THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY EDITORS CHOSEN FROM THE SENIOR CLASS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

VOLUME V

OCTOBER, 1892—JUNE, 1893

Editor-in-Chief:

WILLIAM STRUNK, JR.

Editors from the Class of 1893:

HERBERT C. HOWE
MARGARET OTIS
CARLTON E. LADD
J. ALEXIS SHRIVER
ERNEST I. WHITE

HARRY G. WHITE, *Business Manager*

ITHACA, NEW YORK
1893

PRINTED BY
ANDRUS & CHURCH,
ITHACA, N. Y.

CONTENTS.

PROSE.

VERSE.

REVIEWS.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1892. NO. 1.

The MAGAZINE is to be published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager.*

A MEMORIAL NOTE ON CLARA FRENCH.

THE occasion for the brief remarks that follow is the appearance in book form of the Essay on the Dramatic Action and Motive of King John, which was submitted for the Mrs. A. S. Barnes Shakespeare Prize in 1888, by Miss French, at that time a graduate student here in the English language and literature. This was the first contest for the Shakespeare prize, which had at that time just been established. There were several competitors, but the task of the committee presented no embarrassment. According to the assurances of its members, the essay on King John was unquestionably superior, in degree and in kind, to all the others, and was unanimously awarded the prize. At almost the same time, Miss French received from the University the degree of Master of Arts for her essay on Chaucer and Langland as Reflectors of their Age, a paper that also called forth high commendations.

Miss French had previously been a student, mainly of the English literature, in the University of Vermont, in Smith College, and at Oxford, England. This varied and valuable training, added to her natural intellectual force, marked her as eminently

qualified to be an investigator and interpreter in this favorite subject. She was called to Wellesley College, there to be Instructor in English Literature. This last spring and summer seem, from letters and sayings of hers still treasured, to have comprised the happiest period of her life. With a mind acutely trained, a character symmetrical and noble, and a position of honor and responsibility, her future appeared easy to predict.

Two weeks after beginning her task at Wellesley College, Clara French died. This was on the 6th of October, 1888. Her life, so full of encouraging promise, was not to be lived out, but to remain a fragment. Her age at death was twenty-five years. Few young students have give greater indications of a useful life. In her earlier years, she had shown highly developed scientific interests, and it was at first a disappointment to her friends when she left these youthful inclinations, and devoted herself to the perhaps less tangible studies with which she was occupied up to the time of her death. But as the sequel showed, her alteration of purpose was the result of no idle caprice, but the outcome of wise and competent self-scrutiny. It was not long before her talent for the new studies was most undeniably displayed; the limit of her lifetime just sufficed for the justification of her choice. The greater part of her time had of course, been spent in preparation for the work to which she had planned to devote her life; it was too early for her faithful study to have borne much fruit. Two small volumes, however, bear witness to her literary and scholarly ability. Her first and only effort in publication was a volume of selections from the poetry of George Macdonald. This appeared in 1887, and was edited by Miss French and her friend, Miss Vida D. Scudder, who now furnishes for the Essay on King John the memorial sketch from which I have largely drawn. There are some two hundred pages of text, preceded by nine of introduction. The two editors give on the title page no clue to their identity beyond that afforded by their initials.

The essay on King John, which as before said has just appeared in print, is the second of these two volumes. It has been printed for private circulation. Miss Scudder has undertaken the editing of the essay and the writing of a short biographical sketch, and has fulfilled her task in a manner for which every one who

knew Clara French must feel grateful, a manner earnest, appreciative and loving.

Some features in her character will be best told by direct quotation from Miss Scudder's introduction. She writes: "Clara French was a college woman first and foremost. Hers was emphatically the trained nature—trained to such distinctness of self-knowledge, such sense for proportion and nice adjustment of powers, as are making of our college women to-day one of the most practical classes in the community. It was inevitable that a large share of her personal interest should be centred in the women's colleges of the country, and in the work of their alumnæ. While feeling keenly the defects and weaknesses of these colleges, and the tentative character of their work, she yet believed with entire loyalty in their ideals and was ready to place her life-force at their disposal.

"Her interest in educational work for women was part of a deeper devotion. It rested on her enthusiasm for disinterested scholarship; a scholarship with no utilitarian end, marked by the distinction of thought which results from clearness, sobriety, and reverence of intellectual vision. The lack of such dynamic scholarship Matthew Arnold signaled as the great defect in our American civilization. Scholarship of this order, almost unknown among women, it is perhaps not too much to say that Clara French was on the high road to attain."

And again, and lastly: "Clara French's own personal experience was direct and simple, yet she gave the impression of one who had touched life at many points, and not only touched but entered. This impression was due to a salient peculiarity of her nature, her strong power of identifying her life with other lives. Sympathetic experience was to her both in intensity and in depth, what personal experience is to most people. Always ardent in friendship, her nature before the end became almost absolutely selfless. The trouble or the joy of one near to her did not only produce on her a reflex effect; it was her very own, affecting the inmost fibres of her being. Thus she lived many lives in one, and possessed a breadth and wisdom rare in far maturer years. Fullness of life, intense yet controlled, was the salient fact of her nature. In spite of her student life she was not exclusively, per-

haps not primarily, an intellectual woman. Nor was she pre-eminently emotional or practical, though her nature on both sides was strongly developed. She would have disclaimed for herself with most honest earnestness any striking spirituality of nature. Faith, strong though silent, lay at the heart of her noble womanhood; but of the mystic she had nothing. With a steadfast humility she said in the last months of her life: "I am one of the plain, every-day people of this world, with only occasional glimpses of another. I trust indeed that it may be so

> ' "That earth may gain by one man the more
> And the gain of earth shall be heaven's gain too." '

"By no peculiarity of nature did Clara French impress herself on others. Yet her effect in many lives can never be effaced. It was due not to her gifts but to herself; to the very vigor and movement of her personality, to the intensity of the life that shone through her. Her nature was once described as a clear and steady flame; and it had indeed not only the radiance, but also the purity and the aspiration of fire."

—*William Strunk, jr.*

FASTNESS.

Dainty, wild, sequestered glen,
Far from haunts of careworn men,
Let me in thy fastness hide
To watch the foamy ripples glide,
To see the beetles in the moss,
Where fallen trunks thy vistas cross,
And chequered sunlight peeping through
The branches, wet with cascade-dew.
Like the birds of restless wing,
Let me pause awhile and sing;
Ere to far-off fields I wing,
Let me sit awhile, and sing.

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

A FORGOTTEN HERO.

"In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the Great Man to have been the indispensable saviour of his epoch ;—the lightning, without which the fuel never would have burnt."—CARLYLE.

EVERY nation has its heroes whose memories it fondly cherishes. The names of Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin have passed into our history clothed with the rich honor which they merit. We guard with jealous care the names of the illustrious band of Revolutionary patriots. There is one, however, foremost among them, whose statue we never see, whose praises we never hear, whose very name we hardly know.

At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, Robert Morris was a successful merchant in Philadelphia. Though he was of English birth, his sympathies were with the colonists. He figures prominently in the Continental Congress, his name standing beside those of Adams and of Hancock on the Declaration of Independence. Soon afterward he was appointed chairman of the Marine Committee, whose business it was to create the first American fleet. His financial ability was early recognized, and his love of country induced him to accept the position of Superintendent of Finance at this most critical period of our early history.

It was in these two positions of responsibility that he served his country with great ability and rare fidelity, and showed himself to be a courteous gentleman, a wise financier, and a noble patriot. Without the services of Morris as member of the Congressional Marine Committee our first American fleet could never have been built. Without his labors as Superintendent of Finance, the Continental Army could never have been equipped, nor the war finally brought to a successful issue.

How to meet the continually increasing expenses of the war, how to feed a starving army out of an empty treasury, how to allay the mutual jealousy of the different states,—these were a few of the problems that were met and solved by the remarkable ability, the unswerving integrity, and the staunch patriotism of Robert Morris.

Did the Continental Army stand destitute and helpless upon

the frozen banks of the Delaware? Money and ammunition were provided by Robert Morris, which made it possible for the genius of Washington to win the battle of Trenton, and rescue the country from despair. Were cannon, subsistence, and pay for the troops required for the successful prosecution of the expedition against Cornwallis? They were once more supplied by Robert Morris, who issued his own notes in payment to the amount of $1,400,000.

But not only did Morris unhesitatingly risk his all in the cause of justice and freedom, standing calm and hopeful amid disaster and defeat, aiding by his personal fortune and wise counsel the cause that to others seemed hopeless; but what is far more than any of these things, he endured calumny and abuse from his very countrymen, who owed him so much. And to a man of Morris's temperament, personal honor meant far more than fortune, than fame, than very life itself.

What a picture of base ingratitude do we have as we see the enemies of this great patriot, by preferring charges against him in Congress, or by insinuations and imputations against his integrity, attempt to undermine the faith which his fellow-citizens reposed in him. What a noble picture of patriotic sacrifice do we have as we see him patiently enduring slander and abuse and ever increasing his exertions as his country's cause became more and more hopeless.

Heroic deeds are easily done amidst excitement and rush of battle. An order is given to charge. The long, irregular battle-line is formed, the bands play their most inspiring airs, and with one ringing cheer all dash forward. The artillery thunders forth. The air is filled with flying shot and shell. All is excitement, confusion, madness! As says the Roman poet: "They rush together, there is a clash of arms, and in a moment comes swift death or joyous victory." But no such inspiring scene as this fell to the lot of Robert Morris as he patiently toiled along the path of duty, sacrifice and honor.

