls were unadorned with picture or sculpture, but they showed the most exquisite skill in the manner in which the huge blocks of stone had been fitted together. We went down the hall for about fifty feet, when we found ourselves at the entrance to a large chamber. Here amazement stopped us. Never had one of us met with such a chamber in any pyramid. Lit up by the flickering blaze of the torches, the room showed itself to be of vast proportions. Rows of mighty columns cast great, black shadows on the floor. Painted relief covered wall and column. We wondered what spot this might be. Was it the resting place of King Mena, the founder of ancient Memphis? But speculation was useless. Half unconsciously endeavoring to throw off the awe which filled each of us, we moved forward. We walked down the pillared aisles which never had echoed to the tread of man since his friends carried the ancient builder to his 'eternal abode.' We had almost reached the far side of the hall, when in the wall before us we observed a little alcove. We drew near, and there before us lay the owner of this princely chamber. But greatest marvel of all! it was no shrivelled mummy with its case and wrappings that we gazed upon. It was rather the sleeping form of an old man, clad in what must once have

been royal garments. He lay in a beautifully cut sarcophagus, his right hand resting on a bundle of papyri. He seemed but an hour ago to have left the wearisome court and come here for quiet repose. Ah, but that hour was four thousand years since. Yet to us as we stood before him, four thousand years was as yesterday, and yesterday was four thousand years ago.

"Heaven knows how long we stood there. At last Blair broke the silence: 'Perhaps he is sleeping. I will waken him,' he said in a ghastly voice. The old Egyptian's appearance had so affected us that we could not believe him dead. The doctor touched him, but the sleeper did not move. I will confess we breathed more freely, for there was a horror in thinking of the strange old man as only sleeping. The doctor placed a hand on the heart of the other. Then suddenly he startled us by saying, 'I think the man is alive; hand my case here.' His cool tone reassured us enough to obey. Indeed, Blair had well-nigh forgotten his surroundings; the feelings of the man were lost in the feelings of the physician. He gave his orders and we obeyed like children. Long minutes passed and the sleeper showed no signs of ever waking. Half an hour was gone, and still the doctor kept at his work. We had grown used to the situation and had begun to look on curiously. At length a half sigh escaped from the closed lips. Everyone stood paralyzed, gazing at the old Egyptian. Even the doctor stopped his work. Slowly the eyes opened. The old man stared up into our faces. Not one of us moved. Then of a sudden he raised himself from his stony couch. Stretching out his arms with a gesture of command, he pointed with gaunt fingers across the chamber. Involuntarily we turned and looked; yet nothing could we see except on the opposite wall the great painted relief of a wasp, faintly lit up by the glare of our trembling torches. For some seconds we peered among the inky shadows of the pillars. A low exclamation from Blair caused us to turn. The son of Cheops had fallen back and now lay prostrate. Blair bent over him and felt his heart. It was quite still.

"A great fear laid hold of us and we rushed from the black-shadowed chamber, through the silent hall, out into the sunlight. Then we stopped and looked into one another's pale faces. An hour later, with recovered courage, we returned to what was now in truth the chamber of the dead. Blair had the body removed for examination, while I for my part took charge of the papyri manuscripts. These I later found to be biographies of the great men of that forgotten civilization which built the great pyramid at the command of mighty Cheops. I now turn them over to you with the duty of putting them in proper form to be given to the world.

"Blair made a thorough investigation of the body and is about to publish a book on the results. His researches point to a most strange conclusion. According to them, the ancient Egyptians in some way were able to extract from the wasp his poison. This poison, as is well known to naturalists, has the power of paralysing an animal, whose life, nevertheless, may be prolonged for years and centuries; indeed, if Blair's conclusions are correct, for tens of centuries, as in the case of the old Egyptian. And he, who was he? Perhaps some prince chosen to guard the precious papyri; perhaps their author. We shall never know."

A. J. Sweet.

CONFUSION.

A SUNNY afternoon was stretching out to a seemingly interminable length. The scent of the vintage was in the air and the drowsy hum of the workers hung about the terraced vineyards, sloping up toward the distant Alps, whose peaks were lost in the blue of the heavens. The walls of the old monastery and the arched cloisters looked grim and oppressive in strong contrast to the gayety of the workers on the hillside, although into their keeping were to be given the fruits of the

labor, the ruddy wine stored in the musty cellars, where the cobwebs hung thick and the light scarcely penetrated, to be brought forth when the wintry blasts came down from the heights and the weary travellers stopped to pass the night under the hospitable roof.

From one of the mullioned windows of the monastery a young monk was idly gazing. The wandering breeze fluttered the parchment leaves of the manuscript on a desk standing near, but a sudden interruption came to his reverie in the form of another monk, somewhat older, who entered at the other side of the room, came over to his side, and said :

"What task have you set yourself about to-day, my dear brother?"

"The good father has entrusted to me the task of making a copy of these sketches of Greek character by the old Athenian philosopher, Theophrastus. I am taking great pains with it for it is to be a gift to our brothers in the valley beyond the mountain, that they may take as much pleasure in reading them as we have done here. The soft air makes one more inclined to dream than to be busied with a task. But your coming brings me back to earth and reminds me that I must be doing."

"May I not assist you, brother? At least, I can read the text and you can copy at dictation. In that way we shall accomplish more in shorter time."

"Certainly, and many thanks, but go slowly and take great care, for you know the importance of it."

The work progressed slowly; no sounds broke the stillness save the voices of the workers in the vineyard, softened by the distance. Page upon page was slowly added to the whole and the afternoon was drawing to a close, the sun just standing over the peaks of the distant mountains. With a sigh the copyist raised his eyes from his work and glanced out over the blue landscape. The other also paused in his reading and followed the glance of his friend.

A young man and a maiden were coming along the path toward the monastery, the full panniers of grapes hanging

from their shoulders as they tripped along, laughing and chatting gaily. Their hands were ensanguined with the crushed fruit, the blood of Dionysus; their bare, brown feet were dark with the stains of mother earth.

As they came to the turnstile the youth passed through first and then stopped, playfully holding the gate so that his companion should not come through to join him. He appeared to be teasing her, and evidently some merry jest passed between them. Taking a large cluster from one of his baskets, he leaned back over the stile and held it up, signing for the girl to take. Throwing back her loose hair, with eyes dancing, she stood on tip-toe to make the attempt, when the youth suddenly bending over snatched a kiss and drew her through the gate. Merrily laughing they ran along and were lost to view under the shadow of the walk.

The two students in the window looked at one another for an instant. Each dropped his eyes and the younger blushed in bewilderment, while the other went on with the reading. The work began again feverishly, but for a few minutes singulars and plurals, nominatives and accusatives and syntactical constructions were mingled in helpless confusion.

So it is. Little they realized that in future ages, students in a land not then known would labor to correct or to understand their mistakes made in those few moments, working through pleasant afternoons, with eyes oft wandering out over a peaceful valley, and the sun setting behind the distant hills. Such little beginnings produce far reaching results. There are stranger things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, but— *Toujours cherchez la femme.*

Benj. Powell.

STINGY BROWN.

THE sun was sinking; a solitary cloud, bidding it good-night, shone resplendent in all the glories that a setting sun can so generously bestow. It was early autumn, and the air was clear and calm. Save for the occasional rustle of a leaf, or the song of a bird not yet departed, all was silent. My companion and I were riding along in equally profound silence past a grave-yard, when suddenly a sob broke the stillness. Over the fence I saw a woman kneeling by a grave marked with a tall stone. Touching my companion's arm, still in silence, I pointed to the figure. An expression of profound pity crossed his face, and turning to me, he told me the following story:

"About thirty years ago, there lived not above a mile from here, a Mr. Jones with a consumptive son, who, so the doctors said, could not live over six months. Now Mr. Jones was a prudent man. 'Forewarned,' said he, 'is forearmed'; so he ordered a stone in advance. But a specialist came along and cured his son; so there was the stone useless to him, and useless to anyone else. The dealer in tombstones appreciated this fact, and obstinately refused to take it back for more than a small fraction of the original cost, though to alter the inscription would be but a small expense. Mr. Jones was indignant, and confidentially told a neighbor—a man noted for economy of such a marked nature that his neighbors called him stingy—that the dealer should not have the stone again, if it had to be given away.

"'Tell you what, neighbor,' said Mr. Brown, 'I'll give you as much for it myself as the dealer will.'

"It is one thing to talk of giving, and another coolly to consider accepting a small price. Mr. Jones pondered a moment. He did not see what Brown wanted with the thing, but that did not concern *him*, and as he could evidently do no better, he let the stone go for the price named.

"The scene shifts. Fifteen years have elapsed. We find ourselves in the kitchen of the Brown dwelling, where Mrs. Brown is kneading a batch of bread. The door opens abruptly, and closes again with a slam, having admitted a lad of fifteen.

"'Don't, Tom, you'll break the door, and you know how long 'twas 'fore I could git yer pa ter hev' it mended this time,' said Mrs. Brown, pausing with doughy hands in mid-air, and turning on her boy eyes in which maternal affection momentarily dominated over worry.

"'Hang the door! I say, ma, I've saw that grave-stone,' defiantly, ''n I want ter know—'

"'Tom!' gasped his mother, sinking into a chair.

"''N I want ter know,' he continued relentlessly, 'what's my name on it fer! Is that w'y you ain't never let me see it, 'n w'y you'n pa's allers a-scrappin' 'bout my name? I hearn 'im say one day ez he'd made money by a-namin' me Tom Jones, 'n—ma!' Horror at his own thought checked him. 'Ma, tain't fer me, is it?' No answer. 'Ma,' shaking her by the shoulder, 'is it fer me?' For reply, two floury arms were passed about his neck.

"'Never mind, my boy,' she finally managed to choke. 'They may not use it, yet.'

"The same room after two months, and the husband and wife are present. Silently and tearfully the latter goes about her work, while the former talks on with frank complacency.

"'Yes, wife, best thing I ever done, I tell yer. 'N the boy ain't got no call ter git so riled up over't,—no call 'tall! But I say, won't it look purty a-settin' in the green grass with the other grave-stuns all aroun'! I swan, I'd like nothin' better'n ter see it myself afore I die!'

"Thus, can it be wondered that things went from bad to worse; that the boy grew to abhor the sight of his father, and that the father learned to hate his son? Can you ask why the poor wife and mother grew daily paler, why the lines of care on her wan face deepened, or why her faded eyes were always filled with tears? A crisis was impending,

d she knew it. Her boy must go, and she must soon bid him farewell; hunted from his home, from his mother's love, by the cruel, calculating avarice of his father; driven to a future—a future of what? And the tears flowed silently over her shrunken cheeks.

"Well, he ran away within a month,—suddenly, and none knew where. The paternal brow grew dark. The mother's heavy heart grew heavier, and her slow steps slower. Often did she pause in her work to gaze wistfully at the distant hills; the patient sorrow of that face could have moved the hardest heart.

"Yet something caused the mother to smile again one day: after months of silent, hopeless grieving, a letter from her boy! He had embarked on a merchantman, under a kind-hearted captain. Truly, his lines had fallen in pleasant places. Always a manly boy, his letter thrilled her heart with joy such as only a mother can feel. Though she knew it word by word, that letter never left her sight. No other, however, was she destined to receive; for, a month later, her Tom was dead—killed in a drunken brawl, and at sixteen!

"The affair having occurred at their own sea-port, Mr. Brown's wish was at last gratified. He saw the stone standing with the other stones in the grave-yard, amid the waving spring grasses, amid the summer flowers, amid the falling autumn leaves, amid the winter snows—a memorial to ruined lives and broken hearts."

N. L. M.

"THE GADFLY."

ONE puts down "The Gadfly," by E. L. Voynich, with a sigh of regret and a mental interrogation. There is good workmanship in the book, the story is clever and original, but what in the world does the author mean? Helplessly you repeat the question over and over again, until at last, in the hope of being able to forget about it, perhaps you sit down to explain why and what it is that you do not understand.

The story is intelligible enough up to a certain point. There are many assertions which one can make without fear of contradiction. It is a historical novel—not a historical romance—although the events take place but a little before 1848. The historical side of the novel is the movement for the unification of Italy. The subject is treated impartially. The author believes in the movement, but does not hesitate to exhibit the weakness and indecision of the revolutionists.

This truthfulness is pretty generally kept up throughout the book. Stirring as is the action, you believe in it. The plot is just sufficiently complicated to be at once interesting and creditable. The historical connection of the story is cleverly managed.

The author is even more successful with the characters than with the plot. There is no character that is not alive and human. From James Burton and his shrewish wife to Montanelli, from Gemma to Zita Renè, from the Gadfly and Martini to the Grassinis, the characters, diverse as they are, are thoroughly alive, consistent, well planned, and well portrayed. There are three main characters, the Gadfly, otherwise Arthur Burton, otherwise Felice Rivarez, Montanelli and Gemma. Montanelli and Gemma are easily disposed of. They are noble-hearted persons, who, having wronged one whom they love, suffer for it always.

The Gadfly, who, it happens, is the only one who shows any development of character, is not to be summed up easily. We have him as a youth under twenty, sensitive, enthusiastic, a believer in noble things ; then we have him thirteen years later, having passed through all that a man can pass through and still live, having been made a betrayer, and having been betrayed by those whom he loved best. He is not the better for what he has suffered. The delicate plant has had an abnormal development. He is intensely clever and fearlessly brave, but his wrongs have for the most part, replaced gentler emotions by a spirit of mockery, derision, intolerance and hatred. He gives himself up to a great cause, but it is rather from hatred of the powers that be than from hope of better things. He loves only those by whom he has been wronged, Gemma and Montanelli. With Gemma he becomes reconciled : with Montanelli, there is a continual conflict of love and hatred. Perhaps the relation between the two men is the chief theme of the book. The scenes in which they both appear are powerful and thrilling. Montanelli, the wise, kindly, devoted scholar and gentleman, suffering agonies of remorse for his sin, is a figure impressive and sympathetic, perhaps more sympathetic than the wronged Gadfly. In regard to the Gadfly, we continually exclaim, as perhaps the author intended that we should, "Poor human nature !"

Thus far, we have had little but good to say of the book. There is, however, another side. This comes from the introduction of the question of religious belief. On the title-page are the words, "What have We to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth ?" We all know in what connection these words were uttered, but the relation of the incident and the words to this book is not perfectly obvious. The Gadfly, at first full of religious fervor, becomes after his wrongs and sufferings a most violent opponent of things religious. What does the author mean by the constant insistence on this point ? Does the author wish to demonstrate that religious belief cannot survive very severe trials ? Or to em-

phasize the intensity of the Gadfly's sufferings? The whole tone is unpleasant and extravagant. Then comes the grotesque, revolting scene of the religious festival. This nonsensical, incomprehensible extravagance with reference to religion is the more remarkable because in contrast with the fairness and moderation of the rest of the book. I defy any one but the author to explain what is meant by, or what is the justification of, that description of the religious festival.

Whatever is meant, the introduction of the question of religious belief is a blemish to an otherwise strong book. It is not an amusing story. It would be well for those who enjoy a story ending "and they all lived happy ever afterwards," not to read this story. On the other hand, one should scarcely say that it is a pathetic story; if anything, it is tragic.

H. E. W.

THE CASE OF NUMBER 7.

HE vote of this Club upon the Expulsion of Member Number 7, having resulted in a tie, the final decision is referred to the Council of that body. The charges of indiscretion and violation of the customs and habits which are imposed by society, and of which this Club requires its members to take cognizance, have been fully proved, so the decision is resolved into one of expediency. There will be a meeting on Tuesday next to hear the report of the council. Adjourned."

This was the final announcement of the president of the D——— club, the élite social organization among the University women. Five minutes later, save for the members of the Council, the club room was deserted, all others having departed, joyful that responsibility was so easily transferred. The president was giving her last instruction to the Council:

"Inasmuch as there is no doubt as to the guilt of the accused, and as each member must base her decision upon her best judgment of what is expedient, as well as just, I would suggest that you all come prepared to state your decision at the meeting of the Council. No conference leading to the foundation of an opinion should be necessary where there is no question as to facts. A unanimous vote is preferred, but the majority will rule. If this is satisfactory we will adjourn."

As every individual prefers to give results and suppress processes in all matters of judgment, this suggestion met with unanimous approval.

* * * * *

It is a glorious evening—one in which nature is rich in suggestion for thought. Far down in the distance beneath the great bluff lies the shimmering lake, and the sun dying in

the west is sending a profusion of color into the clouds—clouds in which one can find a realization of dreams. In a shady nook upon the hillside is swung a hammock and from this vantage point a solitary individual is living in the beauty and inspiration of the sunset.

As the gray and the blue succeed the more brilliant colors, it is with a sense of depression that the dreamer, the President of the Council, returns to the real and directs her thought along a practical line :

"When one would follow one's ideal, when one is content to dream—to live in the realm of being without conscious activity, one must return to the practical, the necessary. Thus is one wedded to body and thus do the social laws prevent one from being too complete an individualist.

"The offense of Member No. 7 is at least an indiscretion, at most a violation of some of society's cherished customs. The cause is to be found in the immaturity of the offender, who does not possess a clear understanding of society's rules, and has not learned its penalties for violation. Add to this a will in the offender which might be amenable to reason, but not to force and one can understand the cause. This expulsion means dishonor, publicity to an event which would otherwise soon be relegated to obscurity, and an incident in the life of the individual which even time may fail to eradicate. Retention may mean the opportunity for higher development, may be the best method of bringing the individual into line with the rules of society. Has the Club been really injured or is it but collectively expressing the individual's disposition to either condemn or approve, neutrality being a seeming impossibility? By either expulsion or retention, I cannot see that the Club is injured, for an organization can sustain emulation or condemnation in cases where the individual would stand or fall. Again, does the act merit the penalty? Is not this a first offense? Is not the purpose of organized society, not to condone an offense, but rather to assume an attitude which

shall be based upon the consideration of the circumstances, character of the offender, and the possibilities of which she is capable? The principle which should operate in this case, as it formulates itself to me is, that every opportunity should be given a first offender for developing a higher self and that she should not be precipitated along the line into which she has drifted, this always being with the reservation that by this course the good to the greater number is not prejudiced. Every individual should be given every opportunity to retain the esteem, respect, and admiration of his associates, for these constitute his power for a good influence, his soul life, and eventually constitute his happiness. I believe this would be best attained by retaining No. 7 and the resulting benefit would be greater than that gained by expulsion. Of course there can be no personal consideration where a principle is involved."

Having rendered the decision, upon a careful consideration of fact and at reason's dictation, the president tranquilly dismissed the subject and returned to the ideality of the Nature in whose midst she was.

* * * * *

Vesper service has ended: the chapel is deserted, save for one student who lingers in its shadowy recesses. The strains from the vesper hymns have scarcely ceased echoing. As the softened rays of light from the setting sun gradually disappear, Miss Anderson rouses herself from thought.

"It must be," she is saying to herself, "that the light has come in the reading of to-day. But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done; and there is no respect of persons! 'Walk in wisdom toward them that are without' and what is wisdom, punishment or forgiveness? If her fault is overlooked this time, how will she act in the future? Surely the Apostle was considering some such question as this when he said, 'shall receive for the wrong which he hath done.' It will be a bitter lesson, but a salutary one for her and may save her from many future errors, while a forgiveness would lead her

to disregard the seriousness of it all. She is exceedingly thoughtless and needs some training. Yet with her pleasant ways, it is hard to decide upon a course that will cause her pain. It is such a relief to be able to turn from my own weak judgment to such a fount of wisdom, with a definite word of help for every emergency. It has never failed me and though this is a most difficult decision, having asked for Divine guidance, I surely have my answer. This relief from responsibility in having a divine assurance gives one strength to do the right."

* * * * *

"It will take at least four hours to get that Greek and it is already eight o'clock!"

With this assertion, Miss Morrow composed herself and directed her thought upon Greek. Silence for an hour in which the devotion to Greek reigns supreme. Then concentration insists upon a diversion. Somewhat reluctantly the gaze is turned from Greek to a photograph upon the desk.

"Of course, there can be no question about No. 7 remaining in the club," she soliloquizes, as the photograph suggests the problem. "I should not be happy without her there and my desire in the matter is an important consideration. And then we are friends and I owe it to the friendship, be her action right or wrong."

Greek for another half hour, then a difficult clause, which calls forth the exclamation:

"I do wish Marie would come with that 'pony'."

Concentration being again diverted, the original channel of thought is resumed.

"I cannot see how the Club will be injured by her retention, and besides why should one decide or live for the good of humanity. Pleasure should be as much the ultimate subject of effort as self-sacrifice and most individuals work and live in this belief. There is no one else in the club for whom I care so much and why should I not follow my inclination? Besides I shall lose much of the benefit of the

friendship for she will surely know how we vote. The members of the club will not consider me more highly if I vote against her. This idea of thinking and acting in behalf of others is all nonsense and if evervone thought for herself, one need not think for others. If she is expelled, it will reflect upon our friendship for I should choose only those whom the world esteems. So it is clearly to my interest for her to remain."

"Come in! Oh you have brought the pony. Now for a grind," as Marie enters.

* * * * *

"Oh dear, whatever shall I do with all these freshmen to rush, and two teas and a reception and a spread and all in three mortal hours! Why did I make so many appointments! And this doesn't count that essay in ethics for Professor Z——."

And Verna Randall threw herself despairingly upon the window seat, seemingly ready to dissolve into tears over her perplexities.

Suddenly perceiving her mail, she forgot her perplexities in the rush for it.

"Stars! Announcement for Council meeting. Bother, I had forgotten all about that and what's to be done with No. 7. She is a nice girl and I am sorry it all happened, for she is nice to chat with—she knows so much about the girls and their affairs. Now what shall I wear to that reception and I wonder if I will meet that nice Junior I saw at the military. And that awful Senior law, he is sure to be there and spoil everything and then——."

A glance out of the window in which she sees No. 7 crossing the Campus.

"Oh, I wish I knew what to do with her. If this vote were not by ballot I could do as the others do, but this responsibility—why can't we belong to organizations and have privileges and benefits without being so responsible. If girls only married as soon as they didn't have their mothers about to decide for them, that would be charming.

I suppose it will make no difference to her; she is sure to get into another club and people will soon forget, so why all this bother. It's sure to be right either way.

"Glorious! Another invitation to a dance and now I can have a new gown and what shall it be. College life is such an ideal life and what opportunities one has. That Kappa dance and what a stunning time and why did I think of that, for No. 7 was there and was so bright and we had such fun. But here is that question again. If I only knew how our president will vote, she is so wise. I believe she will vote against her though, because she seems so unsympathetic and so reasoning. I cannot bear to think of women deciding questions in such cold, reasoning ways. Intuition isn't far astray and is more fitted to women. I guess I'll vote——."

"Oh you dear delightful things to come round here for me," as a group of Freshmen enter and all reflection becomes impossible.

* * * * *

Miss Martin is seated at her desk critically scanning the *Sun's* report of festivities and carefully counting the number of times her name appears. A quiet smile crosses her face and with a self-satisfied air she lays the paper aside.

"Truly I should be satisfied with the life I have here. An excellent social position, good work in college, and undisputed leadership in social life. It pays one to be politic, even though it costs something of inclination, pride, and independence. These impulsive, generous, error-committing people jar upon my aesthetic self and create an atmosphere of uncertainty with which it is difficult to be patient. This really applies to No. 7. She has committed an error, the fault is her's. It is best that I should stand with the majority and I believe the greater part of the club prefer her out. Of course if the Council decides in her favor, I shall gracefully acquiesce. It would be an innovation to retain her and while I do not object to innovations, I dislike being a party to them. Of course I cannot justly give her

the same social recognition as before, as she alone is to blame, and it is not the duty of society to raise its disgraced members. It is enough that it attempts preventing their deteriorating and then it is doing a magnanimous act. Clearly it is not my duty to sanction this act by voting for her and I am sure I shall strengthen my position by this just attitude. It does not seem to me sympathy should enter, and besides at one time I thought she might be a social rival, but reverses in her finances have made that impossible. If I am to pose as one worthy of the name leader, it must be by remaining true to present standards and old prejudices, for though one may be called narrow or conservative, one compels respect and attention and never receives the appellations of 'freak' or 'indiscreet,' which is the just due of innovators. Yes, personally, and for the good of the club, her expulsion would be advisable."

And Miss Martin turned complacently, selected her Emerson, and prepared for an hour's reading before dinner.

* * * * *

The members of the Club are assembled: the President rises.

"I have the duty to inform you that by a vote of three to two, the Council decides that Member No. 7 is unworthy of membership in this Club. Adjourned until the regular meeting on November —." As the members disperse one hears gossippy approval or disapproval, some sympathy is evidenced, some believe justice has been done, and then, new interests intervene and the decision is left to work out its logical conclusion in the life of the individual.

*

And these are they who judge their fellow-men and these are some of the processes.

Absque Hoc.

IN BRIEF.

SHE AND A DOG.

The door slammed in the wind ; the logs in the fire-place flared up the chimney ; the rag-carpet blew up in little ripples from the floor ; and the strings on the ship model on the mantel rattled the little masts. Mary Collins was alone. Her husband had gone out into the wet blackness of the storm to aid in sending a life-boat out to a struggling wreck. Even Neptune, the great Newfoundland, had left her for the excitement on the beach.

Mary Collins knew it was a perilous task that her husband had set about to perform. True he had often done it before and had always come back safe and happy. But every experience of this kind tended to shake her nerves the more. She buried her head in her hands and listened in terror to the crash of the storm. Once when she looked up, the door was pushed open and Neptune stalked in, wet and sleek from the storm. Mary took it as a bad sign, and once more gave way to her feelings, as she watched the dog. Neptune was walking uneasily around the room, growling at the storm. Then he nosed his way up to her and looked sympathetically into her eyes She watched him with surprise as he drew away from her, and, going directly to the door, sat down. She started at the almost human expression in the brute's face. He sat there, brave, calm and patient, glancing at her from time to time with his great sad eyes. Suddenly, Mary drew herself up and brushed away the tears.

"I, too, will be brave and patient and calm," she said aloud.

J. Q. D.

HE AND A VIOLET.

It was a bleak October day. The wind whirred and whipped the branches together in rude sport. The earth was brown and meagre as the skeleton limbs of the trees.

The season was dying, the day was dying, and most of all his hopes.

He strolled along, feeling a satisfaction in having the wind pierce through him. He had failed ! He tried to keep it away from his mind by whistling but before he knew it, he had stopped whistling and was thinking over the same old thing.

"It's no use," he muttered "no use. Better not have tried. Might just as well be dead, just as well. Everything's at odds against me, *everything* !" and he sent a stone spinning yards ahead.

As he walked on, a glint of color attracted his attention. He stopped ; there on the sere brown bank was a violet, perfect in form and color. Through the bleak fall days it had struggled to bloom. It *had* bloomed !

He looked at it earnestly ; then suddenly wheeled around and turned homeward. He went back with a firm step and a look of resolution on his face. "Guess if that little thing can stand the odds against it, I can stand the odds against me !"

E. L. H.

BY THE SEA.

Alfred Lang, as a lad had been spirited, mischievous, impulsive, his hot temper often breaking out in spite of him. His home had always been by the sea-shore, and it had become his daily custom to take long walks on the beach. The waves seemed to quiet him, when, as often, his thoughts took a rebellious turn ; his anger would be lulled to repose in the infinite expanse of the waters. Often when he found that he was losing his temper he would run down to the shore and there walk to and fro, to and fro, until he had once more become master of himself.

Alfred had just now returned to his home after an absence of more than two years. As he had grown older he had become less impetuous, more equable ; the thought of

the sea had often cooled his hot blood, even though he was far removed from its presence. Alfred's father had died when he was a boy, so that his mother had always been his idol. He had now come back to her to find, what? His mother married again. She had written him nothing of the matter, knowing of old his hasty temperament and fearing that the news would not be pleasing. The man she had chosen had been an object of dislike to Alfred even in his boyhood. Perhaps the fact that this man had been an old lover of his mother's had had something to do with this repugnance, for Alfred was of a jealous disposition.

And now, well, Alfred had stood there after his mother had broken the news to him, his heart filled to bursting. Suddenly with a hasty word to her about an errand which was important, he murmured, "I'm glad that you are happy," and rushed from the house.

It was late in the evening and the moon had just lifted its broad disc above the line of the water, over on the horizon. The waves were gently lapping on the shore. Alfred walked up and down, sometimes stopping to gaze into the water, then rushing onto the summit of a cliff and looking out over the broad expanse.

After more than an hour's restless wandering, he became quieted, and Alfred Lang returned to his home, ready to act as a true son should.

E. W. J.

A STUDY IN FAINTS.

As a small boy Freddy Andrus was romping, Thanksgiving Day ten years ago, with a troop of his cousins. They played follow-the-leader all around through the streets of the village where Freddy's grandpa was pastor, they pelted through front yards and back yards, over high fences, jumping the occasional hitching posts and horse-blocks, till they came for final tests of daring to the minister's barn. Here they slid down the manger under the nose of skittish Kit,

they buried themselves in the stifling hay of the loft, they swung from the rafters overhead. Now they stood in the big door fifteen feet from the ground, consulting what they could do next. Suddenly there was an exuberant push, and before he could get out of the way Freddy was whirled sprawling to the frozen ground below. Naturally he howled. Just as naturally, grandfather and grandmother, uncles and aunts came rushing from the kitchen door to see on whom they could inflict chastisement of hand and worse of tongue.

Freddy's arm was doubled up under him when he landed, so that it was sprained. The boy felt funny. Folks said afterwards he turned as white as a sheet. He had fainted, though not entirely "away".

About five years ago everybody in one of the Middle States was reading the papers and wondering how soon the small-pox would reach his town. It was coming, sure. All the papers said so. Besides, people had told about it, who'd been through towns where any number of cases had broken out. Be vaccinated, was the cry. Freddy Andrus heard the call. It came through his mother. He closed his ears to it when it came through other sources. He couldn't keep his ears closed all the time when he was home. Therefore he heard the call through his mother. He was an independent sort of youth by this time, a high-schoolian of two years' standing. Thus, he was alone when he dawdled off to the Doctor's one morning for the vaccine. He had to wait some time because the Doctor had many patients that morning. When Freddy finally went into the stuffy little, medicine-smelling office, one of whose walls was drearily plastered with certificates and the other of whose walls was forebodingly bare, he felt shaky. Getting off his coat and baring his arm, he felt unaccountably warm, he seemed to be perspiring, he didn't know why. By the time the little lancet had made its tiny holes up above his elbow, he was in a state of collapse, the Doctor fanning him and holding to his lips a level full glass of cold water. This time, again, Freddy didn't faint entirely "away".

A little while ago, in fact on Thanksgiving morning of this year, Freddy walked the tracks, ten miles to Freeville from Ithaca, without breakfast. He had thought it would be easy to find some coffee and a steak at the dog wagon, but that hadn't opened yet, nor had any of the boarding houses. For, dog wagon and boarding houses are said to be run to suit the students, and the students don't want breakfast so early as fifty minutes past six on a holiday morning. Because of his early morning walk without food, Freddy had a headache the rest of that day and the next. The next afternoon he was to be a dentist's patient again for the last in a series of appointments. To have the thing over and done with, he pushed open the door of the office fifteen minutes before the time of his appointment. In answer to the ring caused by the opening of the door, there emerged from mysterious rooms far away in the rear, a neat maid who said Doctor James would be out presently. Meantime, Freddy could inhale the indefinable odors of a dental parlor and look at the new rug under the center table and the new chair in the little operating room, trying not to think of his teeth. Prim and crisp in his dapper white jacket, Doctor James soon greeted our Fred cheerily and announced that he was ready. In the chair, the detestable buzzing polishers had first for a good while to be applied to some gold upper back fillings; the pumice would gather on tongue, the burnishers would whiz and almost whistle madly, till Freddy's always delicate nerves were on edge. Then, came, in preparation for a new filling, the insertion of some sharp thing pressing his gums straight down on the outside and then on the inside. Afterwards the inevitable rubber sheet (Doctor says this is technically called "dam") was arranged with its buckle behind the head and its two chin weights one on each side of the jaw. By this time, oppressed by the stifling air of the room, and worried by thoughts of what was to come, Freddy was in a fit state for a faint. With the twisting and the crashing of horrid iron crow-bar things on sensitive nerve, Freddy had to gasp for

breath. He'd been there before, and he knew he must be beginning to look white. He was smiling to himself for being so foolish, he was making all sorts of mental resolves not to be quite a daft idiot (just as one does when one is afraid one is going to be sea-sick), he was wondering how long before Doctor James would notice his whiteness and his gasping. He felt his clothes sticking to him from perspiration, he knew he ought to be stretched flat on his back; yet he could'nt talk, because still that distressing clamp and rubber paraphernalia was in his mouth and still Doctor James went merrily on, probing and scraping and snapping. A little more evident gasping for breath and the doctor understood. Deliberately, yet quickly, he had the paraphernalia out and with a twist of screws and pulling of levers, he had the chair stretched flat, then flatter. And Freddy Andrns, who had fainted when a small boy suffering the pain of a sprained wrist, and again when a high school youth subjecting himself to harmless vaccination, now a grown college man, was with feet higher than head inhaling deep breaths of ammonia and inwardly scolding himself for the big fainting child that he is.

C. R. G.

An Ithaca drizzle made the bedraggled Senior pull further over his eyes that long-lasting, vari-useful head-piece of his. Mirk clouds over West Hill and sticky gloom on East Avenue marked a raw, cold November evening. It happened to be Sunday, which didn't seem to dispel weather dreariness. Some moments before, an empty trolley car had darted toward the Armory switch; an up car was now due. Along back of Sage the Senior peered under faded brim at the errant lights of industrious botanists. Still further towards South Avenue from a side-facing Campus home emerged in the drizzle a hatless form, just as a car jolted to an impatient full-stop. Out tripped a thick-veiled, umbrella-provided one whom the hatless man was obviously expecting. Together armed, they were soon in the porch and gone. The June bridal lyric was now an autumn idyl.

A REVOLUTIONARY TALE.

IT was the evening of Thanksgiving Day. Little feathery flakes of snow had fallen all day, and the wind, which had blown from the northeast, seemed to have sunk with the sun. We sat before the open fireplace, our family and a few friends whom we had invited in. Most of the evening had been spent popping corn, roasting nuts and apples, and talking about the various things that had happened in the neighborhood.

"Now, Aunt Dorothy," said Rose, "you must tell us a story. You know you promised to tell us one. We're ready to hear it."

"Well," answered Aunt Dorothy, "listen and I will tell you a true story. It happened in the old colonial days, a year before the close of the revolution. My great-grandmother Wayne was then a maiden eighteen years old. Her hand had been promised to a lover as soon as the war should be ended and independence should be won.

"There was fighting far and near. Every day brought news of battles, and those at home almost held their breath as the days came and brought tales of suffering and of death. Sometimes the men who had gone to the war came near home, and then again as the conflict turned they went farther and farther away. Perhaps for many days no news would come of the friends who had gone from home to the war. One day the courier brought word that Lieutenant Wayne had been sent to Bingham with a handful of men in charge of some prisoners, and perhaps he would come that way. How the eyes of Great-grandmother Ruth grew bright and how her heavy heart bounded with the hope of seeing her lover! Next day there was a rumor that a band of the British, marching down from Concord, had been seen between the town and Bingham.

"One said 'They will lie in wait for Lieutenant Wayne, and he, not knowing of the plan, will keep right on his road till it is too late to escape the enemy in ambush.'

"As Great-grandmother Ruth heard the news, a sudden thought flashed into her mind. 'Someone must go at once to warn Lieutenant Wayne,' she said, 'or before another morning he may become a prisoner.'

"Who was to go? All the able bodied men were off to the war. The men at home were old or crippled, or broken down with wounds or sickness.

"'Not one shall go but I myself,' cried Great-grandmother Ruth, 'to warn Lieutenant Wayne. A woman can't fight very well, but there's many a thing she can do instead to help her country. My British soldiers, I'll take a hand in your game,' she defiantly cried.

"She saddled her horse, and as night drew on they saw her hurrying on her way. 'She goes to warn her lover,' they said, and each one whispered, 'God speed.' Full twenty miles she had to ride before dawn. She made her plans as she went. 'Lieutenant Wayne and his men will take the old mail route by Carter's Lake. There I will meet them and they can turn to the north and escape the enemy who will be waiting for them on the new road some miles below.' On, on she sped as the night closed round her. Often those in bed were roused by the sound of her horse's hoofs. They had hardly time to whisper, 'Someone rides fast to-night,' before the midnight rider had hurried by.

"With courage she urged on her strong steed. Before three o'clock she reached the lake, where she waited in the shade of the pine trees ready to meet Lieutenant Wayne. She had not long to wait, for soon she heard the sound of men's feet approaching.

"'Hark, they are coming,'' she said to her steed. 'He, my lover, is almost here,' and her face grew bright at the thought.

"The moon shone brightly and almost made day of the

night. She could see them plainly as they advanced with Lieutenant Wayne at the head.

"'Halt!' she cried.

"The soldiers were startled at hearing a woman's voice. Great-grandmother Ruth rode out of the shadow of the pines.

"'Ruth, my Ruth!' cried Lieutenant Wayne, 'is this your shadow or are you a dream?'

"Then his arms were around her and the touch of her lips proved that the vision was not a dream.

"'There's no time for love-making now,' laughed she, 'there's something more important at hand.' Then she told them what she had come to tell.

"'Ruth, my heroine, you're a brave girl,' said he. Then turning to his men, 'What do you say, my men? Let's give three cheers for brave Ruth.' Then the early dawn rang with hearty cheers for the girl who had brought them warning in time of need. There was no happier girl that day in all the land than she who rode by the side of Lieutenant Wayne.

"Before that night they were safe at home and the people came to praise Great-grandmother Ruth for her brave ride.

"'I don't care so much for their praise,' said she, as she smiled in the face of Lieutenant Wayne, 'as I do to know that I helped you play a trick on the British.'"

S. V. G.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XI. January, 1899. No. 4.

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FOR the especial attention of Juniors and with an eye to possible change, we think it well to state the plan of organization of the MAGAZINE board. The board consists of seven members, viz., an editor-in-chief, a business manager, and five Seniors. These Seniors are elected in the spring term of the Junior year by a committee of seven, made up of three Faculty members, appointed by the President of the University, together with the editor-in-chief and three other members of the board. Immediately after election the five Juniors meet to select for the next year an editor-in-chief, who is by the constitution chosen from the instructing staff, and a business manager. Having thus explained the personnel of the board, we urge all Juniors who treasure any literary instincts at least to attempt the writing of verse or prose which may entitle them to places on next year's board. We are convinced that there is a definite field for the MAGAZINE; that to fill this field there is needed each year an energetic, competent board.

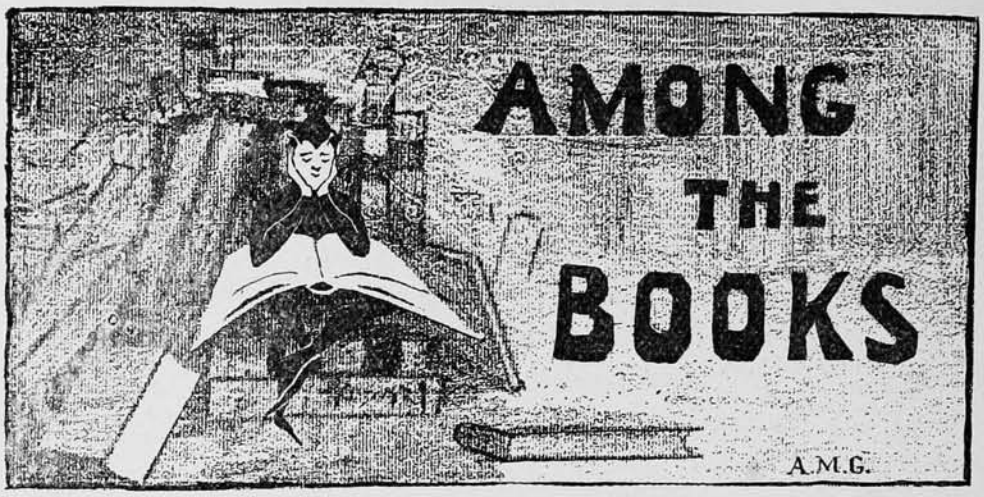
From the mode of organization it will be seen that MAGAZINE boards possess no continuity. Each starts anew on its own lines guided by few precedents and almost no fixed policy. It seems to us that several Junior editors, say three, appointed at the end of their Sophomore years and re-appointed because of satisfactory work, would add to MAGAZINE boards an element of continuity and therefore, of stability, now lacking.

AS SEEN BY A SENIOR.

WHAT one of us is there, who, having reached his senior year, looks back at his college course and does not think, "Why have I not read more, when there has been so much that is good to read and so very near my hand?" The answer is almost invariably, "I hadn't the time; I had too much work. I had my recitations, my daily lessons to get up, my hundred other things to do, and I had absolutely no leisure. I could not, morning, afternoon, or evening." It almost makes us wish that we were organized on the plan of the English Universities, and did not have to work in the mornings but could bury ourselves deep in books, coming out only to have our afternoon conference with our tutor. But our system forbids this; we have these recitations to attend, these daily lessons to prepare, the day becomes merely periods of work with intervals too short to be called leisure. We do not read, yet not owing to a lack of scholarly desire to read, rather, to the obstacles that our system puts in front of us. It is a case of the Old and the New where the New is, perhaps, not the better.

As we pass up and down the Campus, we nod or say "Hello!" to the people we meet. Most of the time we give not the slightest thought to the method of our greet-

ing; and yet in each case the greeting differs. There is nothing that shows so clearly differing degrees of intimacy as the way we salute our different friends. A man is introduced to another. "How do you do, Mr. Brown; I am glad to meet you." "And I you, Mr. Jones." A week or two later, if they happen to see one another frequently, they drop the Mister and, nodding in passing, it is, "Hello, Jones!" and "How are you, Brown?" Here most of us rest. Comparatively few are the men whom one knows by the first name, at least until the last term of the senior year when if we know a man at all, we try to think of his first name, sometimes it may be, looking into the Register for it. Between the surname period, so to speak, and the Christian name, is that stage where a man, perhaps because he hesitates to be too familiar, uses both Christian name and surname. And then there is a peculiar use of the surname alone, which denotes perhaps the very closest intimacy. It has a peculiar intonation and is absolutely unmistakeable. But the best is that of those who before their senior year come to cast surnames aside. These men give with their hearty "Hel-l-o, Charlie!" a pat on the back or rest an arm on the other fellow's shoulder. This is the kind of intimacy which makes one call way across the Campus to get an answering wave of arm—and it is the kind which pays, which will last beyond the separation of Commencement Week, and be as green and fresh at the ten year reunion as it is to-day.



REMBRANDT.

ONE is somewhat at a loss to know from what side to approach commenting on Mr. W. C. Larned's *Rembrandt.* (Scribner's, 1898.) It is designated in its subtitle, "A Romance of Holland." Shall one discuss the book as presenting in popular form, certain definite historical facts about the life of the great painter? Or shall one discuss it as a romance? If as a romance, the judgment is likely to be more severe than as a history.