And now the storm of war is passed and Morris sees his country, having attained the freedom which she so long sought, at last take her place among the nations of the earth. Then like Cincinnatus, having rendered his country invaluable services, he refused every offer of continued office, and retired to private life.

As we trace the story of Robert Morris, his pure and upright life, his unswerving devotion to the cause of his country and his inestimable services in her behalf, we are forced to exclaim, can it be possible that such a man should ever be forgotten?

A well known historian pays this tribute to Morris. "The Americans owed and still owe as much acknowledgment to the financial operations of Robert Morris, as to the negotiations of Benjamin Franklin or even to the arms of Washington."

An American gentleman, pure, kindly, and generous in his private life, in his public life a patriot who served his country in her hour of need. Let us hope that when the future historian shall write a complete and truthful account of the struggle for American independence, beside the names of Washington, Franklin, and Jeferson he will inscribe the name of Robert Morris.

—*Frederick Delos Montfort.*

TAUGHANNOCK FALLS.

Plunging eternally downward
  Through portals of serried rock
(The great scarred cliffs resounding
  The roar of the water's shock),
Till the deeps of the vale surrounding
  Thy wraith-like charms enlock.

O Waters of Tunkahannock,
  That spring from the dizzy height,
And fling your glistening brilliants
  Out into the eager light,
I love your lace-plumed vesture,
  Your falls of spotless white!

O Bride of the sentried forest,
  From whose castled walls I see
The veil of thy ever-vowing,
  Thy love of the pure and free,
I dip from the pool of crystal
  A votive cup to thee.

—*Channing Moore Huntington.*

MISS EM'LY.

A STORY IN DIALECT.*

SCENE: An old country mansion in South Carolina.

DAT dar picter of de gal en white wid de smoky ha'r an' er look en her eyes like er dum' beast caught dreamin'?—Yes sah, hit hab er story. Jes' yuh an' de lady sot yourselves on dish yere sofa,—wait Boss 'tel I wipes de dus' off wid me sleeve, de dus' do gether powerful fas' en dese desarted manshuns—an' lissen tu me: 'tain't ergwine tu tek long nohow. Jes' so, sah.

Yes sah, det picter powerfully dissemble Miss Em'ly, to-be-sho. Yuh see, sah, dis am de way hit wuz. I'd er kno'd Miss Em'ly frum er baby, an' when she wuz er leettle un an' kin skeercely toddle about—skeercely toddle about—en her red shoes, I'd gib her er flower tu hol', or mebbe er peach, or er bomgranate, jes' fur tu see de sun riz and glow en her eyes. Dat uz when I wuz de ga'dner yere, an' long 'fore all dish yere' Mancipashun, an' 'fore de miseries tek hol' onto me so contrary-like. Fur Ise used tu tek her up onto me shoulders an' jes' rid her roun' de ga'den blickerty-bam, hit er doin' me heart good tu lissen to her laff 'tel de very birds done stop to year her. Fur she wuz er putty chile—er moughty putty chile,—an' jes ez chuckful ob mischievousment ez er pod ob peas, but ebry now an' den so sober like yuh'd mos' died tu see her er thinkin' an' er thinkin' long 'fore she could talk good.

Oh! I wuz proud ob dat chile, dat I wuz, an' done watched her er growin' an' er growin' jes like her mudder b'fore her, 'tel fus' ting I kno'd, dere she wuz er 'oman' jes like many er time er baby bud I'se done watch an' tended hab sprung open ento er full flower en er night, jes' when I'd least 'spected hit.

Now yuh see she wuz yere alone wid ole Massa, an' dey two wuz jes' ez wropped up en each odder ez eny ole hen an' her young uns. He wuz er man ob much larnin', he sartainly wuz, wuz ole Massa, al'ays er pourin' ober he books 'tel he mos' ben' double.

---

*For the sake of intelligibility to those not "to the manner born," it has been necessary greatly to emancipate the African element from the language of the following story, and partially to anglicize it.—R. A. B.

Umgh-umgh ! dere wuz no en' tu his larnin' an' he'd been at hit sence he wuz knee high. But er better man nor ole Massa wuz, nebber live, an' all er po' nigger hab tu do en dem days wuz jes' tu say "Massa," an' hol' out he han' and he git hit full ob gold, none ob dis yere nasty stinkin' paper money, you tink ole Massa use dat?—No—o sah, he use gold. He wuz er good man to-be-sho. Dey aint none like him en dese days. But tu Miss Em'ly dar, he wuz ez tender ez er mudder tu her new born chile, an' he face let up jes' like er bright light wuz er shinin' onto hit when she come nigh him.

But I done tink den he ain't nebber reckoned she'd grow'd tu er 'oman, but jes kep' er reconsiderin' her ez er chile still ez ole Missis done lef' her tu him. Fur yuh see he lef' her all tu herself, an' she went er prowlin' about all ober de fiel's jes' ez happy ez could be, but by de look en her eyes, er wantin' somethin'. An' so I says tu me ole 'oman, says I, "Lindy," says I, "Lindy, Miss Em'ly be too sweet an' pure er flower not tu be stung b'fore long wid de bee ob love." An' dat good fur nuttin' nigger, she laff, an' say: "G'long wid yuh, Tony, ain't yuh tink de quality tek care ob demselves?" But I see her er watchin' ob Miss Em'ly moughty close, fur all dat, an' I jes' grin and ain't say nuttin' cep' tu meself, but I tink Oho, ole 'oman, possum hab tu be moughty sha'p tu fool nigger. An' I jes' wait an' pray Gawd no harm 'ud come nigh de chile.

Den all ob er sudden, slowly like, jes' ez de bloom deepen en en openin' rose, dere come er bright glow onto Miss Em'ly's cheeks an' her big eyes dat wuz jes' like de big eyes ob er fawn, grow'd more dreamlike when no one seem tu be er watching, an' when dey changed, wuz like sudden flashes ob sunlight ober da'k pools, an' ez I'd nebber seed 'em b'fore. An' I kno'd hit wuz love, an' dat de bee had come an' done lit an' wuz er flatterin' her wid its buzzin' an' sof' clingin'. An' I says tu Lindy: "Ole 'oman," says I, "Yuh see, ent yuh?"

But ole Massa I see, he ain't pay no 'tenshun at all.

An' spite ob Lindy, hit worrited me, 'tel one day I see wid me own eyes who 'twuz she love, fur 'twuz jes' ez I said an' love done cotch her. But she could'nt hab choose better, and when de ole Massa did fin' hit out, umgh-umgh ! how he eyes open. He so

'sprise he almos' grow'd straight, an' says, 'stounded like: "Em'ly, leettle Em'ly en love!" But when hit done soak en, he wuz moughty proud, wuz ole Massa, fur yuh see Mass Echard's plantashun hit jine onto dish yere one, an' de famblies wuz jined too, yuh see, on ole Missis's side.

An' den I nebber see one grow mo' beautiful dan she done; 'twuz jes' ez ef er speerit hab tetched her. An' Mass Echard, he wuz yere ebry day, an' dey wuz jes' like er pair ob turtle doves en de love time, dat dey wuz jes' like er pair ob turtle doves. An' all day dey'd roam 'bout en de woods like two chillun, er laffin' an' talkin' ob de mos' nocountes' stuff yuh ebber year, and jes' ez happy ez de day wuz long. An' hit seem tu me ez I watch 'em, an' I done say de same ting tu Lindy, dat her very lips grow'd deeper crimson day by day, an' her eyes jes' glow'd wid lovelight she aint' nebber try tu hide. Dey did to-be-sho. An' he too wuz drownded en love fur her, an' 'ud watch her wid er deep light en he eyes, an' grow ez restive an' oneasy ef she lef' him fur er moment, ez er young filly druv fer de fus' time.

Er whole year done pass en dis way, an' Mass Echard he be wid Miss Em'ly all trou' de winter, day en an' day out, playin' games en de hall or er readin' to each odder ober er roarin' fire en de Lib'ry. An' now de Spring come agin, an' all wuz chuckful ob love, en de air an' on de earth, an' de flowers dey seem fur tu breath hit, an' de birds, dey sang ob hit, an' all de air wuz full ob de scents ob honey, an' peach blooms, an' jess'mine, an' magnolia, an' de busy buzzin' ob de bees 'bout de roses.

Miss Em'ly she done fill de house wid comp'ny, young mens an' young womens, an' b'fore Gawd, de likes ob der frolics an' fun, I aint nebber 'spec' tu see agin. I ain't nebber hab nuttin' tu do wid po' white buckra, no sah, not dis yere nigger. I'se al'ays been wid de quality,—born wid 'em—but ef ebber I seed sech gwines on ez Miss Em'ly done hab en dish yere same drawin' room, may de good Lawd disremember me on de Jodgment Day. An' how dey ride! Umgh-umgh! De dus' 'ud jes' fly behin' dem horses' heels en clouds, an' nary er flower could I keep en de ga'den. An' at nights dey'd beat de singin' ob de birds, an' dance, an' play, 'tel eben ole Massa 'd leave he books an' go an' jine 'em.

Now I aint 'bishus tu be reconsidered no phlos'pher, an' aint nebber sot up meself tu be none. Ole Massa he wuz one, but he dead an' gone now, an' hit did'nt seem tu he'p him much when all de troubles come, but I jes kno' dis one ting, an' I'se tol' Lindy so heaps of times,—whenebber dere am lots ob happiness, den yuh look out fur lots ob trouble. Fur hit'll come sho pop! I ain't nebber seed hit fail. I 'sposes hit am somethin' like de night comin' arter de day. Aint we niggers been ez happy ez tree frogs jes' 'fore er storm, when long come 'Mancipashun, an' 'fore Gawd hit am de truf, I aint seed er whole unconsarned day sence. Dat I aint!

An' so twuz den wid Miss Em'ly, I seed hit, I seed it, an' say so tu Lindy. Fur Mass Echard, he seem ez how to mope, an' droop, an pine, an' de smile wuz not so much en he gray eyes, an' he grow'd quieter an' stiller ez de days gone on. An' dat hurt me, hit sho did, fur yuh see he wuz er fine feller, er moughty fine young feller, an' hab eyes en he head dat 'ud mek er stone love him.

An' I aint kno'd what wuz de matter, dough I says, mebbe he done mistrus' her love, but me an' Lindy, we kno'd ebry string ob her heart wuz his'n, but love am powerful blin' an' hard ob seein' sometimes,—powerful hard,

But whatebber hit be, I seed him er growin' quieter an' quieter, an' he'd sot apart by heself when all de odders wuz mad wid der fun, an' keep he great sorrowful eyes sot on her, but he ain't nebber go nigh her. An' den I seed dere wuz anoder one who hung aroun' her, flutterin' about her beauty jes' like er miller dashin' 'bout er kendle, leettle heedin' enything 'cep' de flame. But tu my eyes dere wuzent no cause tu mek any jealous feelin' en Mass Echard's heart, fur when he'd not be er lookin' I'd see her er gazin' at him, an' her eyes grow sof' an' tender 'tel yuh could jes' see de liquid love en 'em. But dey ain't nebber turn so fur de chatterin' ob de feller Mass Echard wuz jealous at, but 'ud grow bright an' sparklin' den. 'Twuz jes' de defference, I tells Lindy, 'twixt de lamplight an' de moonlight, de one made tu order, an' turrer un Gawd's own.

But Mass Echard he aint nebber seed all dis, an' he reconsidered she'd er grow'd careless ob him an' furgitful like. An' I wuz

moughty grieved, I wuz, fur 'em bofe, fur I seed de bitter ob love wuz already er bein' tasted wid de sweet. An' I jes' long tu he'p 'em, yes sah, I jes' yearned fur tu gi' 'em some he'p but I aint dare tu say nuttin'.

Den one night he stay away; an' de nex' day; an' de nex' night. An' Lindy, who done up de finery ob Miss Em'ly's, say ez how she recover her dat eb'nin' er settin' by de winder en her room wid her lap full ob ole letters, an' her sweet eyes all red an' er swelled up wid weepin'.

But dat night, de Lawd bless yuh, she wuz mad wid her joy, ez hit wuz, an' jes' de life ob de party en her dress ob white gauze an' de jewels 'roun' her neck dat shined like fire. But I kno'd her heart wuz moughty hebby fur all dat, an' I seed she kep' er lookin' an' er lookin' at de do', but Mass Echard, he ain't nebber come at all.

An' hit wuz de nex' day, fur I rec'lect hit all jes' ez ef hit wuz yestuday, dat I wuz en de ga'den er workin' wid de roses jes' down by de violet bed en de shadies' corner ob de ga'den. 'Twuz jes' de place fur er pair ob lovers tu be en, an' hit mek yuh dreamy-like jes' tu stan' dere an' smell ob de violets, an' er lissen tu de win' rus'lin' en de palms, an' de flutterin' ob de bees en de branches 'bove yo' head, an' de burr-burr ob de hummin' birds.

Well sah, jes' ez I wuz er workin' der, I year vices, an' t'out me liss'nin' I done cotch jes' what dey wuz er sayin', an' who 'twuz.

An' Miss Em'ly's vice, hit come tu me fus', an' dere wuz de soun' ob tears en it, an' hit remembered me jes' ob er runnin' brook whose bed am pebbly, 'twuz so sof' an' sweet. Oh! she done hab er moughty sweet vice, hab Miss Em'ly.

An' she say, pleadin' like:

"How could yuh done so?" An' I aint cotch he answer, fur lovers aint al'ays spek dere love en wuds. But I kno'd she meant 'bout his actin' so contrary-like an' hit mek me glad tu kno' dey'd sottled hit all atween 'em.

An' dey mus' eder hab kep' quiet some time, or else I done grow'd drowsy er stoopin' down ober de flowers, but de nex' ting I rec'lect am his sayin' en er loud vice:

"Yuh shall promise me dat," an' den softer like, ez dough coaxin':

"Do, darlin." Fur yuh see I done year it all, dough I aint lissen p'intly.

An' she laff lowlike, but ain't say nuttin', leastwise I ent cotch no wuds, dough de win' wuz er cracklin' powerful loud en de palm leaves.

An' den he done say agin :

"Promise me yuh ain't er gwine tu notice him." An' I kno'd he meant dat feller he wuz jealous at.

But she only say, ez sweet ez mother er cooin' tu her babe :

"Don't yuh be er goose."

'Fore Gawd dem wuz her identikil wuds.

An' I jes' kno'd same ez ef I done seed hit all, by de way she laff, dat he took her en he arms, or kissed her, or mebbe bofe. But dough she laff narvous like, he wuz stone quiet. An' I ain't dare move fear I scare 'em.

An' den he say so low, I skeerce cotch de wuds :

"When are yuh gwine tu marry me?"

An' I rec'lect hit vex me tu year her laff agin, gals do laff so much, an' all she say wuz :

"Lemme go, Echard." An' I tought her vice hab sobbin' en it.

An' he say :

"Not 'tel yuh done answer me. When am hit tu be?"

An' she say laffin' :

"Oh! I aint kno'. Don't let's tink ob dat."

An' sho nuff, de nex' soun' I year, am her er sobbin', not hard but jes' en er sof' way.

An' he say low, but en er vice I aint nebber year frum him b'fore :

"Does yuh love me?"

An' she say :

"Yuh kno' I does."

"Den marry me," says he.

An' den she cry out jes' ez dough er feard :

"Oh! No."

An' den his pashun done bruk out, and' I year him mutter :

"Yuh shall say yuh'll marry me, an' when, or I'll nebber ax yuh mo.'

An' den when she answer, I done start, fur all de music done

lef her vice jes' like er bell when hit am cracked, an' all she say am: "Shall!"

But dere wuz er ring en her vice dat mek me knees git weak.

An' he say, puffect quiet like:

"Yes."

Den I lissen an' hol' me bref, an' I year her vice now ez she say so cold an' cruel like:

"Den go. I'll nebber marry er man ez say shall tu me."

An' he mus' hab been mad fur he done call her er Wanton, I tink hit wuz, an' say ez how it twuz she'd been playin' wid him an' hadn't nebber loved him. Good Grashus, men is so powerful blin' en dere love! An' aint I stan' dere an' see him go way an' ain't done nuttin' fur tu stop him? I wants tu call him back an' tell him ez how he am mekin' er chile ob heself, but I done feel 'twarnt none ob my matter, an' twould be himpudent like, an' I jes' trusted all 'ud come right. Oh! I ain't nebber rested sence, dat I nebber stop him. Gawd furgib me, Gawd furgib me!

When he done gone, she kep' quiet er long time, an' den I year her er sobbin' er leetle. But some ob de young folks done bang tu de ga'den gate jes' den an' Miss Em'ly, she run down de walk an' out ento de orchard.

Now 'twuz dat very night when I wuz er settin' en de kitchen wid er whole raft ob niggers, fur dey'd had er big dinner dat day at "de House" an' de niggers day come to git some of the vittles,—az I wuz er settin dar er waitin' fur Lindy to come back who'd er taken some laces fur de young ladies back tu 'em arter er washin' ob dem, ez I wuz er sottin' dar, de ole 'oman, she come er bouncin' en tu me all er pantin' an' er puffin', fur she wuz putty tol'rable comfutuble en de way ob flesh eben den, an' er spittin out:

"Come quick an' see Miss Em'ly all er rigged up ez er speerit. Hit'll mek de wool riz on yo' head tu see her."

An' I wuz sleepy an' didn't fancy bein' wek up, so I says:

"G'long wid yuh, yuh black tar barr'l. Ent yuh tink I got nuttin' better tu do dan see speerits?"

But she ain't stay tu lissen, an' all dose niggers, dey flock arter her jes' like so many bees, an' so I gits up, an' stretches meself, an' goes too, dough I aint nebber tek no store en sech doin's.

An' right out dar en de hall wuz all de batch ob gals an' youug fellers, er laffin' an' er chatterin', an' er laffin' an' er chatterin', jes' like er lot ob crows en de winter time, an' right dar en de midst ob dem wuz Miss Em'ly wid er sheet all ober her frum head tu foot. An' good Grashus, she done look awful to-be-sho. An' when dey done hol' back de piece dat hung ober her face, I seed she wuz mos' ez white ez de sheet, an' her eyes wuz er burnin' like de stones 'bout her troat. An' de young feller Mass Echard wuz jealous at, he stan' by her, an' lead her down de steps, all de odders er follerin', an' laffin' an' jabberin' sech ez yuh nebber year.

An' I say tu ole Daddy Caesar de coachman :

"Whar dey gwine tu, Daddy" ?

An' he say, ez well's he kin fur laffin', fur all dem niggers wuz mos' hysterikil at sight ob de ghos' :

"Tu scare Betsy's gals ez dey go home."

An' I shuk me head, an mutter : "'Taint de ting tu do."

"Den yuh g'long an' hab an eye onto dem," says Lindy.