I. As a story, judged by the same canons that would rule in determining the value of a historical romance, such as *Ivanhoe*, *Rembrandt* must be pronounced unorganized, if not entirely crude. There are two distinct love stories, joined together by a glue far different from that which one often sees advertised, holding together, one below the other, a dozen different heavy articles. The glue in *Rembrandt*, if applied by the author to his satisfaction when he wrote the book, immediately dried and shriveled up, leaving the two parts standing practically by themselves. True, Albrecht von Stoltzing did post off to Saskia, Rembrandt's beloved, in order if possible to soothe her wounded pride and win her affections back to Rembrandt. True, just because his friend Albrecht was enraptured with a face he

had seen but twice, once in St. Sebald's church at Nuremberg and again by merest chance in an Amsterdam footway, Rembrandt did follow "unmannerly" a fair German stranger—apparently the possessor of the lovely face—through the streets of Amsterdam till halted by the imperious maiden's threat of the Civil Guard. Yet these two love stories, which might possibly, we think, in the hands of a master, have been welded into an organic whole by proper subordination and grouping, are in Mr. Larned's pages co-ordinate; in fact, the story of Albrecht and Hildegarde is possibly the more interesting.

We do not mean to imply that the book is not readable. It certainly is. Something which seems to be the very flavor of the time (1631–1669) pervades the volume. One comes to feel the author's conception of the Dutch mode of thought, to sympathise with the Dutch slowness, to honor the Dutch burgher even while smiling at him, to love the Dutch maiden. Yet it is clearly Holland as it is conceived by him that the author has shown us rather than its painter. Rembrandt seems a puppet in the hands of some one who has read encyclopedias and studied pictures with the purpose of presenting in flesh and blood certain items of historical information. He has failed. The flesh and blood are lacking. Only a lay-figure results.

This comment, by itself, however, would be unfair, because not the whole of the matter. There are figures that move humanly, there are passages of consuming human interest. Jan Six is better done than Rembrandt, Hildegarde is infinitely more alive than puppet Hendrickje. The Jew Lazarus is one of those creatures of fiction whom one detests at his first appearance in the pages of the story, whom one hates as the story moves on, and whom one abhors when he has completed his work of devilishly calculating avarice. Rembrandt even seems somewhat vital when set off against the cool, suave, insinuating, deadly Lazarus. Of vigorous bits of narrative the scene between Hildegarde and Albrecht when Albrecht has discovered her whom he

loves in armor, nearly ready to urge her followers out to the castle to the aid of her brother, is notably spirited and lightly humorous. Our small brother thinks the story is fine; he sat up till long past midnight in order that before sleep he might know how it was coming out.

We hinted that in our opinion the book seems to have been made largely by a study of Rembrandt's best pictures, and an attempt to put in words the thoughts and stories and surmises which always flit through one's mind as one muses before works of genius. Here is "The Anatomy Lesson": that firm, intellectual central figure, the "stiff" on the table before him, the craning eager doctors at Doctor Tulp's right—how came Rembrandt to grasp life thus? In Mr. Larned's romance we read how. Of course, we are willing to assume that the writer has investigated carefully the facts, yet, in reading, when we come to the account of each picture, we are tempted to feel that the author is simply musing—and we feel that we should rather muse for ourselves before these pictures.

II. As history, we said, the book seems to be slightly better than as romance. In narrative of fact not the same artistic grouping is imperative as in narrative of fiction. Certain facts in Rembrandt's life almost any encyclopedia will give: born, Leyden, 1606 (or 7?); migrated to Amsterdam, 1630; painted "The Anatomical Lesson", 1632; married Saskia van Ulenburgh, June, 1634; Saskia died, 1642; painted "Night Watch," 1642; domestic life obscure after death of Saskia; daughter Cornelia by Hendrickje Jaghers; bankrupt because of ardent art collecting and personal unpopularity, 1656; died, 1669. These facts though with the actual introduction of only two dates, 1631 and 1634, are one's intellectual acquisition after a perusal of Mr. Larned's book. A better acquisition, we believe, in spite of crudities of plot, is the feeling for Dutch life in the seventeenth century and for any of Rembrandt's pictures that one may see henceforth.

C. R. Gaston.

The Science of Discourse. A Rhetoric for High Schools and Colleges. By Arnold Tompkins, Professor of Pedagogy in the University of Illinois. Ginn & Co., 1897. p. xiv+353. This book is disappointing. For some reason or other, we had anticipated something that would mark a distinct advance over many of the older "rhetorics". Instead we find simply the old material worked over into a new mold. The book is divided: The Organizing Principle, The Purpose in Discourse, The Thought in Discourse, The Language in Discourse; under these divisions is set forth the usual rhetorical subject matter. The author's own style, we regret to say, is lax, not to say, slip-shod. Furthermore, his philosophical bent obtrudes itself at the expense, we fear, of the usefulness of the book for schools and colleges.

The City Wilderness. A Settlement Study by Residents and Associates of the South End House, Boston. Edited by Robert A. Woods, Head of the House. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., 1898. p. ix+319.

Saladin and the Fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. By Stanley Lane-Poole, M. A. Putnam's, 1898. p. xxiv+416.

Music and Poetry. Essays upon Some Aspects and Interrelations between the two Arts. By Sidney Lanier. Scribner's, 1898. p. 248.

An Introduction to the Study of the Renaissance. By Lilian F. Field. Scribner's, 1898. p. vii+307. $1.50.

The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory. By George Saintsbury, M.A. Scribner's, 1897. p. xvii+429. $1.50. No one but Mr. Saintsbury could have written this book as it stands. It shows the distinguishing features of his work, the grasping and grouping and systematic presentation of tendencies and facts in literary history, the appreciative, illuminating comment on a wide range of reading, and the occasional, perhaps the too-occasional inaccuracy, due one may say to the very breadth of subject covered and to the impossibility of one man's knowing all things equally

well. Yet the book is distinctly useful, giving as it does a pretty comprehensive and satisfactory view of European literature of the period.

RICHARD HARDING AND THE WAR.

Mr. Davis's impressions of the war are certainly interesting reading. The author is young, vigorous, and brave. If he is inclined to consider himself vigorous and brave we can readily attribute his self-esteem to his youth. If he is inclined to consider himself something of a military expert, we can scarcely blame him, for he is. He has been under fire, he has lived in the trenches, he has sent off dispatches hot-handed from the field, he has helped care for the wounded, he has hob-nobbed with generals, he has tasted the soldier's fare; he may be supposed to know whereof he speaks. We like to read his impressions and judgments.

The book, by the way, (*The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns* by Richard Harding Davis. Scribner's, 1898. p. xiii+360.) is based on the much-noticed series of articles in *Scribner's Magazine*. "All the vivid and striking passages are retained; but in addition, the book has not only the value of a skilful war correspondent's momentary impressions, but of a carefully considered summing-up by an especially competent, serious student of war."

Another of the numerous war books is one from the same publishers, treating of the Navy's doings. (*Our Navy in the War with Spain* by John R. Spears. p. xxii+406. $2.) Like its companion, it is liberally supplied with maps and diagrams and sprinkled with reproductions of photographs. One misses Mr. Davis's swinging style, but finds a book which is clearly in tone more judicial and more trustworthy as historical chronicle while marked by considerable vigor of phrase. "Treacherous Destruction of the Maine" and "Dewey at Manila" are, of course, the chapters that one reads first; the others however, now that the war is over, are equally worth reading.

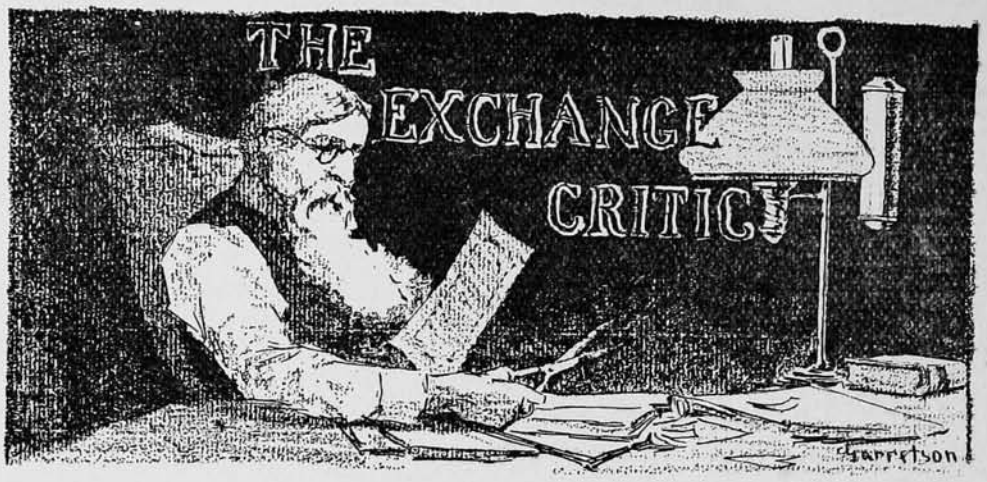
C. R. G.

TWELVE NAVAL CAPTAINS.

We were somewhat disappointed in "Twelve Naval Captains;" its style is not up to Miss Sewall's usual standard of excellence. Nevertheless, it presents the most noteworthy events in the brilliant careers of some of the earlier naval heroes in a readable manner, and with a constant regard for the facts. Its timeliness is by no means its least merit. The American reader is filled with satisfaction at the thought that whether the foe be Englishman, Frenchman, Don, or pirate, the Yankee bluejacket is always equal to the emergency.

The first sketch deals with John Paul Jones, who though his ship was on fire and sinking, shouted on being called upon to surrender, "I have not yet begun the fight." The lives of Hull, Bainbridge, and Stewart are given, the men who were largely responsible for the "Constitution's" glorious series of victories. Gallant Decatur, who destroyed the "Philadelphia" in spite of the protecting guns of the Tripolitan forts; Laurence, "whose last words were "Don't give up the ship;" heroic but ill-fated Somers; Perry, who wrote the famous despatch after the victory of Lake Erie, "We havg met the enemy and they are ours;" MacDonough, hero of Lake Champlain; irascible Preble of Barbary fame; Dale, the fine old Revolutionary officer; and Truxton, the chief star of our French "unpleasantness" in 1798, combine to make a most imposing array of American naval commanders. (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1897. *Twelve Naval Captains*, by Molly Elliott Sewell. Illustrated with portraits. p. 233. $1.25.)

J. S. H.



The December number of *Red and Blue* contains "A Consul's Romance," a well-told tale of a war-time adventure in Porto Rico; "A Mashie Stroke," a neat little sketch; "The Blasphemy of the Grave," a thoroughly unique story told as a soliloquy; and the rather unusual "Usual Way." The fact that the *Red and Blue* maintains so high a standard of excellence with so large a board of editors is a constant source of surprise to us. Our experience has been that small boards and committees accomplish the greatest amount of work; perhaps in verification of the old saw that "large bodies move slowly." The *Vassar Miscellany* for December is splendidly written from cover to cover, the variety of its subjects lending additional charm. We liked "A Compulsory Publication" in the *Minnesota Magazine.* "The Thanksgiving Day Game" in *Touchstone* differs from the conventional football story in that it looks at the modern game through the eyes of the ancient Greek Gods, who are supposed to have left Hades for a short sojourn on earth. We noticed "The Brain of the Ba tle Ship" and "Under the Mistletoe" as being particularly good stories in recent numbers of the *Saturday Evening Post.*

FLAGGING PATRIOTISM.

"Here, take my flag," said the man from Yale,
To his Vassar cousin fair,
"Tis a jolly flag of truest blue;
You'll be proud to have it there."

"The red's the only shade on earth,"
The Harvard fellow said.
Cornell chimed in "That's right, old chap,
I swear by white and red."

On Yale she turned her eyes of blue,
Her red lips smiled as well;
The flush that stained her snow-white brow
Was loyal to Cornell.

"My flag's red, white and blue," she said,
"So there need be no fuss!
To show there's no partiality,
I'll mark the flag just 'U. S.'"

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

Campus.

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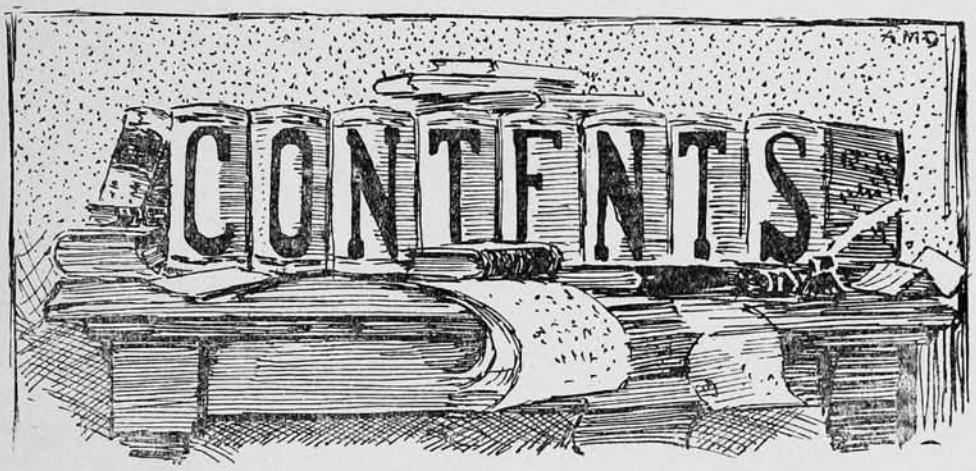

THE CONFESSIONS OF A TOWN-GIRL.

EDDY," (she knows me quite well), "I am glad you came down," was the greeting that passed through the open doorway—and I walked in. After I was snugly ensconced in her mother'sh ighly polished, favorite rocking-chair, and the daughter's laughing brown eyes and black gipsy hair were settled just across the way, I made the usual diplomatic query concerning her mother's health, and received the usual polite answer that that lady was "quite well, thank you."

"What do you want to do to-night, Teddy?"

This pleased me. Like some other people you know, I like to choose what I shall do rather than have some work thrust upon me. With pleasure I answered: "Sit here quietly, mostly. Talk, perhaps, or better listen."

"Yes, that *is* better. Do you know there are lots of things I never told you, Teddy?" (I like to hear her say Teddy. She says it differently from other persons.) I looked at the warm red shade of the piano lamp and was silent.

"Do you know I have known quite a number of students —before I ever met you. They are funny fellows."

I shook my head in denial of our peculiarities. A poker player would say that this called her hand.

"Yes, you are too," she affirmed. "I think I shall have to tell you about some of them."

"Those who preceded me in this chair, I presume?"

"Yes, if you want to hear."

"It would be very interesting," said I and settled down a little farther into my chair and tried to think myself the old father confessor in Vibert's picture "The Reprimand."

"Begin please, Jean, (I know her quite well) with the first student with whom you became acquainted."

She locked hands over her right knee, perhaps not an elegant pose but a graceful one, and began.

"Let's see. The first—" memory was evidently being sorely tried—"the very first, I think, was a student who used to call upon my sister. I did not become very well acquainted with him but he was the first. It was like this. Two Sunday nights in succession, when my sister did not go to church, he came home with me and visited. He was good company being fat and jolly, and said he thought that I was nicer than my sister." The twinkle in those brown eyes grew more pronounced, and a fleeting smile showed pleasure and perhaps a tinge of satisfaction. "Mother, however, said that I was too young to have callers, so that after that, I went to church only in the morning. He was a real nice fellow though, but Alice, that's my sister, did not like him very well."

"Your sister married a student, didn't she, Jean?"

"Yes, they're way out in China now, where Will, that's her husband, is building railroads, and things."

"Fate dealt harshly with him, all in all," I mused aloud.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Why—only he has to work so far from home and civilization."

"Yes, and they have no dances or anything there," she returned, and I understood that there were either no universities or no town-girls in China.

"Now, I must go on and tell you about the next one. You don't need to know their names, do you?"

"No, that isn't necessary," I hastened to say, in my role of father confessor, and she continued:

"Well, this one was fine. He went to the summer school, three summers ago. It's a little dull here in summer, but almost every day we went rowing or sailing on the lake. He was a good sailor, a regular Norseman, with blue eyes and yellow hair. When I went camping down the lake for a week, what do you think he did?"

"Followed you down, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; who would have thought it? Down he came on Saturday in a sail boat; I came back in the boat."

"We did everything that summer. He was studying botany, and we roamed around here with a tin box getting flowers and weeds and grass, and all sorts of things like that. We took moonlight walks, too, and went to the circus, which comes and wakes this town every summer."

Either the moonlight walks or the circus, or both, caused a merry ripple of laughter, in which I joined. I suspected the moonlight walks, but laughed at the going to the circus.

"How did you happen to let that fellow escape?"

"Escape! why he didn't *escape*. He was simply doing special work in something—botany—during the summer, and went home when he finished."

I wondered if he took home with him a certificate of honorable mention in botany.

"Now, before I go on, Teddy, you would like some tea, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would," and rose to apply the match to the alcohol cup under the little copper kettle. No town-girl, by the way, is happy, indeed no town-girl considers her outfit complete until she is the possessor of one of these kettles, with its accompanying guard of caddy, cups, and souvenir spoons. After the little kettle had been carefully balanced over the blue flame, she resumed:

"Let's see, the next one must have been ——. You need

not mind his name, Teddy ; we will call him number three. He was different from the last one. He was a Junior in Arts ; short, thin, wore his hair long, and eye-glasses, sort of studious-looking,—but he didn't study much. He was great for the theatre ; we went to all the good things, especially the operas, and then would come home and rehearse them on the piano, unless papa had retired for the night. Mother thought he was a good boy, because he went to church every Sunday night."

"Did you?"

"Yes, of course."

"He came in just right after your summer boy."

"Yes, for he often used to help me with my German, and we had party rides to lots of places around here that winter. He enjoyed these, he said."

"I envy that fellow a little," I said.

"Well, you needn't. Perhaps your turn will come, and besides, he graduated last year."

A steady stream of steam pouring from the spout of the little kettle said tea, and the laughing brown eyes disappeared for a moment to reappear with "some of her own cake." It is good cake, as I have often found, and assists in making such a little tea party reason or excuse enough for the acquaintance of the town-girl.

"What sort of a fellow was the next?" I asked, as she stood waiting for the tea to steep.

"Wait till I finish here and I'll tell you," she answered, as she poured out the tea.

When I first saw her serve tea I thought of Hebe and the celestial nectar, now I often find myself admiring a dainty hand. This particular brew was good, and with my special cup of fragility and china before me, whose odd shape and warm color lends flavor to its contents, I listened to the story of the next university youth, a story interrupted now and then by a sip of tea or a nibble of pastry.

"The next student met me before I met him. He saw my picture at a friend's house and wanted to know me."

"That picture doesn't do you justice either, does it Jean?"

"Oh yes, it is entirely too good."

"Well, that's what I mean."

There was an injured silence, until Teddy admitted that he had lied, purely, simply. Then the story of number four proceeded.

"I met him soon after at a P. G. dance. P. G.? Why that's our High School Post Graduate dance. He was a fine dancer and also played the mandolin. He would bring down the club music and we would play it over together. He was also an officer in the regiment and very straight. I went to my first military with him and was introduced to a whole lot of nice fellows. But he was awfully bold, Teddy."

I looked attentively at the tea leaves in the bottom of my cup.

"He kissed me good night after that dance. I could have shaken him."

"I suppose he didn't come again," I ventured.

"Yes, he said it would never happen again."

"It happened again?"

"Teddy," severely, "that will do."

"Well, who started it?"

"Well, who is keeping it up?" and I was silent.

"We have gone to several militaries since then."

"Then he is still in harness."

"He is a graduate if you please, and that's all about him. Now let me give you some of this tea and then we shall see who comes next."

I acquiesced and she proceeded.

"The next one—what's his number? Five? All right. He was a tall, hungry looking fellow, and awfully slow. He was a regular sticking plaster too. I met him at a church sociable. You meet any number of students there, especially freshmen. Do I look like a very motherly person? I think I must, because just four freshmen asked to

come home with me that night. This one was a freshman in law. He thought a good deal of home and I felt sorry for him, for he could not talk much and he used to smile all the time. When he did talk he was forever telling me of his fine hunting grounds and horses at his home in New Jersey. He said he would teach me to hunt if I ever came down. He was awfully slow, however, so that one night I took him to a friend of mine, who wanted to know a nice student and had him tell her all about his hunting grounds. We played cards regularly after that at her house. 'Old Hunting Grounds,' as we called him, was good hearted though, for he always brought down candy. He was here only two years when he graduated from the Law School. He wrote me that he was teaching school at home for a change, and had a good hunting horse waiting for me. I sent him a very cool answer, he was so slow."

"That will do for the epitaph of number five?" I asked.

"Gracious, yes," and so it is.

"Now let me think." She thought. "There are several others, but not all important; some are too recent, some have yet to finish their careers." She has a collection of nearly twenty photographs of serious looking youths, most of them taken in senior year. I call them her scalps, at which she smiles.

"I think I'll tell you of only two more. You are a good listener, Teddy."

"Thank you, you are an interesting talker," I answered, and received a gracious smile in reward.

"These last two are quite different. The first one was a lean, sharp-faced fellow with eye glasses, who looked too sanctimonious for any place but a divinity school. The fellows told me, though, that he was quite a sport. The first time we met he helped me up off the ice at the foot of Buffalo street. I can skate better than that now. Of course I thanked him, and somehow or other we became acquainted." Any man would consider himself acquainted after being thanked with those eyes. "He owned a kodak.

There are some of his pictures over there. You see I occupy quite a prominent position. He was real nice while he was here, and we went to a splendid dance at his fraternity. He was a funny one, though, for he always seemed to be in love with every woman he met. This must have got him into trouble, for he was 'busted' from the civil engineering course in his junior year. His fraternity was all cut up about it. I felt so sorry for him," and she clasped her hands behind her head and, I suppose, meditated upon the man who had been "busted."

"Now the last one that I am going to tell you about," she began again, "was a senior in, I think, Philosophy." Here she laughed. "I liked him first rate. He was an editor of one of the college papers, and sent it to me. I like those literary fellows, because they make real good presents of books and such things. He sent me those," and she pointed to a neat pile of books beneath the birchwood stand in the corner, where were easily to be distinguished the straw colored cover of the '98 *Cornellian*, Kipling's Ballads in gilt, the white oarlocks of Cornell Verse, and the mortar boards of Cornell Stories.

"We did all the usual things, danced, sailed on Cayuga's waters, and sometimes went driving. He was good about such things. He read parts of his thesis to me and said I gave him some good points. Just before graduation in June, we drove out to the country home of a friend of mine for dinner. We lost the whip, stole green apples, and had lots of fun on the way out; "but on the way back—poor fellow. I may as well tell you, Teddy." She smiled a sad smile and I looked solemn. "On the way home or just as we got home that day, he proposed to me. Just think, I was only graduating from the High School. I was so sorry though, for him. All the way back I knew it was coming and tried my best to prevent it, but couldn't."

It seemed a serious matter, where a man's happiness was concerned, but I decided it was best to make light of past sorrows, and only said: "Did he go and jump into the lake

or do anything like that?" and the town-girl answered, "No, and I didn't go to the Senior Ball."

After a pause I asked as a good priest should "And is that all there is to confess?" "Quite all,"—her laughing brown eyes denied it and she smiled (as a really good penitent should not), but I put down my cup and smiled in turn, (as a really good priest should not), for—Teddy's in love with her laughing brown eyes.

Mac.

A PROF., A CAT, AND SOME BOYS.

THE mid-term exam. in math. was due Thursday, and, as usual, to pass it up in good form was our paramount idea, but how, none of us knew, since we had all been a little too free with our "cuts" and were, for this reason, not at all prepared.

It was at a Tuesday eleven o'clock. Professor X—had just announced that our examination would take place the coming Thursday, and we were about to leave the class room, when Bob Tradman and a crowd of the fellows called to me and proposed that we have a meeting to decide how we could best prevent a "flunk" on the following Thursday.

That night a quiet, secret meeting was held in Bob's room. The question involved was discussed and re-discussed, till at last it was decided that the only way out of our difficulty was to find out what the questions were to be.

"I tell you how we will work it," spoke up Bert Radcliff, "I have it, I am sure I have."

"Well out with it, old man," I cried, for we had been discussing the matter some time, and were anxious to gain a result.

"Give a fellow a chance," retorted Bert, "say we plan it this way: Prof. X—is due to speak at the Junior Smoker,

in the Armory tomorrow night, and from his remarks to one of the co-eds, in class today, he must have that exam. paper all made out. Now the thing for us to do is to get hold of that paper, and why not get it while he is at the Smoker, for we are sure to find it on his desk in his room. It'll be robbery, and it's not one bit honorable, but honorably or dishonorably, we must make that mid-term, as our "busting out" may depend upon it."

Bert had no sooner finished than a general assent came from the fellows, but how to get into Prof's room without being discovered was yet a mystery.

"I guess we had better draw lots, and so determine which of us saves the day;" blurted out Shorty Davis, who previous to this had not been heard from, as he was not quite in favor of passing up an examination by the method proposed; nor was he at all anxious to be chosen to play the part of the hero of the section.

"That's the best way," said I, and immediately started to prepare the slips of paper in Tom Barker's hat. Each fellow, in turn, put his hand into the hat and drew his slip with a bravery that was astonishing, for we boys were afraid that when we came right down to business, the fellows would back out. No one, however, flinched, save one, who, when he drew his hand from the hat, gave a little gasp, but immediately threw back his shoulders, and put on as noble a front as possible. It was Shorty. His was the task to save us all from failure.

Wednesday night arrived, and we could not have chosen a more fitting one for our evil scheme. It was dark and cloudy, not even a star being visible to break the darkness which shielded six desperate mathematicians starting forth from Bob's room in quest of the longed-for paper.

Upon reaching the bridge at the entrance to the campus, we decided to part with Shorty's company, letting him proceed from here alone, the rest of us, until his return, waiting in the Goldwin Smith walk, where we could be near, and yet unobserved. Poor Shorty, I felt sorry for him.

The very smallest man in the class doing the underhanded work for us larger fellows. I would gladly have taken his place, but I knew it was too late to offer, and that we had better go ahead as planned. Shorty, in somewhat nervous tones, made us promise we would wait for him, and then, bidding us good-bye, started toward that gray, stern looking building, Cascadilla. All we could see was a big mackintosh with a pocket bulging under its load of keys, disappearing in the darkness.

Shorty, putting on a most dignified air, walked boldly into the building, and started for the apartments of Professor X—, which were on the fourth floor. His climbing of the first flight of stairs was ordinary, the second the same, but by the time the third flight was reached, he was creeping along like an old time burglar, constantly looking behind him for fear of an assault. He reached the scene of action, and, quietly knocking to make sure there was no one within, waited. Receiving no answer he began the trying of the keys, in his pocket. One after another was tried, but in vain, till just as he was about to give it up as a bad job, the lock turned, and he found himself face to face with a big black cat, which immediately upon the door's being open, scooted down the hall out of sight. At last Shorty was within reach of their and his salvation.

Striking a match, he crept noiselessly over to the desk, between the windows, and began his search. Fortunately a candle, used in sealing letters, was upon the desk. Lighting this, as it would give him sufficient light to work by, and still not attract attention, he began his search. He turned over paper after paper; finally he came upon a half sheet of writing paper, with some questions, written in that characteristic writing so familiar to him. The coming exam. was before him, written on what seemed to him, a somewhat large scrap of paper, ready for the waste basket, and now the question was, should he copy it or take it with him. To take it with him meant immediate suspicion, yet there was no time to lose, as Prof. X. might return at any moment; but copy

it he must, time or no time. Fumbling around, he found a small piece of paper, and began to copy the questions. And such questions! Every one seemed to him longer than the one before; therefore as each word and question had to be separated by a period of watchful listening, it took Shorty some time. Finishing, he thrust the sheet of paper into his pocket, and retraced his steps, locking the door, never once thinking of the now absent cat. His main thought was to get back to the boys, and as soon as possible.

We were beginning to get anxious about Shorty, fearing he might have fallen into the Professor's hands, when we heard some one running towards us. Shorty was back, and, all of us put the same question, at once, "Did you get it?"

"Here it is fellows, not a soul was there except Prof's big black cat, and I'll swear it will never tell, as it was too dead anxious to get out when I opened the door. The last I saw of it, it was disappearing down the stairs. The paper is in my pocket, here it is, and if you ever say Shorty Davis got it for you, well, I'll not say what I'll do to you, but remember, hold your tongues."

By Thursday morning we were all well prepared, knowing the whole examination word for word, in fact so well that when the five questions were written upon the board, our greatest trouble was in not answering them too well. Evidently Prof. was not on to our game, as these were the same five questions, that Shorty had so valiantly found Wednesday night.

Nothing was said until the following Tuesday morning, when the blue books for the entire class were handed back, each marked sixty-one, the righteous, as well as the unrighteous, faring alike. Then it was that Professor X. made the following remark, explanatory in itself,—"Boys, it is all your own fault, you let the cat out of the bag."

Bryant Fleming.

A QUESTION OF WILL.

O you think that a difference in mental capability is sufficient to separate two individuals in all the relations of life?"

As Allan Gray asked the abrupt question, he thrust aside his text book, with a gesture of impatience scarcely in harmony with a mood for mere philosophizing, or absorption in text.

"Well," replied Kernan, the chum addressed, an indolent law student, "that depends upon whether there exists what our brethren across in the ethics department would call 'harmony of soul,' but a scientific fiend like you would not be amenable to any such argument." And Kernan resettled himself in his easy chair for a further reflection upon the best possible way of getting out of three conditions without a "bust".

"But," persisted Gray, "would you say, Kernan, that one should marry upon harmony of soul?"

Kernan, startled out of his contemplation of real property, equity and sales conditions, surveyed Gray's serious face and then gave vent to a laugh.

"Why, Gray, old man, you seem in earnest and one would as soon think of your considering matrimony seriously as that a law student should take notes during a lecture. That's not studying science."

"But I am after the element of will," pursued Gray. "If harmony existed, would that and the will obviate the necessity for equal mental development? Are there elements in woman which are the equivalents or complement of intellect in man?"

Kernan was averse to the exertion which an argument with a man of Gray's ability required, and as he was not preparing for a trial lawyer, avoided arguments on general principles. So he made a wry face, rushed for his cap, and as he vaulted the window sill gave a parting shot.

"Gad! I am due at football practice; rather be a right tackle there than a left one here. *Au revoir*, old man."

"Soliloquies are good for the soul," muttered Gray, as he threw the remaining books aside and became absorbed in a think.

Gray's was not a handsome face—the indications of character were too great for the outlines which beauty requires. It expressed the shadows rather than the sunlight of life, and strongly indicated self evolution. Will, ambition, honor, integrity, and the masterful elements of the human soul were suggested in the strong outline of the face. The eyes and mouth while adding to this expression of strength, nevertheless, suggested a capacity for passion and tenderness which is so often the attribute of great natures. Gray possessed a broad intellectual training, a strong personal attraction, unusual social qualities; these with his participation and sportsmanship in athletics, rendered him a recognized leader among the fellows at H——. His reserve, courteous thought for others, and principles of living won him a loyalty which few were so fortunate as to possess.

Gray had become absorbed in one of the abstractions, that come when men plan great deeds or campaigns, originate thought, or when they find strength for great resistances to evil or for the making of sacrifices—these to be executed when the man returns to full active life. Time passed, the dinner hour was unheeded, and at last Tasso, the hound, impatient at his master's indifference at so important a time, ran his long, thin nose beneath the hand resting upon the study chair.

"You rogue," exclaimed the aroused master. "You have interrupted a decision that may cost a life time of suffering, and all for a bone! Ah, well! for smaller trifles, men have sacrificed their souls. Come."

* * * * * *

"I cannot believe that you love me and yet argue a difference in intellect as a reason for our separation. That

your realization of intellectual difference has caused this change, does not seem possible. Man does not expect woman to pursue the same studies, to think as logically, to have similar political business, or social ambitions—unless she, by her adaptability, thus chooses. Love, purity of thought and life, spiritual and moral strength, maternal devotion, beauty of soul, will bridge over what seems to you a chasm. To think logically may not be the highest qualification, even as justice, honor, integrity are not the only desirable human qualities. There is a progress of soul as well as of intellect and there may be more true nobleness, loyalty, and truth with a narrow intellect than with a broad one. You would convince yourself that this is the reason, only that you may not acknowledge the true one. Am I not right, that you care for some one else with a more material love?''

The speaker is our scientific student, Allan Gray and the place a rustic old New England summer house.

The passionate tremor in the voice died away and as the intensity in the dark eyes deepened into a soul searching glance, a sweet voice replied: ''It is perhaps true, Allan, but is it not your fault?''

The voice belonged to a tiny bit of humanity—almost like a fairy, so pure, so spiritual was the light shining from the glorious blue eyes. The small head was crowned with a wealth of brown curls and the sweet sensitive mouth indicated trueness itself. There was a note in the voice which indicated the deep, womanly feeling beneath, and yet equally clear was the note asserting individuality and right of self.

''I do not understand,'' and Gray's voice expressed much of the stern pride which predominated in him, and less of the passion which had vibrated through his previous question.

''Surely, Allan, you remember we have been friends for four years—your love I never doubted—you were tenderness and thoughtfulness itself, but you remember nothing was

said about the future. I had no claims or recognized right in relation to you—no closer tie was ever suggested and then you left for college. Once I gave you an opportunity to speak but you did not. You had always said ours was a harmony of soul and I thought I understood, but I had only myself, my ideal of home and children, while you were great and beyond me and at last I could not but doubt that you intended our relation to be always ideal, that your ambition and noble views regarding your duty to humanity would prevent a closer relationship and then my whole woman's soul longed for the true, the deep, the free life and the mother's heart was so strong in its pleading and then—there came another love and it was all in words, so clear, so beautiful and I saw a home in which love and child-life predominated and there were the ties by which I could claim protection and security and I yielded to this love.''

The voice ceased but it was many moments before Gray could suppress the anguish which strove for the mastery, and force the blood into his colorless face.

'' Then I was a fool for loving you so blindly,'' he burst forth. '' It seems that a few well chosen words, unspoken, have lost you to me forever. I could have uttered them had I known. Custom is so binding, man's imitation so great, that you, too, would descend to the formal proposal and engagement ring, relics of the purely material world. Is it possible I have so misunderstood you? I have always believed love a soul union and that when it came no words would be necessary until the tie which unites in law alone. I had thought your love, your trust so perfect that you would need no assurance. It is true, I gave you only the tenderness, the thoughtfulness, not the passion in its intensity. Verily this is an instance in which self control proveth a curse, where restraint is unworthily shown! I shielded you from myself and all desire. By my will I saved you from what has cursed others—from what has led them to ruin. You have thought I had no passion when I gave you

only gentleness, that I was deficient in depth when I moulded every act to your ideal nature! I had intended you to be happy and to desire nothing until you were my own. I knew your full woman's nature but hesitated to awaken it, but you who know so little of life have fallen into the first snare—that of a passionate devotion, permeated with selfishness, holding itself superior, and expressing its demands. It is enough! I am rewarded in my love in that I shall have always only an ideal!"

The voice died away and the man who had never flinched in his discipline of self, whose nerve was unshaken in the most trying games of contest, quivered as though shaken in a storm.

"But, Allan, with all your logic, your knowledge, you cannot understand a woman's nature and its susceptibility and yearning for a home life. You ——"

"It is enough that you could accept another love. My friendship is at your command. I wish you all happiness. I have but this assertion to make: I am convinced that when you first loved me, your soul belonged to my own. You may give your love, your life, yourself to the one whom you have chosen, but this I hold during life and eternity. Your soul can never escape the thrall in which I have placed it. The ideal which I have created of you is its incasement, and when this soul is released from the body which now holds it, remember, I shall be there to claim my own. Do not shrink from the blasphemy this may seem to you in your pure, consecrated life. I shall hold this love absolutely supreme and untarnished, but the will has no limit, and before heaven, I say to you, I would rather love you as I do and suffer eternally in its knowledge than to relinquish what I believe is the right and divinity which I possess in your soul. Remember," and the very intensity as Gray bent over the slight form, caused a quiver and a startled glance from the blue eyes, "before heaven, and with the sanction of God, I now take unto myself the soul of you, Marie Alton, to hold in all truth and honor, inviolable and above

passion and death, and I submit to be judged at the bar of heaven if this be not rightful, if it were not the decree of heaven that you were to be my own. You may live, you may love, you shall be free, but you shall know to the full intensity of your being that you are mine, mine eternally.''

The dark eyes met the blue ones in one long glance and for the instant there was a struggle—the woman to prevent what seemed her very life from going into his keeping, the man to fulfill his vow, by his strength of will. In that instant he was supreme. The will which had known no mastery but its conscience, its God, could not be conquered by so weak a child as this woman or by so strong a thing as her faith and divinity of soul. With a low moan she dropped beside the seat, and the words seemed wrung from her:

''This then belongs to you, I cannot withhold it.''

Gently placing his hand upon the bent head, the words came tenderly, truly, from Gray.

''I am your friend as ever. You remain my life, my ideal always. May God grant thee happiness, rest, peace until we meet at the judgment of heaven.''

* * * * * *

It was noon in a large western city—a great criminal trial had been won and lost—lost by the state and as the liberated accused slunk into the oblivion which a vast crowd gives, the attorney who had saved the wretch was surrounded by those always willing to pay tribute to those who stand in a position to return the favor with interest.

It would be difficult to recognize in this criminal lawyer, our scientist, Allan Gray. The face had assumed an outline in which nobility, honor, integrity, sincerity were predominant and much of the intensity of the eyes had deepened into an intelligence and tenderness which gave refinement, culture, soul to the nobility. Thought had left many a furrow upon the broad brow and the once athletic form was not so stalwart, weakened by something more enervating than age.

It had been a desperate case for the defense and to the many congratulations the reply had come:

"I but fulfilled the command of the law; and it is possible these wretches who commit crime, through the passion of love, could be better assisted than by an acquittal or by imprisonment. I gave up the profession dearest to me because the light of my life revealed a way in which I could assist humanity. Because I understand this passion I can guide or defend the victims who are led into crime through it. The reforms, the lines of progression with which you credit me are but the result of an understanding and sympathy with humanity. It is enough, I have done my duty."

And they all wondered how the great advocate understood human passion and temptation. Was he not always predominantly reason and was he not always superior to, nay indifferent to, the temptations by which others fell; were not his own sins at a minimum and his impulses invariably for the good? His few intimate friends and associates and all who knew him would thus testify.

Ye readers of human nature! Until you know the cause of every line in a strong face; until you know the psychic process which changes one at forty into an aged man; until you know the depths of solitude which always giving and never receiving brings; until you know more of the motive than the act, fear to judge of the happiness, strength or morality of your victim of contemplation! That Allan Gray's life was a success, no one doubted; at what a cost, no one knew. They measured success by its material comforts, by its resulting benefit to others, by the attainment of a fame which insured esteem, respect, and deference and—doubtless the measuring line was correct, for who does not accept these as the purpose of life rather than as its incidents?

Gray sat in his study that night, musing as in the old student days. To himself he said softly: "I feel that this is my last case and it is a fitting close. I have long bent under this burden of knowing I was *willing* to live. Twenty years ago by simply releasing my will I could have gone and also have committed a homicide, though one so insidious

that the law would not recognize it. But I have been just to my God and fulfilled his plan and my duty, and I must wait—but not for long. The work which I have attempted is nearly complete and in the ages to come the law will be more just and man more human. In the trial of today I have proven my friendship for her, and it was the legal battle of my life. The wretch I sent into the world today she had chosen to love. There is some honor in being free in law if not in conscience ; he has a new start and will become a man."

A peal from the bell ! Surely no client would call at that hour. A telegram. It was simple, but the call was urgent.

"Come at once. Release me.

MARIE."

"At last, thank heaven for peace."

* * * * * *

There is a hush about the bedside, for it is the hour of midnight and the guest is death. The home which is being entered is one long held ideal by all who knew it, by reason of the true, pure domestic life, and the strength of the tie relating mother and children. Love, thoughtfulness, care, were helpless to-night ; the mother lay insensible to all. The portière of the invalid's chamber is softly pushed aside and a guest enters. With a groan he kneels beside the seemingly inanimate form. She who has been so indifferent to the many entreaties of love for many hours, slowly regains consciousness, and as Allan says quietly "Marie," with a great effort the soft hand is placed upon his head.

"Is it you, Allan? It was cruel, dear, not to let me die when the body was so ready. You have my soul within your keeping and it cannot rejoin its creator until you release it. Allan, my darling, my life, I know I have loved you always, but the body made the soul for the time blind. In the days of waiting for the soul's release I have known this. You have said we must be judged together. Will you, my Allan, release me?"

"I have kept my vow. I have fulfilled God's purpose

toward men. I now release you. I ask God to take your soul from my keeping, and with it the soul with which it must be judged."

In the silence that followed they thought she was dead, but believed him to be in prayer; yet when they sought to arouse him, both souls were in the presence of the tribunal whose laws are unknown, whose procedure is a mystery, and whose code is one irrespective of life, custom, tradition, or precedent. *Absque Hoc.*

STEPHEN HOWARD, DESERTER.

NEW JERSEY furnished many brave and a few cowardly soldiers during the Civil War. The following story of a deserter is still told in one of the northern counties.

It was one of those days in July, when the sky bends down like an enfolding blue garment, pressing the heat down upon the hazy earth ; when the hot rays of the sun dry up the very roots of vegetation ; when the occasional gusts of wind are laden with scorching dust.

Somewhat back from a narrow country road, stood an old, gray farmhouse, with steep slanting roof and many-paned windows. Suddenly, through one of the solid white doors, a young girl sallied forth, carrying in one hand a basket of peaches, in the other, a bowl. Sitting down upon the steps, she began paring the peaches, stopping occasionally to gaze listlessly off over the red field. "Who would think," she said, half aloud, "that they are fighting and killing one another at this very moment, while every thing here is so still. If I were only a man"—she got no farther with her soliloquy, for some one came dashing up the road, and, turning into the yard, stopped in front of her. She stared in amazement for a moment, then exclaimed, "Stephen Howard."

"Quick Mina," he gasped, "if you want to save me." Then, seeing the look on her face, he added more slowly, "I-I came away and they are after me. Can't you put me somewhere?"

The girl arose deliberately, setting down the basket. "So you are a deserter," she said, in a strange, hard voice, "and you come to me to save you, to me with two brothers fighting in the very regiment that you have left, you coward!"

Stephen's head dropped forward, as he leaned heavily

against the railing. "Then my last chance is gone," he muttered, "I shall be shot—as I deserve."

Something in his utterly hopeless look touched the girl. Perhaps she remembered how young he was, and the distress of his mother when he ran away to enlist; at any rate, she said hastily: "Come inside and we will see what can be be done." Just then a thin, high voice called "Mina, Mina, come here, I want you."

Quick as a flash, at the sound of the voice, Stephen started up, his whole demeanor changed; grasping the girl's arm, he said: "I have a plan. I will try and pass them and get that boat which I saw hidden in the bushes down by the river this morning. I did not dare try it then, for they were so close behind me. Get a dress of your mother's, quick."

"What do you want?" she began, but he interrupted her savagely. "Don't talk, get it."