An' I say :

"Dat I will, fur dey is young an' may git onto some scrape."

So dat's how hit come dat I foller 'em down de abenue, way behin' en de shadow so ez how dey ain't nebber see me, an out onto de open road. An' dey gone down de road tu dish yere low holler yuh pass trou' er comin' yere, dat all de folks yereabouts call Ghos' Bottom, fur hit am hanted. An' eben en de day time hit am an onholy place, an' da'k an' damp, but en de night time dey aint no ole nigger yereabouts dat'll pass trou' hit alone. No sah, not one.

Now yuh may hab notice dat dish yere holler aint fur frum Mass Echard's place, Boscobel hit am call, an' Betsy's gals dey live on Boscobel an' been er comin' yere tu do some fancy wuk fur Miss Em'ly, an' dey hab tu pass trou' dish yere hanted holler on der way home. So when all de crowd git tu de holler dey hide en de bushes 'long de roadside, all ob dem 'ceptin' de ghos', an' hit walk up an' down, an' Lawd-er-Mussy hit did look mos' onearthly en dat da'k place wid de blackness all roun'.

An' den, way up de road, we year de vices, an' den de steps, an' I kno'ed dem niggers wuz er comin' on, an' I hab tu grin en de da'k tu tink ob what wuz er anticipashun dem.

Fur de ghos', hit draw hitself up straight, an' move away slow-like, an' lose hitself en de damp mist. But dem fatyus niggers dey aint seed hit at all. Den hit turn an' come back slowly tu dem, an' all on er sudden dey seed hit. Umgh-umgh, how dem niggers yell! An' I aint nebber b'lieve dere foots, big ez dey wuz, ebber tetch de groun' ez dey drapped der buckets ob vittles frum de Big House, an' sot out down de road jes' er yellin' an' er screamin' 'tel I laff 'tel me side done ache.

An' de ghos', hit turn an' fly arter dem, an' when I see dat, I run too ez fas' ez I kin, fur I nebber kno'd what harm mought come tu her, so onthinkin' ez she wuz. An' by de time I done took up wid her, she wuz all er pantin' an' er laffin', an' restin' aginst er big tree not fur frum de centre ob de Boscobel Abenue, Mass Echard's place, sah.

An' I said tu her she'd better come back wid me, fur dem gals wuz still er yellin', dough I kno'd dey'd done reach dere shanty long sence. But she only laff an' cough, an' pant, an' lean up aginst de tree, her hair all tossed an' rumpled, fur she'd trown off de sheet, an' her face wuz beautiful en de starlight. An' I tought I aint nebber seed her so beautiful. Way off I year de odders er comin', fur we'd outdistanced dem, an' I ax her once more tu come back.

An' ez I watch her well nigh en love wid her meself, suddenly, up go her arm, en' she moan er leetle ez dough she wuz er breathin' en water, an' b'fore I kin cotch her, she sink down beside de tree. An' I aint nebber yit tu dis day done rec'lect de noise ob no gun, but dere she wuz shot trou' de troat.

An' almos' b'fore I done reach her, someun rush up, an' fall down by her. An' den hit all come tu me ez er flash jes' how 'tis. Mass Echard hab shot her occidental, fur he al'ways hated jokes ob dat kind an' punished dem.

An' he ben's down ober her, an' his arms ere aroun' her, an' he head down on de dirt. An' ob de two hit 'ud a been hard fur tu tell which wuz de well an' which wuz de wounded un. An' all de odders, dey done gether roun', but dey aint none seem able tu move or speak.

Den all at once he look up, an' b'fore Gawd, I aint nebber furgit de look ob dead misery on he face. Hit gib me de shivers tu

note hit, an' he say somethin, low an' muttered like, an' all I kno' what tu do am tu go tu he'p him tek her up.

An' when we done lif' her off de dirt dat young feller what been de cause ob hit all, he come for'ard an' try tu tek hol' on her too, but jes' like all de blood en he body rush ento he face an' den all rush out agin, Mass Echard cotch him by de neck an' swing him off de putties', jes' like er dog toss away er meddlesome puppy.

An' den we two tek her home, an' all de lot ob young folks foller us er sobbin' now, an' ole Massa, he meet us at de do' fur he'd yeard hit some 'ow.

We put her onto her bed an' dough dey done sen' fur de doctors ez fas' ez horses kin go, I kno' taint no use. I'd seed birds shot en de troat, an' dough dere wuz no blood on de white ob her neck, I kno'd she'd nebber live, an' Lindy say so too.

An' hit 'ud er bruk yo' heart tu see de ole Massa run roun' like one gwine crazy, an' beg de niggers huddled en de halls tu save he darlin' fur him an' he'd mek dem free an' rich fur life.

But Mass Echard, he aint mek no soun' at all but jes' kep 'er kneelin' by de bed wid he arms aroun' her, an' he head doun en de mattresses.

An' I stan' by wid de tears er streamin' down me face, an' no one aint notice me at all.

An' den long b'fore de doctors come, I see er eyelids er quiverin', an' den dey gone up so slow jes' like one er wakin' out ob er sleep. An' dere wuz de light ob Hebben en her sweet eyes ez dey done gone roun' de room, an' den res' on Mass Echard. An' she lif' her han' an' let hit fall down softly on he head. An' I see him quiver ez dough death had seized him, but he ent nebber mek no soun'. Only I tought he sank down lower on de flo'.

But ole Massa, he trow himself beside her an' wail out, so pityful like :

"Oh ! me chile,—me baby."

An' agin .

"Speak tu me, me baby,—look at me, me darlin'."

An' she gib him her odder han', an' smile.

An' I seed, ez well ez de tears en me eyes 'ud lemme, dat her fingers dey moved sof'ly 'mong Mass Echard's hair, an' ebry motion mek him shiver ez wid cold.

An' once mo' he done look up, an' her eyes wuz on him, oh !

so sof' an' tender, an' beautiful, an' er smile dat sho cotched de light frum er speerit's wings come onto her face. An' her po' lips moved, but dey aint able to speak.

But tu me dyin' day I'll nebber rec'lect de look on he face ez he gaze at her t'out er shiverin' en all me bones. Hit wuz wild an' dull too, all at once, wid er black despair an' he eyes seem sunk ento he head. An' ez she smile on him he shivered all ober, an' he head fell down again onto de bed.

An' I done turn tu de winder fur me heart burnt en me troat an' de tears stan' thick an' hot en me eyes. An' de moon hab riz an' silver shadows ez sheen frum er speerit's robe lay all er trimble ober de trees an' grass. An' all wuz still 'ceptin' whar en de ga'den er whippo'will wus cryin'.

An' when I done turn back, de moonlight res' on her an' her eyes am closed. An' I tought her gone. But sudden like, she mek er soun' en her po' wounded troat like de gurgle ob er happy baby, an' er sof' light dat wuz born ob no moon or stars we kin see, flowed all ober her face.

An' once mo' Mass Echard look up, an' when he seed her beauty he seem tu die fur er moment, an' try tu cry out, but he only groan.

An' den he kep' puffect still an' calm.

But ole Massa, he moan out en he misery:

"Oh! no-no."

An' she turn on him er look ob Hebben. An' I kno'd she aint see de wild agony en he eyes or eben Hebben could not hab mek her smile so.

An' when I could see once mo', Mass Echard, he wuz er stan'in ober her, an' he fingers wuz on her eyes. An' den I know'd dey'd nebber open dere beautiful light agin on dis world.

An' en his face dere'd er look come ez dough he'd been dead too, an' he nebber trimbled nor shuk now, but wuz calm ez dough nuttin' had happened. Only I see ez how he eyes had grow'd frum gray tu er darker hue, an' dare wuz no light en dem, only de da'k burnin' ob an infinite pain.

An' dey buried her b'neath de violets en de ga'den. An' sence dat day no one hab lived en dis house.

Dat's de story.

Oh! * * * * * —*Robert Adger Bowen.*

AN INTERVIEW WITH EDMUND RUSSEL.

HAVE you heard of the great Delsartian? He had rooms at the Antlers' Hotel in Colorado Springs this summer and there I called upon him. He received me in a peculiarly cordial manner and led me into his parlor. At a glance I saw how the hand of an artist might by a few simple strokes transform the prosaic hotel parlor into an attractive studio. I say that I saw how, but I cannot for the life of me tell how this transformation was brought about. There were some rugs and pictures thrown against the walls while the chairs and tables were arranged carelessly. The only light in the room, a dim one, came from a lamp suspended in a far corner. The central figure of all however, was Mr. Russel himself. He was dressed in a copper colored suit of plush made with the trousers rather tight and the coat close fitting and double-breasted, ornamented with an old Pompeiian belt of copper-mounted leather, jewelled with carnelians. He wore a low Byron collar and at his throat was tied a white silk bow, clasped with a curious silver pin of *fleur-de-lis* design. His feet were covered rather than shod with maroon leather Persian sandals ornamented with silver embroidery. If these sandals had soles at all they must have been as flexible as a glove, for he walked as one only could in bare feet, gliding rather than walking. On his left thumb was a huge copper ring, which looked as though it might have been dug out of the Roman Forum at the same time as that coin we have heard so much about, bearing the date 55 B. C., and on his second finger was a curious Indian turquoise ring of doubtful origin but unquestionable weight. I think of no other feature of æsthetic apparel for I was absorbed in the physical man. He stood firmly poised upon his left foot in the attitude of a Greek statue, while I with "legs wide, arms locked behind," found some trouble in balancing a prone brow not oppressed with mind.