She went to a closet and hurriedly taking down a dress skirt handed it to him. He hastily put it on, then, coming up behind her, snatched down a black shawl, pinned it quickly across his shoulders, and, thrusting his cap into his pocket, jammed a large straw bonnet down upon his head.

"Spectacles, quick," he said briefly, as he tied the bonnet strings.

She brought a pair from a table nearby. He turned towards the door while adjusting them, yet paused, with his hand upon the knob. "Could you get me a cane, too?" he asked in a low voice, and she noticed that it shook, and that he was deathly pale.

Going into another room she brought an umbrella, saying, as he took it: "We have no cane, perhaps this will do;" then, as he still hesitated, "I am sorry for what I said; I hope you will get away."

He gave her a grateful look, muttered a hasty "thank you," and went down the steps, taking up the basket of peaches as he passed. There was still no one in sight, when he came into the road. Stooping, he gathered up some dust, and shook it over the skirt until it was thoroughly dusty,

then leaning upon the umbrella, he limped slowly down the road.

Presently he saw a cloud of dust arising in the distance. In spite of the heat and extra clothing, he shivered, yet kept steadily on. Three men on horseback were approaching at a rapid trot. It seemed to Stephen that the beating of his heart must choke him. Now one of them was beside him, though partly obscured by the dust. The jar of the horse's tread went through his very brain, as the man passed, growling to himself and wiping his wet face. The other two followed closely, and Stephen had drawn one long breath, when the last man suddenly reined his horse and shouted to the others to stop.

Stephen stopped too. He had no power to run. He longed to cry out, in his desperation, and beg them to take him and end the suspense.

"Say Granny, did you see a fellow tearing along just now, as if some one was after him?"

"Some one went by, but I can't see very well," came in a high, quavering voice, from under the bonnet.

"All right, Granny, better polish up your specs, this atmosphere will spoil them," laughed the officer, as he started his horse forward.

Any one watching might have seen "Granny", fifteen minutes later, making for the river at a very unseemly pace, for one of her years. The boat was still in the bushes, so that, until the war was over, no one in northern New Jersey heard more of Stephen Howard.

A. M. S.

THE SAFETY VALVE.

ONE GIRL AND ANOTHER.

ITHACA, N. Y., June 7, '98.

My dear Margaret:

Do you remember my cousin Blanche who stayed with me two years ago? Of course you must. You and I used to talk over her wearing ways and used to congratulate each other that we had minds of our own. She was one of those "clinging vines" you know, and nearly wore me to a shadow at the time of her visit. She was always getting lost and did not dare inquire her way of a policeman because it was "so conspicuous". Whenever she saw a bicycle, horse, or wagon coming towards her, she would stop right in the middle of the crossing and squeal. She used to sit for hours embroidering and waiting for the men to call. When I took her to see the girls play golf, she thought it was shocking for them to be out-of-doors bare-headed and to roll up their sleeves. Bicycling she considered unladylike, tennis tomboyish. Every night and morning she used to kiss me, and she had those abominably soft little hands that squeeze up into nothing. She would wear over night gloves that smelt of glycerine and rose water, imagine! when we hang out of the window just to get ours tanned! Well, this "clinging vine" insists on my coming to visit her, and mamma insists on my going. I presume I shall live through it, though I scarcely see how. I know I have your heartfelt sympathy, but do write soon to assure me, of it

Yours sincerely,

EDITH.

HILL CREST, ALA., July 10, '98.

My dear Margaret:

I want you to forget all I said in my last letter about Blanche. A perfectly marvelous change has come over the girl since I saw her last. As I stepped off the train at the

station, a tanned, healthy looking creature walked up to me and wrung my hand. "This is cousin Edith, is it not?" she asked. Dumbfounded, I recognized Blanche. As she relieved me of my handbag she helped me into a dog-cart hitched behind two dreadfully lively horses. She drove them herself as skilfully as a professional. You know the Montgomerys have a big, rambling house, extensive grounds and stretches of lawn; a typical Southern home. The first thing I saw after entering the grounds was a tennis court; beyond were golf links upon which her brothers and sisters were playing. The porch was strewn with bats, balls, raquets, and other sporting things. Blanche considers my amazement a huge joke She ascribes the change in herself solely to her visit with me. She says she saw what a helpless, dependent good-for-nothing she was, and made up her mind to be different. Well, she certainly is! I hear her now calling me to come and take a canter to Longwood with her. That means a twenty-mile ride. I shall be the worse for it, and she won't tire at all. Such is life!

Yours in haste,

EDITH.

AFTER THE BANQUET.

When Chester Ellsworth left Ithaca, and the uncertainties contingent with finals, behind him, and started for home, he was in no merry mood. The well-worn jest, "Good-bye, old man, if I'm not back next term," had grown to have a prophetic ring. However, under the genial influence of the family, who killed the fatted calf and made him feel generally that only since his return was life endurable to them, his spirits revived. The presence of an adored and adorable cousin, who happened to be spending the holidays with his mother, visibly brightened him. Ithaca seemed very far away, and, besides, he hadn't lived to be a senior without learning the use of his vocal organs at the Registration Bar.

Strengthened and sustained by these reflections, he took

his late breakfast, while the family individually and collectively stood around and asked questions.

"By Jove, it's a perfect morning, Nell. Let's do the town," he pleaded ingratiatingly, and she, nothing loath, donned the most bewitching of hats and finest of furs, and they started.

"You see," he began, "the Alumni Banquet was held here last night. Missed it by coming on the night train. Some of our men were on for it. It is," he continued, consulting his watch, "just eleven. We ought—Hello! There's Clifton, now. Graduated in '96, you know. Succeeded wonderfully. He's all right. I say, Clif. old man! Jolly glad to see you. My chum, Clifton, Nell. My cousin, Miss Gordon, Clif. What's your rush?"

And Clifton, thwarted in his mad endeavor to make the first crossing and escape the approaching couple, acknowledged the introduction, and faced a pair of eyes brimming over with fun—eyes which seemed to look him through and rejoice at his discomfort. "Confound you, Chet," he muttered in aside. Then, mustering his nerve, he said, "I *wish* I could join you——"

"Join us, of course," interrupted Chester, intent upon hearing of the recent revel, and dumb alike to his friend's half-muttered maledictions and appealing glances. "An 'engagement?' Nonsense! Nell and I are spoiling for excitement. Tell us the least details about last night. I'm surprised to see you out so early!"

And Clifton, who had come out to recuperate, half-dazed and very light in the head, yielded complacently. His chum's steady fire of conversation restored his own confidence, and he became loquacious at once.

"Don't be uproarious. The Banquet? Ya—as. Believe there was one. Suc—suc—suc—success, old fellah. A great suc—suc—success. Nothing suc—suc—succeeds like suc—suc—suc—success, eh, Miss Gordon? I say, do you happen to know Miss, Miss, um Miss, um Miss, I can't just speak her name," he stuttered, leering engagingly, "um Miss, um Miss, um Miss——"

They were nearing another crossing and Chester, with a low apology to Nell, said: "The deuce, man! What do you mean?"

"Mean," echoed his chum, temporarily sobered. Then, as the last slightest glimmer of intelligence faded from his face, he repeated: "Mean? Why, Miss, um Miss——?"

"You are an old Cornellian, too?" broke in Miss Gordon, by way of diversion.

Her voice seemed to recall him utterly. For he flushed, said helplessly, half-sadly: "Yes. We sang her praises last night, much to our detriment."

And lifting his hat he quickly disappeared down a side street.

WORDS WITH FRESHMEN.

G. Q.—If I should publish in full your earnest but spicy letter, I doubt not the sons and daughters of Ezra would rise up against one another as in the old days when "Romeo" and "Juliet" clawed at each other on the *Era's* back fence, or as in the later time of the green cap pestilence. Shatter my best Waterman ere such a calamity descend!

You say—if I may paraphrase your spirited epistle—that you were chosen to a committee of your class. That you went to the meeting of the committee with some trepidation, for you knew that two of the men on said committee were members of societies known by ancient tradition and present practice as foes of co-education, and you doubted as to your reception. But your fears proved groundless. The enemy was as bland and courteous as a June zephyr; even considerate. They gave you the seat of honor, and they explained the matter in hand with such thoughtful precision and such deference to your womanly judgment that the blackest doubt became a crystal mirror and the ace of spades, a lily. And when the two cuffless sons of toil, who constituted the rest of your committee, sawed the air in protest, you saw at once that they were crude creatures, and casting

your vote with the polished minority, swelled it to a majority. And it was not until next day, when the action of the committee went abroad, that you learned that you had assisted in one of the most artistic pieces of trickery known to freshman politics.

But this, though the worst, is not your only grievance. The glittering youth who was so charmed to meet you at the hop—having existed hitherto only on the anticipation of that pleasure—neglected to claim his dance, and had it not been for an awkward, good-natured instructor who took you to your chaperone, you might have bloomed alone against the wall. Then too, the handsome athlete in epaulettes who took two dances passed you on the campus next day with a look as non-recognizing as that with which the occupant of a back pew greets the collection-plate. But the nice, simple boy who cut a class and ran half a mile to get your umbrella and overshoes? Oh yes, *he* speaks with beaming smiles and lifts his hand to his hat, but *omits to take it off*.

And from such data as these, with the wisdom of three months' experience, you drew the shocking conclusion, that "all nice Cornell men are horrid, and only the horrid men are really nice." Rather comprehensive, my dear, but if you will be general, why stop with Cornell men or even with the sex? Who was it that stole three muffins and a glass of milk and made cocoa for you when you missed your breakfast? Wasn't it the same odious creature who slapped you on the back in the lecture-room and called you "freshman?" And do you remember the damsel who was so charming to you at the Kappa Delta reception—who later borrowed your chemistry notes in cram-week and lost them, and with what ease and *insouciance* she bore the loss? If you should ever go forth to fight your way in this bad wide world—but away with such pessimism! Let us rejoice that the uncultured savage is so sound at heart and that the specious villain has at least good manners.

With a most unfeminine zeal for consistency, you ask how, in the midst of these glittering paste jewels and

diamonds in the rough, a poor freshman is to choose her friends.

Among the treasures of my childhood was a little autograph album, fat with kindly, though sometimes silly sentiments, and good, though often trite advice. One inscription rings through my memory as I read your question,

> "Choose not your friends from outward show ;
> Feathers float, but pearls lie low.
>
> VIOLET LUCILE GRIGGS."

At the time of the inscription I was most impressed by the thrilling euphony of the name "Violet Lucile," and my best paper doll was promptly christened by the ceremony of writing the name on her back, but in later years my thoughts have dwelt more on the sentiment of the verse, which is certainly worthy—yet one can but think that diving is difficult and dangerous, and the oyster an unpleasant little beast, while the false and frivolous feather lends a great deal to human comfort and adornment.

But you are getting impatient for your answer. My dear, when I was passing through my initiate in an Ithaca boarding house, I was often offered a choice of two delectable desserts. One was a beautiful froth and foam in a pink dish with gilded edge ; beneath this irresistible exterior lurked a piece of day-before-yesterday's sponge cake. The other was angular and crusty, with brown, scarred visage and a leering eye, but its soul was the soul of the incomparable Tompkins County King apple. Sometimes I chose one, sometimes the other—one need not be too consistent—but I always bore well in mind with what manner of thing I was dealing,—cut deep with the fork, plied the spoon warily.

A DOUBLE REJECTION.

Mabel Ainslee was in a dilemma. She was standing in front of the dressing-table in her room at the Alpha Nu Sigma house, about ready for the "Junior Prom." On the table before her lay twelve beautiful large Jack roses and an

even larger pure white one; all she had to do was to arrange them and fasten them on her corsage. Apparently a very simple operation; yet Mabel's expression indicated that she thought differently. Her brow was contracted into a thoughtful frown, and she tapped the table nervously while looking fixedly at the flowers. This situation lasted for fully five minutes. Then suddenly stretching out her hands, she picked up the roses one by one, carefully arranging them with the white one conspicuously placed in the centre of the bunch. She held them thus in her hands, and gazed at them seriously for another minute, while the frown deepened. Then she suddenly plucked the white rose from the bouquet and threw it down on the table and made a motion to fasten the rest on her bodice. But the next instant, changing her mind, she cast the entire bouquet on the table. "Goodness!" she ejaculated in a tense voice, "will I never decide? Here I've been trying to for the last half hour and I'm no better off than before! I *must* choose—it's a case of 'now or never'."

Possibly these actions and words on Mabel's part need a little elucidation. It can be given in a few words. Rob Wainwright, who had invited her up for Junior Week, and his chum, Jack Halsey, were both in love with Mabel, and, as fate would have it, had both proposed that day. Mabel had with difficulty put them off, promising to give each his answer at the "Prom." that evening. Rob had arranged a little scheme with Mabel, by means of which he would know his fate without the necessity of words. He had sent her the flowers with the understanding that, if she chose him, she was to wear the white rose in the bouquet with the red ones; on the other hand, if Jack was the lucky man, she was to wear the red ones alone. Now it happened that the two men were almost equally balanced in her favor. No wonder the poor girl was in a quandary. The hall-clock downstairs struck the half hour. With a start Mabel realized that it was half-past nine, and time to go. Suddenly, she made a desperate resolution. She hurriedly turned away from the table, leaving the roses where she

had dropped them. Throwing her opera-cloak over her shoulders, she opened the door and hastened downstairs, where Rob was waiting for her alone. The others had already gone.

The first number was over when Rob and Mabel reached the Armory. Rob, after hastily disposing of his hat and coat, waited impatiently for Mabel to appear. He was extremely anxious to learn his fate ; but Mabel had kept her cape drawn so closely around her, on the way from the house, that he had not been able to see whether or not she wore the white rose. When she finally came out, the orchestra was just striking up for the second waltz. It was Jack's dance, and Jack, who happened to have seen them come in, was waiting for Mabel at the door leading from the "gym" into the Armory. Rob had just time to glance at Mabel to see whether she wore the white rose. Heavens ! what did that mean ? She wore no flowers at all. He involuntarily looked at her for an explanation, but Jack had eagerly come forward to claim her, and the next instant the two were gliding out on the floor to the strains of "The Serenade." Rob, in a state of deep mental excitement, had to hurry away to find his partner.

He did not have an opportunity to speak to Mabel alone till just before the sixth dance, which was his. He stepped into the box beside her, and leaning over, asked the explanation of her not wearing the roses. Then Mabel, somewhat embarrassed, told him in a low tone that she had been unable to decide between them and had resolved—to marry neither. For a moment Rob was too astonished to speak. Just then Jack stepped into the box, and looked curiously at the pair ; Rob returned the glance with a half quizzical expression , and said to Mabel :

"Does Jack know your decision ?"

"Yes," replied Mabel, "I told him during our first dance."

Rob hesitated a moment. "Well, Mabel, it's hard luck for both of us ; but it's not so bad as it might be, for"—with emphasis—"we're both 'in the same box.'"

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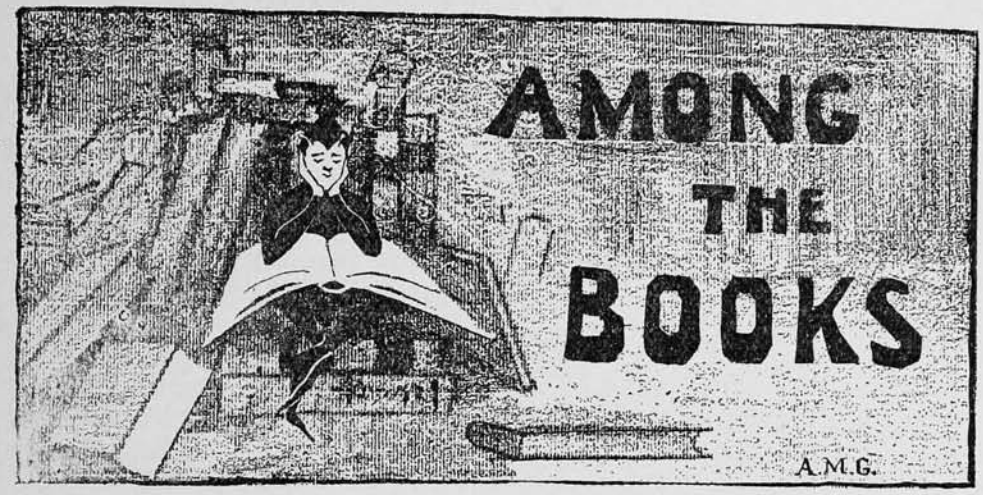
MANUSCRIPT for the March number should be in the hands of the editor before 20, February.

THE fact that the Masque play for Junior week is written by students would seem to be one of the indications of a Cornell awakening of the desire for written expression. Another indication we have been pleased to note is the greater number of articles this year submitted to the MAGAZINE. Surely it is time for the Cornell student to feel that the "things of the spirit" have a demand on part of his thought and life, to feel that he ought to set aside at least an occasional afternoon or evening for profitable reading, for tentative writing. Many times, in our personal requests for "copy," we have been met by the resigned comment, "Oh, I can't write anything," or else by the equally helpless wail, "What shall I write about?" Thanks to the growing academic life, accentuated by some of the university courses, it is no longer the lot of the editor to be met by unvarying negatives.



THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

We are not surprised that Mr. Gilbert Parker's *The Battle of the Strong* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is included in the January and February *Bookman* lists of the six best selling books, that in fact it is second in each list. It is a story remarkable for its quick, breathless action reminding one of Hope, its "backing and filling" reminding one somewhat of Scott, its occasional pauses for philosophizing almost suggesting Thackeray, its keenly observant, delicately connotative touches of nature-description recalling Stevenson, its sometimes bizarre and highly individualized vocabulary recalling Meredith; yet, in each of these respects, there is something which seems to belong to Mr. Parker alone: he seems to be imitating, yet not peculiarities, but methods.

Like Hope in *Phroso* he stirs us by his vigorous action. Starting with a proem of two pages in which he presents in condensed, systematic paragraphs the place setting, the little Channel island of Jersey, and the time setting, the generation at the end of the last century and that at the beginning of this, he passes in Chapter I to a naturally told, apparently trivial little incident which serves to introduce the hero, Philip d'Avranche, a boy of sixteen, midshipman in the English navy, and the heroine, Guida Landresse, an independent little miss of five. Then in the second chapter he narrates how a young Jerseyman, Ranulph Delagarde,

about fourteen years old, by chance overhears two Jersey traitors discussing an imminent invasion of the island by a French army, and in Chapter III at once whisks to the French invasion, with, in the next chapter, its spirited, violent repulse by the English and the inhabitants of Jersey, accompanied by the death of brave Major Peirson, the English commander. Unfettered now by strict historical details, the writer whirls along to one lively situation after another through over four hundred virile pages.

The general method by which this lively action is narrated reminds one of Scott, or of Dickens in *Copperfield*. Mr. Parker goes ahead a little way with one set of characters or with one character, then he stops for the others to catch up. Departing, however, from the usual custom of both Dickens and Scott, he even irritates one by his frequent spacings to indicate time-gaps and by his occasional naïve chapter headings: "eleven years after", "during one year later". He produces, indeed, the effect of a broken panorama in which are seen in action successively in the lives of various characters—bravery, courtesy, despair, fear, hate, love, jealousy, emulation, foolhardiness. For example, after deserting from a French war ship, a foolhardy man scales a hitherto unclimbed sea-wall, his great sailor's "fingers in rags", his brain whirling, and mechanically hauls up after him a girl who had loved him for years and yet could only induce him to haul her up by calling from below that he was now to pull up "Sebastian Alixandre." On the level height the seaman proceeds to bring a whole fleet to terms, picking off man after man, himself entirely unharmed by the tremendous cannonade ordered by the haughty French captain. "Here was a ridiculous thing: one man and a slip of a girl fighting and defying a battle-ship. The smoke of battle covered miles of the great gulf. Even the sea-birds shrieked in ridicule." Another picture—the notable interview between Philip and Guida after a separation of five years—is a remarkable bit of writing. It may well be compared with that passionate chapter in *Feverel*

where Richard goes to Lucy to say good-bye and "summoning the powers of hell", kisses her suddenly, cries the word of parting, and hurries away. Mr. Parker is dealing with characters quite different from those in *Richard Feverel*, his hero has not come to Guida simply to say good-bye, yet in a way the chapters suggest each other. Mr. Parker's work is not so sustained as Meredith's; nevertheless, it is good writing.

We need not speak specifically of the admirably toned, delicate structural descriptions, of the highly-colored, wide-ranged vocabulary, or of the occasional retarding philosophical observations. The story seems to us, in spite of not a few flaws in detail, firm, well-organized, vigorous, and entertaining.

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.

"Such ingenuousness is overpowering" said Mr. Archibald of Margery Dearborn. The same comment might be applied with more or less aptness to the words and actions at various times of each of the ten "associate hermits"—Mr. Archibald and his wife, the tramp-bishop, Margery Dearborn, Clyde, Raybold, Corona Raybold, and the three guides, Matlack, Martin, and Mrs. Perkenpine—whom Frank R. Stockton has gathered together in his new book, *The Associate Hermits.* (Harper and Brothers.) In this story, Mr. Stockton shows his wonted skill in making momentarily plausible the most absurd of plot-absurdities. A comfortable old married couple of twenty years' standing to bustle off on a wedding trip in order that their daughter and her husband might remain undisturbed in the family residence during a month's peaceful honeymoon! The couple to have foisted on their charge the impulsive, 'dynamitic' Miss Dearborn, daughter of their friend. The three to start off from a summer hotel to a "number three" camp (do you wonder what this can be?) for a quiet, restful sojourn. The party to be joined in an adjacent tent-camp by a stray tramp-bishop, by two young men, cousins, and

later by the sister of one of them. This sister to suggest the formation of a hermit association where everyone without overstepping usual bounds shall have regard only for his or her personal enjoyment and caprice. The two young men and one of the guides to make love and propose to Margery; the bishop to win Miss Raybold; Mrs. Perkenpine, the she-guide, to pester Phil Matlack, the hotel-keeper's oldest guide; Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, respectable, aged, domestic couple, to elope—all in less than two weeks! Such curious heaped-up action is characteristic only of Frank R. Stockton's unique plot-ingenuity. The sparkle of his humor, however, is not so ubiquitous as formerly; there are pages which are rather dreary and tame for Stockton. Yet there are, too, pages which fairly scintillate with their author's individual, rampant, enjoyable fun. Mr. Stockton has as yet by no means written himself out.

OTHER BOOKS.

Ambrose Bierce we have several times spoken of as the author of a collection of short stories re-issued last year by the Putnams under the title *In the Midst of Life*. He comes to us now from the same publishers in a flamboyant covered little volume, *Fantastic Fables*. These are concentrated bits of worldly wisdom, permeated perhaps a little overmuch with aloes and persimmon. We quote:

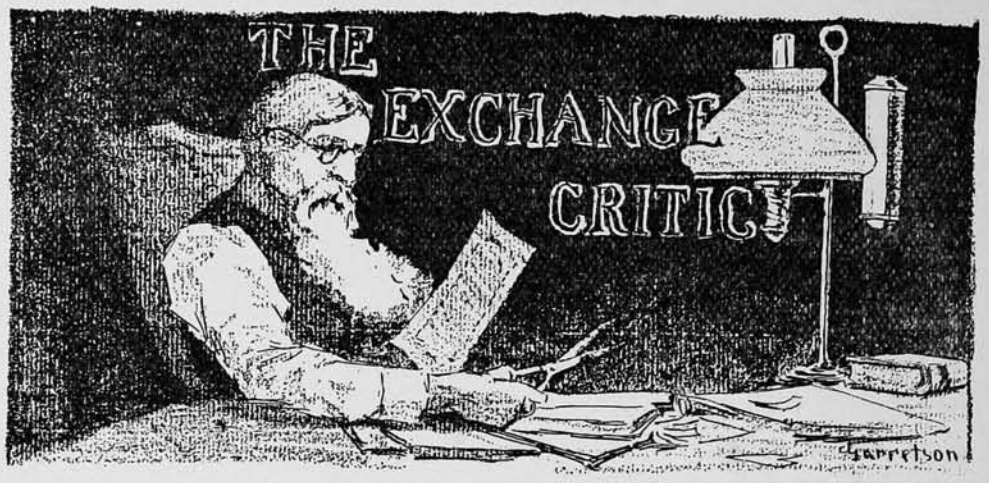
"EQUIPPED FOR SERVICE.—During the Civil War a Patriot was passing through the State of Maryland with a pass from the President to join Grant's army and see the fighting. Stopping a day at Annapolis, he visited the shop of a well-known optician and ordered seven powerful telescopes, one for every day in the week. In recognition of this munificent patronage of the State's languishing industries, the Governor commissioned him a colonel."

Bret Harte's *Stories In Light and Shadow* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are new in conception, in some cases new in structure and are energetically worked out. They show

Bret Harte's cleverness in the management of dialect and of dialogue, his insight into the ways of thought and action of all sorts of people. Yet we feel that he is still at his best in the stories, such as "See Yup" of this collection, where he deals with men and manners of the Far West.

Last year we called attention to a booklet of Elbert Hubbard's—his "Little Journey" to the home of Jane Austen. We have before us the bound volume containing all the booklets in the series, "Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women." Herein are accounts of visits to the homes of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Madame Guyon, Harriet Martineau, Charlotte Brontë, Christina Rossetti, Rosa Bonheur, Madame de Staël, Elizabeth Fry, Mary Lamb, Jane Austen, Empress Josephine, Mary W. Shelley. The author of this volume, Mr. Hubbard, must be a delightful man; his writing is marked by a charming conversational sparkle. Moreover, each "journey", though lightly recounted, is substantial, is unusually felicitous in presenting about each person concerned, in brief compass, an adequate general impression. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.)

Professor Arlo Bates, in his *Talks on Writing English* and on the *Study of Literature*, writes vigorously and brightly; while instructing, he never bores. In his story *The Puritans*, on the other hand, (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) one often feels impatient; Mr. Bates allows himself too frequently to linger over personal generalizations. Nevertheless, he has succeeded on the whole in writing a fairly interesting story. His Puritans are Boston people, endowed by their progenitors with fondness for ethics and —isms. Two young novices from the Clergy House of St. Mark are by a fire in the house thrown on the fashionable Boston world. Here, in the company of lovely women, they listen to all sorts of strange doctrines, which no one takes seriously. They, however, do take things seriously, so that at the end of the story they are no longer novices in the house of St. Mark. One has turned Catholic, the other has become agnostic and engaged.



The January *Smith College Monthly* contains an exceptionally well-written story entitled "An Experiment," as well as a number of clever sketches under the head of the "Contributors' Club." "Too Much Telegram" is an amusing little comedy in two acts in the "*Brunonian*". The "*Morningside* prints the third of a series of "Imaginary Lectures" which to an outsider seem altogether without humor, and thoroughly painful when considered in connection with the accompanying caricature. These features are to a degree counterbalanced by Part I of "A Professional Hero" and "At the Eighth Tee." *Red and Blue* prints "The Gemini," an interesting tale of the reunion of college chums after many years. The ever-prompt *Touchstone* presents an exceedingly good story, "For Auld Lang Syne"—an account of the disgrace and subsequent advancement of a Gordon Highlander in Afghanistan. "The Early Days of Vassar" in the "*Miscellany*" is of more than local interest, the article being a series of selections from the letters of a Vassar '73 girl relating Freshman experiences. A description of the literary attributes of Francois Coppee, "A Case of Identity," and "Guardian of the Trapped" in the *Williams Lit.* make a pleasing combination. *Wesleyan Lit.'s* sketches lose much of their interest by their peculiarly abrupt endings. In the *Wellesley Mag.* the conclusion of "The Scarlet Cat" is given; it is most unique in conception.

WISDOM.

Each man may put a handle
  To the sickle of the moon,
And reap a golden harvest
  Where the spheres are all in tune.

But he who would have wisdom
  Should know the stars of Heaven,
Though only studied in a pool
  That mirrors them at even.

—*The Inlander.*

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THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

MARCH

THE CORNELL WAY.

WE passed them at New London and we won the Hudson race,
And we shook them with a hearty hand, we showed an honest face ;
They're foemen worthy of respect, they're foemen made of grit ;
They pulled a lost, heart-breaking race but they don't race to quit.

So we yelled when the race was over,
And we yelled for Old Eli, too ;
For we wondered much at her prowess
And we wondered much at her crew.

And now if Yale and Harvard want to row tradition's race,
We'll stick to what we said at first but not with sullen grace ;
Or if misunderstanding is the order of the day,
We'll row upon the Hudson in the good old Cornell way.

But we'll honor Old Yale and Harvard
As much as we honor Old Penn. ;
For they've shown us the spirit of heroes ;
They have shown us the spirit of men.

It's true the world may not applaud with Yale and Harvard
out;
But championships are empty. They're for college men to
flout.
Cornell's great boast is in the sport with rivals of her steel,
To triumph in the sportsman's race or to her victor kneel.

And we'll honor Old Yale and Harvard,
Not hiss like a snake at their name;
And we'll welcome them ever as rivals,
But not for the champion's fame.

John O. Dresser.

HEDONISM.

IN PART, AFTER HORACE.

(*Reprint with corrections.*)

DEEP-WRAPPED in snow Soracte's peaks rise,
And the branches bare of the straining wood
To the earth are bowed
By the full, white shroud
Of winter's weaving, while the flood
In crystal fetters silent lies.

Heap high the hearth. Let its ruddy glow
Chill gloom dispel, merry hearts reveal,
While the mellow wine
Of the Sabine vine,
From dusty jar with four-year seal
Streams forth to the cup in cheering flow.

To the gods all else! Seek not to know
What the light of shadowy morn will bring.
This day's lack of pain
Consider as gain;
And in youthful years, be gay and sing,
Ere the hoary brow brings a weight of woe.

To Cupid supreme let court be paid;
At twilight dim let the whisper low
Of lover true
His sweetheart woo,
And on Martian plain in the moon's soft glow
Let trysts be kept and vows be made.

The day's our own ere Pluto come
To bear us off in his grimy wain,
Dread god of death
Whose icy breath
Darkens the flame of pleasure and pain
And summons us down to his dreary home.

E. M. B.

A FRESHMAN'S STORY.

LETTER I.

ITHACA, N. Y., Friday, Sept. 25.

Dear Mother:

Well! I'm in college at last. It's been a hard pull to get here and the worst is yet to come, but I mean to get through if there's any such thing.

I arrived at Ithaca at a little after five after a pleasant trip. The lunch was fine. Tell Sally she's a sister worth having.

When the train got to the depot, there was a crowd of fellows on the platform and they all wanted to show me a good boarding house. I guess they picked me out for something green because they surrounded me the minute I stepped off the train. They picked out the wrong man though, not because I wasn't green, but because I had only twenty-five dollars to last for the term. I met a fellow on the train who said he was a Sophomore. He showed me to a hotel.

On Wednesday, I was up early and climbed a high hill where the campus is located. Everything is fine. I won't try to describe all the buildings. I'll tell you all about them when I come home. You can bet I'll be glad to come. In the afternoon, we had to register. A fellow threw little tickets out of a window and the crowd scrambled for them. I didn't have any trouble getting one as I was about the biggest fellow in the crowd.

In the registrar's office they gave us tickets which we had to fill out just like voting. I registered Agriculture. After I registered, I went out looking for something to do. I went to a grocery store but they said they didn't have anything, why didn't I try waiting table. I had to laugh but they said that's what a good many do. So I went around all the rest of the afternoon and part of the evening. I got a good job, though. I get my board for waiting. A fellow

has also given me work collecting laundry and I have a nice room near the campus which I get for doing odd work around the house.

Yesterday, work in the university began. It seemed very different from high-school. Some of the professors are smarter than lightning. At noon, President Schurman spoke to all the students in the university in the armory. They make quite a crowd when they all get together.

Today we had English. We had to write a paper telling what we had done in English before. There's lots more to tell you but this is the longest letter I've ever written. All be sure to write a long letter. I tell you I'd like to be home.

Your Son,

DAVE.

LETTER 2.

ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 2.

Dear Mother:

I received your nice long letter and was glad to get it.

I have to study pretty hard now, besides the work which I am doing. I have lectures, recitations and laboratory work. Everything here is fine. There are thousands of books in the library and hundreds of other things of interest which I can't describe on paper, but I'll tell all about them when I come home. It seems as if I had been here a year. I'm not homesick, but I'd like to be home and see you all.

You would laugh to see me waiting table. The fellows call it "slinging hash." I'm improving, though. At first, I was as clumsy as a clown. I spilled soup over a fellow. He didn't get mad but I wish he had. I wouldn't have felt so cheap. I've bought an alarm clock and put it at the head of my bed so I will get up at half-past six.

I've got a fine room, with a table, stove and writing desk. Wish you could be here and see it all.

The fellows in the university are fine. They call us "fresh," but they haven't hazed us yet.

I went down to the athletic field and saw them play football yesterday. I wish I didn't have to work. Some of the fellows asked me to come down and try for the team, as I am bigger than the average. Tell Sally to write. Your son,

DAVE.

P. S.—A fellow has just been here to see me about playing football. Guess I'll try it.

LETTER 3.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26.

Dear Sally:

I don't know where to begin. I'll tell you first where I am. I'm in the writing room of a big hotel and have just finished a corking dinner: soup, turkey, cranberry sauce, pie, pudding, fruit and nuts.

We lost, but it wasn't our fault. Every one was surprised at our fine showing. I was pretty badly bruised but I'd go in again, for another dinner. But I'll begin from the beginning. I wrote you about making the team and playing in the big games. The fellows think I'm a star, but it's only because I'm so strong. Guess the farm is a pretty good place after all. At any rate, I'll be glad to get back there.

Three days ago we left for Philadelphia to play the University of Pennsylvania team. We had a rousing big send-off at Ithaca. While here, we put up at a fine hotel and this afternoon the game was played. There was an awful crowd. Most of the people were against us, but I didn't care. I made up my mind I'd do my best. We played fast and furious and worked a lot of tricks we had practiced. Every one was surprised at our playing. In the second half we had the ball near our goal. We couldn't gain and I kicked. The Penn. fullback made a good catch and started to run. He went like a wild deer and seemed to pass everybody. Of course I couldn't let him by. I dove and got my man. Everybody cheered. The fellows said I saved a

touchdown, but some one else might have got him. The fellows on the team are a fine set. Some day maybe you can meet them.

When I get back to Ithaca, I'm going to study hard and catch up. I wear a big sweater with a neck a yard long. The sweater has a big C for Cornell. I'll bring you a Cornell pin as I promised. Your brother,

DAVE.

LETTER 4.

ITHACA, N. Y., Dec. 2.

Dear Mother:

The letters which you wrote on Sunday have been received.

I have come up in the world considerably since last summer. All the fellows call me Dave and everybody tries to know me. My picture has been in several papers, which I will send you.

It isn't very hard to earn money. There are lots of things which a fellow can do when he has friends.

Examinations will soon be here. I'm grinding—that's what they call it here—hard to pass. Guess I will all right.

You can bet I'll be glad to see the old place once more, and gladder still to see you all and tell you about everything. I'll close now as I've got to bone for Math. Your son,

DAVE.

FROM RICH TO POOR.

IT was the night of the Junior. The ground was covered with snow, which shone bright and sparkling in the clear moonlight. The moon saw and heard many things that night; not only did she peer into the gay ball-room, but also cast her beams through the curtainless window of a certain little room at the very top of a Huestis street boarding house.

It was a strange looking room, for certain signs of bygone wealth were mingled with unmistakable signs of poverty. The floor was carpetless, the furniture of the simplest, while on the wall hung a couple of fine pictures. On a table stood a lamp, which, contrary to the usual custom, was unlighted; several books lay scattered about, from the titles of which one might guess this was a student's room. Seated by the small oil stove, which served for heating, sat a young man, his hands clasped behind his head, his thoughts evidently with the past.

Suddenly a knock interrupted his revery, and Jack Worth, one of his college friends entered.

"Hello, Langdon, old man, what does this mean? no light, not at work, just as if you were a gentleman of leisure."

"That's what I am just for once. The truth is I'm thinking."

"Thinking! that's bad for you," returned his friend, "but you might just think aloud for my benefit."

"I was just thinking about Junior week last year, and how different things were then."

"You were rich, I imagine," said Jack, who had known Langdon only since September and had never asked him about his past.

"Yes, I suppose I was, but sit down old man and I'll tell you how I happen to be in this place."

So Jack Worth sat down, pleased that his friend should have confidence enough in him to tell him his story.

"When I came to college, my father was a rich merchant of Chicago, that's my home you know." Jack nodded and Langdon continued. "So I had all the money I wanted; and I can thank my mother for it that I knew enough not to spend it as some of the fellows here do. But I had a good time though and got through my first two years all O. K. In my junior year I decided to take in the Junior festivities, so I asked a friend of mine from home on for the week, Miss Kent; you should know her, she's a fine girl. I've known her for three years and have always corresponded with her till last spring. We had a splendid time that week, but it was soon over and things had just got back into working order again, when a letter came from my father, saying he had lost everything—absolutely nothing left. He seemed to feel it most because I couldn't finish my college course; I knew he had set his heart on having me finish here, so I wrote and told him I could work the rest of my way through all right. I didn't know how exactly, but I had heard of fellows waiting on table, working in offices, etc. Luckily I happened to find a fellow who had just left this place where he waited on table; so I applied, was accepted, and given this room besides. At first I didn't know how to get along, everything was so different, but I hated to give up. By selling my things one by one I managed to keep a little money on hand. During the summer I worked in an office at home and September saw me back here waiting on table again. I'm getting quite used to it now and doubtless shall become a skillful waiter in time."

"I don't think you'll always wait on table," said Jack, "but I'm glad you told me about yourself for I was sure you must once have lived differently."

Just then a knock interrupted their talk, and a letter was thrown in, which Langdon took listlessly. Holding it by the little stove, however, he saw that the postmark was

Chicago, and that the hand writing looked familiar ; quite excited he lighted the lamp and eagerly read it.

"Must have good news, who's it from?" said Jack as he saw Langdon's face suddenly glow.

"It's from Miss Kent, the girl I had on last year for the Junior ; she doesn't say anything special, but wasn't it nice of her to write to me, when I didn't answer her letter last Spring?"

"How's it come you didn't? that don't seem like you."

"Don't think it was an easy thing to do ! I thought it was the only right thing, for she's as rich as rich can be while I haven't a red cent, and then I didn't believe she'd care much."

"Well, you seem to be mistaken" said Jack, "but I must be moving, so good-bye till to-morrow."

It was very late now but the moon still shone brightly into George Langdon's little room ; the lamp was out, she perceived, and the oil stove cold, but, casting her rays on the table, she espied a letter. There'd be no harm in just looking at the superscription, she thought—and she plainly read, "Kent, Chicago."

J. Elizabeth Reamer.

THE HEART OF TRUXTON.

HOULD it be necessary for your general happiness and well-being that you should know who were John Truxton's grandfathers and great-grandfathers, in order to form a fair estimate of Truxton himself, I can only express a sincere regret, —twofold indeed,—first because there were so many Truxtons, and secondly, because from generation to generation they persisted in being so honorable in birth and breeding, and so distinguished in conduct that volumes could scarcely do them justice. Therefore rest content this once in knowing that John Truxton, student-waiter in the great dining-hall of the girls' dormitory, was wholly worthy of his ancestry, with all that so simple a statement may imply.

To Truxton, struggling with the problem of finances versus education, the one consolation was that the people at home did not know. To be sure, they appreciated the fact that half-cold dinners, and breakfasts indefinitely postponed in order to reach eight o'clock recitations, were not unalloyed delights; but the supreme dreariness of it all was happily beyond their comprehension. From experience, the waiter at table five had learned that it was far less disturbing to center his thoughts on forks and spoons than to let them wander into less material channels; but there were nights when the gay jingle of the piano, and the laughter and chatter of the girls trooping down the broad aisle of the dining-room to the gymnasium, proved maddening. With feverish haste he would make things ready for the morning, vowing even as he straightened the cloth, never, never would he lift a server again; but once in the open air, the fierce mood would change, giving place to one in which a sense of his own helplessness held sway. Then there was the girl-at-the-end-of-the-table! It was thus that he always thought of her; the girls called her Nannette, while on the professors' class-books her name appeared as Miss Harmon.

Nannette's eyes danced behind her glasses, and her gowns were always trim and dainty. Besides, she had reached her Senior year without losing any of the glow from her cheeks or the ripples from her voice,—for all of which John Truxton in his inmost heart was devoutly thankful. Besides, when the supply of spoons ran short or the lemons were sliced too thick or too thin, the-girl-at-the-end-of-the-table did not assume it as a personal affront. Having noticed this long ago, he had governed himself and the spoons accordingly. From long meditation upon these courtesies, and some of even less moment, he came to hope so earnestly that it amounted to more than most prayers, that some day the little romping Marjorie might become just such a woman as Miss Harmon, a wish which, if you look at it rightly, was a compliment to all three.

"Where do you suppose they come from?"

"What, the roses?"

John Truxton stood in his accustomed place at the window, waiting to give the dessert to two girls lingering in the almost deserted dining-room. Long ago he had given up wishing that girls would not discuss at table what should remain state secrets. From experience he had proved that it was quite useless to rattle plates or to drop forks; the girls talked only the more loudly; and if he ventured to vanish into the kitchen, something was sure to be needed.

"It must be Rob Rider," with a charming disregard of sequence and pronouns, "They were on the ice together this afternoon, and—here she comes;" and they rose as Nannette came slowly down the center aisle, with tumbled hair and glowing cheeks showing beneath the round cap.

Truxton, as he brought hot food and poured fresh water, wondered—for which he must be pardoned—what was troubling her; for, once when she thought she was quite alone, she rested her head on her hand, and the dinner was quite untasted. In the days following, Miss Harmon wore no more red roses on her gown, while those in her cheeks faded into pink; and the girls fretted in secret and scolded

her for studying too hard, as if thesis ever made one sit with listless hands and wistful eyes gazing out at the changing winter sky, while the merry jingle of the gymnasium piano mingling with girls' voices sounded from the floor below.

With the Spring recess, Nannette was the first to leave, and when the time of rest was quite over she had not returned. Then they learned that she was ill, and then John Truxton knew too. Sometimes she sent messages to all the girls, and when he overheard all their plans for Easter greetings, how he envied the loud-voiced girl who always sat at her left, since she was privileged to send a cluster of violets and to be even a most infinitesimal part of Miss Harmon's life.

Easter morning, as he met Rider swinging past, he wished grimly that he could toss the young athlete into a bed of American Beauties with the thorns carefully developed. Which was manifestly absurd, since he knew so little of even one side of the case.

Three weeks later, just at sunset, she stepped from the car in the trimmest of spring gowns and hats, so that the girls, lost in admiration thereof, forgot to notice how faint was the color in her cheeks and lips. Later, however, some one decided that Nannette had "grown up"; but, in a fashion more usual than satisfactory, she quite forgot to state premises for her conclusion. And when you stop to consider, it was not absolutely necessary that she should.

One oppressive May evening, when the only refreshing features of dinner were the crisp green of the lettuce-leaves and the fresh gowns of the girls, Nannette tripped into the dining-room in a summery gown with fluttering ribbons. At her belt was a cluster of roses royally red as only a "jack" may hope to be, and so fragrant that as John Truxton bent to take her order their sweetness floated up to him, and he understood.