"Mr. Russel, I have followed your course of lectures with great interest and am anxious to receive a little private schooling so that I may pursue the shortest method to get my body in tune.

"Ye—s," was the reassuring reply: "Have you ever practiced calisthenics or military drill?"

"To some extent."

"I feared so. That will delay our progress greatly, but do all you can to forget those wretched notions. Nature is but rarely responsible for our deformities. Dress and unnatural performances like military drill and calisthenics are accountable for far more. The French dancing master is another deforming agent. Your deformities, if I may speak frankly, are largely due to your clothes and in some respects to your bad training. While the muscles of your arms are developed, your trunk and legs are undeveloped. Can you stand such brutal frankness?"

"Brutal frankness! I am in college—hear nothing else."

"Why do you wear such a tight collar? Nothing could be more unbecoming and you are in a state of semi-strangulation all the time. Are you aware how badly you talk?

"Perfectly."

"That is due to your tight collar. Your vocal cords are given no play, so there is no vocal life in your words. What happens when a barber puts a towel between your collar and your neck?"

"I frequently become unconscious and so avoid the agony of the operation."

"That may indeed be an advantage, but soon you will be utterly unable to give expression to a normal human vocal sound. Have you ever seen Henry Irving?"

"Yes, in 'The Bells' and in 'Louis XI.'"

"Then you have seen him where he is great. As Mephistopheles, Shylock and Louis XI, or indeed in any role which is inhuman he is a great artist, but let him try any human part and he is lost, wretchedly lost. Why is this? Simply because he cannot pronounce a human vowel sound, but you are neither playing Mephistopheles nor Louis XI, so in the name of peace loosen your collar and give your voice fair play. Study Bernhardt's enunciation; the words flow with even rhythm and long periods, without marked inflection. Here is art returned to nature. Take her for a model and remove the fetters. Now won't you please be seated."

I lapsed into a chair and waited self-consciously for his approval.

There was certainly an expression of pleasure on his genial face. I was about to hear something pleasant.

"Why do you double up like a jack knife? Please try it again, —so."

And I saw another example of that harmony of motion of which I had heard so much. The great Delsartian sank against a chair as a cloud might sink against a cliff.

"You sit wretchedly. Your expression would lose nothing if you were decapitated. From your head down all is blank; what little expression you have is in your face. Remember the text; control at the centre and freedom at the extremities. The next chance you have to see Bernhardt notice the ease with which she fills a chair; observe her long poses and the curves of her body, all so expressive. Her extremities remain where they fall. She is all beautiful lines while you are all ugly angles. But there are no angles in nature. What you need is the falling exercise, but don't fall now, you would break your neck with that tight collar on. When you are undressed practice this a few minutes each day."

At this juncture my æsthetic tutor stepped lightly upon the various chairs and tables in the room, from which he fell with perfect grace and evident pleasure.

"Horseback riding would be the first exercise for you, as it is for most of us. It brings the motions of the body back to nature in bringing them in harmony with the motion of the horse. It develops the body symmetrically, and accustoms one to relax one's muscles. When you throw yourself into a chair let your extremities remain where they fall. Talk with your whole body, arms, trunk, neck and all; give more complexity of motions. That is most beautiful which is most complex, provided there is harmony between the parts. Cultivate harmony of motion. Tune your whole body to exercise accurately what you feel, no more, no less. Balance, retreat, rotate in accordance with the emotion which inspires you. You must practice the decomposing exercises. They will help to loosen your joints and give you freedom of motion."

Whereupon Mr. Russel began by way of illustration to shake out fingers, hands, arms, until his trunk, head and all were in

harmonious motion. The curves of his graceful body and the motions of every part were like the undulations of the sea, while his fine hazel eyes shone with enthusiasm and marked the inward reflex action upon the soul of the outward physical grace.

"Shake out the wrinkles which cramp you. Even your face is drawn and wrinkled as if full of broken china. In the name of grace let yourself loose without restraint. You are as stiff and unbecoming as a wooden Indian in front of a cigar store."

This was more than my pride and patience could stand, and I drew myself up with a highly defiant expression.

"That is much better, now you express something. The first instrument of expression in the individual is the body, yet women usually stand with hands clasped and resting at the belt. In a truly graceful person, neither gesture nor attitude is ever noticed for all is in perfect harmony with the thought expressed. Modjeska is the most graceful woman on the stage, for no one is never conscious of her movements.

"Why do you wear such tight gloves and shoes?"

"To make my hands and feet look small."

"But they don't look small. They look pinched and deformed. How can you express anything so long as you insist upon wearing such villainous contrivances as tight gloves and thick soled shoes?"

I insisted that my shoes were perfectly comfortable.

"Then stand on the ball of your left foot for two minutes."

I made a bold effort but came down in half the time.

"As you ordinarily stand you express nothing, absolutely nothing. Now this position," assuming the Greek statue attitude, "says, I am yours, I devote myself to you; while this," putting both heels together and assuming the position of a soldier, "says I am Edmund Russel, look at me, am I not fine! and this," spreading his legs and thrusting his hands far into pockets "says, I and nothing. Stand with your head forward, chest up, stomach in, arms and shoulders relaxed, so that a plumb line from your chin would pass through your chest, hip and heel. Why do you turn your toes out? Nothing could be more awkward or more unnatural. I am sorry that our time is so nearly gone, but I feel we have accomplished something. So many come

to me to get in one lesson what I could not give them in ten, a comprehensive statement of the Delsarte theory. The term is too broad to be even touched upon in one lesson. It is, indeed, as broad as art criticism itself, as deep as the laws which underlie human expression. It includes the observation of the laws of motion, of gesture and of expression. Francois Delsarte held man's nature to be a trinity, he believed that one should educate the mental, moral and physical at the same time and in perfect relation to each other. The mental nature in us is abnormally developed to the exclusion of the moral and physical, and even to its own detriment. We have confined ourselves to-day to the physical and tried to apply his theory to that. As Mrs. Coleman E. Bishop says: 'The Delsarte philosophy teaches how to train the nerves, how to rest, and how to move and act with economy of force. The Delsarte gymnastics develop habitual grace. They break up bad physical habits and establish natural ones. Awkwardness is a waste of force. The Delsarte laws of expression furnish a key to character study. These laws underlie all art. The Delsarte work develops self possession and overcomes self consciousness. The Delsarte rhythmical exercises enable a person not only to appear and feel better, but by their reflex action to be better. "By seeming worthy we grow to be what we seem." If man in his more exalted moments naturally expresses himself by easy controlled movements, can he not, by cultivating such motions until they become habitual—second nature—produce those better inner states by means of the reflex action of the motions?' To quote Mrs. Bishop again, 'The Delsarte philosophy, in its entirety, is a tree whose roots feed at the heart of nature; whose trunk is science; upon whose branches unfold all the deparments of art. Through a knowledge of its principles, painting, acting, sculpture, music, poetry, oratory, man and nature, all speak a new language to the student. He becomes, in very truth, *an artist.*' "

At this moment another pupil was announced.

"Good evening, Mr. Russel."

"Good night. I trust I shall see you at my lecture to-morrow."

Ernest I. White.

A LETTER TO THE TSAR.

THE bright idea came spontaneously. There was not a single boy in our fifth class of the classical gymnasium nor in the fourth class, where Kolya Zadorine was left for the second year, who did not have some sort of grudge or other against Greek or Latin. Indeed, Kolya was left for the second year merely on account of the ancient languages. And so were the twins Avrinsky, nice boys, hardly distinguishable from each other, keeping always in the same class and failing together on examinations. To judge from what teachers both of Greek and of Latin used to say to them in recitations, it was evident that none of them would ever see the next class.

That was too bad. The boys had good manners, were tall, pretty nearly like grown men, good dancers, walked on the streets every winter day in a pleasant and lively company (they never protected their ears against the frost as we did) and were even received at the fashionable Nikiforov's. Of course they did not care for the dead languages. They had several reasons for even despising them,—to begin with, a dry and exacting teacher, and to end with, Mr. Nikiforov, a gentleman of powerful intellect and irresistible eloquence in proving the utter uselessness of Greek and Latin. This gentleman argued on the subject with the teachers themselves, and though they were too obstinate to surrender, their pupils at least were convinced that a neglect of classical studies was at any rate not going to hurt their brains. Still, to our surprise, the Minister of Public Instruction could overlook the fact that boys were failing mostly in ancient languages. He did not see himself that the classical languages were of no use anywhere except in classes, nor did he strike them out of the curriculum. The Minister, an Armenian, naturally was unmindful of the sufferings of Russian youth. His intellectual capacity was questioned by all the parents of the slowly rising generation in our small city. But what could you do against a Minister, however foolish he might be? *The Voice* got choked to death for its violent attacks on the classical system of education, and the rest of the press was greatly edified by the example.

In this hopeless aggravating situation the bright idea came. If the Minister of Public Instruction let things go on that way, it was because the Tsar knew nothing about it, never having been passed himself through the classic mill. Therefore, the Tsar was the man to be applied to. He had in his father a good example to follow; his father emancipated the Russian serfs, he would as readily emancipate the pupils of the classical gymnasia. He needed only to be reminded of his noble father. It was I who should do it. I both would help out Kolya Zadorine and—well, the Greek teacher had no business to raise a fuss when I whispered into Riemer's ear my prospects with regard to a certain shot-gun; I knew my lesson just the same.

I wanted to know the form of addressing the Tsar, and so I shared my plan with my friend, the French teacher. He opened his eyes wider than he ought to at my news.

But what do you have to do with it?

Nothing, just nothing. Except that the boys surely would be turned out; except that the Tsar knew nothing about it; except that evidently no one had thought of brightly bringing to the Tsar's mind at once the two ideas of the emancipation that was and of the emancipation to come; except that no other boy would dare to write to the Tsar, not even an anonymous letter.

I was pleased by the ease with which my friend now appreciated my idea and my plan of carrying it out. The letter was neatly copied in my best hand on quarto writing paper with the address to the Most Benign Sovereign, etc., etc., in the proper place. I spoiled three sheets (five copecks worth!) before I had finished the first page, but after that the other two went smoothly.

The letter is in the envelope addressed to "St. Petersburg, *His Imperial Majesty*, GOSUDAR EMPEROR *Alexander III.*, to be delivered into his own hands." Now, how should I mail it? Put on a seven copeck stamp and drop it into a mail box? No, my experience warned me against that.

Once I was standing before the director of our gymnasium and four teachers. It was a history examination. I was grinding out what I knew on the question, skillfully avoiding every word which would draw the director's attention to the side of the question which I preferred for personal reasons to skip. Even the entering

German teacher stopped at the door as he saw the absorption of the serene audience. In his hand was the German examination paper which I had written for a boy just before I myself was called to answer my history. The German tiptoed to the director, talked into his left ear a little while,—and the director interrupted me, "Did you write this?" I said my "yes" without any unmanly hesitation. "That will do," he said, putting a mark opposite my name, and making my eyes glitter, and then adding: "Go directly to the janitor and tell him to keep you in the *Carcer* till—now it is eleven—till seven this evening."

I liked pretty well the rye-bread abundantly covered with salt, and the glass of water (which the director sent to me from his own kitchen!) and bore my incarceration in a good humor; who is not glad to suffer for his friends?

But—suppose His Majesty, the Tsar of all the Russias, is not pleased with my letter. He will find from the stamp that it is from my town. Naturally, he will then send the letter to the director. The Director will call the Pedagogic Council. The letter, my letter, will pass from hand to hand, and when it has reached the German teacher, he will say in his lame Russian: "This is ——'s handwriting!" And I shall be turned out of the gymnasium before Zadorine and the rest are, and (who knows?) perhaps I will be sent to the ends of the earth.

No, they should not catch *me* like that. A traveling merchant agreed to take me in his sleigh to the next city "to see a friend" —and to mail my letter there.

I was simple enough to tell my father about my going away for the next day. He objected. My clothes were not warm enough for seventeen miles slow drive. He wanted me to put on his felt boots; my leather boots were wet all through from the afternoon snow-ball battle, where my presence was indispensable. I find it incompatible with my dignity to wear felt shoes even for one day. He finds my persistence in my resolution incompatible with the keeping of the fifth commandment. Then my attempt to run away from my father. Then a fight, in which I received a natural indisposition ever to fight my father again. Then my declaration that I was, as His Majesty's faithful subject, entitled to a more respectful treatment. Then my father's cool avowal that I

was a regular fool, and his wonder what we were taught in those gymnasia. Finally, his threat to go next morning to the director of the gymnasium. That was sufficient to cool anybody, and I consented to have my wet boots pulled off, to be put in bed, where my father carefully covered me and sat by my side till I was sound asleep.

That was not the only case where a stronger ignorance meddled with my noble impulses. In the morning I referred the case to my French teacher, but decidedly rejected his slight hint to let the letter go alone. Two or three bright, starry and frosty January nights saw me walking with Zadorine till midnight and planning how to dispose of the letter. I had done enough in writing the letter,—Zadorine had better drop it into the box, as he did frequently with his father's correspondence. Of course, I did not care to enter the postmaster's room where the mail-box was ; it would be too easy to find me out.

And so we did. I put an extra stamp on the envelope and stood opposite the postoffice door where Zadorine disapeared for a half-minute. The letter was mailed without anybody's paying attention to the boy.

I was always sure that the letter reached the Tsar's palace. I was always sure, too, that the Minister of Public Instruction stole the letter before it got into the Tsar's hands ; all the boys were turned out of the school, where the ancient languages still flourish and shall flourish for ever, till some boy dares to send a *registered* letter to His Majesty. But this would be expecting too much from our boys as they are now.

I wish *I* could be a small boy. *H.**

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

NO one who has not helped to get up a play can imagine what fun it is and many amusing stories are told of unprofessional efforts in this line. The selection of the play to be presented is usually a hard task. What is wanted is a light comedy which does not present difficulties too great in the way of scenery and costuming. Not much should be attempted in the matter of

costumes, and most of the expense in that direction should be put into wigs. Every one should wear a wig. Nothing so much changes one's appearance, and a change of appearance greatly helps a novice. The difficulty with a good many plays is the scenery, for a house scene is, of course, all that should be attempted. Writers of plays of this character often forget this, and introduce in their plots ships, gardens and thunderstorms, regardless of the limitations of an amateur company.

Much time is spent in hunting for a play which fulfils these requirements and which has the desired number of characters. The trouble with the majority of plays is that they have too many male and not enough female chracters; for more women than men are available for dramatic purposes. Men are busy during the day and have not so much time or interest to give. Often a play can be found by going to a book-store and looking over a catalogue of plays that can be sent for. See if the number of characters is right and be guided by the title. A great deal lies in an attractive title. Old plays of this kind it is well to re-christen. As people are apt to judge a play by its name, and, by this means, if the play is well known, they will not be kept away by thinking it a "chestnut." Often an unimportant part, such as a servant's character, can be cut out and the play revised advantageously to adapt it to the company. Yet the best plays for amateurs are modern plays. Gilbert has written several bright ones. Howells has done some in this line, but his plays, for acting, are apt to be too amateurish and are done to death.

The assigning the parts is also difficult, especially if there are few good parts, and all of the company think that those few are peculiarly adapted to their own talents.

The company should be selected with care and only congenial people should be asked to join, for they are all thrown together a good deal. Those who are the brightest in general conversation and who are considered quite witty often cannot take a part well. They are not able to throw themselves out of themselves, and do not realize that they have hard work to do. Play acting is not play, but a serious business, though of course so much is never expected of those who take it up as a side issue, as of those who make it a life work.

Ordinarily not enough time is given to rehearsing. Perhaps the parts are learned separately and are rehearsed together but once or twice before the final production. To do justice to a play, it should be rehearsed twice a week for two months. One of the best ways to memorize dialogue is to learn it with the one with whom you speak the most. Get together and read it over at first, thus getting the connection of each speech from the beginning. A ludicrous story is told of a company whose members evidently had paid very little attention to learning their parts. They had them tacked around on the wall, and, whenever one forgot, he had to manage to get to the place where his part was posted. The action of the piece was thus frequently interrupted by inopportune forgetfulness.

Rehearsals too are the most fun of the whole thing. The actors do not feel so much on their good behavior as they do before an audience. They feel free to criticise the others and to laugh at the many funny things that always occur in connection with a rehearsal. After the business of the evening is done, and this should not be neglected, the actors may relax and have a little recreation. Often the very opposite is the case. Once some young people started to give a play because "rehearsals were such fun." It turned out, however, that the rehearsals were a scene of contention from beginning to end, and were attended only in the hope of making the play successful, for nowhere else is a disposition, good or bad, so thoroughly tested. The trouble started with the selection of the play. Half the company were dissatisfied with the one chosen and disagreeable feelings were aroused. One evening was especially unpleasant. Considerable ill-will had been shown, for some could not take criticism on their acting good-naturedly. Popcorn was afterwards passed. All ate their corn with gloomy faces in silence. Not a word was uttered for ten or fifteen minutes as the corn rapidly disappeared, showing that even eating fails sometimes to smooth ruffled feelings.

It is generally well to act where the company is acquainted with the premises. A play was once repeated in a hall where no rehearsal had been held. A table in the center of the stage had castors and one of the actors, happening to bear against it, accidentally pushed it away and went sprawling to the floor.

In one scene a bell was rung to call in a servant, and the boy

who was attending to the curtain thought it was his signal and let the curtain down in the midst of a performance. His mistake was explained to him and much was said about it between the acts. At the end of the play, when the actors were all posing in the final tableau, the bell was rung for the curtain. It did not fall. The bell was rung again. The actors were getting tired and things were becoming embarrassing. The boy was not sure the bell was for him and not till the sixth bell did the curtain fall. He was bound he would not make the same mistake twice.

The following incident will illustrate the necessity of much rehearsing. The situation was this :—One of the characters was on the stage with the heroine of the piece. A forged telegram accusing him of murder was delivered, a scene resulting. The stage filled up, and all were shouting "Murder! Arrest him!" when the lover of the girl appeared. He should have said "I can explain all," but remained silent, not knowing that it was his turn to speak. There was an ominous pause. The accused coughed, grew red in the face, made signs to the delinquent, but all in vain. The others kept up the excitement of shouting as long as they could, but no explanation came. At last the accused rose to the situation, stalked up to the poor lover, and shaking his fist in his face, said, "If you don't hurry up and make that explanation, I'll murder you." The audience supposed it was a part of the play, and the villain's presence of mind saved the company.

These amateur performances are enjoyed by the spectators quite as much as a play produced by professional actors, considering what most of our theatres present to the public at the present time. It is not to be denied that there are first-class plays produced by first-class actors, but in the smaller cities the spectacular performance or variety show is all that one can expect. This state of affairs is caused by the fact that play-writers cater to the popular taste and the people demand low-class plays. Plays of literary merit often prove a failure, hence very few are written. The "elevation of the stage" is often sneered at, but with other reforms it should not be wholly despaired of; though there can scarcely be much improvement until education has permeated the masses, and none but plays of a high stamp can find popular support.