That night as he slowly filled his tray with the last scattered things, his thoughts were far away from the work his hands were doing. They were long, long thoughts, but in

them was no trace of bitterness. And when at last all was ready for the morning, as he turned to go, his glance fell upon something beside her chair. Stooping, he picked up a rose, snapped short, but perfect, as if with full beauty of leaves and stem. And the blossom was still in his hand as he went down the curving walk past the budding foliage and the flower plots crude with their recent settings.

THE STORY OF A TOMBSTONE.

BOUT a hundred and fifty years ago, Count Zinzendorf came from his home in Saxony to America, to visit the Moravians at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He had seen the brethren gather together in the fatherland; by his advice they had come to America, and now he came to inspect the well-established colony. After arranging various difficulties, which naturally followed the founding of such a community, he visited several Indian tribes. Among them were the Shawnese, a tribe of the Algonquins, whose hunting grounds lay in the Wyoming Valley. He was not treated kindly, until an accident brought him the admiration and fear of the Indians.

Several braves had agreed to kill the "paleface." Stealing to his tent one night, they glanced in stealthily at the sleeping man. When about to spring forward, they saw the gleaming folds of a rattlesnake glittering in the firelight, as the reptile glided over the prostrate figure. Manitou evidently approved their design. But the sleeper was left unharmed. The savages accepted the sign surely sent by the Great Spirit, and crept away as silently as they had come. Next morning Count Zinzendorf could not understand the sudden respect shown him. Whatever the cause, however, he thanked the Giver of all good, when some of the young men declared themselves willing to become Christians. Among them was Iascoda, who followed the Count to Bethlehem.

In the settlement there was great rejoicing at the return of Count Zinzendorf, and scarcely less at the arrival of Iascoda. On Easter morning, which had been appointed for his baptism, after the sunrise service in the cemetery, where already some of the little company were resting from their labors, the young brave knelt before the aged and saintly Bishop

Nitschmann, as he solemnly said: "I name thee John." Then, for a few months, the young man remained at Bethlehem, evidently very happy. Never had there been a more ardent student or a better workman. He, following the example of his white brethren, added a little cabin to the cluster growing up around the church yard. The Moravians wondered at the care with which he selected the wood, and the time which he expended upon the house.

When summer came a longing for his old haunts seemed to seize him. One day he disappeared, and the hearts of his friends were sorrowful, for they thought never to see him again. However, before going he had confided to Father Nitschmann a secret. He would return, bringing with him "Miscodeed," his "Ninimosha" (sweetheart). When the time drew near that he might be expected home, the Bishop revealed John's secret, and the settlement prepared to give him a royal welcome. Then they watched and waited until the weeks lengthened into months. Yet he did not come. Either he was dead or the attractions of his forest home had kept him in Wyoming.

As Easter approached, the Moravians prepared to celebrate, with especial solemnity and thankfulness, the Resurrection service. Except for the loss of John, the community had been greatly blessed during the past year. When the trombone choir awakened the people an hour before sunrise that Easter morning, their figures, gliding through the dim dusk of the dawn, could hardly be distinguished one from another. However, as the congregation started for the cemetery, the sky had grown quite light. In a few moments all were standing with bowed heads about the graves of their loved ones. As the golden disc of the sun cleared the hilltop, the *Gloria in Excelsis* rang out upon the still air. The birds hushed their singing to hear the richer music. They, however, were not the only listeners. At the edge of the clearing stood one who looked as if he had just returned home from a far country. It was John, and with him a blushing Indian maiden. Not until the last triumphant

Amen had echoed from the hills were the wanderers discovered. Then what rejoicing! How they crowded around John and Miscodeed as the young brave told of months in captivity, of escape made possible by Miscodeed's aid, of unavailing pursuit—tales which are too long to be told here.

Then the question of John's marriage was discussed. It did not take long to arrive at a decision. When the Bishop turned to John, saying, "My son, when does thee wish to be united in marriage with thy 'Spring Beauty,' as thee calls her?" the expression of radiant happiness which accompanied his "Now" convinced every one that "now" was the appointed time. Thereupon, after Miscodeed had been baptized, receiving the name Rachel, the marriage ceremony was performed in the church yard. The memory of that Easter day was cherished for years as the happiest ever spent in the little colony. When night came, it is safe to say there were no happier hearts in the new world than those of these children of the forest in their new home among the pale-faces. For years they lived there in the community until, dying but a few days apart, they were laid to rest together.

As the years rolled on, a quaint town sprang up around the church. On the site of John's cabin a great school was built, the first in America for the higher education of women. Amid all the changes, however, the church houses and the cemetery remained the same. Standing there to-day under the majestic forest trees, we can fancy ourselves in another world, a world of everlasting peace. The wind in the trees seems like the chorus of the "choir invisible," forming a fitting accompaniment for our thoughts as we read on the old tombstones the records of lives long gone. There is one stone whose inscription has especial interest for us. It reads, "John, formerly called Iascoda, a Shawnese of the Algonquin nation, baptized 1742, died 1785; and Rachel, formerly called Miscodeed, his wife, baptized 1743, died 1785. 'The first fruits of a great harvest.'"

E. S.

VIRTUE AND KNOWLEDGE SEEK REWARD.

THIS motto, worked in red upon white cardboard and hanging just opposite the door, always greeted Silas Wood as he entered his humble room. The room was rather bare and dingy in appearance, a few magazine pictures on the wall only partially relieving its dreariness. This motto was the most noticeable thing in the room. It had been given to him by his mother the day he left home.

One evening after Silas had entered the room and lighted the lamp, he turned toward the motto and said solemnly "Alas, but I'm afraid that's not true." Pulling off his coat, he sat down, shoved his books to one side, and placed his feet upon the table.

"I'm tired of this life," he said aloud. "Nothing but grind, grind, grind. I came here to be helped, but I haven't been. I've kept that motto always before me, but have come to the conclusion that it's all a blooming farce. Life like this is no fun. From seven in the morning till eleven at night with no intermission is murderous. Colleges were not made for poor boys like me. With no money, obliged to sling hash and do odds and ends for my room, obliged besides to work like a nigger all summer to get enough for my clothes and books, I was a darn fool to come here. To think how some of those fellows over to the hash-house spend money—four and a half for board, shows every night, and everything else connected with jolly fraternity life, then to think that I shall have to spend the rest of my college days like this. I say, I wish I had never come here to Cornell, but had gone to work, as I ought. Education and colleges are a farce, good enough for rich boys—not a place for me."

Silas sprang up, threw his books on the rack, and hurriedly put on his coat, which was faded, ragged along the edges, out at the elbows, and odorous with kitchen fumes.

During the last month, Silas had felt discouraged. This was his second year in college and his prospects were dark. He had grieved much over his poverty. He had always had an ambition to go through college and work his way up the ladder of life. So far he had kept up manfully, but, of late, he was beginning to falter.

He resolved to take a stroll down town to relieve his thoughts. Meeting his room-mate in the hall, Silas said not a word to him. On the street he met some of the fellows, but hurriedly passed by them. Down town he met others, but either did not know them or was afraid to speak.

Silas declared to himself a number of times that he would leave college at the end of the term, yes, even as soon as he could get away. He had had enough of the realities of glittering generalities. He had had none of those pleasant, easy times, so often spoken of as being associated with college life. Everything was a struggle; constantly he was receiving cuts from his classmates. What fun could there be for him when he felt that his company was offensive to others. Besides, he had no time to give to himself for his own personal culture. All his spare moments must be spent over his books, for five hours of the day were wasted in waiting table.

He was now passing a fraternity house. It was brightly lighted; the curtains were up. Silas looked in. There in the lounging room were ten or fifteen fellows, some of whom he knew, sitting around, either talking or reading. "All seem happy and contented; no cares or thoughts for the morrow are troubling them," so thought Silas, while he stood looking fixedly.

After roaming around for nearly two hours and finding that he felt no better, he went home. There he found his room-mate, sleeping soundly with no thoughts of poverty or the morrow.

"There's something wrong," Silas said as he quickly jumped into bed.

The next morning he felt no better. He went about his usual duties, but in a far different spirit than ever before. He wasted two hours at the boarding-house, waiting table, then he had to swallow his breakfast in five minutes to make a nine o'clock. His recitations went off poorly—lack of preparation the evening before. One hour and a half at lunch was endured among the kitchen odors. The fellows were unusually disagreeable; the cook, tired; the landlady, "groutchy." The afternoon was spent in studying, or, at least, in an attempt to study. At six o'clock came dinner, the hardest meal. At seven-thirty Silas was again in his room. The day gone—what gained? "Nothing," thought Silas.

"Let's go up to the reception at Barnes, to-night," said his room-mate.

"Say we do!" and Silas brightened up somewhat. "I'm tired of grinding every night."

"I thought you were," was his chum's reply.

That evening these two boys, probably the poorest in the University, went to Barnes Hall. When Silas saw the crowd inside, he faltered, saying to himself that he would probably be cut by everyone there. However, upon the entreaties of his room-mate, he ventured as far as the hall.

Here he met some of his friends, hash-slingers like himself. They greeted him with hearty hand-shakes. Nevertheless, Silas felt disconsolate.

Presently one of the students, a popular fraternity man interested in Barnes Hall, came up and greeted Silas.

"Let me take you in and introduce you," said the fellow. Silas hesitatingly followed him into the reading room.

He was introduced to three girls and two fellows. He knew none of them. How strange it all seemed. Would he be able to keep up a conversation? Wouldn't the girls take him to be a hash-slinger and therefore not notice him?

The other fellows were dressed much better than Silas. He had on a black coat that he had worn for over two years. It was turning gray and was much wrinkled. The sleeves were short; the trowsers, baggy; the cut, old-

fashioned. He had no watch chain with which to amuse himself while talking. His hands seemed to be in the way; and he did not know how to stand comfortably.

However, Silas was soon put at ease by one of the girls addressing her whole conversation to him. She paid no attention to clothes or manners, but simply tried to make him feel when she left him, that she had not snubbed him. Silas felt that he had met a truly cultured girl. Somehow she seemed to draw him into conversation. He began to talk as if no disconsolate thoughts had lately raged in his breast. They talked about their studies, the professors and instructors, the last University preacher, the weather, the great football game.

Suddenly his old thoughts came back. The girl must have noticed that he was poor and awkward, and, therefore, had exerted herself to make him at ease. How could she have helped but notice his wretchedness!

Soon he parted with the girl and drifted in the crowd to the other side of the room. Another fellow picked him out and gave him a vigorous shake of the hand. This fellow proved to be a Senior, who was widely known among the students. Silas was soon at ease again and felt that the world had not gone against him. Here was a Senior very popular among the students, who condescended to shake his hand and talk to him. And he talked as though he was not ashamed to be seen with poor Silas Wood.

"What does all this mean?" Silas muttered to himself.

The Senior passed on. Next he was greeted by a young lady who asked him if he wouldn't like to meet some of the people. Silas stood bewildered. "Who was he that so many should come and seek him to-night? What great deed had he done?" He was so confused that he simply replied: "Thank you, but I have met so many to-night."

"Well, then, you'll talk with me, won't you?" she asked with a bland smile.

"Yes, if you have no objections," Silas replied.

"Certainly not, I am here to see that all are enjoying them-

selves," and Silas noticed that she wore the badge of the reception committee.

Again this time, Silas felt at ease and enjoyed a pleasant conversation. He even found himself walking out with her into one of the smaller rooms after lemonade. He truly felt that he was someone more than poor Silas Wood, as he stood beside her whom he had noticed so often on the Campus and in the library.

The time passed swiftly for the poor boy. Ere he was aware, the piano was struck and a crowd gathered around it, singing the trio, *Alma Mater*, *Cornell*, and the *Evening Song*. Silas regretted that it was time to leave.

That night as Silas Wood entered his room and observed the motto on the opposite wall, he exclaimed much to the surprise of his room-mate: "Virtue *is* always rewarded. Knowledge *is* power. I'm glad I came here. There's something after all in college life. Even if I do have to sling hash, life isn't all a grind and a struggle." With the thought of the sociable Senior and the two girls, Silas fell asleep that night contented.

H. W. Palmer.

FOUR OF US.

REVELATIONS OF THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

MECHLER, J. M Who'd have thought he'd be on the list! Why, he's 2 M; works all day long at his recitations and his drawing and his shop—bones math. and mechanics evenings—apparently hasn't a jiffy for reading and he's a subscriber to "the one publication here which is, in aim, distinctively literary." We are glad, too, that others of his course are like him.

SMYTHE, J. H. Well, Jove, this is funny. Now you'd surely have thought to see his name as a subscriber. Instead here's this big heavy ink mark drawn straight through his line of the students' list—through name, course, and address. And he's in Arts; goes to all sorts of concerts and social functions. He's right among those of the most exclusive academic atmosphere. To be sure one always has wondered how he was tolerated there. One has been awfully bored at hearing him occasionally try to say something literary; the veneering has always been painfully obvious. Possibly he reads some "cheap" newspaper which purveys for a penny scraps of gossip about literary men; he isn't able to digest these scraps. He probably is "saving" his money, so that, when you go around to him for a subscription, he thinks he can't afford to spend any more on reading.

Ed.

TWO FARMERS.

We were out walking one Sunday afternoon—a party of fourteen. Coming down South hill, two of the fellows, tired of the thick dust of the road, mounted the well-built stone wall that bordered the way, and walked along the flagstones that topped it. They had not gone far, however, before they discovered the farmer running angrily across the field toward them, with shaking fist and loud shouts.

He was cursing, and the nearer he came the more violently he cursed the rowdies for tearing down his stone wall. Suddenly he stopped and looked sheepish—he had caught sight of the *twelve* of us beyond the wall on the road, here sunk below the field. He coughed once or twice. Then, with a mild objection to our disturbing the Sabbath with our songs, he turned back to the house, a quiet though enraged man.

It was one July afternoon, that, riding through New Jersey on my wheel, I had broken the chain just as I reached the top of a hill. Hard luck! thought I. Probably no repair shop on this road for miles, and all level ground. I wheeled the bicycle to a near-by farm house to ask for the nearest blacksmith.

"Wall," said the man in the doorway, "guess it's nigh four miles from here. What's the matter, breakdown? Oh, the chain-mainscrew-nut gone, I see. Say, take a chair for a minute."

While I wondered what he was going to do, his wife brought out a chair, set it in the shade for me and ordered one of the many children who peeked out of the door to bring me drink. I drank the water from the clean, cold dipper and, helpless, watched the farmer and his eldest sons tinker with the chain. One of the little girls brought me a big apple, another showed me her doll; and before I could lift to my knee a little tot who came smiling toward me, I found my wheel repaired. My offer to pay for the service, delicately put as possible, was declined, and I was sent off with many wishes of good luck and no more accidents.

AN APPRECIATION.

At the afternoon lecture in Boardman, I had taken a seat directly underneath the window that looks out toward the library clock. As the first quarter chimed, I glanced up and noticed once more how that tall spire, the tower, often becomes a magician's wand to attract the most beautiful of clouds to its background. Through a lattice work of twigs,

I watched that little space of sky, the deep blue of a cold winter afternoon, now and then swept over by the lightest and fluffiest of clouds. Their purity and richness were their beauty ; their motion, calm and continuous, was an additional charm. Big clouds, little clouds, mere films of whiteness passed in succession over that bit of sky. Soon, the blue grew pale, the clouds became tinted. The window was bright with the crimson of the winter sunset. The sky-scene, like a nocturne of some master, inspired in me a sense of serenity and contentment.

The lecture ended, suddenly it seemed. "Good lecture, wasn't it ?" said Jim to me. I showed him my book. All I had written was, "Read Jim's notes."

A LACK OF APPRECIATION.

Do you ever stop to think where you are, you senior, junior, sophomore, or freshman ? Without doubt, you are too busy to realize that you are having your college days, days destined ever to be bright in memory. Recollect yourself, then, sometime, and look about you : at dinner time—all men about you, warm, sympathetic, jovial friends ; at the field—all men, with a common love for fair Cornell ; on the campus—all acquaintances through *Alma Mater*. Yes, you do realize, once in a while, that you are in college, and you experience a thrill of extreme pleasure ; while, for a passing moment, you regret only that others, notably your mother, cannot appreciate what your college life means to you.

G. S. D,

THE BETTER SIDE OF CARLYLE.

Carlyle has been epigrammatically called dyspeptic; as he expressed himself through his writings he certainly did have dyspepsia. But this is only one side of Carlyle and the wrong side at that. Unfortunately it is the outside and so the only one a good many persons see. Carlyle was a two sided man. He was at once a dyspeptic pessimist and a sympathetic lover of humanity. These two opposites of his nature may be strongly brought out by two sentences from *Sartor Resartus*. In one he says: "Man is a forked raddish with a fantastically carved head." In the other: "O my brother, my brother! Why can I not shelter thee in my bosom and wipe away all tears from thy eyes?" Carlyle himself recognized his better side and he tells us how he first felt its influences: "like soft streamings of celestial music to my too exasperated heart came that Evangile. . . With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow-men; with an infinite love and an infinite pity."

There has been in the past great need of a book to bring out the better side of Carlyle's nature. Last December it came in the form of an attack by David Wilson on Carlyle's biographer, Mr. Froude. "Mr. Froude and Carlyle" by David Wilson, reproaching Mr. Froude for two strongly emphasizing Carlyle, the dyspeptic, shows us Carlyle, the sympathetic lover of humanity. The dyspeptic Carlyle being the only Carlyle that Mr. Froude knew, the biography suffered accordingly. Anecdotes and incidents are freely, carelessly misconstrued to support a false impression. The result is a one-sided, distorted Carlyle. Mr. Wilson shows us all Mr. Froude's inaccuracies and misconstructions and opens up to us the better side of Carlyle's character. His book marks an epoch in the study of Carlyle. It opens a new period—a period of the study of the *whole* Carlyle.

L. Patterson.

The Cornell Magazine

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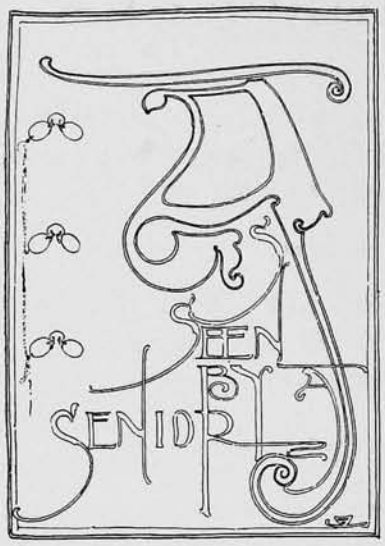
MANUSCRIPT for the April number should be in the hands of the editor before 27, March.

BECAUSE of the very nature of our University, divided as it is into colleges largely independent of each other, and thus into groups of students, thinking and working along widely differing lines, there are few points where the interests of any large number of us converge. One of these points is our fondness for athletics, particularly for our crew and coach. That was a moment of intense enthusiasm, when, following closely upon the men carrying a new donation to his beloved Cornell navy, our Courtney appeared among us at the Junior–University smoker. Another of these points seems to be in the fondness for good music. It has seemed to us fitting here to express our thanks to the University trustees, who by their considerate action have made possible for us, after a day's work, the moments and hours of restful forgetfulness, of deep contentment, of satisfied longing that have been our privilege in the new Sage Chapel.



NOW that our football troubles, which Casper Whitney with too much justice for our pleasure, calls "soiled linen which we have not the good taste to wash in private," have been satisfactorily settled, we may perhaps be permitted to remark on some few things that the troubles have brought to notice.

In the first place, what Casper Whitney calls Cornell's exposé, the garbled accounts that newspapers gave of matters here, seems directly traceable to that spirit of vampirism which pervades the news-getting here at Ithaca, that trading of the honor of the University for the gain that a lying article will bring. It may be a temptation, but it places Cornell in a false position; and the writers of such articles as *Cornell's Defi to Yale* should not be allowed to be where there is a man who loves Cornell.

Then, the matter of election to the captaincy. If there is one place where college politics should never come, where factional disputes should never be tolerated, where honesty, and ability to play the game and lead others should alone influence the decision, it is eminently the election of the captain of an athletic team. As one of our captains two or three years ago, most loyal of loyal Cornellians, said, it is not Cornell spirit to *run* for captain of a team; if the team wishes to elect, well and good; but the man who electioneers deserves defeat; and may he get it.

And we have read communications which in somewhat guarded language hinted that the Athletic Council does not know its business, that its wishes to hoodwink the student body, and that perhaps after all it would better tell the writer of the communication everything there was to tell or else it must go! Some of us have a strange idea of the

Athletic Council as incompetent, unfair, and scheming. Are then our captains and managers incompetent, our members of the faculty unfair and do all devote their time to long and tedious meetings simply to scheme for what will bring them no profit? It seems right that the Council should not make public its doings, for no confidence is sacred to the collector of news. And let those who say "the Council must go" look back to when there was no council and from that chaos devise a better system.

And lastly, all of us as Cornellians owe something to our Alma Mater. No matter how much we may want a position how dear it is to our personal pride; no matter even if we think we deserve to have it and that our enemies—though a man is usually his own worst enemy—are depriving us of our rightful due; no matter what comes, if it is hurtful to Cornell's best interest, then our individual interests, must yield. When a man attains the prominence of candidate for the captaincy of an athletic team, he may not think of his own advancement; but must think of the good of the University. And not until the individual retires to the background is full honor paid to Cornell.

R. S. H.

RED ROCK.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's story of the reconstruction period following the Civil War (*Red Rock.* Charles Scribner's Sons, 1899. $1.50.), which has sold at the Ithaca book-stores more largely than any other single book of recent months, is intrinsically entertaining as a story; it is, however, perhaps more highly valued by the average reader because it is an always fair and courteous, at times apparently restrained, yet deeply stirring chronicle of a period which we of the North know but illy from our one standpoint.

No book which we have read in months contains so stifling a pair of characters as the turncoat plantation manager Hiram Still and the equally offensive scheming carpetbagger, Jonadab Leech. Still is bad through and through; he is of the Uriah Heep cringing type till he finds it safe to step out into open conflict with his old employers and even then he is essentially a sneak. Leech, whom one cordially detests from the very first, is no less of a sneak than Still and even more of a rascal.

In modified terms this sort of characterization—either very, very bad or very, very good—will apply to all the persons from whose lives the story is woven. The characters in the main act just as nicely or just as meanly on all later occasions as you would expect them to act from your first meeting with them. If this is a somewhat debatable merit, it is certainly a present-day index to a book's popularity. Of the best selling books, most are of this sort. We are in general rather pleased to see the goats separated clearly and sharply from the sheep.

It is fortunately not necessary here to speak in detail of the characters or to give an outline of the story, for without doubt most persons who keep up at all with current fiction have read either serially in *Scribner's Magazine* or in book form this delightful story of Mr. Page's. Further-

more, to those who have yet to read it, an outline of this particular story would be especially unsatisfactory because it could not adequately convey an impression of the story's charm and grace, its ease and finish.

THE LOVES OF THE LADY ARABELLA.

Molly Elliot Seawell, author of *Twelve Naval Captains*, noticed in our January number, and of several romances, such as *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac*, has written a fairly pleasing little book published recently by The Macmillan Co. *The Loves of the Lady Arabella* is a story of a lively son of a nephew of Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw's; of a brisk young seaman of great expectations; of a cousin of his, a captain, who turns Christian and preacher; of a girl who is very pretty and very unattractive, Lady Arabella —she marries the obnoxious man character of the story; of another girl who is very pretty and very lovely—she "suddenly fell into the arms of the hero" whom she subsequently marries; and of several other interesting persons who don't much matter, except to serve as uncles or aunts, good angels or bad angels, to the characters we have mentioned.

There is fair workmanship in the story. The characters act briskly, sometimes ignobly, sometimes nobly; they blunder and their blunders are condoned; they stray from the narrow way and their feet are turned back to the path of rectitude. The action is simple, rather direct, not over-obvious. One has a comfortable feeling that things are going to come out tolerably well—and they do; Miss Seawell could never have been pardoned if they had not. The story is not a great story; it doesn't pretend to be. It is merely a readable sea-and-land eighteenth century love story cast into a delightfully naïve autobiographical form.

THE EVOLUTION OF A MAN.

Another eighteenth century story is Stanley J. Weyman's *The Castle Inn.* (Longmans, Green, and Co., 1898.

p. 372. $1.50.) In its time setting it happens to be almost exactly synchronous with Miss Seawell's story. In spite of the fact that it has sold more widely than *The Loves of the Lady Arabella*, it seems to us to be of inferior workmanship. Though the list of his published stories is not particularly long, Mr. Weyman seems to be an exceedingly facile writer. In the case of this recent story his facility appears to have led him astray. His book is rather hurried. Though liberally embellished with words and phrases and allusions, with characteristics of thought, language, and action which give a verisimilar tone of an age a hundred and fifty years gone, though sufficiently interesting to be tolerable as a story, *The Castle Inn* is unmistakably scant in the little things of diction which show careful finish. One becomes bored by the repetition to the fifth or sixth time that a certain character smiles "in a sickly fashion" or that another "glances furtively;" one becomes impatient when quite different personages are reduced at trying periods to the one and invariable way of expressing contempt or indignation—by "sniffing."

If such flaws of detail do not bother you, you will probably enjoy reading about the evolution of the hero, Sir George Soane, from a flippant, fastidious "Macaroni" to a purposeful, finished man.

OTHER BOOKS.

From the Scribners we have received Professor George Trumbull Ladd's *The Higher Education*, a collection of four essays which were originally published in different magazines: "The Development of the American University"; "The Place of the Fitting School in American Education"; "Education, New and Old"; "A Modern Liberal Education." The first is of particular interest to us as Cornellians in pointing out how soon a student should be allowed free choice of studies.

Gaston Boissier's *Roman Africa*, among other things, shows pellucidly how it was that the Roman genius was able to develop from the waste, arid conquered regions of Algeria and Tunis a district rich and fruitful. From these pages one comes to have a greater respect than ever for the keen-thinking, skilled-working Romans. The translation of Boissier's writing is in the main idiomatic and intelligible; only rarely is one conscious that the book is a translation. A map of the territory of Carthage, a plan of the ruins of Carthage, a map of Timegad, of whose unusually well preserved ruins the author has presented a careful study, and a plan of the forum of Timegad are an aid to the understanding of the text. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899. p. 344.)

One of the most delightful books of the year to look at and to hold in your hands is the Scribner book, *The Lost Word*, by Dr. Henry Van Dyke. The presswork is distinctly successful. Attracting by its externals, the book attracts still more by its contents. It is a gracefully toned little "Christmas legend of long ago," of the time of the golden-tongued John of Antioch.

Mr. Frank Stockton, of whose *Associate Hermits* we spoke last month, in a volume published somewhat earlier in the year (*Buccaneers and Pirates of our Coast.* The Macmillan Company, 1898. p. 325. $1.50.), continues his reputation for individual humor and enters into a somewhat new field for him. He recounts a good many incidents of pirate life that, told by another, might have wearied by a general sameness—a man out of sorts with the community, a number of inferior spirits like him, a rough little sloop or schooner, a collection of nondescript weapons, a pirate flag, numerous quarry, occasional retribution– or might have repelled by overmuch of bloodthirstiness. The pirate stories of Mr. Stockton are relieved from sameness by their author's individuality in looking at things—he knows how to shade and amplify in unessentials his fact foundations, and from repellently monotonous gore by only a very judicious besprinkling of blood. It is curious how many possible ways

there are for capturing a boat which is much larger than your own; among the great number of these ways which Mr. Stockton tells about, following his historical sources, none is perhaps quite so curious as that which you may read of in Chapter VI of this book, "The Surprising Adventures of Bartholemy Portuguez."

Mr. Fernald's is clearly a "made" book; one of the products of a bookmaking time. (*The Imperial Republic*, by James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 1898. With five maps. 75 cents.) Yet, we are by no means prepared to say that all these "made" books are futile. This one certainly is not. Though the author is rampantly imperialistic, he has succeeded in gathering together succinctly a good deal of valuable material. The maps are by all means worth while; for one thing they will show you, if you don't know, how far it is from San Francisco to Honolulu and how far from there to Manila and Hong Kong. We doubt whether every one, even of Cornellians, knows these facts; they'll help one to understand that we should not expect to hear, twenty days after departure, of our absent president's safe arrival at Manila.

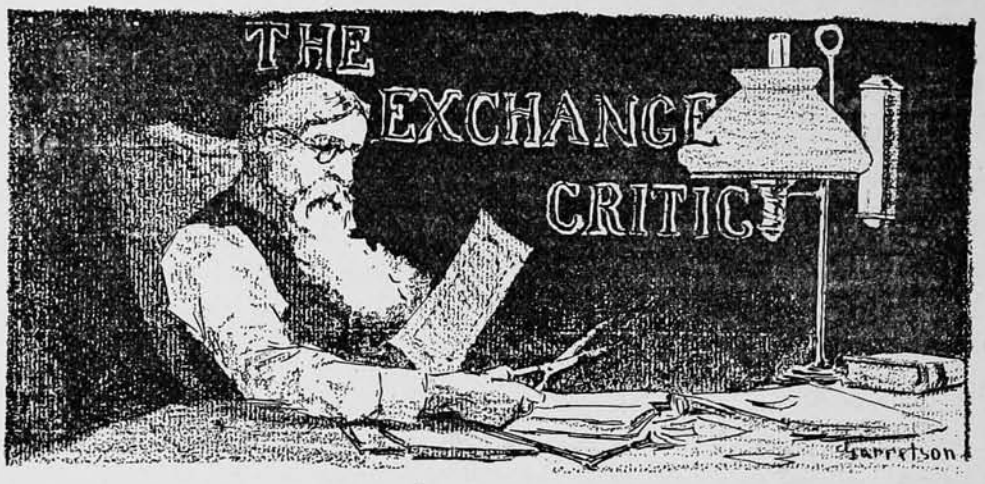
Mr. Eliot Gregory's worldly-wise jottings are written in no spirit of fault finding with peccadillos. Their author doesn't bother to pass strictures on our foibles; he simply tells in easy, cultured tones some of the failings of foolish Americans at home and abroad. In long years of flitting here and yon the *Evening Post* "Idler" has come to know men and women intimately: to sympathise with what is real, vital, upright—and good form; to disapprove of what is tawdry, verveless, wavering—and bad form. Altogether these pages will be found profitable reading. We particularly commend "Charm," the first in the series of forty jottings, and "Men's Manners", the thirty-first; one is for young women, one for young men.

The Heart of Denise, by S. Levett Yeats. (Longmans, Green, and Co. New York, London, and Bombay. 1899.

p. 272. $1.25.) "The Heart of Denise," itself is one of nine stories making the volume. They are not cheerful stories. Taken as a volume, they rather pall; you will do well to read them one at a time on different days, for the tone "too late" marks most of them. Stevens in "The Foot of Guatama" unearths his buried treasure too late—he has gone mad; a madman is the last picture in one's mind at the end of "The Treasure of Shagul" and "Regine's Ape". Moratti and di Lippo go over a cliff together in death-fall at the end of "The Captain Moratti's Last Affair." The stories, in general, are marked by a vigorous slap-dash swing, by a pleasing individuality in execution, and by something of plot-ingenuity

Aylwin, by Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Company, 1899. p. 460.) Readers of the London *Athenaeum* have long been familiar with Mr. Watts-Dunton's critical reviews, the review, a year ago last August, of Robert Louis Stevenson's writings being particularly notable. He has now appeared in an entirely new rôle, as author of a decidedly effective story, unusual of its kind and unusually well worked out. It is remarkable for at least one figure who, we think, is bound to be lasting in literature, the Romany chi, Sinfi Lovell; this strong woman appears particularly well in contrast to the Cymric girl-heroine. We shall notice this book somewhat in detail next month.

C. R. G.



The March number of the *Williams Lit* contains some very readable short stories; "All's Fair in Love, War, and Politics" telling how a young man started his political career; "From Darkness to Dawn" describing a death-bed confession; and "The Professor's Christmas," a story of the reward of a conscientious professor of high ideals. The *Courant* for 25, February is anything but cheerful in tone, although all of its stories are entertaining; "Lisette" is saddening, "The Little One" consists of the ramblings of a confirmed opium eater, and "A Drop of Water" is a tale of how two travelers perished in the desert. In the preceding number of the *Courant* is a sketch entitled "At the Gates of Happiness," which is also depressing. It is relieved, however, by "My Debut." *Sequoia* maintains its excellence, in "One of the Stanford Men" and "The Story of a Volunteer." *Morningside* gives a sketch of Paris lovers "In the Place Dauphine." "The Count" in the *Wellesley Magazine*, is a well-told history of a seedy Parisian's first love. We are surprised to find that the *Minnesota Mag* prints entire a story from the December *Columbia Lit* without giving credit. We do not think "Love on the Cinder Path" is quite so remarkable a story as to warrant its being printed more than once.

J. S. H.

TWO TRUTHS.

Oh, many the things in the world, dear,
We never can hope to know;
Though much of the joy is ours, dear;
Yes, and some of the woe.

But just two things in the world, dear,
We know are eternally true;
And one is your love for me, dear,
The other my love for you. —*Brunonian.*

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The Cornell Magazine

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IN THE MORNING.

AS the day is wakening,
All the birds are carolling.
"Robin, why so merry there?
Just because the Rose is fair,
And the dreamy dewy air
Laden is with scents of Spring?
Know you not that Spring will fly,
Summer fade and Autumn die,
Even as will you and I?
Why then gleeful matins sing?"

Quickly answer comes, "I know
Fragrant Springtime soon will blow
Like the Summer's fairest flower;
And the last bright Autumn hour
Down the crimson leaves will shower.
Yet I'll sing until they go!
See, the morn comes joyfully!
Sunlight kisses field and tree.
Take the Present offered thee!
And the Future—God will show."

R. S. H.

THE DAWN AND TOIL.

THE thought of many tasks to be performed
Called me from rest this morning while the night's
Dark canopy was yet upon the earth,
And ere I started to the long day's work
I paused a moment looking toward the East.
Dim lay the world in somber shades of gray,
Life's picture painted o'er by Death's sad brush.
There in the valley rose the factories' smoke,
Like wraiths, which fled before the wintry wind
To vanish in the dark hillside beyond.
Through the long night the work must still keep on,
Yet what did it avail? The lives of those
Who toiled would vanish like the winding smoke,
Their weary toil forgotten like themselves.

But while engaged in sad and bitter thoughts,
I'd failed to see the bright'ning in the East,
Now shot with gleams and glints of rosy light,
Until the changing color o'er the earth
Led me to raise my head and seek its cause.
And oh! the glory of that Eastern sky
All rosy o'er the crimsoned mountain tops
While tiny clouds of richest gold, which seemed
As if they'd drifted from the sun's bright disc,
Floated as heralds of the coming day.
The valley's gloom had fled, and in my heart
There dawned the true thought of this old world's work
Not hopeless but divine. In God's good plan
Who toil are happiest, and most content.

E. S.

WHERE IS VIOLET BASCOMBE?

OW are you, Ruth?" asked Eleanor Ackerman, as she entered the darkened room of her college chum.

"Just as tired of myself as ever," answered Ruth, rather petulantly, raising her head from the pillow, "I can't do anything but wait till my eyes condescend to get well again."

"Too bad, girlie," said Eleanor, touching the other's cheek caressingly, "Can I do anything to amuse you?"

"You might talk to me," answered Ruth, "but please don't tell me what's happening on the hill, while I'm missing everything."

"No, I won't," was the soothing reply. "Shall I tell you a story?"

As Ruth assented, Eleanor seated herself, and began:

"You didn't know Violet Bascombe, I think. She graduated the year before you came."

"Was she a sister of that Mr. Bascombe of Oaklands, the senior in Sibley?"

"No. Curiously enough, though they had the same name and came from the same place, they were not at all related."

"Well, as I was going to say, Violet was a friend of mine. I considered her, and do consider her, a fine girl either in spite of or because of certain idiosyncracies. The most noticeable of these was her extreme application of the principle of minding her own business. She had little curiosity about the personal affairs of even her intimate friends, and took it for granted that they were as little anxious about hers. Moreover, though scrupulously truthful, she sometimes let misstatements about herself, made through misapprehension, pass unchallenged.

"As an instance of this, at the last recitation before the

spring vacation of our class with Professor Benevolence, Professor Benevolence stopped us on the way out, and, wishing us a pleasant vacation, said to Violet, 'You and your brother will probably be going home together soon. I hope you will have a pleasant journey.'

"'Thank you,' said Violet, and we passed on.

"When we were out of hearing, I said, 'But he isn't your brother, Violet.'

"'Of course not,' replied Violet, 'the good man merely thought so because we have the same name, and because he may have seen by the Register that we come from the same place. For that matter, I am not going home this vacation, but shall stay here. Daddy is off at Washburn on some medical conference, and may be detained there sometime afterwards, and I'm not going home just to see Aunt Matilda. But what difference does it make what Professor Benevolence thinks? If I were to explain all about it, he would have forgotten by tomorrow.'

"I finished my work very early that term, and went home only a few days after this conversation. Scarcely had I reached the place, when I received a letter from Professor Benevolence, stating that in looking over my record, he had discovered that there was one paper yet due. If I could get it to him within three days, he would still receive it. I replied that I was very sorry that I had neglected to give him the essay, that the essay was written, and that I had intended to hand it to him at the last recitation, but, stopping at Miss Bascombe's room on my way to the Campus, I had left it there; that if he would see Miss Bascombe, she would give him the essay, adding that Miss Bascombe was in Ithaca, and giving her address.

"It seems that Professor B., although surprised to hear that Violet was in Ithaca, went to see her. But the mistress of the house informed him that, returning home in the afternoon, two days before, after an absence of a few hours, she had found Violet's card stuck on her door with the written message, 'Good-bye, Mrs. Brown. I am going, and

shall not have time to see you again. I hope my sudden departure will not inconvenience you.'

"The good professor, deciding that Violet must have gone home after all, wrote to her, asking her to write Mrs. Brown to send him the essay. A day or two later, he received a letter from Violet's father, who had returned to Oaklands sooner than Violet had expected, saying that his daughter was in Ithaca, and that he had sent the letter to her. The professor, very much surprised, bethinking himself of Frank Bascombe, telegraphed to him at Oaklands, 'Where is your sister?' Mr. Bascombe, who was at home enjoying the society of his real sister, albeit much surprised by the telegram, telegraphed back, 'My sister is here, at home, in Oaklands.'

"This was worse yet. After some thought, Professor B. telegraphed to both Violet's father, and to Frank Bascombe, 'Where is Violet Bascombe?' To this, Dr. Bascombe replied that Violet was in Ithaca, and Frank Bascombe, very naturally, that he did not know.

"In despair, the Professor wrote three letters, to Dr. Bascombe, to Frank Bascombe, and to me, explaining that Violet Bascombe could not be found and certainly was not in Ithaca. Then he began to make further inquiries in Ithaca. Mrs. Brown appeared to be the only one of Violet's acquaintances who knew anything at all about her departure. She seemed to have taken only a hand-satchel with her, and to have left in the afternoon. This was about all that could be ascertained.

"I myself thought of Max Dunwoody, who had seemed rather interested in her, and wondered what he thought of Violet's disappearance. But even if I was a romantic freshman, I could not think an elopement even in the least possible. If I had, my delusion would have vanished when, before the end of the vacation, he appeared before Professor Benevolence, very much concerned and anxious to help try to find her.

"Her absence, on account of Professor B.'s inquiries,

was generally known in Ithaca now, and was a subject of wonder and some alarm. Violet's father took it more unconcernedly than most of us ; he wrote to Professor Benevolence, 'Violet is certainly somewhere, and I can trust my little girl to take care of herself. Till she returns, please have the matter kept as quiet as possible.'

"Unfortunately, it could not be kept quiet. An article appeared in an Ithaca paper headed, 'Mysterious Disappearance of a Co-ed,' and this article was copied into other papers.

"Then the spring term opened. Anxious about Violet, I returned the day before Registration On Registration day, while I was in Professor B.'s office, talking over the matter with him, the door opened and in came Violet ! Daintily dressed, shod, and gloved, roses pinned to her coat, correct to a hair, she entered, calm and composed, and, greeting me with a smile, said, 'Professor Benevolence, I wished to ask you—'

"'Miss Bascombe,' said Professor Benevolence rather angrily—Poor man ! she had been causing him a good deal of anxiety for the past ten days—'I think it is my place to ask questions. Why did you tell me that Mr. Bascombe was your brother and that you were going home with him ?'

'I didn't,' said Violet in surprise, opening wider the dark blue eyes that may have given her her name. 'You said so, and I only did not contradict you, because I thought it was not important enough to be worth while.'

"'Why, then, did you tell Miss Ackerman that you would remain here during the vacation ?'

"'Because, when I said so, I expected to do so. But, unexpectedly receiving an invitation from a friend in Buffalo to spend my vacation with her, I went away. I didn't tell any one because, as my vacation was at best a short one, I was in a hurry to start, and, after all, I didn't think that it concerned any one but myself.'

"'It certainly concerned your father' said Professor Benevolence, severely.

"'But I did write to daddy, directing it to Washburn. If he didn't get it, he must have returned earlier than I thought he would. I am sorry that my absence has created such a commotion, but really I could not have anticipated that it would. For the rest,' added Violet, with a shrug, 'I have had a most delightful vacation.'"

Miss Ackerman, having finished her story, paused to take breath.

"It's good of you to come to amuse me, as you really have amused me," said her friend, gratefully. Then, with sudden curiosity, she added, "But, Eleanor, is it true?"

"Find out for yourself," returned Eleanor, laughing and preparing to depart. "At least it has amused you for half an hour. Now I must go to the library and grind."

H. E. W.

A REMINISCENCE OF WILD HORSE CREEK.

NE bright October afternoon, about twenty years ago, a single horseman, leading a beautiful colt by a long rope, came galloping up before Thomas Kirk's cabin door. Mr. Kirk and his two boys, George and Grant, had just finished dinner and were standing in the open door.

"Hello, neighbor!" called out the rider, as he swung his leg over the horn of his saddle.

"Hello yourself, Jim" answered Thomas Kirk heartily. "What's the news up your way?"

"Oh, nothin' partic'lar, Tom. I come down to see if your boys could do anything with this yere pesky colt; I've worked with 'im, sweat over 'im, and petted 'im with the business end of a 'black-snake' fur more'n a week and none of it don't do no good. I got as fur es to keep a halter 'round his neck, and come nigh a drawin' it a *leetle* tauter'n was comf'table fur 'im. But he's a perty creetur, and I reckoned as how mebby your boys would like ter try their hand on 'im. What do ye say, boys?"

While the two men were talking, George and Grant had been taking in the points of the new horse.

"He's a beauty," said George. "Me'n Grant wouldn't mind a breakin' 'im, would we Grant?"

"Wal," said James Stevens," "ef ye kin break 'im, ye kin *hev* 'im. I've seen all I want of 'im. He's a pesky brute and no mistake. Take good keer you don't break yer necks." With this he rode off.