—*Margaret Otis.*

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

IT is a neat, picturesque little building situated near the sand-hills that run along the border of the ocean. The dark-colored clapboards of the sides form a pleasing contrast to the red shingles above. On the peak of the gable roof is a small open observatory or look-out deck, and above all on a staff float the stars and stripes. The whole is of the pointed order or architecture, two stories in height. Our interest is only the more awakened when we read on the tablet over the door, U. S. LIFE SAVING STATION.

But let us enter and learn more of this building, of its inmates, how it came here, and what it is for. In a small, cosy room three or more men are perhaps sitting before the blazing fire, which is made the more cheerful by the damp chillness of the sea-air outside. Some are reading; others are lazily whiling away the time by spinning yarns, or rehearsing the oft told legends of the coast. Some one is perhaps making ready the meal, which though prepared by the rough hand of the fisherman is none the less relished. The pleasant greeting assures the stranger that he is kindly welcomed to this hermit group of life-savers. All are found to be most congenial, and willing to exhibit and explain all matters of interest.

Alongside this "mess-room" is the boat-room, which occupies two-thirds of the lower floor, and opens by broad leaf doors to the weather. Distributed about on the sides lies every variety of apparatus, that may be of use in rescuing lives or property from a wrecked vessel, yet all arranged with the exactness and neatness that is found on the deck of a man-of-war.

Perhaps the first thing that would attract our attention would be the great six-oared surfboat, placed in readiness to be drawn out at a moment's notice. It rests on a carriage connected by a long bar which can be unjointed when the boat is to be lowered to the ground. In this way it is hauled over the beach abreast of wrecks. The boat used on the Atlantic coast is twenty-five feet long, fitted with air-cases at the ends and along the sides to make it insubmergeable, while on the outside cork fenders protect it from collision with hulls and wreckage. It is the only kind yet

found servicable for flat beaches and shoal water. The self-righting and self-bailing English boat, which is so nearly perfect, weighs from two to four tons, and can be used only where the shore falls off precipitously into deep water. Under the disciplined hands of the crew, who with their backs to the bow keep their eyes firmly fixed on the steersman standing with his oar over the stern, the surfboat speeds over the waves with an unimaginable grace. Few sights are more impressive than the passage through the breakers of this little shell, when rowed by the skilled oarsmen of the station.

When the sea is too rough for the surfboat the life-saving ordnance is used. The mortar-gun, life-car, breeches-buoy, and hawser are stored in a hand-cart ready for use. It is just one hundred years since Lieutenant Bell suggested the process of throwing a temporary suspension bridge from the shore to the wreck. During that time many kinds of mortar-guns have been invented, but a bronze one, called from its inventor the Lyle gun, has superseded all others. It is light enough to be easily transported, and will throw a cylindrical line carrying a shot of 17 pounds to a distance of 695 yards.

The projectile used in the mortar-gun has a shank protruding four inches from the muzzle of the gun, at the end of which is tied the shot-line. By this device the rope is not burned off by the ignited gases in firing. The shot-line is made of unbleached linen thread, and is water proof. For carrying it is corded on pins, or "faked," in a box with a false bottom, so that when the top is lifted up the rope is left free to fly without entanglement or friction. The ball must be shot so as to fall over the ship—no easy task on a dark, stormy night. Often many trials are necessary, and sometimes every attempt fails.

When the shot-line reaches the vessel a hauling line or endless rope is attached to the shore end. To this is fastened a hawser, which, when pulled on board the vessel, is secured to the main-mast as high up as possible, the other end being held by a sand-anchor. Then by means of the hauling line, the life-car, which runs along the hawser by iron rings, is drawn from the shore and returned.

The life car is an egg-shaped boat of galvanized sheet-iron cov-

ered so as to be water-tight, and large enough to hold six or seven persons. The entrance is a lid on top about two feet square. The car has been uniformly successful. Over two hundred persons were saved on its first trial, when all other means must have failed. By it also have been saved jewelry, costly fabrics, mail and other valuable articles.

The larger number of vessels which are stranded are coasters, with crews of from six to ten men, and these are usually brought ashore by the breeches buoy. This is a light apparatus and can be handled with much more ease and celerity than can the life-car. It consists of a circular cork life-preserver about two feet in diameter, to which short canvass breeches are attached. The ropes are arranged by the use of the mortar the same as in the case of the car. The buoy receives one person at each trip who is sustained by the canvass saddle, with his feet dangling below, and is thus swiftly drawn from the wreck.

In the boat-room of the station may be found much more equipment of lesser importance. On one side lie anchors, axes, shovels, boat-hooks, and other implements, on another are great coils of cables. The barometer on the wall gives forewarning of the storm. The medicine chest contains a good assortment of remedies and means for reviving exhausted persons, and restoring those apparently drowned. Here are India-rubber suits used to rescue men struggling in the breakers, and cork-belts which are worn when recourse is had to the surf-boat. In a chest are flags and rockets with which to signal passing ships.

In the second story of the building are three rooms. One is used for the storage of the lighter apparatus. The other two are the sleeping apartments of the keeper and the crew, which consists of six men, with extra cots for the accommodation of shipwrecked persons. Each station has a small library of well selected books, which are a source of much entertainment and instruction.

The position of keeper is one of grave responsibility, and can only be held by men of rare judgment, and long experience in similar occupations. The choice is made by the local superintendent. The keeper in turn chooses the crew, the only consideration being professional fitness, and integrity. The selection is usually made

from the fishermen in the vicinity of the station who have proved themselves able surfmen. Each must undergo a rigid examination by an officer of the Marine, by a surgeon of the Marine Hospital service, and by an expert surfman, who determine his character, good health, and general fitness. A pronounced religious sentiment prevails to a marked degree among these people of the coast; and there is consequently little indulgence in immorality, especially if under the usual governmental restraint.

The whole work is under constant inspection, and no incompetent men are retained in the service. If a wreck results in loss of life a strict inquiry is made to see whether or not it was in any way due to misconduct, or neglect of duty on the part of the men. The keeper is authorized to prevent smuggling, and to guard, until called for, all property which may come ashore.

The life of the surfmen is a somewhat monotonous though not an idle one. The work is done with something of military form and precision. The men are dressed in dark blue uniforms. Each day has its drill and exercise in the various methods used in aiding the shipwrecked. The building must be kept in repair. Fresh water can rarely be found near the ocean, and with the provisions must often be brought from some distance.

Now and then on a pleasant evening the dull routine of work is enlivened by a "surprise party" at the station. The young merrymakers of the surrounding villages flock together to pass a few hours in social hilarity. The boat-room is cleared of carriage and cart, and the merry dance begins. Even then, however, there must be no neglect of duty. The least violation would be discovered, and punished by discharge from service.

If we wish to learn the real work of the surfman, we should follow him as he sets out on his patrol at night at each of the watches, which together extend from sunset to dawn. Two men start from the station for a walk along the beach, the one to the right, the other to the left. Each carries a lantern and a Coston light, and continues with a lookout to seaward, until he meets the patrolman from the next station, which is five miles distant. Tokens are then exchanged as proofs to the keepers on their return, that the duty has been faithfully performed.

This is work which must be done each night during the stay of

eight months of the crews at the station, and must be done, however dark the night, however bitter the cold, or driving the storm. The way is long, dreary, difficult, even dangerous. It is a march of four or five miles over a waste of soft sand in which at best one sinks ankle deep. At times the surfman stumbles over stones or wreckwood, or sinks suddenly in spots of quicksand. The beach is often so overflown with the surf that the path must be found along the tops of the banks, through the gullies of which pours a flood of water. The gale, bringing with it the torrent of rain, cutting sleet or blinding clouds of sand and spray must be faced in, one direction of the beach or the other. It is not strange that strong men have sometimes given up from exhaustion. But the duty, however disagreeable, is one of cardinal importance to those upon the sea, for its performance means the early discovery of a vessel in need of help and the opportunity to give succor before it is too late. The noble watch of the patrolman, more than anything else, has contributed to the success of the Life Saving Service.

When the surfman discovers a vessel too close in or actually stranded he burns his Coston signal, whose crimson light is a warning to those on board of their danger, or an assurance that aid is at hand if needed. If there is a wreck, he runs to his station, perhaps a mile or two distant, and arouses the inmates. Word is immediately telephoned to the adjacent stations for assistance.

The keeper knows by the state of the surf whether it is possible to use the boat or not. If the waves do not run too high, the station doors are flung open, and the graceful craft is drawn out. Then comes a long, hard pull over the yielding sand, taxing the strength of the men to the utmost

When the crew arrive at the scene of the disaster, the boat is launched, though sometimes only after repeated trials, and is soon speeding through the foaming breakers. It requires the height of human skill to guide the frail object through the almost resistless sea, to avoid the floating wreckage, to transfer the persons from the ship, and to make a safe return to the shore.

If the sea is impassable the mortar cart is hurried to the spot. The several members proceed to arrange the apparatus for firing, each being assigned a portion for his special charge. While one

is digging the trench for the sand anchor, another is loading the gun, a third is straightening out the lines, and so the work goes rapidly on, while the flickering lantern lights up the scene. A hundred possible mishaps may impede or embarrass operations.

The work does not end even when all have reached shore. Persons are often in a senseless and seemingly lifeless condition, and must be supported or carried to the station. The method of resuscitating those apparently drowned is part of the general training of the men.