Grant and George were used to horses, and loved them. They always had lived in this little log-cabin, on the banks of Wild Horse Creek and had spent a happy boyhood among the alkali, tumbleweeds, and Indians. Their work, like their amusements, had always been with horses. Indeed, their mother used to declare with pride, that "them

boys hed been astraddle of a hoss ever sence they was out'n long clothes!" They were especially fond of breaking young horses to the saddle or harness, a business they found both pleasant and profitable, for, from miles around, the ranchers would bring their vicious or unmanageable horses to be broken for pay. Thus they managed to earn quite a bit of spending money.

Upon the task of breaking this new colt they entered with high spirits and enthusiasm. A "pesky creetur" he truly proved. Never had their patience and skill been so sorely tried. Yet the boys persevered, thinking they must succeed in time.

"He's a dandy," said Grant, one day, after they had worked with him two hours.

"Yes," assented George, "a 'dandy'"—with a giggle —"that would be a good name fur 'im. 'Dandy Jim' after Jim Stevens; reckon he'd feel flattered." However, "Dandy Jim" he was called, and "Dandy Jim" he remained.

After struggling with Dandy Jim for a week, the boys, though with many regrets, felt that all they could do was to turn him out with the other horses.

"He's such a beauty," said George, disconsolately, "he'd make a fine saddle horse. But he'd bite my arm off ef he had half a chance."

Next day, while the family were seated at dinner, there was a knock at the kitchen door.

"Come in!" called out Mr. Kirk.

The door was opened by a slim, little fellow, a stranger to them all.

"Good day," said he, with a bright smile, "could I have a bite o'dinner along o' you? I'm right hungry. I jedged to git to town against dinner-time. I've come clar from Warner's sence mornin'."

"Why, yes," answered Thomas Kirk pleasantly; "wife, git a plate fur the stranger. Draw up a chair and hev some o'this back-bone and saur-krout. Be they butcherin' any up to Warnerses?"

A traveler who could give them any news of the country round about was a welcome guest in those days; by the time he had finished his pumpkin pie, they had learned as much of their neighbors as the boy knew, and as much of himself as he cared to tell.

"Well, yes," he answered in reply to a question from Grant, "I was, as ye might say, brought up on a hoss, and when my brother went to Californy, I was jest sick to go 'long. But pa, he said no, t'wa'n't no place fur boys, an' I hed to give in. But now, I'm big enough to go on my own hook. I hated awful to leave ma. I knew she'd feel so bad, an' pa, he won't even let her speak about me. I know jest how it will be. But I jest couldn't stand gettin' knocked 'round by the ol' man, so I've started down to Dave's. I didn't hev no money, so I hit on this way of earnin' some along—just ridin' them hosses as hed been given up fur no good—there's lots o' such in this country. The ol' man keeps a stock ranch way up in Montany, an' I've rounded up cattle and hosses all my life. I've put up a band o' three hundred cattle into a corral of a night, jest me an' my 'shep' dog, Spot. I never let a hoss git the better of me yet, when I tried to break 'im. Dave raises fine hosses fur some big man down in Californy, an' I'm goin' down there to help him. So if you or any o' your neighbors, has any buckin, balky, mean hosses they'd like to see me ride, let 'em trot 'em out—I'll ride 'em fur two dollars a piece!"

"It's a plagued shame that Dandy Jim is out with the band," grumbled Grant, "I'd jest like to see you try your luck on *him*, stranger." The three boys exchanged experiences, until from the tales Hank (for such he declared was his name) told, in a quiet but convincing manner, the boys considered him a wonder.

They invited Hank to stay all night, saying they would ride after Dandy Jim and "cut him out" of the "bunch" in the morning.

That evening eight or ten cowboys and ranchers rode up

to the Kirk cabin to see the "old man," as he was called quasi-affectionately. Naturally they were all interested in the young stranger, and became much excited over his assertions.

"Why, young feller," said one, "you don't look as ef ye had the spunk to ride a rockin' hoss—but ef ye kin ride that yaller mare o' mine, I'll give ye five dollars!"

"Well," said Hank quietly, "suppose you bring the hosses you want me to ride over here to-morrow, and I'll ride 'em in turn fur ye." Finally, having set a convenient hour when they should meet next day in front of Kirk's cabin, the men went home, all eager for the time to come.

Long before the appointed hour little knots of horsemen were seen galloping over the undulating hills toward Kirk's; a few leading wildly-plunging horses, and all more or less excited. For the news had spread like wildfire, and there was scarcely a ranchman for miles around who was not present. Some were skeptical of Hank's ability, some believed in him for nothing else than the quiet assurance of his bearing; but all, without exception, were anxious to see what he could do.

At last, amid a flutter of excitement, Hank came among them and inquired quietly, "Who's first?"

"Here, try mine, young un," said a tall, lank man, good-naturedly—"and be shy uv his hind feet, fur he's mighty free with 'em."

Hank approached the horse's head gently, with outstretched hand. The horse snorted, threw his nose into the air, and would have bolted then and there, had he not been securely tied. Hank kept talking to the horse in a low tone, in which no words were distinguishable to the crowd, until his voice seemed to inspire the animal with confidence, so that he no longer drew away from the coaxing hand. Still patting his head and mane gently, he proceeded to untie the halter; then with a quick, skilful leap, seated himself firmly and securely on the horse's back. With an astonished bolt, the horse made as if to run; then he seemed to reconsider,

and stood stock still, as if overcome by amazement. In an instant, with hands tightly holding the horse's mane, with knees firmly pressed against his sides, unaided by saddle or bridle, Hank went galloping madly away with his horse apparently under perfect control. When he was some distance away, he drew a stout rawhide rope from his pocket, with a skilful movement passed it around the horse's neck, and tied it firmly. Then he vaulted lightly to the ground.

"Now we understand each other, don't we, old fellow?" he said to the horse. The boy was as calm and unconcerned as he had appeared at first—only with a burning brilliancy in eyes that seemed to have the strength of a conqueror in them. He turned to the tall, lank man: "Are ye satisfied?" he asked. "That wa'n't nothin' much."

One after another brought forward his horse. With one he tried one method, with another a different method. Invariably he was quiet and persistent; and invariably he won. The crowd waxed enthusiastic and pressed around him, all talking at once.

George and Grant were eagerly watching when at length their turn came. As Dandy Jim pranced and reared, with head well up, and nostrils wide and quivering, he was indeed beautiful to look upon; his was a spirit one might be proud to control. Something of this was passing through the boy's mind as he gazed at the horse with admiring eyes.

He approached, talking as he had to the others, but Dandy Jim threw back his head disdainfully, and struck viciously with his front hoofs. All blandishments were in vain. He looked defiant as if to say, "I know your tricks, and am not deceived one whit." Hank worked earnestly and long without being able to approach near enough to mount. The greater the odds the more earnestly he strove. He seemed to warm to his labor—to find his mettle, as it were—and his eyes sparkled with the anticipation of a well-earned victory. Watching closely, he at length found Dandy Jim off his guard. With a nimble spring, he landed fairly on Jim's broad back. Quick as a flash, Dandy Jim wickedly

sought to throw him off, bucking violently again and again, first with his head, then with his feet in the air, each time coming to the ground with a resounding thud. Suddenly he came down with head to the ground, and poor Hank flew over his head into the sand. All were breathless with anxiety. They accordingly rejoiced to see him spring to his feet, nothing daunted. Twice more he was thrown; then he shouted: "Bring me some stout rope, boys. I'll win yet!"

Dandy Jim had run some distance away, and now stood quivering in every muscle, defiant and angry. Hank leaped upon another horse, made a slip-noose, and skilfully lassooed Dandy Jim. Then he motioned to the men to come nearer.

"Now," he said, "hold the rope 'til I mount; then take the other piece of rope and fasten my feet *tight* underneath his belly; I'll see ef that don't settle 'im!"

The men did as he directed, a few of the more prudent ones demurring at such a dangerous experiment.

Then followed such a contest as no one of them ever wishes to see again. The horse, frenzied with terror, made one wild dash. Then he tried every fiendish scheme of which equine ingenuity was capable to throw off his rider. He jumped and plunged, he reared and kicked; even as a last resort tried to lie down to roll. This attempt was frustrated by his plucky little rider, who shouted with all his might, till the poor animal ran as though to escape some pursuing fury. The men shouted to Hank to stop. But he sat with white, set face, his eyes shining and his hair flying, no sign of weakness in his attitude. An ominous silence fell upon the crowd—a prescience of coming evil. They did not speak, but gazed in breathless anxiety at the sight before them—the dripping horse with his wild, vicious manoeuvers, the white, slim, little creature upon his back, with every muscle rigid, with every nerve screwed to its highest tension. His face frightened the crowd, yet they were powerless to move. All at once Hank's hands flew up, his wide eyes gave one dazzling, unflinching look over the crowd, then his head and hands fell inert.

With a shout of horror, the whole assembly sprang forward to help him, but they were too late. At the very moment, with a cry almost human, Dandy Jim lurched heavily and fell to the ground. At the same instant these two, unconquerable in life, conquered alike by death, breathed their last together.

Pitying hands quickly released the dead boy; their help had come too late.

At the inquest in the little frontier town, the physician stated that there was not an organ in the boy's body not jolted completely loose from its fastenings.

The boy and the horse were buried side by side in the sandy spot where they fell; even to-day the settlers relate to travelers along Wild Horse Creek the story of Hank and Dandy Jim.

Florence D. Calef.

A STUDY IN BLUE TINTS.

SHE was not coming, so that was settled. Tom Bruce had been down to the post-office the evening before and had received the letter from his Junior girl, the substance of which was: "Father is ill. Am sorry, but mamma and I will be unable to come up next week. Hope it will not be too great a disappointment. Take some one else and"—the rest. Of course, it was only a little thing and ought not to give much trouble. Up by the Dutch Kitchen, his friend Bob Ellis met him and after listening to his tale of woe, volunteered the good advice, being an intimate acquaintance, that Tom was a "damned fool for caring."

"You must expect reverses in your career," he went on, "especially in dancing. I think I'll send that joke to the *Widow.*" This argument did not produce much effect on its recipient at the time.

Now it was late in the afternoon of the following day, which had been spent in plugging. Bruce had found that if one can work one has a sovereign remedy to make time pass quickly. He was coming slowly out of the Library, pulling on his gloves, and then made a start down Central Avenue. Why was it that matters went wrong with him so often, he thought. Nothing ever seemed to go right and he was tired of trying to make a good thing out of life. Education only spoils a poor man, he reasoned. What was the use of knowing a lot of stuff above the ordinary worker, of having high aspirations and appreciation for the good things of life with the means neither at hand nor visible in the future to enjoy them? And now, just as he was counting on having one good fling anyway during Junior week by having Helen up for the festivities, came this disappointment. That in itself was enough to make any one despondent, he thought, that is if they knew Helen.

Meanwhile, beyond the Library, he came to the crossing which leads over to the chapel. He heard the little singing note of the bells that you will observe if you happen to be near the tower just before the chimes prelude the hour, and as the hour sounded the thought struck him that he would go over to the chapel to listen to the music for awhile. There was yet an hour before dinner. It was but a few steps and Bruce was apt to act on such impulses, so that in a few minutes he was seated in the chapel in the dimness.

Bruce did not know much about Gothic architecture, but he had a vague feeling that the eternal fitness of things was better satisfied by the dusk of evening gathering in the building than by brighter light. The last rays of the sun were pouring through the many-colored rose-window at the west end and gave all the illumination needed. Then the slanting beams gave such a droll appearance to the memorial windows and twisted the figures so that they seemed all out of drawing from the place where Bruce sat. It must be a beautiful sunset outside, he thought. Sunsets are such a potent factor in Cornell life.

The light gradually passed from the window of parables in the apse, and the Prodigal Son in the upper row faded away before Bruce's fixed gaze into indistinctness in the gloom. Then the music began and the despondent one drank it all in in rapt attention. It was so easy to sit there and, listening, to forget all his troubles. Gradually he became rested—O so rested !—resolving to go out again and to try not to be discouraged. He realized of a certainty that he would fail again and be melancholy, probably the very next day. He felt this in the ever-present undercurrent in his thoughts into which he could dip immediately if he allowed himself—but nevertheless it was all pleasant and inspiring while it lasted.

Little rippling cascades of sound filled the chapel, sweet as the pipes of the shepherds on the Arcadian mountains (Bruce had always been told that their music was sweet beyond compare, although he had never realized in just what

way divine music could be made by a classical cow-puncher on a hollow reed)—but the music made little songs that fitted well into his thoughts, which roamed in the fields of the Golden Age. He lost thought of the ice and snow outside and of that slippery walk down the campus. But then the thought came again that the music had nothing to do with old Greek lyrics—it was far too familiar for that. It did not even call up any summer scene with sunset or moonlight effects. No, it was not summer—he was forcibly reminded of that by the rattle of the skates attached to a youth who had been enjoying himself above the new dam and who now sat there in the dusk in a red sweater on which the numerals glared conspicuously.

Now it all came back—he could recall the silvery sounds of the violins and their beautiful chords—it was at the opera. Helen had been there also with him and had promised him half the dances at the Junior. How they had enjoyed the music together! And the tenor in the glittering armor had sung "*Elsa, ich liebe dich*" so grandly. He remembered it all so distinctly—the brilliancy, the masses of people in the audience and the bright colors on the stage, but above all the particular one of the audience who had been seated by his side. Then the picture faded away in the silence that filled the chapel as the last strains of Wagner died away and Bruce thought as Abt Vogler:

"Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance: is this your comfort to me?"

Then came the crashing medley of sound of one of the fugue movements of grand old Sebastian Bach, and the figures sat up straighter in their seats and looked around

confidently at one another in the gloom. The long line of white collars on the boys in the seat next to Bruce caused him to smile a little. It was such a droll simile. The blank spots of white made such sharp silhouettes and appeared to be coming out of the further dusk into nearer distinctness, a steady stream increasing in size like the runs of the fugue which were scampering up and down the organ pipes.

"Great music to-day, wasn't it?" said a freshman friend to Bruce at the door as they were going out.

"Pretty fair," observed Tom, with an empty smile like the expression on the archaic statues over in the north room of the archaeological museum.

"I don't suppose the big fool could distinguish between Händel's 'Messiah' and 'My Coal Black Lady' anyway," muttered the freshman to himself—he was of the age and experience to be critical.

All the way down the avenue, Bruce mentally exalted the powers that be who had put that organ in the chapel and provided some one to play it. Then he nearly broke his neck on the hill below the armory, and the powers were again consigned to the lower levels designated in the popular student song.

"Here's a telegram for you, old man," said Bob Ellis, coming out into the hall as Bruce was ascending the stairway to his room above. "I signed the messenger's book for you myself."

"Oh, thank you," and Tom hastily ripped open the yellow envelope to read the contents, which were couched in the true feminine style of using the limit of words and so getting the worth of the money.

"*Mr. Thomas Bruce, Ithaca, N. Y.:*

Papa much better. Mamma and myself will come as arranged. HELEN CARROLL."

"No more bad news, I hope," said Bob enquiringly.

"No, quite the contrary: the reverses will come about in their proper place after all. Let's go down to the Lyceum this evening."

Benj. Powell.

REGINA.

FTER reading a certain book of picturesquely gay cover, which has lain in the windows and stood on the counters of bookstores of late, *Regina, or the Sins of the Fathers*, a translation from the German of Hermann Sudermann, what parts do you re-read purely for the enjoyment of them? Undoubtedly the parts in which Regina is most prominent. The artistic aim of the book is the creation of that character; that character it is that distinguishes the book from all other novels.

Nevertheless, for other reasons as well, the book is to be commended. There are very few blemishes. It is thoroughly modern in its perfect organization, and in the absence of all superfluity. The workmanship is good; the material has been used to the best advantage, and everything, even to small details, is complete.

The time of the story is the close of the Napoleonic wars. The national struggle, though important, is not prominent enough to mark the book as a historical novel. The war is chiefly of consequence as casting a captivating glow of enthusiastic devotion to his country around the hero, who, indeed, stands somewhat in need of it!

The plot of the story divides itself into two themes. The one theme is that suggested by the second half of the title, "The Sins of the Father." This theme is not essentially original. The author, however, avoiding both of the conventional and obvious conclusions, and remaining grimly faithful to probabilities, has made the theme as original as possible. The other theme constitutes the love interest of the book. This love story is as unlike the conventional love story as can be imagined. The hopelessness and impossibility seem to add to, rather than detract from, the interest. There is a fine irony in the hero's almost superstitious reverence for his "guardian angel."

The characters, as a natural result of the plot, divide themselves into two classes, the persecutors and the persecuted. Of the latter class there are two, and these two, the chief characters of the story. The persecutors, as the sentiment of the story demands, are an unlovely set; even the old pastor, though to be respected, is hardly to be liked. In reading of Hackelbery, the murderous, whining, hypocritical drunkard, the sacrificer of his daughter, one feels that it is a pity that all the instruments of torture of past times have been so completely done away with. Some should have been kept for such as he. Simple killing is too mild.

The persecuted are two, the hero and Regina. The hero is the less satisfactory. He is a well-behaved young man of good intentions and instincts placed in peculiarly hard conditions. He acts very much as one would expect that he would. Certainly his character lacks the vitality of Regina's. Yet one must not be too severe. Even if it does seem as if almost any ordinary young man under those circumstances would have acted as he did, one has hardly a right to complain, for the character of Regina is enough to make any book. Her faults and her virtues combine harmoniously to make a whole which appeals irresistibly to the reader's sympathetic interest. One is tempted to dwell longer on the subject, but to do so would be only to multiply words to no purpose. The book must be read, if the character of Regina is to be known, understood, appreciated.

Is there a moral? Let us hope not! Certainly the moral is not "Be virtuous and you will be happy." The moralizing of the hero at the end of the book is hardly an improvement. Is it not enough for a book that the characters and events are convincing as possibilities of human life and human nature?

DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION.

LITTLE more than a century ago a democracy was born upon this continent. To the nations of Europe its speedy downfall seemed inevitable. At that time democracy was no new thing in government; but to all appearances it was a failure. It had existed only for a time in Greece and Rome, had been attempted unsuccessfully in the Middle Ages, and had been followed in France by the Revolution. Democracy seemed to have perished from the earth. England was a constitutional oligarchy; Germany, an absolute monarchy; France, a Napoleonic empire. How then could the infant democracy across the seas hope to live? A hundred years have rolled away. Behold the change! The evolution of a century: France, a republic; England and Germany approaching the democratic form of government—all three democratic in spirit; while the United States, its population multiplied from four to seventy millions, continues to be a democracy, and daily increases its strength.

Such is the history of modern democracy. It may not be the best form of government; it may be inferior to a monarchy ruled by a wise sovereign; but whatever its excellence, it seems to be here to stay. Its strength lies in this: it exists not for the immediate acquisition of the best government but for the growth and development of its citizens into the best citizens. The end is better citizens, not better government. This then is the essence of popular government. This is the difference of democracy from monarchy. In America the people rule; in Europe, the statesmen and philosophers. Herein lies the necessity for popular education. A better government can come only through a more enlightened people. The elevation of the masses precedes the elevation of the state. The democratic spirit must be fostered by education if it is to live and increase.

A democratic people needs to be educated for private life and for public usefulness. The child is to be taught in school to be obedient to authority. The boy must come to learn that in private life the individual citizen must be truthful, courageous, industrious, and temperate. The youth is to realize that the guiding star of all his acts is to be purity of purpose. He must respect the rights of his fellow-citizens, be zealous for their honor, and tolerant of their religious and secular opinions different from his own.

The educated private citizen will display his public usefulness by taking an interest in political affairs and in social and industrial problems. Education is preparation for performing the duties of citizenship, not for avoiding them. The citizen's greatest political duty is the exercise of the ballot. Suffrage is his glorious privilege. By it he expresses his loyalty to party organization, and his greater loyalty to individual freedom. By it he opposes boss rule and the spoils system, and stands for true, loyal American patriotism. The useful citizen is alive to the questions of the hour. He favors expansion, if expansion is right, not if it is merely commercially profitable: meanwhile suspending judgment until he can find out which position is morally just.

The economic problems before the country require for their solution the attention of the educated citizen. Is equality of wealth to be substituted for inequality in the distribution of wealth? Is it just for the hours of labor to be reduced by legislation? Is prohibition wise? Is woman's suffrage desirable? The problems of the day will find solution when every citizen shall be educated to sink his own interests and to know how to exalt the common good.

The collegian's privilege is to take a prominent part in the life of the state. This is so, because grave responsibilities are the inheritance of him who has fallen heir to peculiar privileges. The college man has had special training: he must return special service. His collegiate life has brought him into contact with the great minds of the past,

and (far more important) into communion with great minds of the present—with teachers of inspiration and strength. The intensity of individuality has been emphasized and henceforth he must not lose himself in the common crowd. If he has received *education*, and not merely *instruction*, his character has undergone development; he has learned to have the courage of his convictions; he is trained for a leader of the nation! His time has been devoted to learning; now it is to be spent in doing. His development intellectual is henceforth to give prominence to development moral. His motto of the past, "think straight" now becomes the watchword of the future, "act straight."

R.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

DURING the long years that I have been growing old with the world, it may be that many children have spent their sweet young lives as my Lisbeth once spent hers. But that is naught to me; childish prattle reaches my ears but faintly as I wander through the city streets, straining my fading eyesight for the little figure vanished years ago.

Happy hours she spent among my books, climbing from one step to another on the little ladder beside the shelves, gathering vast armsful of classic lore on the journey, and after establishing herself on the topmost rung, proceeding to the discriminating task of elimination. Red bindings she preferred, sharing this partiality with an almost equal passion for soft yellow calf-skin. "Scott, Scott, always Scott," I said to myself as I noticed dark gaps in the shining row, while across the vacant spaces the volumes that were left fell against each other in imbecile, sympathetic fashion, as horses rub noses for comfort. At one time when

I called to my priestess to descend from her sacred tripod, she raised her eyes, big with glowing inspiration, and screamed aloud in her excitement,

"This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Her tiny red slipper had fallen unnoticed to the carpet as she spoke, and the next moment the mystic oblivion again enshrouded her, while her head dropped quickly, and the shining hair fell straight about her book.

She had a quaint idea that at times she must put away the books which she enjoyed most, and apply herself to those that tended towards "discipline" as she seriously expressed it, "and the mortification of the flesh." At such times she would delve into Fox's Book of Martyrs or Carey's Dante, books that were bound in ugly green cloth, and contained hideous woodcuts. After an hour's such reading, I would gently close her book and, taking her tiny fingers in my hand, would draw her to the bright sunshine of the garden. But although the gloom of her reading lingered with her long, she was not really morbid.

"Last night in bed I composed a verse," she said to me one morning. "I couldn't make it sound exactly like poetry," she continued somewhat dubiously, but smiled triumphantly as she added, "It was no trouble at all to make it rhyme." And then she recited her verse :—

"Oh Joan of Arc, Oh Joan of Arc,
A martyress you were ;
For cruel men burned you all up
From your feet to your hair."

In the garden our favorite play was "Horatius at the Bridge." My allotted parts were numerous, but they always began with Lars Porsena of Clusium, and by the nine Gods I was compelled to swear—no detail might be omitted. Lisbeth was always Horatius himself ; her cheeks would flame, her voice quiver with emotion as, throwing herself across the garden bench, she would cry devoutly,

"O Tiber, Father Tiber, to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!"

She was very fond of the flowers in her little garden, and watered them every morning from a tiny green watering pot which she had many times to fill at the pump across the lawn. I once saw her pick up a crushed violet which had dropped in the path, and heard her murmur compassionately, "Wee, modest crimson-tipped flower." I expostulated mildly, "But Lisbeth, it is not crimson, you know." She turned on me a glance of pitying scorn, and replied, "The color makes no difference. Don't you know that it means the same thing?"

At all times, in all her moods, she was a joy to me. Forever straightforward she was not always simple, and the complexities of her quick thoughts often puzzled me.

Little spots of color glowed on her pale cheeks, her soft hair like spun gold hung straight about her oval face without a single wave of curl; in the depths of her wide eyes lay the illumination of her fearless soul.

When she sped down the garden walk, barely touching the gravel with the tips of her tiny shoes, the ribbon ends of her sash and the long wisps of her hair blowing straight behind her, she seemed to me a creature not of my world, and this indeed was true, for she soon passed from the narrow routine of my life to broader fields of action and of usefulness, leaving with me ever the fragrant memory of her sweet presence. *E. A. W.*

A RAINY DAY HOUSE.

IT was situated in an old New England town; and, on sunny days, a happy little boy, whose stocking knees never stayed mended, nor neckties tied; whose rough brown knickerbockers often busied the needle of the kindest of grandmothers; and whose checkered canvas "sneakers" always were wearing out, pushed his spool-pedaled velocipede up and down the long concrete walk that led to the kitchen door. To him, it was just as much a railroad as the B. & P., whose tracks ran along back of the barn, and whose every whistle and ring was an old friend to the little chap. He would always run down to see the afternoon freight go by and wave to the engineer. But all this was on sunshiny days, when all the joys of the lawns, and orchards, and gardens, and the pigs underneath the barn could be indulged in. When it rained, he stayed within doors, where every room of the big house had its peculiar delight.

Sometimes he played down cellar, meddling with the paint-pots. He mightn't touch the big tool-chest that was very heavy to open and was filled with all sorts of the shiniest of chisels, but he might meddle with the paint-pots. So he painted all his wagons over and over again, giving them queer combinations of yellows, and reds, and greens with his limited supply. Sometimes two wheels of his "coasting wagon"—a girls' four-wheel velocipede made over—would be green, and the others red, or yellow, whichever color happened to be handiest. But however often the wagons changed their hue, never did the velocipede give over its sturdy red and black. It was no ordinary vehicle, this velocipede, but a regular B. & P. engine, albeit an antiquated "insider;" and it was "Roger Williams—No. 3." In winter, it stayed in the farther cellar where there were barrels of russet apples, and hickory nuts, and cider. It stood by

the table where they kept the shoe-blacking—that perquisite of manhood which comes before the razor and strop. There it was, blackest of black Martin and Dale's, put on the "sneakers" with a flat stick, and never, not even with a grandmother's reluctant punishment, coming off again.

At the head of the cellar-stairs, was the kitchen, and the pantry with its pies and cookies, always where one could find them if one tried. And the little fellow with the brown knickerbockers usually tried. He was generous with such provender; and, alas for his faith in human nature, he was imposed upon often. The boys of the town used to come, and mildly, but yet with serpent-like insinuation, remark that his grandmother made dandy pie! Whereupon, out it came, and was devoured. Then they ran off, and left him to his grandmother. Poor lady! they kept her busy making pastry.

The dining-room had painted fly-screens with lakes and flower gardens all of a dull gray; and a funny little closet that always smelt like a brass bell. It was where the dinner-bell was kept; and the remedy for eating green apples or too much pie.

The library was a big room with a fireplace, a hair-cloth sofa, and book cases with lots and lots of books. In one of them the little fellow read so many times that he could repeat it,

> "You'd scarce expect one of my age
> To stand in public on the stage;
> And if I chance to fall below
> Demosthenes or Cicero,
> Don't view me with a critic's eye,
> But pass my imperfections by."

There was also something about "great oaks from little acorns grow"; but the book always shut there, and the reader sought the closet under the front stairs. There were lots of old-fashioned canes in this closet, and it was to this closet that you always ran when a thunder storm came up—that is, until you learned that only girls are afraid of light-

ning, and anyway if you see it you're safe. One of the little low-crowned derbies in there, or maybe a tall white hat with a linen duster, was all the boy needed to travel for thousands of miles on the Front Stair Railway, engineer, fireman, conductor, and passengers all in one.

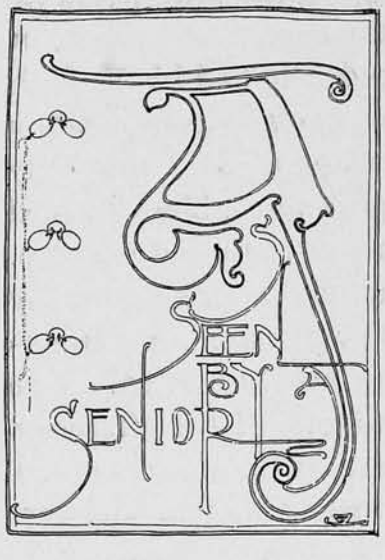
The parlor was the legitimate end of such a journey; and the parlor was sacred. It was a very subdued little chap who sat there on a high hassock, and listened to some one playing the Fifth Nocturne on the piano. He always wanted to play with the greyhounds' heads on the arms of the green folding chair or to drop marbles into the Portland vase, or, more than all, when he looked out of the window where the blue clematis grew, he wished that the sun would come, the house was so poky! But on second thought, there was the attic!

For the second floor was where you slept, and where, at night, little boys in brown knickerbockers, sleepy though they were, never wanted to go. And the second floor was where they waked the boy one night and told him "Grandpa is dead." "Grandpa," the kind, white-bearded man whom to meet at the train was the afternoon's best time, and who never minded how many questions were asked him, though other persons, mothers included, complained of living interrogation points. Then, when visitors came, and stayed on the second floor, there must be no whistles on the Front Stair Railway; and that spoilt everything.

But the attic was free. You could have fun in the attic even on sunny days, if you ran out once in a while to bother the turtles; but on rainy days there was no place like it. There were plenty of empty wasp-nests and spider-nests to scare the girls away to the doll-room down-stairs; there were old clothes to dress up in; there were old *Pucks* and *Judges* in the midst of old newspapers, and they could be had for searching. Then, when the boy had read "A Fool's Errand," he played that the old valises were "carpet baggers" and he was a "Ku Klux Klan-ner" with mask, and pistol, and lynching rope. Or, if—it had been "King

Arthur," the water-tank became the river by Camelot, and he, the good Knight Galahad, pulling out Balin's sword from the floating stone, to search up and down the attic-world for the Sangreal. And if, as most of the time it happened, he played in to-day and played at railroads, he had his B. & P. R. R. in the attic, too. A few wooden vise-blocks made a train that was faster, more luxurious, and safer than any real "limited" ever was. The engine was a block turned nose-down, and numbered; the coaches were turned nose-up. The train flew from terminus to terminus, miles slipping by as if inches. And, when this train was running, dinner-bells and grandmother's calling were hardly heeded. The only disturber was sunshine or the whistle of the afternoon freight. If either came, there was a rush down-stairs, a whoop, a slammed door, and the little fellow in knicker-bockers was out of the house, running down to the barn.

R. S. H.



The Cornell Alumni News, which has already appeared, seems to be just what has been long needed. We have had no college publication which has satisfied the wants of the alumni. The *Sun* has too much of the matters of every day, and is professedly undergraduate. The *Era*, it is true, has attempted to be an alumni paper, and even the *Widow*, in its earliest days, gained subscribers by promising an alumni page. The *Widow*, of course, has not kept its promise ; but the *Era* at least, till this year, has tried, and has failed. It tried to do too much, to publish a literary paper, a newspaper for undergraduates, and a record for alumni, all in one. Now, in its literary aspect, it has been of low average grade ; and its other aspects are contradictory. A paper cannot serve two masters. Either it should confine itself to its undergraduate subscribers, giving them the news as they want it, and omitting the Alumni Notes, which are uninteresting to the average undergraduate ; or it should bring these into prominence, and write its news for the alumnus reader. It cannot do both. The *Alumni News* starts out to be a paper *for* the Alumni and *by* the Alumni. The undergraduates on the staff are merely assistants. The news that is presented, the articles upon University departments, reports of Alumni banquets, notes of the alumni and their deaths, are all written with manifest and special purpose of interesting the Cornell Alumnus.

The coming of the Spring Term makes those of us who are seniors realize, only too clearly, that the end is coming, that the four years are pretty nearly done. And, as the

end of any period of one's life makes one look back over it to the beginning, so we seniors will look back to 1895. And, in looking back over a college course, the recollections are many and various. Some of us have had supremely happy times, most of us have enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, to some of us the four years have meant hard work and self-denial. We have entered into politics, we have been athletes, we have debated, we have written for the college publications, we have sung on the glee club or played on the instrumental clubs, we have joined our different societies, and formed our many friendships; we have, on the whole, done much for ourselves. What have we done for Cornell? What have we done to make brighter the fame of the Alma Mater to whom we owe the chance to do what we have done for ourselves? We cannot all of us row on winning crews or play on victorious football teams, or defeat our rivals in debate. What can we do to give Cornell a just return for what Cornell has given us? There is an inscription on the gateway to our beloved campus. It reads:

"So Enter
That daily Thou Mayest Become
More Learned And Thoughtful:
So Depart
That Daily Thou Mayest Become
More Useful To Thy Country And To Mankind."

R. S. Haynes.

MR. CABLE'S NEW BOOK.

HREE Louisiana stories of mens' struggles for self-mastery, one man against desire for strong drink, "The Solitary," another man against passion for playing the lottery, "The Taxidermist," and a third man against well grounded jealousy, "The Entomologist," are related by Mr. George W. Cable through the eyes of a man in trade, who in a somewhat tiresome preface says he is not at all professionally psychological or literary. The stories have been well received as they have appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*; in the volume before us (*Strong Hearts*. Scribner's, 1899. p. 214. $1.25.), they will probably not meet with so much favor. We are in general inclined to deal a little more harshly with a collection of stories than with individual stories as they appear in current magazines. Considering this volume as a whole, we should be impelled, were it not perhaps too prevalent a kind of criticism, to say deprecatingly that Mr. Cable with his abilities ought to do better than he has done here.

Only one of the stories seems to us good art; the first and the last are prolonged, even diffuse. In these Mr. Cable, though exceedingly deft in some of his connotation, hasn't had enough care for suppression. He has written rather more than he needed to. The first tells of the attempts of Gregory, at the beginning of the story, a tallish, slim young Confederate, to free himself from drink-shackles: after passing through an aimless and unsatisfactory young manhood, he goes off in his sail-boat "Sweetheart," to a deserted and unfrequented delta island, deliberately hacks to pieces the boat, and stays solitary till he is sufficiently in control of himself to get to town, buy some cattle, and go back to set up a cattle-farm. Some

of his island experiences remind one in their groveling passion of the tense tone of "Zack's" (Miss Gwendoline Keats) "Dave." The third story receives its title from its big, blundering, nearly blind central figure, the German entomologist "The Baron;" it might perhaps better be called after its undoubtedly strongest figure the Creole Fontenette. Mr. Cable handles his Creole better than his German. The second story, "The Taxidermist," is just as much of a story as the others in substance, but it is told in shorter compass, and is therefore better.

All three stories are in subject matter entertaining and new. In all three one feels Mr. Cable's charming grasp of the details of diction and phrasing.

THE GREATER INCLINATION.

Edith Wharton under the title *The Greater Inclination* (Scribner's, 1899. p. 254. $1.50) has grouped seven or eight unique short stories, which, though mainly dealing with love affairs, are certainly not in the least sentimental. The volume opens with "The Muse's Tragedy," one of the strangest little tales we have read. It is marked by a peculiar fineness of taste, an unusual cleverness in turns of thought and modes of expression, which are rather characteristic, indeed, of most of the stories in the volume. The author possesses a novel youngish oldishness that brightens page after page of the stories. The following from "A Coward" may be taken as an illustration of the not infrequent aphoristic sentence: "Clever young men are given to thinking that their elders have never got beyond Macaulay."

In "The Muse's Tragedy," a young Harvard man, out of college just long enough to feel that he was graduated an æon ago, sees at the *Hotel Villa d'Este* (presumably in Rome; the place-setting isn't very clear, and doesn't very much matter) a woman whom instinctively he takes to be Mrs. Anerton, the celebrated "Silvia" of poet Rindle's sonnets; Mrs. Anerton, whom he has heard described by

one of his friends as "like one of those old prints where the lines have the value of color." She, on her side, observing his name on the hotel books, recognizes it as one familiar to her from a book of "appreciations" she has seen, the most laborious of them being a study of Rindle's poetry. Now Mrs. A., curiously enough, though she loved Rindle devotedly, hadn't ever been able to gain his love in in return. Why was it that she had failed—now that Rindle was dead, this was the question before her. She would experiment with some one to see whether she could win his love! Opportunely the young Harvard man. Opportunely his love. She was satisfied. Satisfied, she tranquilly sent him about his business; we aren't told what became of him. Probably he married some delightful Kansas girl and lived happily ever after.

AN AMATEUR CRACKSMAN.

Mr. E. W. Hornung, the former Australian journalist, whose excellent, virile collection of short stories *Some Persons Unknown*, we noticed in our December number, comes to us again, this time in a quite different rôle, as creator of a new character in fiction, the "cracksman" Ruggles, who occurs to one immediately as the counterpart of Sherlock H. He is cool, scheming, crafty, indefatigable, properly listless, athletic (a great bowler), unprincipled of course, not altogether lovely. How could he be entirely admirable, entirely worthy of affection, when he is fighting against us, "us" being society? Though not charming, he is undoubtedly entertaining. One wants to know all about him.

Mr. Hornung writes easily, deftly, vigorously, and cannily; his style is at times brilliant. He seems capable of doing lasting work in fiction.

Each of these three books, Mr. Cable's, Edith Wharton's, and Mr. Hornung's, bears the Scribners' imprint. They are all on good paper with wide margins, are delightfully bound in cloth and are notable for their pleasing cover

designs. This firm is doing good work along the line of producing attractive volumes. Furthermore, after their books have gone through the wear and tear of a number of readings by different persons, they will still pass muster creditably.

IF I WERE A MAN.

Down in little Delaware they have been having, as you have noticed from the papers, a high old time over the legislature's balloting for United States Senator. It seems that Mr. Addicks, whom the *Sun* politely denominates "Gas" Addicks, made a pretty vigorous fight for the place, a losing fight, however, the Legislature adjourning without an election. Though we have read no very extended or animated accounts of this balloting, we imagine that the scene when Farlow, Clark, and King, Democrats, voted for Addicks, may have been a good deal like that breathlessly recounted in Mr. Harrison Robertson's *If I were a Man*, (Scribner's, 1899. p. 190. 75 cents. "The Ivory Series.") This story is so realistic that the author has perforce (and per-verisimilitude possibly) inserted a fine-print note, when things are beginning to warm up, to the effect that his story mustn't be taken as intended at all for fact or for caricature. You see there was a closely contested senatorial contest in Kentucky once upon a time.

The pages dealing with the balloting, however, though organic, are not the only interest of the book. The love story with its simple little plot is clever and articulate.

THE CONFOUNDING OF CAMELIA.

This story (By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Scribner's 1899. p. 309. $1.25), like Edith Wharton's short stories, is noticeable for clever conversation, for a certain penchant towards literary and historical allusions, for in places an almost ludicrous heaping up of big words. These writers, while bright and refreshing in the main, sometimes bore by overdoing the thing. It's all very well to write brightly, but one must beware of too much lime-light; it tires.

Camelia is an English girl, born in India, daughter of dashing Sir Charles Paton and pretty Miss Fairleigh, that was; Miss Fairleigh, eighth daughter of a country baronet, Miss Fairleigh, who, as Charles Paton's wife, became a great help to her husband. "That broad triumphal road down which the hero marched was swept and garnished by the indefatigable wife." Of such parents, Camelia not unnaturally possessed traits of both; yet perhaps she was most like her father. We don't mean to go on, however, and tell about her brilliant little snubbings of the provincials, about her social triumphs in London, about her bright talks with "Alceste" Perior, about the other girl, and about the ending. The author is particularly happy in her characterizations of some half dozen persons who are between the covers of this book. *C. R. Gaston.*

CYRANO.

Cyrano de Bergerac, Comédié Héroïque en cinq Actes, en vers: par Edmond Rostand. (William R. Jenkins, New York, 1898.) When a work has had so many, and so many weak, translations as "Cyrano de Bergerac" it is good to be able to read it in the original, and in so attractive a form as that which Mr. Jenkins presents. One need not go to the French text, however, to find in Cyrano manliness and nobility of character, bravery verging upon rashness, and self sacrifice that is as pitiful as it is heroic. Nor need one read the original of "Cyrano" to feel the swift and bewildering change and action that characterize the drama. But the French makes all clearer and more satisfactory; the repartee is quicker, the motion livelier, the spirit more effervescent. One appreciates better the soul that, beneath the seeming bravado, is as gentle as it is brave and pure; one comprehends a little more the man who will drive a slovenly actor from the stage, defy a prince, kill a braggart, fight one man against a hundred, but yet, that he may not hurt a woman's feelings, will accept some of the food the sweetmeat vender offers him, though his Gascon

pride urges him to refuse. And the last scene of the French version surpasses that of every English version, even Gertrude Hall's graceful translation, in its pathos and its manly inspiration.

DREAM DAYS.

Dream Days: by Kenneth Grahame. (John Lane, New York, 1899. $1.25.) Those who read Kenneth Grahame's *The Golden Age* will eagerly welcome this new book, its successor and companion. The stories, eight in number, have just that difference from *The Golden Age* stories which the title suggests. They are truly stories of days of dreams, as their predecessors were stories of days of play. They look at childhood through the kindly eyes of later years; and are written in Kenneth Grahame's usual sympathetic, half-serious style. On the whole, though one thoroughly enjoys reading the book, it seems not quite so spontaneous as *The Golden Age.* "The Twenty-first of October" and "Dies Irae" show what imaginative folk children are in their games, and how sensitively they feel the slightest unpleasantness. "Mutabile Semper" gives us woman "variable as the shade" in pinafores. "The Magic Ring" describes a child's fanciful delight in every daring feat of the circus. All these are good. "A Saga of the Seas," however, seems very much over done, perhaps because it follows, and does not precede "Its Walls were as of Jasper," which is quite as good in every way as any of the stories in *The Golden Age.* One would prefer that "The Reluctant Dragon" had never been written, and would substitute two stories of half the length for its seventy pages. "The Departure" leaves in one's mind a pleasant recollection of the book as it is laid down.

R. S. H.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Walter Pulitzer, chess harmonist, musical composer, poet, and dramatist, has ventured to try his hand in another line, story writing. His story, *That Duel at the Château*

Marsanac (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, 1899), reaching its denouement in a chess game between two aspirants to the hand of a conventional German beauty, is, we fear, except possibly to the devoted chess enthusiast, rather poor reading.

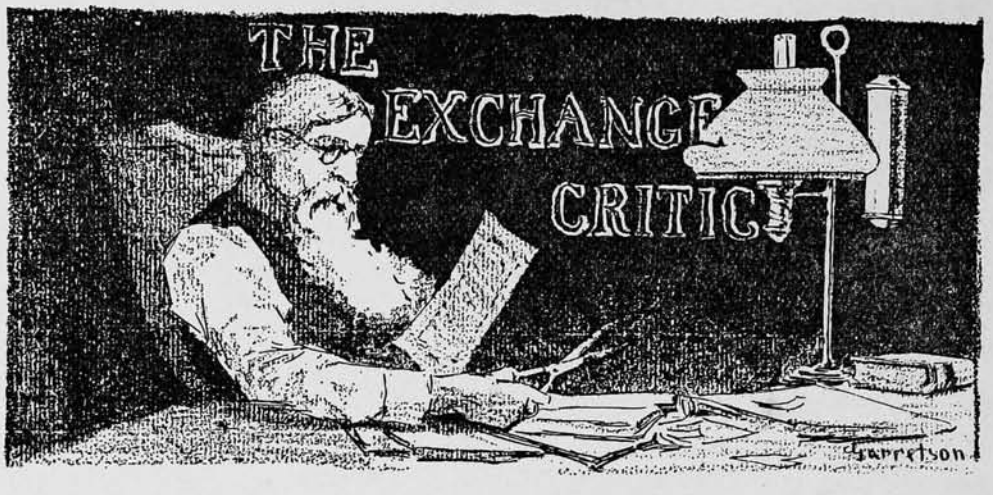
Another book from the same publishers, *The American Colonial Handbook*, is much better. It gives for the first time in a single volume, under the form of questions and answers, a surprising lot of information regarding Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, and Guam. One would not think of sitting down and reading the book straight through for pure joy; it's obviously a reference book, in which, as the occasion arises for definite information, one can dabble here and there and find what one wants. The author, Mr. Campbell-Copeland, is known for his work in connection with the Standard Dictionary, *Harper's Weekly*, and other publications.

Lastly, we have received another of the neatly bound Ginn & Co. language books, this time Grillparzer's *Sappho*. Grillparzer is an Austrian dramatist, none of whose works have hitherto been accessible in an American or English edition. The editor of *Sappho* is Professor Ferrell of the University of Mississippi. He has supplied the usual introduction, consisting of biography, critical estimate as a poet, and discussion of the specific play edited, and the usual notes; not quite the usual introduction, however, for Grillparzer seems to have been himself rather an unusual person.

We find that, in order to make an even number of pages, we must write another "lastly." We haven't had so much book-pleasure for long as we've had for a little while this afternoon in reading three of Jesse Lynch Williams's newspaper stories gathered into a volume by the Scribners under the title, *The Stolen Story*. You know there are two sorts of pleasure to be had from short stories, pleasure from subject matter and pleasure from style. It is both of these that fill full the cup in Mr. Williams's stories. He has got hold of some exhilarating little plots that are obviously part and parcel of newspaper life,

not *about* newspaper life, and he has told these little stories with most unusual sang-froid and deft constructive touch. Everything fits into everything else just as you feel it ought to. All this by way of comment, however, rather on "The Great Secretary of State Interview" than on either of the others which we have read, "Mrs. H. Harrison Wells's Shoes" or "The Stolen Story." We intend soon to read the other four stories in the volume; we have had to stop after reading three in order to have these comments set up.

G.



The March number of the *Vassar Miscellany* is an excellent production; "The Decree of Vishnu" and "A Matter of Business" struck us as being particularly good. *Amherst Lit* gives two sketches of considerable merit, "In the Time of the Hyksos," and "A Legend of Florence." "A Current Friendship," a good "long short story" appears in *Smith Monthly*. Anthony Hope's style is discussed in the *Williams Lit*, and apparently *apropos* of this subject is given "The Sale of a Story," showing how one would like to have "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard" end. The *Lit* also contains "The Man with Two Ears," and "The Gate of St. Elmo." In the *Yale Courant* we enjoyed "Hayes' White Lady," and "The Education of Parker." Other good things in the March magazines were "A Case of Consistency" in *The Mount Holyoke;* "A Woman's Answer" in the *Sibyl;* and "The American Historical Novel" in the *Columbia Lit.* The *Hamilton Lit* maintains its usual standard of excellence. The *Saturday Evening Post* continues to be one of our most welcome visitors, not only for its entertaining short stories and faultless appearance, but for its splendidly written editorials on topics of vital interest.

J. S. H.

Oft have I heard, upon the crowded ways,
  Dissatisfaction with the things that are ;
  Fears that the present tends to spoil and mar,
Unhappy pinings for the "good old days."
Each civic pessimist, with saddened gaze,
  Sighs for a Franklin or a Washington ;
  Each croaking rhymster, blind to glory won
By nobler mates, extols the ancient lays.

Foolish forebodings ! more than futile quest !
Your slaves build up their lives on dead men's bones
That crumbling, shake down all. Know that content
Was never gained in actionless lament.
Live with to-day ; throb with its throbs. The best
In man must grow from deeds, not empty moans.

—*Columbia Lit.*

Camputs

PRESS OF ANDRUS & CHURCH, ITHACA, N. Y.

Day

SHOULD WE FORGET?

THE deep bass notes from the happy stream
Rose and fell, rose and fell with joy supreme
The pine on the cliff the melody caught
And whispered a word with ecstasy fraught
To its mate. Ah! the day
When once we passed along that way.

The brook is lost in the ocean vast,
There's no return o'er the way it passed,
The pine will thrill and stir no more
At the sound of the notes once heard before,
And oh! there never will come a day
When we again shall pass that way.

E. M. B.

TO SPRING.

[Translated from Schiller.]

OH welcome, Nature's darling!
Her beauty and delight!
To the plain I bid thee welcome,
With blossom baskets bright!

Ay! Ay! again thou 'rt with us!
And thou art fair and dear!
And hearty our rejoicing,
As now we meet thee here.

Thinkst also of my sweetheart?
Ay! darling, think I pray!
Yonder a maiden loved me,
She loves me yet to-day.

For the maiden many flowers,
Do I request of thee—
Again I come to ask thee,
And thou? thou givest me.

E. S.

ROWING SONG.

ON the bosom of Cayuga,
In the time of long ago,
There were races well contested
Where the Indian came to row.
But the redman with his paddle,
With his little bark canoe,
Way has made for red and white men
And our good old Cornell crew.

CHORUS—Stroke, stroke, our crew is at the start.
Stroke, stroke, we cheer with all our heart.
Stroke, stroke, we can always tell,
That stroke, stroke, the winner's our Cornell.

We have watched them in the crew-room,
On the Inlet in the Spring.
How the "Old Man's" face would gladden
At their smooth and rhythmic swing.
Later, when the June days lengthened,
We have cheered them at the train,
Then we've followed to the river
Where it flows to meet the main.

CHORUS—Stroke, stroke,——

On the water Cornell's ready
Every crew to give a race
Standing for, "Fair field no favor
May the best crew win best place."
So let's follow them forever
In their swiftly moving shell,
While the waters own a master
In our crew from old Cornell.

Edw. A. McCreary.

DECORATION DAY ON STILL CAYUGA.

FAR from where the city's throngs
And journals, bold, deal out the prize
Of empty fame, and bettors' cries
Supply the place of college songs,
They row ; and still Cayuga's hills
Re-echo with the sounds of sport.
They need no "popular support,"
No loud parade of wrongs and ills
To speed them in the race. No fame
They seek except the sportsman's name.
And while they strain, as men 'gainst men,
And give their hearts to win first place,
Cornell's brave yell will answer Penn,
And sport, not fame, will win the race.

John O. Dresser.

ODE.

YE heroes of the Revolutionary War,
Who fought and died your land from tyranny to save,
Come forth from out your sepulchers and live once more,
No longer stay within your tombs, ye men who gave
A land to us,—America the Free!
Arise, that we to-day may sing your praise,
For that inspires us all to be like ye,
Like ye to whom our humble song we raise.

Ye men of war, what made ye fight?
Does warring benefit a race?
Is killing man an act of right?
Shall peace serene to strife give place?

When war is waged to save the state,
To crush the tyrant in his might,
Then war is aught but sinful hate,
Yes, men may battle for the right.

But also men of peace were ye,
Who tilled the soil as well as fought,
Created honest laws and free,
And rulers chose with wisdom fraught.

We honor ye as men of hate
Detesting sin in every form.
Unjust taxation, doomed by fate,
Met death and shipwreck in the storm.

We praise ye more as men of love
Adoring truth and liberty.
Love, freedom, truth are born above.
In these our grand exemplars be.

Come, men of faith, come tell us how
Success at last your efforts crowned.
Such meagre force could not allow
So great result as that ye found.

In truth, herein the secret lies :
  Until your last expiring breath,
Ye trusted God. Then acted wise,
  And fought for liberty or death.

And thus we call ye men of God.
  Such noble faith we reverence.
Rest well, our fathers, 'neath the sod,
  To ye we'll raise our monuments.

Ye, patriot sires, were noble men,
  Not titled lords of royal blood.
Yet royal blood was in ye when
  Ye fought so well for home and God.

Ye heroes of the Revolutionary War,
  Who fought and died your land from tyranny to save,
Come forth from out your sepulchers and live once more,
  No longer stay within your tombs, ye men who gave
A land to us,—America the Free !
  Triumphant freedom now awaits your gaze.
Behold that labor spent in vain can't be
  For him who ever walks in duty's ways. *R.*

OVER THE HILLS TO THE POORHOUSE.

Y sister and I spent much of our childhood with our grandparents who had charge of a county-house in the northern part of this state. When we look back to those days, many things seem very strange which then passed unnoticed. The unusual in human nature was the usual to us. The population of our known world consisted largely of lunatics, idiots, and epileptics. Our family had been peculiarly blest by exemption from such afflictions; someone had to take care of the rest of the world.

The women paupers as a rule were cross. They were always objecting to children "tracking in on their clean floors." Men generally were blind or foolish, but good-natured. They held little girls on their laps and told them stories or played checkers just as we wished. They would let children ride on hayloads or go after the cows or feed the pigs. In short, men were agreeable.

Chief among our heroes was Hickey, an intelligent young workman whom epilepsy had consigned to pauperism. But his fits were so infrequent that he was put in charge of the "crazy man's part." So attractive did this part of the house become by reason of Hickey's presence, that we made a second playhouse in Hickey's room. This was convenient for us and presumably pleasant for Hickey, who was not, however, consulted in the matter.

We frequently took dinner with him and his charges, among whom was old Mr. Roberts. He had taken us into his confidence; we knew all about the great machine he was going to make someday, when his wife's brother returned the money he had borrowed. Mr. Roberts seemed to us so deserving a man that we gave him five of our best picture cards.

Then there was the man who walked in a circle. In the

yard, he had worn a circular path which was duplicated by a smaller one in his cell. At a certain point in his monotonous journey, he always smiled and coughed. These acts repeated over and over made up his day. He was but twenty-three years old, Hickey told us, yet strange to say, his hair was perfectly white.

Except Mr. Roberts and "the circle-man," we noticed "the Doctor" more than anyone else. He never came to the table, but took his dinner on his bench near the door. When we visited Hickey one morning before the cells had been opened, we saw a round shiny depression in "the Doctor's" bench near the door. Hickey said that "the Doctor" had worn that place by sitting there.

Not all our friends, however, were among the crazy men. We liked Johnny too, who brought the wood, mended shoes, and kept a little store. Once he gave us each a stick of candy. We used to think him very clever because he kept a store, but we have since learned that he usually sold his candy and tobacco at cost, so probably he was foolish too. We thought Johnny rich as well as clever, when, at his death, my grandfather found eighteen dollars in his trunk.

One day, someone brought a new pauper, Adam Ladd, to the house. He was sick and would die soon, they told us. When we went to visit him, we saw a pale boy lying on the bed, who smiled at us encouragingly. After a brief period of silent inspection, one of us opened conversation by asking him where he "felt bad". He told us that he felt bad all over, but worst in his leg. We sympathized by telling him how we suffered sometimes from growing pains in the same region. Our liking for Adam soon became so strong that we protested stoutly when he told us one day that some good people were going to send him to a hospital, where he might, perhaps, get well. Recovery seemed attractive, but if the matter had been left to our decision, I fear that Adam would have staid at the Poorhouse always.

Fortunately we had nothing to say about it, so he went away and was cured of his lameness. Adam came back

quite well and strong, and, to our great delight, he was hired to work on the farm. So great was our admiration for the restored Adam, that we fairly dogged his footsteps. One rainy day, he went to the top of the hay mow in the big barn, to get a little peaceful sleep, but we found him even there and woke him up by pulling open his eyelids to see how his eyes looked when he was asleep. After that, he gave up all thought of escape and took us with him everywhere. Each morning we started out with the definite intention of "helping Adam" and returned to the house at meal time with the pleasant impression that we had done nearly all the farm work.

Later on, Adam married Mag Mitchell, a strong, good hearted woman, with a very bad temper. She had a little boy, named Georgie, who was lame and deformed—Mag had dropped him down stairs when he was a baby. Everyone loved Georgie, who was brave and cheerful despite his many infirmities. No matter how cross Mag was to everyone else, she was always good to Georgie; not that she was never impatient with him—she scolded him, but "jawed" other people. Georgie bore scolding and pain as necessary evils, gratefully accepting whatever kindness was shown him.

One winter he felt so well that he wanted to go to school. The school house was a mile and a half from us, but he trudged the distance bravely twice a day. The men used to think up errands, so that they could hitch up the horses and take him to school. Then if the team was down town during the day, it generally happened along near the school house about four o'clock, "so's to give Georgie a lift." But Georgie had some tiresome walks, since "lifts" did not come every day. About Christmas time he caught a cold which kept him in the house all winter. When spring came, he died.

There were other children in the house besides Georgie, but we did not like them because they had fits and were homely; then, too, one of them had poisoned our pet calf. Once in a while, a new baby would come, but after having

paid a duty call, we left it alone to Anne who took care of all the children.

Anne had no legs and but one hand. She used to drag herself around on the floor with a semicircular sort of motion. Even we children, hardened to strange things as we were, used to wonder how she could care for her little brood. Of course, with the older children it was easy enough ; she just buttoned their clothes on in the morning and unbuttoned them at night ; but the babies always wanted something and kept crying most of the time. As years go on, Anne seems even more remarkable to me, for I have seen many a mother possessed of all her limbs, yet unable to meet the demands of one child.

In the room next to Anne's, there were three women we liked. Betsey lived to the left of the door—a serenely foolish old Englishwoman who was always darning stockings. It was interesting to sort the contents of her workbasket and to help her by threading all her needles.

Behind the door on the right, was "Cordelia's palace", as she expressed it. The palace consisted of a doll's bureau and a wooden rocking chair made gay by odd bits of rags and ribbons. She once said to us confidentially, "with a doll's piano, my palace would be peerless." We thought it quite likely, but did not reply at length, the word "peerless" being as yet beyond us. Cordelia had a pretty, refined face. She went into raptures over everything bright or gayly colored ; even our playthings greatly excited her. One Christmas, when she came to see our tree, she nearly fainted, exclaiming in ecstasy, "Beautiful ! Glorious ! Heavenly !"

The chief duty of this high-strung, nervous girl was to wait upon Kate McCarthy. Kate had the dropsy. Whenever she could get morphine, she set herself to knitting stockings and mittens, with the utmost goodnature. But when her morphine was gone, she took to her bed and threatened to die instantly unless supplied with her beloved drug. In some way, Kate always managed to get what she

wanted. 'Morphine would come and Kate's goodnature would be restored. It seemed to us very silly to keep Kate waiting for what always made her well so quickly. We liked her very much and showed our esteem by often favoring her with our company and by entrusting to her care our two white rats and a pigeon we had tamed.

Betsey, Cordelia, and Kate were dear to us, but after all, Merlie was our best friend. Merlie was often cross, yet at such periods, she confined her remarks to the floor she was scrubbing or to the dishpan and its contents. Her English was peculiar; to nearly every noun, she prefixed "piece o'". We were "piece o' big gel" and "piece o' li'l gell". When everyone else made vain efforts to suppress the barks and yelpings of our dog, Merlie used to say philosophically, "Let piece o' li'l fool go out doors and hollum if he yants to." While our family were making preparations to leave the Poorhouse, someone heard Merlie say that she "would like to kill piece o' new boss and his wife." But instead of that, she worked hard and faithfully for them until she laid down her piece o' life.

These quiet, self-respecting women would not attract a stranger's attention; but visitors had to notice Emma for she followed them. Emma, vulgarly known as Bricktop, was a large, healthy animal with a constitutional dislike for work. She neither knew anything nor did anything worth mentioning except eat Paris-green with perfect impunity.

Huldah was much like Emma in everything but appearance. Her remarks were few in number, but she had a speaking smile which never left her countenance. Strangers surveyed the house in the genial atmosphere of this smile; as they stepped into their carriage to go away, Huldah would rouse herself, make one supreme effort and invariably say, "Goodbye", (with an infantile wave of her gigantic hand) "God bless ye! Bring me an orange next time ye come".

G. B. D.

R. L. S.

THOSE hollow cheeks, the long scraggly hair, the foreign-looking goatee and moustache, the general air of long-continued physical distress must have caused us all to linger and linger before the portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson. That such an one as he, years struggling against phthisis, longing for life in the open, but able partially to endure it only in the distant Vailima home, at last, only forty-four, giving in to disease, could produce books which number up to twenty-one in the luxurious "Thistle" edition of his collected works, is one of the marvels of our book-making generation.

In these writings, since he was of diseased body, we might fairly expect a tinge if not a taint of melancholy or bitterness, yet the thorough Stevensonian will tell you that no man ever wrote more buoyantly and healthfully, more sanely and cheerily than the only Louis. His friends will point to *Kidnapped* as a bubbling spring of youthful spirits, to *Treasure Island* as a vigorous, though violent, picture of far-away search for buried wealth, to *The Child's Garden of Verses* as the most wholesome conceivable revelation of ourselves as we were ten or twenty or forty years ago, to *An Inland Voyage* as the ingenuous, joyous out-welling of a healthy, even exuberant manhood. Now, how far is it possible for a man's spirit to out-top his frame? We admire, yes, we love Stevenson, for what he did that was vigorous and hearty, *in spite of* his one lung; yet, candidly, if we put aside our affection, must we not acknowledge creeping over us a sense of the underlying melancholy of much of this amiable Stevenson's work? *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, though not coarse like the "penny dreadful" nor coarseness smoothed over like the "shilling shocker" is certainly repulsive in its melancholy burden; *The Suicide*

Club and *The Rajah's Diamond*, though not uncanny like *Dr. Jekyll* and though even at times frankly amusing, are certainly contrived in a spirit of unconscious melancholy mockery. *Thrawn Janet* and *The Merry Men* exhale the essence of dramatic melancholy and eerie mysticism. *The Misadventures of John Nicholson*, despite a "happy ending", leaves one the dregs of foiled youth's bitterness. These dregs in his first published story, *A Lodging for the Night*, in his second, *The Sire de Malétroit's Door*, and in his third, *Will 'O the Mill* are more or less present in an underlying stifled tone, that, in another, one would call cynicism. *Prince Otto* and *The Dynamiter* and *The Island Nights Entertainments* are certainly not buoyant. Though cheery in manner, then, Stevenson was at heart by no means lively.

And, now, if Stevenson is not as a writer, or even as a man, in truth quite the healthy, lively spirit that his friends would have him, is he any the less a gifted master of style? We think not. Style is the man, but it is the man in various sorts of clothes; sometimes a plain old homespun, like Ben Franklin's; sometimes a red shirt and high boots, like Bret Harte's; sometimes a well-fitting Gibson suit, like Richard Harding Davis's; sometimes a nondescript American sack coat, like Frank Stockton's; sometimes an artist's slouch jacket, baggy trousers, and soft hat, like Robert Louis Stevenson's. For, Stevenson was an artist—an artist in words. His exquisite phrasing, his deftness in suggestion, his beautiful narrative mosaics, his tesselated descriptions, in which each word is a tessera of price and in which the collected effects are pictures of things idealized to soothing beauty or to quieting solemnity—these mark off Stevenson as the master of words. He had practised long at the craft. We have all read of his inevitable note-book; how, when a boy at school, detesting some of his studies and but an indifferent student in all, he went about jotting down impressions and thoughts, stories and descriptions; how, too, he would sit in meditation, turning into fit words all that was passing through his quick-moving

brain. Small wonder that with a youth and youngmanhood of such rigorous self practise he became the master workman at last. Small wonder that he could always choose from his abundant store the one word to clothe his thought.

This continued practise, moreover, helped to clear his head so that he wrote with assurance and so that his reader can at a reading understand the thought that is stirring. When Stevenson has once begun a story, he holds all subservient to his central thought; he rarely mars by any sort of digression. When, in the course of his narrative, he must explain something, he goes about his explanation, never stiffly, yet most systematically and admirably. He thinks clearly—lucid thinking and lucid statement go together. Stevenson sits on the box of his coupé or in his light surrey or buckboard holding with sure hand the reins of his pair or high on his tally-ho firmly guiding his four-in-hand; as witness: *The Merry Men*, pp. 40-42.

His clear head for the arrangement of sentences in paragraphs and paragraphs in relation to each other and the whole composition was just as evident when it came to the phrasing of sentences. His sure touch puts each word in its proper place relative to all the others. In this Stevenson comes near the almost flawless Hawthorne. Stevenson has a lighter touch than Hawthorne. Hawthorne you can depend upon, but you feel that he is driving with solemn, almost anxious look to be sure against a swerve. Stevenson is confident that at the merest touch his delicate mouthed pair will obey, and, confident, he is lighter hearted and easier faced in his phrasing. His sentences obey like Tuck in Mr. Kipling's "A Walking Delegate." Tuck's mouth, you remember, was like velvet and she knew it, while Miss Tedda in very wonderment said her driver had given her a plain bar bit and fitted it as if "there was some feelin' to [her] maouth". Not that Hawthorne drives a Miss Tedda, but surely not a Tuck.

Not quite so irreproachable is Stevenson in his syntax.

He was tempted sometimes to keep the pot boiling by work not his best. In such work there is occasionally a sad lapse and the lapse is more likely to be in careless syntax than in use of words or in phrasing, which had become so much second nature with him that he may have thought himself impervious to ordinary mortal syntactical ills. Of course, you understand, we refer to Stevenson writing in his own person. Still, these occasional false lines in some of his work do not mar the whole, and there is much in which you find nothing amiss.

We had thought to go on and speak in detail of Stevenson's choice of words, of the occasional pomposities of his younger writing, of the elegance and polish and simplicity of his later ; to discuss rather fully the diction in the *Merry Men* passage to which we have referred ; to call attention there to the single adjectives which give pages of "atmosphere," such as this : "There had begun to arise out of the northwest a huge and solid continent of *scowling* cloud ;" we had thought to speak specifically of his descriptions, of his hearty out-door spirit and intense observation, of his keen analysis of character and knowledge of men, of his sympathy with young men and with children, of his deliciously flavored touches of kindly fun. Yet all these things would but emphasize the main point which we wish to make clear, that Stevenson, loved devotedly by all sorts of readers, deserves the affection freely his ; that, in spite of a certain inevitable undertone of sorrow, he is a buoyant soul working out steadfastly through the most polished of language a gospel of good cheer, of happy acceptance of the world as it is and of making the best of it. G.

FATHER AND SON.

"HALT!"

The sentry's command rang out sharp and clear in the breathless summer night, as, raising his rifle to his shoulder, he levelled it at a figure advancing slowly toward him. It was the eve of battle. Part of the Federal army lay bivouacked in the field near Gettysburg. Preparations for the morrow were nearly complete and the brigade had composed itself for its last rest before the coming conflict. Many who slumbered that night were soon to sleep the sleep that "knows no waking." Still they slept on peacefully, for of such things soldiers reck not. But while many rested, some must watch. So the sentries paced silently, slowly, steadily backwards and forwards at their post, keeping a sharp lookout for any who had no business near the lines.

"Halt! Who goes there?" cried the sentry again, with his finger on the trigger.

The stranger stopped and looked anxiously at the sentry. "A friend," he answered in a tremulous voice. The sentry looked at him more closely. He was a short, bent old man, with shaggy white beard and sparse hair. His clothes were worn and dusty, as if he had been travelling far. His face was haggard and there was an anxious but gentle expression in his dim grey eyes. He didn't look like a suspicious character, but spies are exceedingly artful. The sentry half lowered his gun, ready to raise it again at the least hostile movement, and continued his interrogation.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, though in a voice less harsh and abrupt than before.

Then the old man, in a weak, scarcely audible voice, briefly told him. He had come to look for his son—his eighteen-year old, only surviving boy, who had run away from home a few days before and enlisted, as he supposed,—

for so the son had wished, though his father would not consent,—in the Union army. "Two years ago," the old man said, "I had a wife and five sons; since then I have given four sons to my country and my wife has died of grief. And now Henry, my only remaining child, has left me. He told me that he loved me, when I told him that I needed him, but that he loved his country more, and she needed him. But I, who had already sacrificed so much, felt that I could sacrifice no more. And then, when I refused my consent, he left me. And I have come to find him and ask him to come back to me. Can you help me?" And he looked appealingly at the sentry, while his voice trembled with emotion.

For a moment the sentry's gun shook in his hands, and a great lump gathered in his throat, while his eyes grew strangely moist. He, too, had run away from home, but it was an aged mother whom he had left. His heart smote him harder than ever before. It was several seconds before he could trust himself to speak. Military discipline is very strict, but he was so sorry for the stranger that he shifted his gun to his left hand and with his right grasped and pressed the other's warmly.

"What is your son's name?" he asked kindly.

"Waring—Henry Waring," replied the other. "Do you know him?"

The soldier shook his head. "No," he said regretfully.

The old man sighed heavily. Suddenly he asked, "May I see the general?"

This time the sentry was astonished, but he replied gently: "I'm sorry, but there's going to be a big fight to-morrow and the general can't be disturbed. See here! I'll try to find Henry, and if I'm not killed to-morrow, will try to send him back to you, if possible. You'd better leave here now, so's to be out of danger. There'll be bullets and shells flying around in a few hours."

"What!" cried the old man with a voice for the moment strong,—"go away and leave Henry here to be killed? I

shall stay here near him, even if I can't find him, and maybe we may die together. Thank you, friend, for your kind offer. Good-bye and God bless you !'' And he turned and walked slowly away, leaving the sentry, who watched him out of sight, with thoughts upon which we will not intrude.

Next morning as the sentry was hurrying to the front, he saw the old man seated on a dilapidated wooden fence not far behind the lines, looking eagerly at everyone that passed him, and seemingly oblivious to the bullets and shells that were flying round him. The soldier knew that the father was watching for his son and his heart swelled with sympathy. But he was soon in the thick of the fight, and all thoughts of other things left him. He escaped the dreadful carnage of the first and second days' battle, and during the lulls in the conflict and through the nights, he tried to find the young runaway, but in vain.

The old man, too, had been unsuccessful. During the first two days he scarcely left the place where he had stationed himself when the sentry saw him, and scanned anxiously the face of every Federal soldier who passed ; but in none did he recognize his darling boy. He seemed to live a charmed life. In the place where missiles were the thickest, he remained for two whole days unscathed, while men by hundreds fell around him. But he thought not of this—he thought only of finding his son. So he watched and waited.

It was the afternoon of the third day of battle—that afternoon, nearly the most momentous in American history. For two whole days had raged such a conflict as had never before been witnessed in the New World ; and the star of the Confederates seemed to be in the ascendant. Apparent success had thus far crowned their efforts, and it seemed plain that only one more crushing blow was needed to complete their victory and to annihilate the Federal army, and with it all hopes of protecting the North from the ravages of the enemy. The prospect looked black indeed for the Union. But the Southerners, flushed with success, little knew that

the "Lord God of battles" was fighting for their adversaries.

The morning had been spent in preparation for the final struggle. At last, about one o'clock, Lee's arrangements were all completed ; and, at the signal gun, there burst forth from Seminary Ridge the terrific fire of one hundred and fifteen cannon. With an answering roar the Federal batteries, planted on the opposite crest, replied ; and for two hours there continued a cannonade whose thunder shook the earth and reverberated for miles around. Finally the Union artillery slackened fire, and in a few minutes ceased entirely, evidently silenced. Then suddenly on Seminary Ridge appeared a magnificent array of men, eighteen thousand strong, that marched deliberately and with precision, while their comrades on the hill and the enemy across the valley watched them with thrilling admiration, straight down the slope, across the plain below, and up the acclivity, on the summit of which waited the Federal army.

The old man, sitting on the fence from which he had watched the previous two days' strife, looked with stolid indifference down from the ridge at the advancing enemy. What mattered it to him whether the attacking column should be successful or should be hurled back with shattered ranks? What mattered it whether the North or the South should win the day? He cared only for his son—the son who had run away from home and him to enlist in the Union army. If he could only find his boy alive, he cared not what else might happen. But he had watched for two long, weary days and now almost despaired. His boy was dead, lying probably somewhere among those heaps of mangled corpses that strewed the bloody ground. He would never see his darling son again in this world—why then did he himself still live? Why had not one of those shells or bullets that had been flying around him for more than two whole days—why had not one of them relieved him of his grief? So he watched with unseeing eyes that gallant column of Virginians which marched steadily up the hill

toward the Federal intrenchments. He scarcely saw or heard the Union batteries suddenly reopen fire and plow great furrows in the enemy's ranks, while part of the Union army poured a destructive musket fire upon their flank. He was only dimly conscious that the thinned column kept on, swerving slightly to its left, until Pettigrew's brigade met Hancock's, when the latter's fire, till then reserved, broke forth with deadly effect and sent the enemy streaming back in wild disorder.

Now, Pickett's division strikes a weaker position and is momentarily successful. It seems as if they will sweep the Northerners before them. But not for long —the Federal soldiers and officers plunge boldly, each for himself, into a hand-to-hand struggle with the Confederates, and in a few minutes all the latter who are not dead or wounded are fleeing to their own lines. Then what a paean of joy rises from the Northern army. Victory! victory is theirs and the Union is saved—but at what a cost!

The old man scarcely heard the shouts, for just then he saw something which, for the first time that afternoon, riveted his attention. There, coming towards him, were two men bearing a stretcher on which lay a wounded Federal soldier. One of them was the sentry with whom he had spoken that night. But the old man did not see the sentry —he bent forward eagerly, looking at the wounded soldier on the stretcher. As it neared him his eyes almost started from their sockets. Could it be possible? Good God!—it was—it was—his boy—his darling boy—not dead—but—*dying*. The old man tottered from the fence toward the stretcher. "Henry, my Henry!" he cried, extending his arms convulsively.

The sentry started and nearly let go the handles of the stretcher. "Henry Waring! My God!" he exclaimed. "At last and thus!"

The wounded soldier raised his eyes with an effort—those eyes whose light was already dimmed by the approaching shadow of the great beyond. He looked at the old man

with an expression of agony in which love and repentance were blended, and cried, "My father! Forgive me!"

The old man opened his lips to speak the words of loving pardon, but he never uttered them. At that instant a shell from the rebel artillery burst over their heads. For a moment a heavy pall of smoke hung sullenly over the spot—shrieks of agony rent the air—and when, an instant later, the dense cloud passed slowly away, the ground was strewn with corpses, and the litter and the fence whereon had sat the aged spectator of the fight, had vanished. Amid the carnage of battle, the souls of the father and son had passed together to join their loved ones!

F. Monroe Crouch.

SHOOT, OR CHUTE.

LOW hiss of escaping steam at the corner of the building was the only sound to break the midnight stillness of the wood-shop, when the lock clicked, and, as the door opened, the night watchman stumped in. Threading his way among the half-finished patterns to the other end of the shop, he set his bull's-eye on a tool-chest and took up in his hand the little leather-covered watchman's clock that was swung from his shoulder.

As he made a turn or two in this with a peculiar shaped key that was chained to the wall—to check off on the dial the time of his visit,—the light from the lantern threw the swollen shadow of his stocky figure along the floor and half way up the side wall, and lighted up his features with a bright glare—his low, broad forehead, wrinkled just then into a deep-lined crow's-foot as he faced the lens; small, blue eyes; stubby nose, and a grizzled, brown beard, covering the lower half of his face. Behind that beard was a knotted, square jaw that few would have imagined was there, from the jolly friendliness of his genial disposition. Nor was it commonly known that, hidden also by the beard, was a long, ragged scar. Only the "old boys" knew that a rebel bullet had ploughed that line while a Union charge was recarrying Round Top, at Gettysburg.

As he stood there, an iron clamp slipped off a bench nearby and clanked on the floor and he glanced sharply around with a strange glitter in his eyes that was never seen by the children who would happen to meet him in the gathering dusk as he was going his rounds. For these knew him simply as "Anthony", good-natured Anthony, who occasionally gave them a friendly scare by turning his bull's-eye on them.

The glitter disappeared, however, and a twinkle took its place as the door again opened and his fellow watchman en-

tered in such a hurry that he stumbled over a pattern on the floor.

"Whoa, Wilson," he laughed, "your rhumatiz seems to 'a' left ye. What you been seein'? Ghosts?"

"Somethin' 'at has more life to 'em than ghosts," Wilson answered, slightly chagrined. He was aging rapidly, and any unexpected and undignified position ruffled him.

As he approached, Anthony looked at him with a curious interest. His fellow watchman was evidently excited, and Anthony always welcomed excitement in his monotonous rounds; but, then, Wilson was apt to get flurried once in awhile over imaginary dangers. So he waited until the other spoke.

"Got your pistol ready?" Wilson asked, in answer to his look, "we got some work ahead o' us."

"Mine's all right," he returned; but he did not reach for it. He knew it was ready.

"Because," continued Wilson, scarcely waiting for the answer, "some fellers are goin' to break in the office purty soon."

"How d'ye know?" he asked calmly, not altogether upset by this startling bit of news.

"How dw' I know?" Wilson exclaimed impatiently. "Didn't I hear 'em say so?"

"Eh, how can *I* tell?" he replied, still in an impassioned tone, but visibly showing more interest.

"I've been kep' there in the office by 'em for the last half hour," Wilson went on, unheeding him. "I went in to check off my clock and was settin' there in a cheer dozin' a—just had my eyes closed a minit, y' know, and was leanin' back agin' the wall, an' purty soon I heerd three fellows atalkin' outside. I peeked out the winder and seen 'em, Jake Sloan, an' Hank Bent, and Jim Mozer. The old man discharged 'em, y' know, last week fer raisin' a racket over in the foundry, an' they've been hangin' around the saloons ever since. They're half drunk to-night, but had enough sense in 'em to be purty cute. They was talkin' about

breakin' into the office and gettin' the money that was put in yesterday to pay the hands off to-morrow. Hank he cussed and said he'd fix the old man fer dischargin' 'im, that he'd like to blow his brains out, but it 'd be the next best thing to take his money. An' when they asked how he'd do it, he said he'd git in all right. He went around to the cellar windows on the dark side of the office—the light shines on all the doors, y' know—but they was all barred, except where they're puttin in the new coal-chute, an' when he come to that he reckoned they could knock out the pane there an' slide down the chute an' force the inside door open. Then they hung around fer half an hour to see if one o' us 'd come along. They knew we're due every fifteen minits, an' when they found that neither o' us come around, Jake said he supposed the old mokes was asleep, as usual, plague take 'em, an' they started off to git some tools an' a lantern. I didn't know whether to stop 'em or not, but I let 'em go. It'll be a better case agin 'em if we ketch 'em at work ; so have your gun ready an' come along."

During this account he kept nervously filling and emptying the chambers of his revolver. At the last sentence he shuffled off toward the door. But Anthony continued calmly sweeping the shavings from the bench with a brush he had picked up at the beginning of the recital. He did not speak until Wilson was nearly at the door.

"What are ye goin' to do about it?"

"Why, haul 'em up when they try to git in," Wilson answered, querulously.

"They're drunk?"

"Drunk enough to be right nasty."

"They'll be mean to handle then—probably won't give in till they're all hurt. Y' say they're comin' in by the coal-schute?"

"That's the only way they can git in."

Anthony brushed for a minute at an obstinate chip that stuck against the vise jam. Then he laid the brush on the bench and took up his lantern.

"All right; we'll settle 'em."

"How?"

"You go over there to the steam chest and git them two pots o' glue and take 'em down to the office and you'll see." He picked up a hammer and a few nails and stumped out.

Five minutes later Anthony, with a hammer in one hand and a few pieces of strong rope in the other, entered the office, where he found Wilson waiting with the glue.

"Down cellar," he directed; and the two made their way down the steps to the chute.

This was some eighteen inches wide and, at the top, entirely enclosed, to prevent the coal from flying about. Most of it, however, was open, with sides about six inches high. It sloped sharply, turning around a partition half way down, so that the lower part was invisible from the window. As Wilson had stated, it was just being built. Simply the frame was there; the sheet-iron lining had not as yet been put in.

Near the lower end Anthony now drove a stout nail in the bottom of the chute. He placed another at the bend, and a third one further up. To these three nails he now fastened three ropes, one to each nail. Then he placed Wilson with one pot of glue, and instructions, at the base, while he himself took a position with the other pot under the chute at the bend; and there they waited.

Presently they heard muffled voices outside. The owner of one of them, who seemed to be in command, approached the window and threw the light of a small dark lantern around the frame. Then he uttered a low exclamation and worked at the frame with a hammer. In a few minutes he lifted the window out bodily and the sounds outside at once became distinct, but the voices were thick and hoarse. The leader they now recognized to be Hank, who was directing the others how to enter.

"They ain't only one way to git in, and that there's to slide down hoofs fust. We wanter do it quick, so youse git ready to foller me 's soon's I start.

With this he placed his feet in the chute, lay flat on his

back, held the lantern above his head, and started. He descended rapidly, made the bend more or less gracefully, and was nearing the foot when his career came to a sudden and positive stop. As the restraint seemed to come from below, he thought he had struck a place which was partly tinned, and let out a yell which would have done credit to an Apache—and have eternally disgraced a professional burglar.

"Stop! Hol' on! Don't run into"—but he was cut short by a rope that passed swiftly over his breast and pinned him to the chute.

His warning came too late. The instant he had passed the bend a hand reached over the side and with a brush coated the bottom of the chute. So, when the second tobogganer reached it, he stopped there and felt the same binding rope.

The third one fared slightly better. His terminus he found just above the bend. But he was carrying the tools and these did not stop. They flew out of his arms and rained over the form at the bend, slid on, and pattered on Hank's head below.

Then bedlam broke loose; and from three different heights came such sulphurous showers of oaths as were really dangerous in a coal cellar. They continued even when Anthony, throwing the light of his lantern over the three, mounted a box and held an iron pot at the top of the chute.

"Keep quiet, or you'll get the rest o' the glue."

They got it; and as it flowed down the slope, hardening around them, the watchmen took a few more turns of the rope around the chute and over their hands. Then, with a parting glance at the fastenings and the comforting admonition to "cool off," Anthony directed Wilson up the stairs and followed himself.

* * * * * * *

The next day, when the hands were being paid off, he received a substantial addition to his wages, "for devising a good scheme and sticking to it."

E. A. G.

VERB + ADVERB IN CONVERSATIONS.

WE have been noticing repeatedly of late in the conversations which occur in all sorts of new stories by all sorts of new writers what seems to us a fad in the use of adverbs. The writer uses a colorless verb of saying and supplements it by a vivid adverb. Where, for example, Hope in *Zenda* will say that Sapt *growled* or that Fritz *laughed* an answer, or that Johann *stammered* a reply, the writers affected by the spreading mannerism to which we refer will say that their characters "replied snappishly" or "answered laughingly" or "returned hesitatingly". Thus, in Weyman's *Castle Inn*, about which we had something to say in our March issue, we were interested to note that this mannerism is employed at least fifty times; that, in fact, the author either is unconscious of the presence in our language of any number of suitable verbs for such locutions or else deliberately avoids them in favor of the colorless verb + the vivid adverb. It is to the choice of suitable adverbs that he devotes his apparently painstaking attention.

Again, in a book which is on our table this month for notice, we have been forced to see the same usage in paragraph after paragraph, sometimes as often as six or seven times on a single page; so that our copy of the book is liberally sprinkled with our cabalistic abbreviation "adv". In Mary Johnston's *Prisoners of Hope* you will find Sir Charles Carew uttering "in a sweetly languid voice" this, that, or the other honeyed compliment; saying "lazily" at least a dozen times in the course of the not quite four hundred pages of the story; saying "coolly", "suavely", "airily", "smoothly" all in the first few chapters. In these same chapters, too, you will find Godfrey Landless saying "coldly" three times, "dryly", "quietly", "grimly", "steadily", "bitterly", "slowly", "delib-

erately", "simply", "sternly"; you will find Patricia saying "gayly", "anxiously", "gently", "resolutely", "steadily", "demurely", "coldly", "icily"; you will find the worthy, broad-backed Colonel, Patricia's father, saying "sedately", "in a round and jovial voice", his overseer replying "deferentially", one of his slaves, the mulatto, answering "smoothly" and even "very smoothly", and, finally, not to multiply examples, another slave, the Muggletonian, speaking "grimly" and "abruptly".

Yet, we must say, in justice to the writer, that, although in the course of the story she makes use of this device something over a hundred and fifty times, she does, occasionally in her conversations, make use of firmly handled verbs such as *drawled*, *laughed*, *quavered*, *screamed*, and *hissed*. The general tendency in the book, however, is plainly in favor of the use of the simple verb of saying (with its variants—reply, answer, add, rejoin, strike in, and so on) together with a specifically colored adverb. The adverb is intended to give the atmosphere and reality and distinctiveness to the conversation.

When we read these successions of verbs and adverbs we are continually reminded of the conventional stage comments, *sotto voce*, etc. In fact, we wonder if at the bottom of the prevalent practice there may not be seen a tendency in novelists to make their conversations more and more realistically dramatic, more and more such as might be repeated on the stage or spoken in real life. These two things might seem to be radically opposed, yet in the general swinging towards realism they seem to be rapidly approaching each other.

One obvious merit possessed by the mannerism is that it furnishes a writer one of the easiest imaginable devices for indicating with unmistakable clearness the exact character of the persons who are acting in the story. For example, from the single adverb "airily" joined to a verb which reports one of Sir Charles Carew's speeches, one comes to know inevitably and intimately the sort of man that Sir

Charles Carew is; from the single adverb "sternly" one comes to understand what manner of man is Godfrey Landless. One couldn't possibly imagine Sir Charles speaking "sternly" or Godfrey speaking "airily". The mannerism, then, has a definite function in character drawing and may be expected to remain in vogue for some time to come.

C. R. Gaston.

If you have never looked into the matter you will be surprised to see how much a story-teller can get out of adverbs. More and more do we become impressed with the importance of this part of speech in narrative. The writer of the pages preceding has called attention to the growing use of the adverb with a verb of saying to give color to a conversation; we might add that it is being used, too, more and more to suggest tersely a whole page of wrought-out description. Thus, one comes to feel more clearly the general appearance of Colonel Verney when he is said to walk *heavily* from the room, than one had felt previously in some pages of rather minute description. Again, when Sir Charles is said to have exclaimed, "Madam, sweet cousin, divinest Patricia," in "a *carefully* impassioned tone," one comes to feel instantly the whole force of the situation—a professional courtier, eager to win a good property and incidentally a beautiful wife, manufacturing a bit of sentiment. We commend to your attention this mere detail, if you please, of story-telling.—ED.

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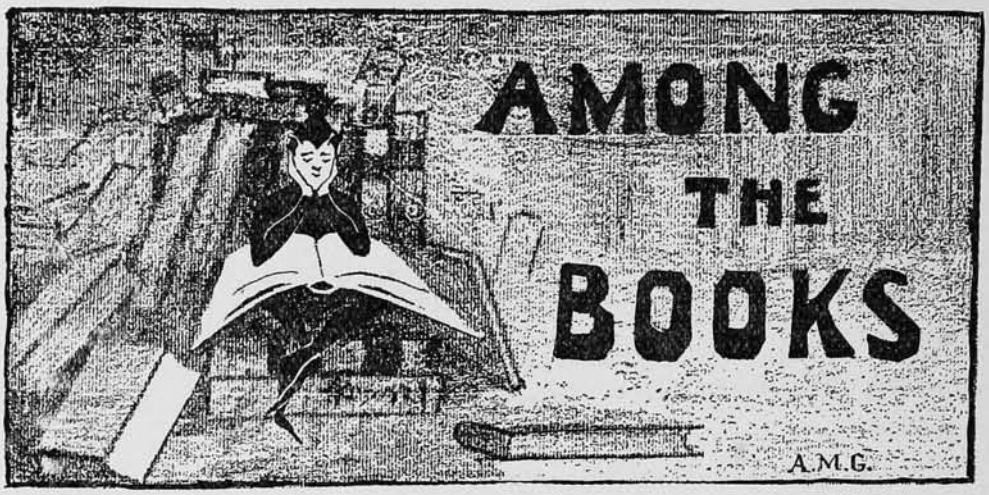
MANUSCRIPT for the June number should be in the hands of the editor before 22, May.

WE wish to call the attention of Juniors to the fact that little time remains for the submitting of verse or prose in competition for places on next year's MAGAZINE board. Thus far, manuscript has been received from ten Juniors; five editors are to be chosen. In one or two cases the manuscript submitted has been scant in quality and in quantity. Consequently, although the number and the kind of articles submitted this year have been particularly gratifying, you can see that there is still time for turning in material which may secure for you an editorship.



McTEAGUE.

IF Mr. Frank Norris would only take to heart the dictum of a very different sort of writer from himself, Robert Louis Stevenson, he would go to work and squeeze his long San Francisco story hard. (*McTeague*, by Frank Norris, Harvard '95. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, 1899. p. 442. $1.50.) After he had pressed out the unessentials, his story would be unusually good. In order to make good jell, you have to throw away a lot of worthless pulp.

To cite a single striking illustration, there was absolutely no need to introduce into the story the two page account of the quasi-dog-fight. It hasn't the slightest imaginable bearing on the development of any part of the story or on the development of any side of any one's character.

The gratuitous material of the book may be seen, too, in another way. Suppose you read fifteen or twenty pages in the middle; you may possibly stumble on the pages telling vividly of little old maid Miss Baker's false curls, of Marcus's blatherskitish palaver about labor and capital, of Dentist McTeague's big gilded molar sign, and so on. Now, suppose you start at the beginning of the story and read fifteen or twenty pages; you will read of the same curls, the same palaver, the same molar. The author has an unusual power

of grasping salient details, an unusual descriptive insight, and at the same time a curiously limited vision. Or rather, he has let us see the same things over and over; being keen-sighted, he nevertheless hasn't contented himself with doing things compactly.

The examples which we have cited, however, bring up the whole question of what Mr. Norris's book was written for. If it was written as a legitimately planned and developed novel it is a failure. If it was written as a series of kaleidoscopic views of San Francisco lower-middle and poorer class life it is extremely effective. The dog-fight then becomes an element in the life; the recurring molars and palaver and curls then become a part of the every-day ordinariness of it all. In fact, that is what the book is—a series of snap shots at various San Francisco persons and things at all hours of the day and night, the whole series being somewhat unconvincingly bound together by the story of Mac and Trina, Mac the great big red-headed hulking dentist who could pull teeth with his fingers, and Trina, the pretty little sordid *miser*, with her unusual beauty and her "heavy tiara of swarthy hair."

We said that the book would be better without the pulp. To us it would be. Possibly you like raw fruit better than jell; possibly the author hadn't any desire to make jell. Not to carry the comparison too far, you may like to read Mr. Norris's story straight through in spite of the pulp, even because of the pulp. It possesses to a marked degree the much-to-be-desired quality of interest.

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

This is a strong book. (*Prisoners of Hope*, A Tale of Colonial Virginia, by Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York, 1899. p. 378.) Just as in *Red Rock*, Page made real a phase of our country's development, the period immediately succeeding the Civil War, and just as in *Hugh Wynne*, Mitchell made live before our eyes

an earlier phase of our history, the period of the War for Independence, so in *Prisoners of Hope*, the writer under consideration has made vital and comprehensible a still earlier period of our history, indicated in the sub-title, the time of colonial Virginia. It is not, however, simply because of its historical flavor that *Prisoners of Hope* is worth while. In it the author has shown unusual constructive ability and in it she has created at least one lasting character, Godfrey Landless.

The constructive ability may be seen notably in the author's skill in arousing curiosity regarding events in past lives of the characters and, before the complete clarification, in slipping in occasional hints and suggestions partially to satisfy that curiosity. Early in the story, for example, one wonders why the "brown-haired man", not at all like his fellow convicts in mien or in appearance, himself became a convict. Very skillfully, with several coy leadings almost up to a definite explanation, the writer holds one's attention till she is ready to explain fully. This effective leading on of the reader by hints and suggestions is, we think, along with the reality of the characters, one of the prime reasons for the general interest of the book.

A flaw in the use of description may not ungraciously be pointed out. In the main, the writer is remarkably successful in her descriptions, introducing them deftly and organically. She possesses unusually penetrating powers of observation, describing with especial effectiveness all out-doors; of this sort of description, for example, the last few paragraphs of the book are really powerful. Her descriptions are, however, sometimes overdone; they seem sometimes to be introduced simply for their own sake without regard to the characters and the action. This may be seen clearly if you will turn to the two page description of the Colonel's house and grounds very early in the story. The author would have done better if she had followed Page's plan in *Red Rock* and introduced her descriptions dynamically; that is to say, if she had put the picture before the reader at the

time when the object to be described might naturally be expected to come rather more vividly than usual before the eyes of an actor in the story. In this way, the reader isn't inclined to skip. He is humanly interested and wants to see what the character sees.

ON THE EDGE OF THE EMPIRE.

Judging from the curious blue cover with its yellow lettering and its yellow shadowy pagoda things, which look like tipsy icicles, and judging from the fancy titles which greet your eye as you glance through the table of contents—The Regimental Babu, The Feud and the Regiment, The Biters Bit, A Pathan Martyr, The Black Gown, Milkmen and Butchers, The Making of a Rajah, you may think this book (*On the Edge of the Empire* by Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames. Scribner's, New York, 1899. p. 275. $1.50) is a collection of highly colored Indian stories. It is more than that. Besides containing all sorts of funny and tragic army and civilian tales told simply as tales, it contains, by the way, and sometimes even as the apparent primary purpose of several sketches a good many keen, often satirically keen, didactic comments on the administration of affairs in India. For both of these things the volume is readable—for its fictions and for its strictures.

About Indian stories in general there's a sameness which is surprising to an American not familiar with Indian traditions. Take the Levett Yeats stories, the K. stories, these stories of Jepson and Eames, all are in pithily put sentences, all have a certain *abandon*, all ring the changes on vehement action and cold-blooded killing. India breeds Indian men. All sorts of writers get the spirit, if they've been for a while in India. Obviously Jepson and Eames have been there, obviously they "know their India" well, obviously they know the inside of things. Thus, even though their stories remind strongly of the master, K., these writers seem to have drawn their methods not from the master, but from a common source, the Indian life itself.

THROUGH THE TURF SMOKE.

Faith, an' we loike Oirish sthories! Only we oughtn't always to say "faith" if we're to be really and truly accurate; we ought sometimes to say "faix". At any rate that's what Mr. Seumas MacManus's characters sometimes say in his Donegal tales, *Through the Turf Smoke.* (The Love, Lore, and Laughter of Old Ireland. By Seumas MacManus. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, 1899. p. 294. 75 cents.) These stories, as you would inevitably expect since they're Irish, are bright, crisp, broadly amusing. In some, the amusement comes from the very "tallness" of the story, in some from the plausibility, and in others from the inimitable Celtic way of saying and doing things not in the least funny when said and done by other persons. The stories in this volume are not transplanted Irish, the record of talks around the kitchen wash tubs in the conventional *Puck* and *Judge* picture, but the genuine article imported from the Donegal smoke-blacked roof-tree and hearth-side.

The first story in the volume has appealed to us strongly because of the effect which we imagine it might have if acted out. Thady Rooney keeps humming to himself a little tune which looks nice in its formal lines and notes and bars. We imagine it would come in very effectively in a dramatic representation of the story. It reminds us of that tune which you remember "father," whenever things went wrong, used always to whistle in Eugene Field's "Father's Way." This bit of verse we have always liked; perhaps for that reason we were prejudiced in favor of the MacManus story—because it recalled to our mind something different.

Through the Turf Smoke has already gone into a second edition. The publishers will gladly send it on approval, post-paid, to be returned if not wanted.

A WEST POINT WOOING.

These stories (*A West Point Wooing* and Other Stories, by Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Bos-

ton and New York, 1899. p. 305.) are comfortably jogging tales of no unusual originality in conception, of no great brilliance in execution. Possibly you are already familiar with this writer's work (among other things *Sweet Clover* is in the library) and will need no recommendation of this new collection of stories. The atmosphere, plots, characters—all the elements, are ordinary. This, however, by no means condemns the book. If we were to make a choice between MacManus's *Through the Turf Smoke* and these stories of Clara Louise Burnham we should undoubtedly choose the former; yet, for tranquil reading on a comfortable spring day, we think as much entertainment could be obtained from "A West Point Wooing", "A Thanksgiving Revival", "By a Minute", and others of these stories, as from the more sprightly MacManus stories. Both collections read well aloud.

RAGGED LADY.

If you are devoted to Mr. Howells, you will like his new story, *Ragged Lady.* (Harper & Brothers. New York and London, 1899. p. 357. $1.75.) The "ragged lady" is a young rural New England girl of Middlemount, discovered by Mr. and Mrs. Lander, two Boston worthies, one fat and insistent, the other lean and subdued (we haven't said which was which), and in time led off by Mrs. Lander to Europe and Italy. Mrs. Lander dies and is buried in Venice. By her will, the property left her by her husband, mostly scattered by over-lavish living, goes not to the "ragged lady" Clementina, but to certain of Mr. Lander's kindred opportunely held thus far in the background. By this time Clem isn't a "ragged" lady at all; she's simply a lady. Naturally several men want to marry her. She finally chooses one, marries him when he's pretty nearly dead of consumption, then after his death goes home to her father's, where at the end of the book we hear her mother say of her, "Clem's doin' very well, as it is. She no *need* to marry again."

For ourselves, we must acknowledge a feeling of weari-

ness creeping over us as we have tried to go through the story. The tone somehow doesn't ring true; it's too labored. It's as if the writer had played three or four sets of tennis on a sultry, dripping afternoon, and was playing still another purely on his nerve. The characters are too obviously meant to be real and indigenous; in fact, they scarcely seem either. Possibly it's because their personality doesn't interest us. *C. R. Gaston.*

THE NATION'S NAVY.

The Nation's Navy seems to us to be a book hastily gotten up to supply the great popular demand for information of all sorts regarding our sea forces. Mr. Morris has, however, presented his subject clearly and concisely and very readably.

A brief history of the navy occupies about one-third of the volume. The book appeared about the same time that Dewey was heard from at Manila, and therefore only incidental mention is made of the Spanish war. That the author was very careful to secure the greatest completeness consistent with brevity, is evident from his mentioning among other minor events, the bombardment of Quallah Battoo by the "Potomac" in 1832, the Koszta incident of 1853, and the more recent troubles at Valparaiso and Rio de Janeiro. Some inaccuracies, due probably to the hastiness of preparation, are noticeable; for example, reference is made to the Brazilian turret-ship "Aquillaban" as a "good monitor," and to the pursuers of the "Constitution" in 1812 as five frigates, instead of four frigates, a 64-gun razee, and a sloop-of-war.

The second part of the book describes the various types of modern war vessels, and their difference from the older types. It is remarkably free from technicalities unintelligible to the average reader. To one who wishes to know the condition of our navy to-day without a tedious investigation, the book can be highly recommended. (*The Nation's Navy*, by Charles Morris. J. B. Lippincott Co. 1898. p. 333. Twenty illustrations, principally of modern types of vessels.)

J. S. H.

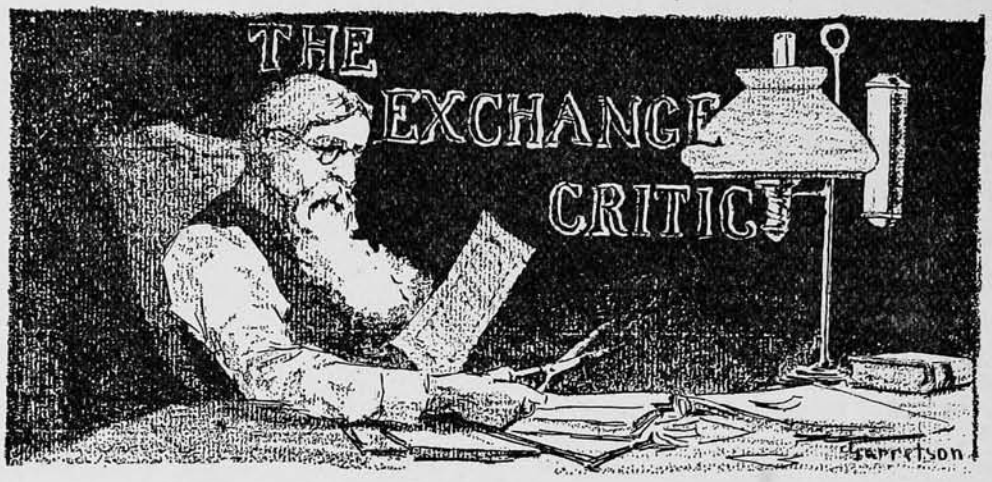
OTHER NEW BOOKS.

We call attention to three other new books: 1. A new volume in "The Story of the Nations" series, *Austria*, by Sidney Whitman, with the collaboration of J. R. McIlraith. (Putnam's, New York, 1899, p. 407. Cloth, $1,50.) The volumes of this series always contain twenty or thirty illustrative illustrations (not all "illustrations" illustrate) and several adequate maps. They all read fairly well, so far as the general reader is concerned; they are all printed in clear type on good paper. These general characteristics the volume before us notably possesses.

2. This is also historical. *The Fourteenth Century*, by F. J. Snell, being the newest volume in the "Periods of European Literature" series. (Scribner's, New York, 1899, p. 428. $1.50.) Mr. Snell has a large job laid out for him in trying to cover within 450 pages a hundred years of the litterature of Europe. He needs to know a good many languages, he needs to have read multifariously. His book, it seems to us, will be found like Mr. Saintsbury's *The Flourishing of Romance*, exceedingly valuable in giving the general reader a well-rounded notion of the subject covered, but deficient in particular lines in the eyes of the specialist.

3. *College Requirements in English for Careful Study.* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.) This book consists of six of the excellent "Riverside Literature" texts in the B-List required for admission to college. The texts have formerly existed only in separate volumes. The cheapness and convenience of the present volume will recommend it to all who are interested in the work of secondary school instruction in English; the book is worth while, too, for one's library.

C. R. G.



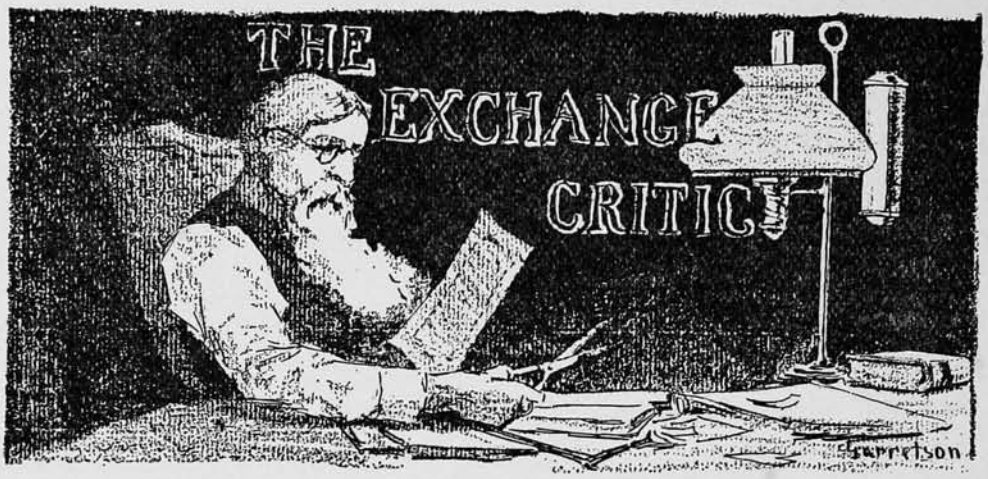
The *Vassar Miscellany* for April is a number we read with a great deal of interest. Its editorials and "Points of View" are very pertinent, and the contributions are without exception excellent. In *Columbia Lit* it is difficult to imagine a man so superlatively conceited as one described in "A Fool and His Money"; it is not, however, impossible. A splendid story, entitled "A Coward", is given in "The Touchstone"; here a hopeless coward, by a peculiar combination of circumstances, dies a hero's death and is mourned for his bravery. The April *Amherst Lit* is not up to the standard of the March number; though the "Treasure Trove of Beck's Island" is a rather amusing sketch. The *Red and Blue* from cover to cover shows care and originality in preparation. It could, we think, easily compete with many of the better magazines of to-day. "The Table in the Hall" and "A Bit of Biography" may be cited as illustrative of the excellence of its productions. *The Morningside* devotes most of its space to a story of considerable merit, "Journeys End." The April *Williams Lit* is well supplied with interesting fiction—"Theory" and "For Love of People" are very fair stories. "The Tragedy of Sing" appears in the *Sequoia* and is very well written.

A CONTRIBUTION TO YALE VERSE.

Ever may your sons prevail,
Swift like deer—not slow like snail;
Bright like Edward Everett Hale,
Learn'd as old Myles Coverdale;—
Folly reined with martingale!
Fighting forward "tooth and nail"—
Knowing "no such word as fail!"
Clad in honor's coat of mail;
Truth and justice ne'er for sale,—
Guarded like the Holy Grail!
* * * * * * *
Know ye that the human male
Still must strive, though ills assail,—
Else, he'll wed not Lily frail
(Weeping through her tear-stained veil)
Or his bouncing Abigail
(Gay in silks or farthingale)—
Missing her—like Glory Quayle,—
And her father's rich entail!

POST SCRIPTUM.

Pardon my ungainly struggle
One sole rhyme so long to juggle. —*Yale Weekly.*



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THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

The Cornell Magazine

THE SUMMER SONG.

I love the wind,—the Summer song
Of hazy, mazy, days of dreams,—
The maid who wanders all day long
Among the mountains and the streams ;
Who loves the sleepy cows, the bees,
The butterflies, the shadowy trees,
The waterfall, lost in its leap,
The dusty sunset, purple hills,
The mossbanks, green, that droop and weep,
The foam, the songs of mountain rills,
The reening crickets of the night,
The moon, swung high in silver light.
I love the wind,—the Summer song
Of maiden wand'ring all day long.

J. O. D.

THE FORCE OF MR. KIPLING'S WORDS.

THERE are two main characteristics in Mr. Kipling's words that account in the main for the force that makes of his stories pictures as vivid as miniature water-colors. The first is their originality,—the use of new words or the new use of well-known words. It is this characteristic which immediately draws the attention of the reader to the suggestiveness of the words ;—and this force of connotation is the second main characteristic. His words not only are used in their precise meanings but they connote ideas and pictures which enrich his stories in the mind of the reader. His words are like the quick-drawn lines in a sketch by a skil-

ful artist—unfinished but so carefully done that they suggest the entire picture in every detail which human imagination can build.

To illustrate these characteristics we cannot do better than examine a passage picked from the story .007 in *The Day's Work*. Short as it is, the piece is full of beautiful examples of Mr. Kipling's power with words. Perhaps, too, in this explanation, I shall be able to refute to some degree the statement of many readers that the Song of the Purple Emperor, which occurs in this passage, is unnatural and overdrawn. At any rate the impressions of one reader, however weak his imagination has been in building on suggestive words,—may be of interest for comparison with the ideas that other readers have drawn from Mr. Kipling's words.

The newly-built .007 is out at the north end of the railroad yard, watching for the first time in his life the passing of the Purple Emperor.

> "Boom!" went the clock in the big yard-tower, and far away .007 heard a full, vibrating "*Yah! Yah! Yah!*" A headlight twinkled on the horizon like a star, grew an overpowering blaze, and whooped up the humming track to the roaring music of a happy giant's song:
>
> "With a michnai-ghignai-shtingal! Yah! Yah! Yah!
> Ein-zwei-drei-Mutter! Yah! Yah! Yah!
>
> She climb upon der shteeple,
> Und she frighten all der people,
>
> Singin' michnai-ghignai-shtingal! Yah! Yah!"
>
> The last defiant "yah! yah!" was delivered a mile and a half beyond the passenger-depot; but .007 had caught one glimpse of the superb six-wheel-coupled racing-locomotive, who hauled the pride and glory of the road—the gilt-edged Purple Emperor, the millionaires' south-bound express, laying the miles over his shoulder as a man peels a shaving from a soft board. The rest was a blur of maroon enamel, a bar of white light from the electrics in the cars, and a flicker of nickel-plated hand-rail on the rear platform.

In regard to originality, all the words that suggest outside ideas are original in this passage; and in this description Mr. Kipling has kept clear of a fault of his—an obvious,

petty, sensational trick to gain popularity—of using new words and phrases for the mere purpose of attracting the attention without returning any suggestion to the mind for its trouble. Again, *soft* and *blur* and *bar* and *flicker* are not in common use in such connections ; therefore they attract our attention to their intense force of suggestion.

All the words in this passage are full of meanings that draw bold, unerring strokes to the picture—lines by no means finished but suggestive of a most elaborate idea in the reader's mind. There is a touch or so to give the scene. The big yard-tower looms up behind in the darkness. It is called merely *big* because the night hides its whole outline and makes it dark and indefinite except, perhaps, where the clock glows high above the busy yard. The very use of the word *track*, paints for us, if we keep in mind the fact that we are looking on through the headlight of .007, a picture of shining lines of steel, running in from far away somewhere in the darkness. And, when the Purple Emperor has swept by and we turn around, we catch a glimpse of the blinking lights of the passenger-depot far down the track.

That is the background that Mr. Kipling has painted with just five words. You may say that I have imagined all this scene. I answer that that is precisely what I have done and that I never would have done it, had not the picture been suggested by the words.

Look at the description of the train itself and see all the majesty, the magnificence that Mr. Kipling puts into a few words that say little but mean a volume. It is the *superb*, the *six-wheel-coupled-racing* locomotive *who* hauled the *pride* and *glory of the road*, the *millionaires' gilt-edged*, *maroon-enamelled*, *electric-lighted*, *nickel-plated* express *who lays the miles over his shoulder as a man peels a shaving from a soft board :*—in short—it is the *Purple Emperor*. It is not a mere passenger train ; it is the ruler, the greatest and mightiest of living, throbbing giants, strong as the mountain and swift as the lightning : it is the king of strength, clad in the

purple robe of power, fearful of nothing, laughing at the little miles. Mr. Kipling is right in naming him the *Purple Emperor*.

The most curious trick of words that is used in the passage is the trick of representing in words the sounds of the rushing train. Just as in all of his writing, Mr. Kipling has here disregarded beautiful English, the better to get at his meaning; and in this passage he has gone even so far as to use German words to represent the sounds. *Yah! Yah!* with its *y*, full of leaps and motion, and its broad open *a* is a sound of something in action at a distance. All sounds that come from a distance are opened and softened by their flight through the air. Think of the sounds that come to you at twilight from the valley far below your mountain home; the soft tinkle of a bell, the broad howl of a dog. They all lose their harshness in the air. Indeed Mr. Kipling has appreciated fully this fact, in changing the broad, distant *a* to the close, grinding *e* of *shteeple*, and *she* and *people* as the train rushes by. Then,—the *Yah! Yah!*, the last defiant yell of the flying locomotive far down the track. Throughout the verse the *ch*, *sh*, *gh*, and *s* sounds are intended to represent the steam as well as the rush of the air; the *t's*, the *d's* and the *c's* which increase in number in the middle are the pounding and the clicking on the joints of the rails; and the *p's* are, perhaps, the few puffs that you hear in the grand confusion.

Not only has Mr. Kipling by his use of words suggested the sounds of the rushing train, but he has shown us even the speed on the long, shining rails. This is the most important as well as the most elaborate suggestion in the passage.

"Boom!" went the clock and immediately far away .007 heard a full, vibrating sound of impending danger, like the far away note of the bass from a violin-cello. "A headlight twinkled on the horizon" as quietly and naturally as a star. Suddenly the action quickens with a leap as the light "grew an overpowering blaze." The great, shining,

roaring thing is upon you in a moment—"and whooped up the humming track to the roaring music of a happy giant's song." *Whooped* and *humming* and *roaring* and *happy giant!* What magnificent words for the peerless, swift locomotive, leaping a mile a minute through the night, along the bewildering tracks.

Look at the leaps in the meter of the song:

"With a michnai-ghignai-shtingal—"

And the rapidly increasing time of the second line. All the syllables are short.—And the swish of the overpowering rush as he sweeps by—

"She climb upon der shteeple
And she frighten all der people."

And the dying away, the swift departing leaps in the broken meter of the last line;—the quiet again as, a mile and a half beyond the depot, he sends back his last defiant "*Yah! Yah!*" The natural third *Yah!* is lost in the distance.

He has gone, this supernatural monster, this iron giant, made of energy. His passing is grewsome and unnatural and the song that he sings is as weird and uncanny as himself.

Just as the camera-shutter is often too slow in snapping behind it a picture of a swiftly moving object, so .007 has caught but a blurred glimpse of the Purple Emperor. As an additional touch to paint the effect of incredible swiftness, Mr. Kipling has added this picture:—"A blur of maroon enamel, a bar of white light, and a flicker of nickel-plated hand-rail on the rear platform." The Purple Emperor is too swift for the shutter of an engine headlight!

I have taken the individual words of Mr. Kipling as a study because the characteristics that he has embodied in them are those that appear throughout all divisions of his style. Originality and suggestiveness—they are present everywhere in his work from the little word of one syllable to the long story of 500 pages; they make his style successful.

John O. Dresser.

JUST TOO LATE.

IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

PLACE: *Room in Sage College.* TIME: *8.30 P. M. of an evening in May.*

CHARACTERS: Miss Gladys Allen, a Sophomore; Miss Smith, a Freshman; four other Freshmen.

A knock at the door, and Robert's hand appears, extending a card which bears the name "Mr. Law Student."

CHORUS OF FRESHMEN:

"Oh Gladys a caller you have,
A caller, a caller have you,
Now hasten, my dear, to quickly descend,
Or else your caller may go."

MISS ALLEN (*sings*):

"O, yes, a caller I have,
A caller, a caller have I,
But I will *not* make haste to quickly descend,
What care I, if he go."

MISS SMITH: "Now Gladys, *do* hurry up; put on your blue silk waist, and don't, *oh* don't forget the pearl beads."

CHORUS OF FRESHMEN:

"No don't, *oh* don't forget the pearl beads."

Meanwhile Miss Allen rushes frantically from wardrobe to dresser, pulls out a gown, a handkerchief and last of all the pearl beads.

CHORUS OF FRESHMEN:

"Oh, I *do* love these pearl beads."

MISS SMITH (*sings*) :

" Now Gladys, oh Gladys, do haste,
For you know there is no time to waste.
Oh, down to the drawing room hie
Or else—your caller may fly."

FRESHMEN (*in doleful accents*):

" Or else—your caller may fly."

Miss Allen is meanwhile taking her time.

MISS SMITH (*sings*) :

" The time is approaching to nine,
Oh, if this caller were mine,
Downstairs I should show,
My face don't you know,
Before he possibly *could* go."

Other Freshmen echo her sentiments. The clock strikes nine.

CHORUS OF FRESHMEN :

" Oh Gladys, please Gladys, do hurry,
Oh, really we're quite in a flurry,
For fear the Law Student may go."

Finally at 9.15 Miss Allen departs.

ACT II.

PLACE : *Hall of third floor of Sage.* TIME : *9.20 P. M.*

CHARACTERS : Same as in Act I.

Miss Allen is seen returning from the drawing room. The condoling friends hasten to meet her.

MISS ALLEN : " Well, girls, he *had* gone."

H.

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER—.

HEN three-year-old Mary Kyle slipped out of the apron in which she had been fastened to the floor for half a summer's afternoon and toddled out of the doorway, she had no other purpose than to get away from the house. But when she was fairly out of doors and noticed the big building where she had seen her papa go so often to his work—for John Kyle was the tanner of the little village of Summer Hill—, she at once had an object in escaping and a destination for her baby feet.

So, with short and waddling steps, she made her way toward the building, stopping often to stumble after the sparrow that kept hopping along the side of the path, or to pick flowers and plant their stems in the bodies of the caterpillars crawling over the walk—the caterpillars of course would like it; they were the same color. She stopped many times, too, on her way through the great stacks of bark in the tan-yard to build little houses with the pieces that lay in her path. The air was very sweet, and the little builder wholly forgot the aim of her journey till a slapping sound in the building caused her to look up.

"O—oh!" She rose and started on, dragging along by one string the white muslin cap which, with a vague idea that it ought to go with her outside, she had brought from the house.

At last she reached the building and, scrambling with hands and knees up the steps, stood in the doorway, her pink cheeks glowing from the exercise and her yellow hair falling down in damp, straggling ringlets over her face. There, ahead of her, was her papa, in a long white apron, which she had never seen him wear before. He had a heavy knife in his hand and was leaning over a platform scraping a new hide. The hide was oozy with milky lime

water which ran down his apron and dripped to the floor; and she grasped the cap-string tighter. She was half afraid, and wished her papa wouldn't wear that long, ugly apron, and use that big knife, and wouldn't get his arms so dirty.

But as she looked again in his face and saw it drawn up into a funny pucker, her fears at once vanished and she bounded forward beaming.

"Ho–o papa–a," she gurgled. "Me runned away."

Then she stopped short and her smile faded away, as she caught a whiff of the rancid odor coming from the hide.

"Don't sthmell good," she exclaimed with a look of pain and drew back, clutching the skirt of her blue gingham dress. Her father looked at her with a smile of indulgence, after the first surprise at her sudden appearance had passed away.

"Doesn't girlie like that?" he laughed. But the only reply was a quick sob as she hid her face behind a little blue sleeve; and a big, round tear welled up to her eyes. She didn't like to be laughed at.

But the storm was averted before her doubled fist could reach the tear. For at that instant her eye caught sight of a small piece of nicely tanned leather hanging over a wooden peg in the hemlock side-wall. At once the clouds were chased away by the sunshine that returned again to her cheeks, the only vestige of the threatened storm being the damp, glistening trail of the tear that had trickled down her blooming face.

"Pity ledder," she cried out, stretching her chubby arms toward it. "Papa–a, me want pity ledder."

"Will Mary go right back to the house if papa gives her the leather?" her father asked, laying his scraper upon the hide. "Papa's afraid girlie will fall in the vats."

"Gimme ledder, me go," the child promised, eagerly. "Me no fall in de bats."

So the father turned to reach for the leather, brushing, as he did so, against the handle of his scraper, which slid from the slippery hide and fell with a splash into the lime vat below.

While Mary had been making miniature flower beds of the caterpillars crawling in her path, three monstrous hornets on mischief bent were flying about the three-acre meadow just across the road from the tannery. They had already sipped the nectar from a bunch of golden-rod and had devoured a small swarm of luckless midges that chanced to be hovering around a clump of red clover blossoms; and now they were on the watch for other victims. They were reckless insects, these hornets, thus to be invading this interdicted domain. For did not the heavy wire fence enclosing it bear at two opposite corners the warning: "*Danger: bull inside*"?

Yes, there was the bull now, cropping the long, fresh grass that fringed the tiny stream wandering through the meadow. He was spanning the ditch with his fore legs, his shaggy dewlap hanging low over the water, and swishing vigorously with his tail at—

What was he swishing at? Hornet No. 1 asked the question as she circled around the others. She wanted to know, so, after poising a second motionless in the air to get her bearings, she darted off like a bullet for that tail. Arrived there, she spread her wings suddenly to stop her headlong flight, and looked around. From every one of her thousand eyes she gazed, in as many directions, above, below, on both sides of the bull—but not a solitary insect was in sight.

She buzzed angrily and drew back a few inches. What right had he to deceive her! She would show him! At that moment the tail swung around and brushed her aside. What! Injury to insult! She retreated a foot or two further and shot for his flank, doubling up her body as she struck to pierce the hide with her venomous sting.

The animal gave a quick, frightened snort and sprang backwards, just as the second hornet hit him. He rolled his eyes with a wild, ugly look and bellowed savagely; then rushed for the far corner of the meadow. But he had not covered a quarter of the distance when the third hornet stung him. Maddened, the brute whirled and dashed toward the road. Half way there he met a hornet from a neighboring

field on her way to investigate the commotion. She struck him on the forehead and he turned again, but a chorus of shrill, angry buzzes repelled him and he headed once more for the road.

Too furious to notice obstacles, with lowered horns he rushed straight ahead, crashing through the wire strands of the fence, which only gashed his breast and shoulders; charged across the road in a cloud of dust, up the sloping platform of the tannery; and slid on his haunches inside—just as John Kyle was reaching for the bit of leather his daughter had wanted.

What happened took but an instant. Mary was thrown to the floor by the rush of the brute, the skirt of her dress catching on the lowered horn. In a moment she would have been hurled into the vats of liquor or against the rafters of the building. The father saw it in a flash and groaned. He reached for the heavy steel scraper, but it had fallen into the lime vat. Heaven have mercy! No weapon at hand and his child in the jaws of death! He gave a wild, despairing glance around the building before he should fling himself, bodily and unarmed, upon the assailing animal.

But no! A barrel of unslacked lime lay open beside him. It was his only hope. Quick as thought he plunged his bare, wet arms into it and grasped two heaping handfuls. His arms were scorched and blistered by the lime as in a fire, but he held it with unflinching nerves. Thrusting it toward the brute, he dashed it into his rolling, wicked eyes and pressed them back in their sockets.

With a harrowing bellow the brute recoiled and retreated through the door. The horn slipped out of the rent in the child's dress, leaving her lying limp, but unhurt, on the floor. As the father washed the burning lime from his arms and gathered her up in them, a great, hot tear rolled over his blenched, drawn cheek.

"My girlie—my darling."

And he strode out with her through the tan-yard, with its redolent fragrance of bark, toward the house.

E. A. G.

ROGER AND DOROTHY.

IDSHIPMAN ROGER KELLOGG sat propped up in a big chair by the window that looked out upon the box-bordered garden with its wild luxuriance and homely intermingling of herbs and flowers, its thickets of old currant bushes, and its clumps of southernwood. He was unhappy. He was impatient for the time when he would be strong enough to rejoin his ship. Yet that he should be otherwise than supremely contented with the rulings of fate was a surprise even to himself. When he had learned that in compliance with the earnest petitions of Colonel Macpheardis, his father's old partner, he was to be transferred from the "sickbay" of the Enterprise to a comfortable room in the mansion-house at Portland, to be nursed back to health by the tender ministrations of Dorothy Macpheardis, he had forgotten his troubles in the delicious dream world of anticipated pleasure. He pictured in his mind joyful days of convalescence, when Dorothy and he would be much in each other's company, roaming idly about the old house or chatting quietly in the vine-covered arbor.

Each member of the household from the Colonel down to black Ebenezer had vied with every other in giving him the best of care and nursing. As a result, although his injured ankle still gave him trouble, he was fast gaining his former strength. Nevertheless, somehow, in spite of all this generous attention, he could not be reconciled to the unrelenting reality, which had toppled over the castles of his day dreams. Things had not turned out as he had dreamed. He longed for the unrestrained, joyous companionship of old days, when Dorothy and he had wandered about the woods back of the town in search of the first may-flowers. He recalled with what pardonable boyish pride he had escorted Dorothy to Dame Tucker's every morning on his way to

Moses Holt's. She was such a timid little maiden then, with such a trustful confidence in the superior qualities of her big protector. He recalled now regretfully the thoughtless escapade, which had resulted in his expulsion from college. He could almost see the look of suffering on his father's stern face, when he stood before him to learn his punishment. How grateful he had been to Dorothy that she still believed in him. He never could forget her cheerful words of sympathy and encouragement, as they stood together on the wharf the day of the sailing of the Earl of Bute. Alas! what incredible changes time had wrought in everybody and everything. In the three years that he had been voyaging about the world, Dorothy had grown into womanhood. It was the same Dorothy; yet with a reserve of manner and a quiet dignity which seemed to make the old easy comradeship impossible now. His ardent, boyish friendship had become the strong man's love. He was unhappy, because he believed she did not return this love. One day when he lay weak from suffering, he found her looking at him with such a tender look in her eyes, that his doubts had been for the moment dispelled; but the mingled expression of discomfiture and displeasure that had come into her face had prevented him from speaking. This reminiscent train of thought was interrupted by the entrance of Ebenezer with his breakfast.

"Marse Roger dis yere letter come up by de coach las ebening, but I done forget it till jes now."

It proved to be from Teddy Bucknam, his roommate at college. It read:

ON BOARD THE CAPTAIN'S GIG,
PORTSMOUTH, August 30, 1813.

DEAR ROGER:

I write this while Aulick is up to town for stores. No wonder you stare; but the simple delights of a country practice are not to be compared with the "pomp and circumstance of war." Henceforth behold in me Junior Medical Officer Bucknam, U. S. Brig Enterprise. I was miserable when Aulick told me you were laid up ashore.

Waters tells me you are in the best of hands. In fact he quite envies you your good fortune, as he calls it. Hurry up and mend. Mistress Dorothy wrote him that you were doing well. We expect a brush with a Britisher soon. Burrows, the new commander, is a good officer.

Good Bye and Good Luck.

"BUCKY."

"So Waters hears from Dorothy," ejaculated Roger, half aloud, rising in his chair, in his excitement forgetting his injured limb until a sharp pain in his ankle reminded him that he was yet a cripple. It couldn't be that Dorothy cared for Waters. Yet "Bucky's" innocent reference to Waters seemed to corroborate his worst fears. There began to arise in his mind an unreasoning dislike for this handsome officer, who had broken in so rudely upon his happiness. He began to make mental comparison of his own qualities with those of his fancied rival. He smiled grimly at the humor of the idea, that a midshipman of a month's experience, crippled in his first engagement, could be in any way comparable to this dashing, polished, talented, young southern officer, who had distinguished himself for bravery in the Tripolitan campaign. Dorothy was right; he was not worthy of her. Yet he would *make* himself worthy. This thought seemed to give him a grain of consolation, and he turned to his forgotten breakfast. As he sat by the window eating, he noticed that the people returning from church had collected in a little group and were looking toward the harbor. Just then Dorothy came in, flushed with the exercise of her rapid walk home. She had news for her patient. The Enterprise had anchored in the harbor.

Grasping his crutch hastily, Roger followed Dorothy to the front of the house, where the harbor could be seen. It was the Enterprise, without doubt; he could count the portholes. A boat was just pushing off from the brig. With a glass he made out the officers in the stern to be "Bucky" and Lieutenant Waters. "Lieutenant Waters is coming ashore," he said deliberately, at the same time turn-

ing to Dorothy with a scrutinizing look. Dorothy looked at Roger curiously; she had noticed the tone, but did not understand it.

Roger felt a pang of regret as he glanced at her. He thought he had never seen her look so well as she did now in her soft clinging dress, her white Leghorn bonnet and her dainty Morrocco shoes; bearing a wonderful resemblance to her grandmother, whose portrait hung in the hall below. She had chosen to wear a simple dress of inexpensive material that day, because the fine silks and brocades with which her father had lavishly provided her, seemed out of place, when there was so much suffering in the town.

In a few minutes "Bucky" and the lieutenant made their appearance at the gate. "Bucky" waved his cap joyfully when he discovered his friend. Dorothy had disappeared to welcome them.

"Well, my midshipmite, we've had an exciting chase this morning," said "Bucky" as he grasped his friend's hand. "We sighted a schooner flying the British flag. We'd have overhauled her by night, but the wind died out and left us twenty miles astern. We spoke a fisherman coming in. The skipper reported seeing a strange craft off Orr's Island which looked like an armed brig. I'll see my first fight to-morrow, though the cockpit is a sorry place to see it from. I'm glad to see you so chipper, Roger." Unconscious of the pain, Roger had been standing without his crutches. "Where's Waters? Downstairs, I guess, making the best of a rare opportunity. He's going over to Harpswell Neck to find out the enemy's whereabouts."

"Well, Bucknam, we must be moving," said Lieutenant Waters coming into the room. "I'm sorry you're not with us, Kellogg. We've a fight on for to-morrow or I miss my guess. Aulick sent his regards to you. Come, Bucknam."

When the officers had gone Roger hobbled back to his chamber and threw himself on the bed and sobbed himself to sleep like a sick child. Their visit had totally unnerved him.

Late in the afternoon, Roger awoke from his troubled sleep and ate the invalid's lunch that some one had thoughtfully left by his bedside.

As he sat there in the twilight he became possessed with a strange desire in spite of his injuries to take part in the sea fight that was imminent. It didn't matter much what became of him, now that he knew that Dorothy cared for the Lieutenant. A plan came into his head. If he could only get Ebenezer's co-operation, the success of the plan was assured.

It was not easy to quiet the negro's fears; but he had become so attached to Roger that he could not refuse him even this madcap whim.

When the clock in the tower of the church down the road had struck ten, Roger got out of bed, lighted a candle, dressed himself in his uniform and began to make hurried preparations for departure. He bandaged his weak ankle tightly, that he might be able to use it with less pain; covered the end of his crutch with a pad of cloth to deaden the sound; pulled out a green coach lantern from under the bed, and started to blow out the candle. All at once there flashed into his mind an overwhelming sense of the foolhardiness of his undertaking. He might never come back alive. He could not think of going away without leaving some message to Dorothy, explaining the feelings that had prompted his sudden departure. He sat down by the little dressing table and wrote a few words of farewell, enclosing in the note the sprig of southernwood that she had jokingly given him as a "love charm."

Blowing out the candle, he shut the door of the chamber softly after him and made his way painfully through the hall, down the narrow back stairs to the garden, where he found Ebenezer waiting for him with Old Noll, Dorothy's saddle horse. There was no time to lose.

With one foot in the stirrup and the other dangling helplessly against the side of the horse, Ebenezer guiding Old Noll lest he break into a gallop and throw Roger, they

started for Tyng's wharf, where Ebenezer had hidden a boat.

A short distance from the wharf they were brought to a sudden standstill on hearing the peremptory "Halt, there!" of a sentinel, who was pacing along some rough earthworks that had been thrown up for the better defense of the water front. Roger's ready wit came to his rescue. He simulated drunkenness and told Ebenezer to tell the guard that he was an officer from the brig returning from a carousal on shore. The sentinel, on seeing Roger's uniform, allowed them to proceed without further questioning.

Tieing Old Noll in a shed they got into the rowboat, which Ebenezer had provided, and with the green coach lantern throwing a little path on the water they rowed to the brig.

As they approached, Roger could see Lieutenant Aulick standing by the gangway. Just as Roger had hoped, he was officer of the watch. The perplexed expression on the officer's face changed to one of profound astonishment when he recognized the midshipman who came on board.

"What under heaven brings you here at this hour, Kellogg? Has anything happened ashore?"

Ebenezer, at the prearranged signal from Roger, had begun to row with vigorous strokes toward the shore.

"Come back here, you black rascal," called out Aulick, but Ebenezer pulled steadily on unheedingly. The officer turned to Roger for an explanation of the negro's strange conduct.

When the reason of his friend's sudden appearance became clear to him, he stood for a moment undecided what he ought to do under these trying circumstances. It was plain to him that he ought to report the midshipman's presence on board to the Commander, although he was almost certain that Roger would be sent ashore.

"Kellogg, I ought to send you ashore or report you—" as he was speaking he heard the sound of rowlocks and looking toward the harbor saw a boat approaching showing a green light. He came to a decision instantly. "Here's

the gig with Waters—go to my stateroom, lock the door and remain there until I come for you," he said hastily, pushing Roger toward the companionway.

As the boat reached the brig, Lieutenant Waters sprang lightly up the side ladder and came on deck.

"Mr. Aulick, have the men stand ready at the windlass," he said, as he hurried toward the cabin.

In a few minutes he reappeared with Commander Burrows and the order was given to weigh the anchor and make sail.

On the morning of the eventful fourth of September, 1813, as the Enterprise rounded Penguin Point on her eastward course, the lookout sighted a strange brig under the lee of the land, evidently making preparations to get under way. All doubts as to the character of the stranger were dispelled when four British ensigns were unfurled at the masthead.

The stranger was evidently eager for a fight; for she immediately came about and headed toward the Enterprise. Commander Burrows, standing in the after rigging, smiled as he saw this movement of the enemy, turned to the helmsman, and directed him to keep the brig on her course out to sea. While the Enterprise was standing out to sea, a long bow gun was brought aft and run out one of the cabin windows; a movement which elicited a grumble of displeasure from the forecastle men who were burning with the desire to engage with the enemy at close quarters, and who believed that their Commander intended to avoid an engagement, using the long gun only as a stern-chaser.

In the midst of the bustle and excitement of the night and early morning, Aulick suddenly remembered Roger's presence on board and was turning to go below to seek him, when he heard a cheer from the forecastle men; turning to learn the reason, he saw the young officer taking his station near the forward carronades. There was no time for explanations now, the boatswain's shrill whistle was calling the men to quarters. Sail was shortened, and the brig proceeded slowly toward the enemy. The men at the starboard battery stood silently at the carronades waiting for the command to fire.

The two brigs approached on contrary tacks. When they were within a pistol shot of each other, they opened fire simultaneously. Under the cover of the dense smoke that had arisen, the Enterprise suddenly veered about and crossed her antagonist's bow raking her in passing with the long gun that had been run out of the cabin window. A loud cheer arose from the men at the guns when they realized their Commander's foresight. As the Enterprise came along side the enemy, she was greeted with a terrific broadside. One shot from the enemy's eighteen-pounders crashed through the bulwarks, and, glancing as it struck, passed through the body of Commander Burrows, who was in the act of helping the crew of a carronade to run out their gun.

Roger, bared to the waist, his face grimy with powder and spattered with the blood of the wounded, worked desperately at his post, unmindful of the dreadful carnage about him, and only half conscious of the dull pain that was wracking his body. Through the shattered bulwarks, he could see the gaping holes in the hull of the enemy ; she was making a last desperate resistance.

Again the Enterprise crossed the forefoot of the English brig using the bow gun with the same telling effect. It was the last shot of the battle ; for suddenly a young officer leaped to the taffrail of the brig and waved a white flag in token of surrender.

As the British ensign fluttered to the deck of the Boxer, Roger felt a sudden giddiness, and was forced to lean against the bulwarks to support himself. At this moment his eye fell upon the body of a young lieutenant lying in a pool of blood. It was Lieutenant Waters. The shock of this dreadful discovery was too much for Roger, who fell fainting to the deck.

In the cemetery among the pines, two persons, a young sailor in the uniform of a midshipman and a beautiful girl, are standing in the growing dusk of an October day, before a newly made grave. They have been decorating it with

autumn flowers. There are tears in the girl's eyes as she listens to her companion's words of praise. "He was noble unto death," he is saying. They turn and walk away hand in hand together toward the town. Both seem very happy.

H. H.

ALMA MATER'S INSPIRATION.

PEACE reign'd upon the lake. The summer sun
Athwart the west shot forth his dying ray;
The night-birds sang the requiem of day—
The day with which my college course was done—
Done almost ere it seem'd to have begun.
The hour was come at last to say adieu
To Alma Mater and to classmates true—
To scenes alike of labor and of fun!

Then with a heavy heart I view'd the hill
Whence, like a queen upon a regal throne,
Our Foster Mother sits majestic, lone.
Then vowed I, with a sudden joyous thrill,
That I, inspired by her, would ne'er bring shame
Upon our fair Cornell's unsullied name!

F. Monroe Crouch.

SHE NEVER KNEW THAT HE FELL AT THE HEAD.

SCENE I.

An Accident in a Great City.

PRIL 27, 1897, the day of the unveiling of Grant's tomb, will long be remembered by New Yorkers. The struggling crowd which stood in the hot sun from early morning until night; the great parade, the music and the soldiers, the President of the United States and the rulers of the nation, the visiting war vessels booming in the river, all these flash into one's mind as one thinks of that wonderful day.

On this great holiday, Mike Ferguson, from long custom, rose early and was out on Cherry Street while the dim flickering lights and the gray of the early morning were joined in their efforts to drive away the darkness. Already, however, people had begun to move. An early milk cart rumbled along the street, an Italian was opening his little shop in anticipation of a big day's business, and rough looking men were out getting a breath of air. Long before the sun had taken its place in the clear sky, all New York was awake and active.

When Mike reached Widow McCormick's restaurant (Mike always ate here, for he had no home since his father was killed in an accident when Mike was three years old, and since his poor old mother had died a few months afterward), he found the place already filled. Here he met an old acquaintance.

"Hello Mike, old man, how yer was?"

"Hello yerself, Billy; where yer going?"

"Let's go uptown, maybe we can make a dollar."

"How?"

"Any old way."

"All right. I've got to do a little job for Mag Finnery

'fore I go. I promised her I would fix a door that Jim broke when he was drunk the other night. Jim will be drunk to-day I 'spose.''

''Shure; we're all going to get drunk to-day.''

''I ain't,'' and Mike's strong honest face gleamed with pride. He straightened back in his chair the picture of perfect manhood, twenty-two, tall, erect and well proportioned, his shoulders broad and muscular, his fine face hard but kind.

''You scrappers miss half your life, Mike. No beer and no rum. I tell you Mike, though,'' continued his friend in admiration, ''you're the best man in the business. I'll back you against Fitzsimmons. You knocked that fellow out in quick time up at the club.''

''He wasn't in condition. A fellow can't fight when he's full of rum.''

''I guess yer right, Mike, but I wouldn't miss my beer for to be the champion of the world. Yer a fool though, Mike, to give yer money to that damn cripple. He'll never thank you and, besides, those rich uptown blokes can help him.''

''Why the stuff you spend for beer I spend for to give him a lift. I don't come out any worse than you do as I see.''

And at this the two friends arose, took their hats and strolled out into the middle of the street, now well filled with hustling people.

Uptown and somewhat later that morning the crowd was growing restless waiting for the approach of the head of the parade. The busy ambulance and a few wagons passed up and down the street, walled in by the human mass, but the parade did not appear.

Suddenly, however, the great crowd surged backward in wild confusion. Women fainted and cowardly men struggled hard to gain the steps of the buildings behind them. People shouted and policemen ran. It was a runaway, a runaway on a street lined with hundreds of thousands of people. The powerful horse, still more confused by the excitement,

ran the harder. Brave policemen tried to stop him and one rashly fired a shot at close range, but the bullet missed its mark and glanced dangerously from the side of a building. Other horses became alarmed. A panic seemed possible when a young man ran into the middle of the street. The horse ran straight at him, but he never flinched. He seized the bridle. The horse and man fell together. The crowd cheered and ran forward. The policemen, however, kept them off, and shouted to give him air. All but several reporters obeyed.

They laid him, cut and bleeding, on a blanket. Some one brought water, and the sympathetic crowd edged as near as they were allowed to get a look at his face. Soon the ambulance arrived and bore him away.

"That's the bravest deed I ever saw," said the reporter to his companion.

"You're right," was the reply. "It deserves a double header."

"Did you get his name."

"Nobody seems to know. We'll have to go up to the hospital for it. Maybe he'll recover and give it."

SCENE II.

A Hospital Scene.

It had been very hot for the first of May, but the wards were cool and comfortable. Mike Ferguson lay quietly on the clean cot in the accident ward, thinking of the events of the past few days. He remembered stopping a horse up town, then came a dark spell, and he awoke to find himself in the bed where he now lay—the best bed he had ever seen. How clean and comfortable everything seemed. How kind every one was to him. How Billy Roache and Tom Clifton, his chums, had opened their eyes at the flowers on the table. How the reporter had been there and talked for an hour with him. Mike smiled and said, half to himself and half aloud, "I never thought stopping a nag gave folks such luck."

His words attracted the attention of a nearby nurse who thought he was calling.

"Can I do anything for you?" she said in a gentle voice. She was a young girl, possibly twenty, with a kind manner, and an attractive, beautiful face.

Mike flushed at his own forgetfulness.

"No, thank you," he said. "I'm all right, I guess."

"Does your head pain you now?" she continued.

Mike unconsciously put his hand to his bandaged forehead. It had ached much since the accident, but it was over now.

"Let me tighten the bandage for you," she commanded.

She stooped over him and gently tightened the linen band over his heavy black hair and feverish forehead.

Mike wanted to say something to thank her, but for the first time in his life words came hard, so he kept still. When she had gone, Mike thought to himself:

"What a fool I am, lying here receiving favors and not even having the manners to thank them. They're so kind to me, too. I didn't know they were like that up here."

"Oh, May," whispered Miss Margaret Lenton to another nurse that morning, "have you seen my patient in No. 19?"

"Is he the one that was hurt and had his picture in all the papers."

"Yes. He's just fine, too. He's so patient and thankful for what you do for him. I know it must hurt him awfully."

"Isn't he handsome, too, and brave. Maybe, if he stays long, he'll tell you who he is. Did the papers say."

"The papers said he lives down on Cherry Street."

"I don't believe what the papers say. He's a gentleman. I wonder who put those flowers on his table?"

"Why, May—I guess he likes flowers as well as the others, and no one else seemed to send him any."

Hospital life agreed with Mike Ferguson. His strong body soon recovered from the few scratches, as he called

them, although the doctor said he had a narrow escape. When he went away one bright May morning, Mike thanked the doctor and all who had cared so kindly for him.

"You were kind to me," he said to the nurse, "and I won't forget you."

The girl flushed.

"And I hope you will soon be all well, and come and see me again," she replied so quickly that she did not realize what she had said.

Then Mike flushed.

SCENE III.

The Secret of Two Girls.

One June morning in one of the big hospitals of New York two nurses were seated in the sitting room waiting for the call to duty, and talking confidentially in a low whisper."

"Do you think he would like it?" said one.

"He hasn't any home," was the answer, "and nobody to write to him."

"But he would think we were rude, wouldn't he?"

"Why, we needn't say anything except—"

"Except what?"

"Why, what would we say?"

"Oh, wouldn't it be fun. I don't believe there's any narm in it. He would be glad to hear something from New York."

"Maybe he'd laugh and think we were foolish."

"We need only say that we heard he had gone to war, and were anxious to know how he was getting along, because we always take such an interest in our patients, a—n—d, that would sound all right, wouldn't it?"

"That would be just fine. Wouldn't it be grand to get an answer from Cuba? Maybe he'd send some buttons or something."

"He wouldn't think we were in love with him, would he?"

The bell rang just in time to enable Miss Margaret Lenton to arise, and hide a very blushing face.

SCENE IV.

In Sunny Cuba.

The hot July sun beat down on bleeding Cuba. An American flag fluttered lifelessly over the American camp. The tanned soldiers sat under the trees seeking the welcome shade. Thoughtful officers paced up and down. Sometimes the stillness of the scene was disturbed by the distant crack of a rifle which told that some hidden sharpshooter was at work. Brave men were preparing for death, for throughout the camp it was known that the orders were, that the Spanish lines should be charged in the morning.

Under a wide-spreading tree lay a young soldier, cleaning a gun in practical anticipation of the coming conflict. His dark brave face looked out from under the brim of a slouch hat, and his sinewy arms vigorously polished the barrel of his Springfield. He was thinking.

"It is kind of tough," he thought, "to see the fellows all getting letters and things from home. I wonder what they're doing in New York. I'd like to see Billy once more. I wonder what they are doing uptown. I wonder if they have forgotten all about me now. I suppose they have, but she said she hoped I would let them know how I was. What a fool I was I didn't go and see her and tell her I was coming here. Maybe she would have liked to know about it. Maybe she'd think I was too bold, and wouldn't like it. I'd give a week's rations though, to know how she would have liked it if I had called."

There was some little commotion in the camp that night after taps. The mail from home had arrived, and the men pressed eagerly forward. All the mail was delivered except one letter.

"Where's Mike?" bawled the man with the letters.

"Here, sir," shouted a soldier coming from his tent.

"A letter, Mike."

Mike's eyes opened.

"For me, sir?"

"Yes sir."

"Thank you."

He read the address.

"There's no mistake."

He read the little address in the corner.

"Hospital of the City of New York, New York City."

Mike almost stopped breathing. "It's from her," he whispered.

Then he opened the envelope and read over and over again:

HOSPITAL OF THE CITY OF N. Y.,
June 17, 1898.

Mr. Michael Ferguson,

MY DEAR SIR:—As I have not heard from you since you left our hospital, I thought I would write to enquire if you have fully recovered from your accident. We always take an interest in our patients after they leave us.

The papers are full of the war, and I do hope it will not last long, and that all our brave soldiers will return home safely. The nurses here have collected some books, etc., which we have sent in your care for the soldiers. I hope they will arrive safely.

Hoping that you have fully recovered, and that God will protect you all while you are fighting for your country, I am, Yours respectfully,

MARGARET LENTON.

And then he read this:

HOSPITAL OF THE CITY OF N. Y.,
June 17, 1898.

My Dear Mr. Ferguson:—

As my friend under whose charge you were last summer is writing to enquire about your wounds, I thought I would also write a few lines. You were under my charge also, and I think I have a right to be interested in you, as we are always interested in our old patients.

We are collecting army buttons, and if it is not too much trouble, we would like to have any that you could obtain.

Yours truly, MARY CLAYTON.

Mike lay in his tent that night, but sleep would not come. It was not because orders had arrived that the lines would be charged in the morning, but something more important to him that kept him awake.

"And they haven't forgotten me," he said. "How did they know I was here? I am a fool. She must have meant it when she asked me to come and see her. I'll write to-morrow, and send all the buttons I've got. And they've sent some books. They are two angels. They ask me to fight bravely for my country. I'll drive every damn Spaniard into the city to-morrow."

Soon after, he fell asleep.

SCENE V.

The Secret of Two Girls.

"Has the night's mail been delivered yet, Margy," asked a kind, sweet-faced girl, dressed in the spotless uniform of a nurse.

The shades of a summer evening were falling over the great city of New York. Supper was over and the tired corps of day nurses had just been relieved by the night corps. Two young girls were sitting by the window of their room watching the crowd on the street below.

"Oh, May!" said the other with a laugh, "it's too late. He would have written long ago if he was going to. I wonder what he'll think of us."

"I am awfully sorry we wrote to him. He'll think we're rude, because I know he is a gentleman even if he is poor."

"Maybe he didn't get our letters."

"I hope not."

"They are coming home soon. I wonder if we will ever see him again."

"Maybe he'll come and see us. Wouldn't that be fine?"

"Maybe he couldn't write. Maybe he didn't have any paper or pencil."

"Well, maybe he was glad to hear from us, because he

had no sister or mother, and maybe he'll think we are two geese. Anyway it's your fault, Margy."

"I was thinking of something, May."

"What is it?"

"Maybe the poor boy was killed."

SCENE VI.

A Soldier's Grave.

In one of our government cemeteries an aged visitor reverently lifted his hat, as he stood over the new made graves of United States soldiers. A tear fell from his eye but he smiled proudly as he whispered, "My Boy," and laid fresh flowers upon the grave of his son. Nearby, the first frail violet, nature's tribute to a worthy son, was growing upon another grave, the only one undecked with flowers. Another tear trickled down the old man's face as he noticed it. "'Tis some brave comrade," he sighed as he took flowers from his own son's grave and laid them carefully upon the grave of the friendless soldier. Then the old man, impelled by a strange curiosity, leaned over and read this simple inscription, carved on a wooden stake:

"M. FERGUSON.
SERGEANT
Co. K, 71st N. Y. V."

FOR TWO OF US.

DREAM TIME.

Little Goldlocks sits under the cherrytree, the curly little head resting thoughtfully on one hand. There is a far away look in the blue eyes, for Goldlocks is having her imaginations. She is gazing into deep blue above, at the tiny masses of fluffy white floating away and away. They must have some message for the little one, for all stop just over the garden. Puss walks cautiously across the lawn, lies down at the feet of her mistress, and is soon dreaming of the fairyland for faithful kittens. The wind gently sways the curly locks of the maiden. Every thing is still, so very still that even the robins hop about with the assurance of safety. Occasionally they sing softly to her. But Goldlocks never hears. She is off with the little clouds, sailing through the fairy land of the heavens.

WHEN LIFE WAS HARD.

We wished to grow up that we might have long dresses, wear our hair in a "figure-eight," and use calling cards; but more than all these, did we long for the privilege of sitting up at night with our elders. Many times while they sat around the fire, discussing things dear to youthful minds, we have climbed the stairs with knees a tremble, and entered the darkness of our little room. Evil spirits were warded off, until we were safely in bed, by frequently calling in frightened tones, "Mother, what time is it?" Then, "Mother, when are you coming up?" There were people in those days who looked under the bed, but we—we didn't dare. When once safely in, we let our imaginations have full play. To be a Grace Darling and have our pictures in a Sunday paper was a pet ideal, but when it grew cold, and we could hear the roaring of the sea, it was pleasanter to be Mrs. Vanderbilt, the owner of a private

yacht and beautiful poodles. Sometimes our thoughts were bitter. Life was hard ; our deprivations were many ; and the family did not appreciate us. Then came deep laid schemes of running away ; or perhaps we prayed for death, and pictured our funeral, with the family weeping over us and regretting that they had been so thoughtless. With these thoughts lingering in our minds and the moon and stars gazing upon us, offering comfort and consolation, we drifted into another land far more beautiful and unreal than anything we could imagine.

A QUESTION OF RELIGION.

Funerals were great social events in Welch Hollow. Undertakers were unknown, and the honor of conductor on such occasions rested between Andrew Jackson Griggs and Moses Elijah Simpkins. Each had his merits. The persons who cared for class distinctions chose Griggs, whose prestige lay in the fact that his father had once gazed on an ex-president of the United States, and that he himself possessed a Prince Albert coat and had a Military Bearing. How grand he looked as he shouted in thundering tones : "All those who wish to view once more the face of the departed corpse, pass up this aisle and down 't'other." His funerals were always conducted with solemnity and the regularity of clock work. The Simpkinsites objected to Griggs on the ground that he was a disciple of Tom Paine and Ingersoll, and chose Moses with all his blunderings and failures. Under his supervision, the funerals were always late, the pastor preached with his back to the mourners, and the head of the coffin was lower than the foot. What did that matter ! "It was sacrilegious to hev an inferdel a handlin' the Christian dead ;" and Moses Elijah was "a perfesser of religion."

A VULNERABLE SPOT.

It is only in moments of vanity that come to us all sometime , that we so far lose our good sense as to submit to an

ordeal for the reproduction of our visage and the spreading of our likeness abroad. The original is enough for the world in most cases, and we should be wise enough to know it. But friends urge; and we, in our weakness submit. We begin to practice expressions as soon as the decision is made, and soon wear the look of "I am having my picture taken." The proofs show us either grinning like a Cheshire cat, or looking as if we were arraigned before the faculty. Of course, the pictures do not suit. We curse the photographer and resolve never to try again. But the trouble is that the pictures look just like us.

UNCLE EZRA ON SCIENCE.

I love nater. In fact, I hev alays communed with nater considible, and I git spiritual conslation and comfort in contemplatin' its beauties. But that college graduate that boarded at our house tried to learn me the scientific method of lookin' at things. Now he ain't got no spiritual feelins 'tall. The poetic is clean lackin' in 'im. One June day when all nater wuz ready and waitin' to be admired and contemplated on, I see him a figurin', and I sez, sez I, "What be ye a doin'?" He sez, "I am demonstratin' why the sky is blue." "Good Heavings," I exclaimed, "who ever heerd of such foolishness as wantin' to know why the grass is green and the sky blue." Another time we wuz walkin' in the woods, and sudden I heerd him say, "Ampelopsis quinfolia, digitate, lance-oblong, flowers cymore." Now it was nothin' more than a pretty woodbine he wuz spoilin' with them Hebrew words. At last, he went so fur as to intimate that we wuz descended from monkeys. Then my ire riz and sez I, "Why don't ye accept nater as it is, and enjoy it without asking the why of everything. It is unchristian and contrary to the Scriptures," and let me tell ye, young man, ye air committin' a sin to be answered fur on the Jedgement Day, when ye compare man and monkeys."

L. J.

AMONG THE GREAT LAKES.

Sloan was sitting at twilight in the doorway of his father's store, a pipe in his mouth, his coat off, and his sleeves rolled up. He had just come in from a sail on the bay. It was one of those hot, muggy evenings when one's ambition is about fifty below par. The town was on the shores of one of the great lakes—not the busiest town in the world, but it offered enough attraction in the line of hunting and sailing for Fred Sloan to remain at home during at least three weeks of his summer vacation.

"There must be a campin' party somewheres up the bay, Fred," said one of the old inhabitants of the town. "I seen three lads just goin' up the street. Could tell they was campin', had on them ducks, coats off, and as black as niggers."

"I didn't see anything of a camp when I was out," said Fred.

"I was just down on the docks and seen a strange sail-boat. Maybe it's their's. A cruise, perhaps."

This however didn't interest Sloan. Such a thing as strangers in the town never did affect him as it did the other people, who staid there year in and year out. The old man proceeded in the description of his party, and then went inside the store.

Fred remained seated, smoking his old pipe, and thinking of the good times he had had in college, of his chums and classmates, of the raids and the other events that usually stand out prominently in a fellow's college life. He was in a half-dreamy, poetic state of mind, when he was addressed by one of the three fellows just described by the old man.

"Do you keep canned goods here?"

"Shouldn't wonder; step in," said Fred.

Fred followed them in, suspecting that they were college men, for one wore a Yale athletic cap.

After an unprecedented amount of maneuvering in purchasing what they wished, Fred put a few questions to them,

by which he found that they were from a city at the other end of the lake and were off for a two weeks' cruise.

"We wanted to have a good time before returning to work. Dick and I have to go back to summer school to make up our math. We ought to be there now, but sport is more attractive than math.," said one of the fellows.

"Where do you go?" asked Fred.

"We're at Cornell. Bill, there, goes to Yale."

"Cornell! Really? Why I go there, too," said Fred.

"Is that so," said Dick, "why shake on that. What class?"

"Ninety-nine. What class are you?"

"We're nineteen hundred. Strange occurrence, to meet here for the first time."

After an exchange of names, Dick again said with a smile, "Never suspected you to be one of the blessed, as we saw you sitting in front here."

"Never suspected you were, either, when I saw that Yale cap," said Fred.

"Ha, ha! This Yale cap always gets a roast when I go around with those fellows," said the wearer of the blue, and the others gave a friendly laugh also.

After the usual exchanges of this and that about their *Alma Mater* and rejoicing over the boat race, they parted; and Fred had two more acquaintances to greet on his return to Ithaca.

ONE JUNE DAY.

It was late on a Sunday afternoon in early June. The sun was still just above the western hills, the air was clear and warm, the breezes from the lake breathed gently among the trees and grasses, birds and beetles were chirping their farewell notes, and over all pervaded that quietness of a Summer's Sabbath. Far below in the peaceful town the church bells were pealing forth. The lake was silvery in the light of the sinking sun.

Numerous groups of people were strolling past the Library, coming from the direction of Sage, Barnes Hall, and up Central. On the hillside back of McGraw they all gathered upon the grass. Here, at the closing hour of the day, were members of all classes. Seniors were robed in their gowns, significant of the occasion.

It was a religious sunset meeting—the last one of the year—the farewell service for the Seniors. In the front with the leader, a Senior, were a number of the Glee Club men. Song after song arose from that multitude gathered on this hillside. The thoughts of the many Seniors were expressed in song and words that afternoon, and the feelings of their hearts were carried away among the clouds.

The sun went down as a huge red globe of fire. Gradually the western sky was transformed into a glowing red, then a crimson, and, as if unseen, the beautiful effects of the many rainbow colors were soon merged into the dusk of evening. Then the meeting broke up. The crowd dispersed as it had come, and another event in the Seniors' lives had passed.

ANOTHER JUNE DAY.

The tooting of whistles and booming of cannon announce that they are coming. Presently the blades of the oars, as they rise and fall, shine in the sunlight, but the men can not, as yet, be distinguished. Only the oars and a long yellow streak at the breaking of the ripples. Gradually the shapes begin to loom up and the moving of the men becomes visible. Onward they come, nearer and nearer. The shells are now distinctly seen and their positions known. The men begin to appear distinctly and can be distinguished from each other. What perfect time they keep! With a determined catch they strike their oars into the water; then throwing back their shoulders resolutely and pushing hard with their feet, they drive their oars through the water. With a graceful drop of their hands, the oar blades appear again; as quick as lightning the oars fly back and the men

slide forward and are ready for another stroke. The shells seem now fairly to fly through the water. The stroke is raised. The shells can now be seen to move much faster as they near the goal. With one long stroke one shell crosses the mark and the race is won.

H. W. P.

KEATS.

QUENCHED was thy fire of youth before its time,
Thy burning love cooled early in Death's chill stream,
Thy life-lamp cast a single blinding gleam,
But thy pure soul had mounted heights sublime.
How hath the music of thy lofty rime
Brought to my troubled spirit rest and dream
Of fields Elysian, which to me did seem
Of rose and violet redolent and thyme,
And filled with groves and glades and waters clear
That gave again the azure of the sky
Even as thy Muse gave back the tale it heard
Of Nature's beauty! Would thy spirit, dear
To mortal hearts, might once again come nigh
My ear and speak another deathless word!

Clark Sutherland Northup.

A SPRING TERM PROTEST.

BRIGHT dreams are in the round, white clouds,
Full-swelling in the west ;
And life is in the clear, blue air ;—
The bee is on his quest ;
There's peace down on the azure lake,
And freshness in the breeze ;—
Pray, why must one to Ethics go,
Who feels and hears and sees ?

The finger of the western shore
Points like ambition's wand ;
The humming scene suggestion paints
Of heavenly power beyond.
Full-stretched upon this grassy slope,
Where dandelions lie,
I'll hear the lecture Nature gives,
Nor dream that it is dry.

What need to have it all explained ?
The cows that snuff the grass,
The brook that wriggles on its way,
The birds that swinging pass,
Enough of contemplation paint
To store my feeble sight
With pictures of His mystery,
For me, alas, too bright.

And so, dear Ethics lecturer,
Forget a cut or two,
And some blue day in sunny May
I'll listen here with you.
The air of blue, the field of green,
The cloud of western sky,
The blossom in her glad careen
Know more than you or I.

J. O. D.

The Cornell Magazine

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A COMMITTEE consisting of Professors J. M. Hart, H. S. White, and G. P. Bristol, appointed by Acting President Crane, and of three members of the present board, together with the editor-in-chief, has chosen as Senior class editors of the MAGAZINE for next year:

FRANK MONROE CROUCH,
HARRY ALTON HITCHCOCK,
EDITH WINIFRED JEWELL,
LYDIA INDEPENDENCE JONES,
EDWARD ANSEL MCCREARY.

These have chosen as business manager, Lewis Stanton Palen, and as editor-in-chief, the present editor.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT BOOKS.

Set in the year 1775, in Boston and vicinity, revealing life in the Continental army and life with Gage and his soldiers, *A Lover's Revolt*, by J. W. DeForest, is far more interesting as a historically colored story of a period in the war for liberty, than as a love story. To be sure there is a love story. It, however, does not much bother the reader. Far more entertaining is the story of the farmer-soldier, Yankee Abner Sly, fighting at Concord and Lexington, learning to jump his horse over fathom-wide ditches, captured astride a hog, escaping from the British, and fighting hard at Breed's Hill. He is a good deal more worth reading about than poor little pretty daft Hildah, from whom her lover, Asahel, revolted. Abner Sly is, in fact, decidedly a "character." For the sake of knowing about him and his odd ways, you will do well to read *A Lover's Revolt.* (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York, 1898. p. 417.)

Not to say anything about the obvious similarity in general tone between these stories of Mr. Fraser (*The Eye of a God*, and other tales of East and West, by W. A. Fraser. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, 1899. p. 260. $1.25) and the stories of Mr. Kipling, one must at any rate say that Mr. Fraser is decidedly lacking in Kipling's connotative power of words and in his faculty of knowing just what to do in a story and just what not to do. "The Eye of a God," from which the collection gets its title, is a rather curiously plotted story of a superintendent of police, a shadowy native girl, her brother, a rejected suitor, an attempt by the suitor to have the brother caught with opium in his possession, the stealing of the god's eye (a big ruby) by somebody, thus far only conjectured at by the reader, the slipping of the god's eye into the brother's strong box, the abstracting of the ruby from the strong box by the sister before the police arrive to continue their interrupted search for the opium, the wresting of the jewel from the girl by

the suitor, the flight of the rascal, the ostensible planting of the ruby in the superintendent's body by the rascal in a charge from his rifle, the tender nursing of the much-by-the-natives-reverenced, god's-eye-containing man, the extraction of the ruby, which proves to be a lead slug, the withdrawal of the rogue from the scene of operations, and the continued missing of the eye of the god. In plot-conception Mr. Fraser has furnished the reader with a number of entertaining pages; in execution he is not yet at all a master-hand.

Considerably better in the details of writing and extremely interesting in plot, are Mr. Stanley Waterloo's twenty-one stories published under the title of the first in the collection, *The Wolf's Long Howl.* (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago and New York, 1899. p. 288. $1.50.) Mr. Waterloo is master of all the tricks of the journalistic book-makers, such as the sudden and entirely unexpected little turns of thought, the eccentric adjectives characterizing anything and everything that comes along, the perfectly cock-sure little phrases of worldly wisdom, the terse, pungent sentences, clinching paragraph after paragraph; and besides, Mr. Waterloo possesses the saving graces of having something to say and of not becoming monotonous with all his tricks. If you are like the reviewer, you would never imagine from the title, "The Wolf's Long Howl," what the story really is. You would see on the cover the wolf's head, with gaping jaws, and would immediately conjecture a story of adventure, perhaps along a desolate shore of the great lakes, since Mr. Waterloo's book emanates from the west (Chicago). The story is really of a prosperous Chicago business man, who lost his money, heard the wolf's long howl at his door, gave up his girl, opportunely obtained some more money from the sale of poplar land in Michigan, had a "Feast of the Paying of Bills," (this part of the story is deliciously biting) and found a wife in her, now poor, whom he had long loved. There is in the story nothing of the wilds of Michigan; no live wolf howls.

Mary E. Wilkins's story, *The Jamesons*, which has been

published serially, now appears in one of the delightful, narrow-paged Doubleday and McClure books. (p. 177, $1.) This is a story of a "large, fair woman with a long, massive face" and reddish, crinkling hair, who planted herself with her Browning and her health food in the peaceful village of Linnville, and caused a big commotion in that village, where never before had there been a boarder. Mrs. H. Boardman Jameson wasn't alone; she had with her a pale, delicate boy, who gave the alarm of fire within ten minutes of his arrival, because he saw smoke coming out of a chimney, a couple of daughters, who, as the fire engine tore to the house, showed their pretty, agitated faces in the yard, and a loquacious plebian grandmother, who always carried a box of peppermints and a French novel, one to eat, the other to please Mrs. Jameson. They're a humorously treated set, taken all in all; you can imagine all sorts of queer situations when these five get to mixing with the villagers.

It is a very slight, human little story, is *A Civilian Attaché.* (By Helen Dawes Brown, Scribner's, 1899. p. 161. 75 cents.) Its very slightness, however, and its very humanness make it most acceptable as a volume in the Scribner "Ivory Series". It doesn't take you forever to read the story; in fact at a single sitting you follow the civilian attaché, Adèle Kincaid, straight through from her arrival at the far western post, Fort Halona, to her connoted engagement to young Lieutenant Hugh Gracie. Adèle is a Fifth Avenue young woman of about twenty-five, beautiful, cultured, athletic, sensible, who is allowed by her mother and father, in spite of the forebodings of a worrying aunt, to start off for a summer's visit with Annie Seabury, a former girl friend who has married an army lieutenant. At the post, Adèle is delightfully entertained, becoming acquainted with various officers and their wives, from the Colonel down, and especially with Lieutenant Gracie. With him she has a thrilling ride through an arroyo, when a cloud burst fills the chasm behind them. At the summer's end she says good-by to him and he to her. At his good-by

she is for the fiftieth time much puzzled to know whether he's in love with her; he himself muses "she likes me—that's all." It is quite convenient for the reader to be able to see that each loves the other. On her way home to the east Adèle is delayed by a strike. Troops are sent to the scene, among them, of course, troops from Fort Halona. Gracie gets permission to go along, although his troop isn't chosen. In the end we read an "I told you so" extract from a letter written by the anxious aunt in the east. This is an ideal kind of book to amuse one on a journey.

If we'll look at ourselves candidly, we'll acknowledge that one of our chiefest springs of action is the desire to be pleasing. The desire is a commendable one. It is, however, too often a futile desire, unsubstantiated by our actions. A book which will show us how to make the desire a fact ought to have a wide welcome. Such a book Elizabeth Glover has aimed to present in *The Gentle Art of Pleasing*. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York, 1898. p. 173. $1.) It is cast in the form of a conversation between an uncle and his niece with occasional comments by the aunt. Though the general tone is stiff and uncomfortable, one can find in the book a good many illuminating comments. Here are four selected from twenty or so which we have scored on the margins: "It is good to learn how to behave so that people will like us." "Child-like enjoyment of what is good, without a thought of self to mar it, helps to bring into any social circle something that makes the kingdom of heaven seem near." "In the interests of the agreeable we will all look the very best we can." "The call upon him [the excitable person] is for the wedding-garment of perfect self-control, without which no one is ready for society."

When, in 1856, Mr. J. W. Randall wrote to the editor of the *North American Review*, saying that he hoped the volume of poems sent with the letter would increase for the editor the enjoyment of a leisure hour, he wrote down exactly the feeling that one has now after having read here

and there in this posthumous volume, the collected verse of the author's lifetime: these verses do furnish one a little of the placid enjoyment that, knowing something of the man and of the men of his generation, one would look for in such a collection of the poet's work. There exhales from this volume (*Poems of Nature and Life* by John Witt Randall. Edited by Francis Ellingwood Abbot, with an introduction on the Randall family. George H. Ellis, Boston, 1899, p. 566) the tranquil spirit of the litterateur and recluse, at times to be sure stirred intensely by outrage and wrong, yet on the whole writing easily and soothingly. From the volume, then, just as Dr. Randall hoped, almost a half century ago, one may readily find enjoyment for leisure hours. Mr. Abbot, the editor, has done well to devote half the volume to an account of Randall and the Randalls; this part of the volume would of itself make the book not in vain.

The papers on the Rough Riders which Colonel Roosevelt has contributed to Scribner's Magazine are well worth preservation in the book form in which they have now been issued by the Scribners. (*The Rough Riders*, p. 298). Several appendices have been added to the original articles, making the volume more complete than the magazine contributions. Notable among these appendices is appendix D, "Corrections;" in this we have been particularly interested in Mr. Roosevelt's plain exposition of the fact that contrary to various statements which one has seen in the journalists' accounts Captain Capron's troop was not ambushed. The vigorous swing of what their Colonel has to say of the Rough Riders' deeds makes those deeds appear more real and vital than has anything else which we have yet read concerning that gallant regiment.

From D. C. Heath & Company we have received two contributions to the study of English, J. W. Bray's *A History of English Critical Terms* (p. 345. $1) and W. E. Simonds's *An Introduction to the Study of English Fiction.* (p. 240. 80 cents.) In Mr. Bray's book we have found satisfactory answers to a number of queries which have been raised in

our own minds regarding the use and meaning of such critical terms as "Philistinism," "Humor." We must, however, acknowledge that we have failed to find any very lucid exposition of the use of the terms "amusing" and "convincing," which one is continually using and meeting in criticisms. The material in Mr. Bray's book is grouped in a consecutive alphabet, with, in the last thirty pages, an appendix, "The Historical Grouping of the Terms."

Mr. Simonds, recognizing the great emphasis now laid on the study of fiction, presents in brief compass an outline of what has been done in English fiction from the time of the Old English story-tellers down to the novelists of to-day. This takes up 85 of the 240 pages. Then comes a section on "Books for Reference and Reading" including a list of "one hundred works of fiction which for one reason or another, are quite worth reading." The remaining 140 pages are devoted to selections ranging from parts of Beowulf and King Horn (in translation) to bits of Pamela, Tom Jones, and Tristram Shandy. The book is thus seen to contain more of selections than of author's generalizations. That has been the well carried out aim of the author, "to present a bare introduction to the study of English fiction" by means of stating concisely a few general points and illustrating them liberally by abundant texts.

THREE COLLEGE BOOKS.

"Have you read the new Vassar stories?" This kind of question, inaccurate as such innocuous queries often are, is being frequently put these days; only, instead of Vassar, one may hear Smith or possibly Yale. A fifth edition of John Seymour Wood's *Yale Yarns* has recently been issued by the Putnams. *Across the Campus* (A Story of College Life, by Caroline M. Fuller, Smith, '95) has recently come from the Scribners. *Vassar Studies* (By Julia Augusta Schwartz) has come lately from the Putnams.

Of these, two are launched with prefaces. In these we see that Miss Schwartz and Mr. Wood have quite different

aims in their books. Mr. Wood in his preface says "Many of the sketches are founded on fact, but whether fact or fancy, if they serve to amuse, it is perhaps all that the writer, an old grad. himself, can ask." Miss Schwartz says in her preface "The collection of studies here offered has been planned to reproduce, by means of emphasizing in each paper a characteristic element or quality of student life, a faithful impression of the spirit and the personality of modern Vassar." Having these two diverse aims, the two writers may be expected to produce two very different books. Mr. Wood's is the more amusing, Miss Schwartz's is the more instructive.

And that is just the trouble with both of them. Mr. Wood has amused, but hasn't given Yale; Miss Schwartz has given Vassar, but hasn't entertained. Although Mr. Wood's "The Great Springfield Game" and "The Dawn Tea" are flat, not in the least amusing, "The Old Fence," "In the Toils of the Enemy," and "'Little Jack' Horner's Pie" are, if you read them at intervals, really amusing, even at times laughable. (By the way, one story, "With the Dwight Hall Heelers," is of a quite different sort from all the others; it contains some admirably delicate character presentation, in depicting the boy who acknowledged his drunkard father and saved him.) Mr. Wood's stories aren't, however, specifically Yale. That is, there might be at Columbia just such a pie-eating escapade as Little Jack's, there is alleged to have been at various places just such a scene as that in which the farmer's horse and wagon are hitched on the top of the court house.

Miss Schwartz's studies, on the other hand, are to the general reader (perhaps, judging from the preface, they are not intended for that genus at all) over didactic. They aim to be old and accurate; they fall short of their aim in that they do not show sufficient perspective. Yet they do seem to the present writer to show something of the life and spirit which obtain at Vassar.

Both *Yale Yarns* and *Vassar Studies* are liberally illus-

trated by good views of the various college buildings. These pictures we looked at before reading the books, and these pictures we think to be valuable features of each of the books. In some places they are of more interest than the text.

Without any preface and obviously a story pure and simple is the third book which we mentioned, Miss Fuller's *Across the Campus*. In this, the writer takes up the college life of a group of girls in their freshman year and follows them through to graduation. The author shows considerable faculty of selection in determining just what incidents of a college girl's life ought to be brought out in a story which aims to entertain and considerable skill, too, in interweaving natural little accounts of established college customs.

C. R. Gaston.

THE EXCHANGE CRITIC.

THE *Red and Blue* took a decided slump last month when it published a story entitled "Unlickable Luke," a story the humor of which might possibly be appreciated by the readers of "A Bad Boy's Diary." "How Mack and I Conducted the War," a serial, is another flat production, of which fortunately the last installment has been given. With the exception of this number, the Critic thinks that *Red and Blue's* editors are to be congratulated upon the excellence of their work throughout the year—both artistic and literary. In *Morningside* "Imaginary Lectures" have been the poorest feature this year, the illustrations being especially coarse and out of keeping with the rest of the magazine. *Amherst Lit* has had a career of vicissitudes, the April number being perhaps the best. The *Courant* has maintained its high standard throughout the year. "As Gentleman Beggar" is a very good story in the number for May. *Columbia Lit* prints in its last number "The Desertion of the Countess," a well written tale of almost inconceivable mercilessness. In gen-

eral, we think that *Columbia Lit* has suffered from a dearth of good literary material. The *Smith Monthly* has had a number of good things at different times and may be said to have had a successful career during 1898–99. The *Vassar Miscellany* has presented uniformly interesting numbers throughout the year. "The Wisdom of Omar," in the May *Miscellany*, is a rather old theme in a new and pleasing guise. "Bert Chapin, Grind," and "The English Idea of Napoleon," are both readable. In the *Inlander*, "A Voice from the Silent Land" is not half bad. The *Williams Lit* is easily one of our best exchanges. In the last number is given "The Vivisectionist's Apprentice," one of the best told, but at the same time one of the most horribly realistic, things we have ever read in a college magazine. Some bits of poetry, "The Bristol Pirate" and "The Song of the Engineer," by the same versatile author, also appear. The *Brunonian*, *Dartmouth Lit*, *Sequoia*, *Touchstone*, *Virginia Mag*, and *Wesleyan Lit* are the others of our exchanges most welcomed by the Critic. The *Minnesota Mag*, *Inlander*, and *Wellesley Mag* do not seem as yet to be quite up to the mark.

J. S. Hills.

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GEORGE W. MELOTTE, M.D.S.,

Dentist, Wilgus Block. Assisted by F. M. Willis, D.D.S. Specialty, Insertion of Teeth without Plates by the Gold Crown and Bridging Process.

DRS. J. B. & F. B. HOWE,

1 and 11 Bates Block, Aurora St.,
Ithaca, N. Y.

W. E. HOUSE,

Dentist. Over 28 East State Street, Ithaca. N. Y. Preservation of the Natural Teeth a Specialty.

Campfire.

PRESS OF ANDRUS & CHURCH, ITHACA, N. Y.

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