The brief history of this noble institution teems with wonderful achievements. Heroic acts of courage are of frequent occurence, and the finest traits of which humanity is capable, are brought out by these Pleiads of the seashore. The manifold results have repeatedly attested the virtue of the organization. The reports of each year show the loss of only about one man in every hundred who are shipwrecked on our coasts, not to speak of the millions of dollars of property annually saved from destruction. With such a record it is no wonder that the Life Saving Service has such a firm hold on the American heart, and that stations have been erected throughout the 10,000 miles of coastline in the United States.

Yet hardly more than a century has passed since the first life-boat was invented in England, and the first serious steps taken for the rescue of the shipwrecked. In our own country not until 1848 did Congress make an appropriation for this philanthropic agency, and then but a mere pittance for a strip of the coast of New Jersey.

The present elaborate system was introduced only a score of years ago. At that time Congress made an appropriation to establish and equip stations, similar in dimensions and arrangement along the borders of the sea and lakes. The present efficiency and the glowing success of the organization is largely due to the persistent efforts and unerring judgment of Superintendent Kimball, who for twenty years has made this his life work. His office is a bureau of the Treasury Department at Washington and to him every week come reports giving account, even to the minutest detail, of the work of each station.

The shining record of these little houses standing on the coasts, is a fitting contrast to the work done in other countries, where the

only reliance is the support of voluntary contributions. But though carried on as a systematic and legalized business it is not merely with the feeling of duty that the men act. One whose name is enrolled in this service has been quoted as saying, what is undoubtedly the prevailing sentiment of the surfmen: "When I see a man clinging to a wreck, I see nothing else in the world, and I never think then of family and friends, until I have saved him." With such a spirit as this and with the noble fidelity and dauntless courage at all times displayed, can we marvel that so much has been done by the groups of seven who man the houses on the beach?

—*Abram A. Halsey.*

HERE AND THERE.

THIS fall of 1892 beholds the MAGAZINE starting upon its fifth volume. From the very first it has upheld a high standard of literary excellence. It has been gained, alas, at some loss of undergraduate assistance. But let the undergraduate, even the underclassman, understand that his being such will always be with us a point in favor of his MSS. We shall always endeavor so far as possible to make the MAGAZINE represent the literary aspirations, endeavors, and achievements of Cornell undergraduates. Do you therefore favor us with your essay, story, or copy of verses forthwith, and rest assured that it shall be gently dealt with.

* * *

The past summer has seen a new scholastic venture within the walls of Cornell. The summer-school has lived its first year of existence. It is a promising venture too, doing an excellent work and deserves to thrive largely. Whether it does so or not, depends, it seems to me, on whether the University will admit work done here as the equivalent of work done in the University. If this be done, we shall practically have four terms instead of three, an arrangement which will be hailed with delight by a large body of our more earnest students, who feel their four years all too short for accomplishing the work they wish to do.

* * *

The course of Cornell athletics goes on in much the same successful monotone as ever. Columbia freshmen defeated, Pennsylvania defeated, an athletic club defeated on the Passaic, who can tell which of a series of years it is? In tennis, however, this year is very different from past years. Heretofore we have been unknown in the great contests. This summer Larned carried our colors far and fast, even to third place, and predictions are that it will go higher next year. To-day the football outlook hardly seems so promising as at the end of last season. With center, guards, ends, halfbacks and fullbacks of last year's team all absent, the prospect goes again into uncertainty.

* * *

The campus takes on an appearance of more regularity now than in some time past. The law-school surroundings are coming to order, the Library and Morse Hall are surrounded with their green lawns, and the whole expanse of the campus is looking even, thick, and velvety. The law-books are now arrived at their destination, and that labor is over. White Hall has been extensively renovated, and looks "as good as new." In McGraw, the Archæological Museum is still to be arranged. The hungry sight-seer flattens his nose on the glass of the middle entrance door, and beholds a huddled mass of disguised statuary. May this museum soon be opened to the public. It is said there were two great impulses to Keats's genius, the first Spenser, the second, the Elgin marbles. To embryonic poets in our midst only the former impetus has been offered. When the Archæological Museum is thrown open, what sunbursts of genius may we not expect? Truly this will be presenting the classic to our students in a form to be appreciated. Not all study Greek,—more's the pity,—and not all know the masterpieces of its literature. But one and all can feel the influence of its art. Despite the manifold currents of modern education, there is, I believe, nothing found so potent for culture, as close contact with the world of ancient Greece. With the study at once of the literature, philosophy and art of Hellas, a new era of culture should dawn for Cornell.

THE MONTH.

SINCE the last issue of the MAGAZINE the class of '92, over 250 strong, has pushed out from the University's doors to the active work-a-day world which awaits all classes. Last year's graduating class was in some respects above the average class; certainly the social and literary events of its Commencement week were a source of congratulation to the late seniors and their visiting friends.

The Law School prize debate was well contested. Mr. T. D. Watkins winning the first prize, and Mr. R. J. Le Boeuf carrying off second honors. The Rev. Dr. John H. Broadus delivered the baccalaureate sermon.

The Woodford contest was so close as to cause the judges no little trouble to reach a decision, the prize falling to Mr. E. D. Shurter, the winner of the '86 Memorial contest. Class Day exercises were interesting, notwithstanding their length. The Senior ball was universally conceded a thorough success, in point of decorations, music, and attendance, the latter striking a golden mean between the pecuniary satisfaction of the committee in charge and that degree of comfort which a moderate number of participants secures. Commencement day exercises were all that could be desired. The naval victories on Cayuga lake were peculiarly appropriate to the commencement of a class which had done so much to advance the standard of Cornell athletics. The Freshman eight defeated Columbia in a two mile race by seven lengths. The 'Varsity crew, flushed with their victory at New York, were easy winners over the University of Pennsylvania by five lengths. All attempts to meet Harvard and Yale on the water were futile.

The University has opened for the year with many changes, especially among the members of the Faculty. Dr. C. K. Adams has accepted the presidency of the flourishing young University of Wisconsin. Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman has entered upon his presidential duties here with the full confidence and sympathy of the students. Dr. Chas. E. Bennett comes from Brown University to take Professor Hale's place at the head of the Latin department. Dr. Laird succeeds Mr. Bronson, and Mr. Edmiston, of the University of Nebraska, is a new instructor in the Latin department. Professors Jenks and Fuertes spend the year in Europe. Professors E. A. Ross of Indiana University is now the

head of the Political Economy department. Mr. G. F. Atkinson, '85, takes Professor Dudley's place in Botany, and Professor Williams of the Geological department is succeeded by Professor Tarr. The Philosophical department is strengthened by the addition of Messrs. E. B. Titchener, Frank Thilly and Ernest Albee, Dr. Angell having accepted a call to Leland Stanford, Jr. Mr. Lannigan is the new gymnasium instructor. Professor Newbury, of the Chemical department has resigned. Dr. J. E. Trevor is made professor of the new branch of Physical Chemistry. Mr. Smith and Mr. Martin are added to the same department. Mr. McKnight, '92, succeeds Mr. Coffin in English. Mr. Lapham takes his work again in French. Mr. Bierbaum and Mr. Macomber will teach Experimental Engineering. Messrs. Boright, Fish and Hatt join the Civil Engineering staff, Messrs. Webb and Comstock having resigned. Mr. Saurel becomes instructor in Mathematics, and H. E. Lawrence, C. P. Matthews, F. C. Bedell, and F. E. Mills, are now assistants in Physics.

The new Law School building, erected just east of the Library building, and with a style of architecture much the same, has been opened, and is unquestionably one of the finest in the country.

The Registrar reports about 440 members in the Freshman class and a total registration of about 1450. The attendance of the summer school was gratifying beyond expectation, the students numbering some hundred and twenty.

The *Era* and *Sun* are in the capable hands of Mr. C. S. Northup and Mr. A. C. Howland respectively. The foot ball team, Mr. Hanson, manager, Mr. Johanson, captain, is better than at this time last year, and has opened well the important series of games arranged for this season. A decisive test will be made whether Cornell is worthy of a place in football beside the veteran teams of the country. In the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament our interests were entrusted to Messrs. Larned and Wyckoff. The former has now returned, bearing to Cornell the intercollegiate championship in singles.

Subscribers to the *Magazine* will be pleased to learn that the cover which appears for the first time on this number is the handiwork of a Cornellian. The drawing was made by Mr. Dwight R. Collin, '94, and engraved by the Matthews-Northrup Company of Buffalo.

NEW BOOKS.

The Story of the Byzantine Empire. By C. W. C. Oman, M. A., F. S. A. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Oman, by his previous works, "Warwick the Kingmaker," "The Art of War in the Middle Ages," and other historical works of a military nature, is so favorably known among scholars as to make any new publication of his an object of wide interest and more than passing attention. This latest effort is not marked by profound historical insight or genius, but the acquaintance which it shows with the chroniclers of the Eastern realm, and the clear, precise, though not elegant manner of presentation, are basis enough on which the merits of the book may safely stand. The title of the work suggests its method of treatment, for it has somewhat the flowing style of a story, and the interest of a narrative, notwithstanding the vast stretch of time covered and the condensation of the huge mass of facts involved. A preliminary chapter is devoted to the foundation of Byzantium and a rapid survey of its early history to the year 328 A. D. Then the history proper takes up its onerous work with the foundation of Constantinople by Constantine the Great, and does not close until the fall of the city in 1453 under Turkish onslaughts, when, as the author says, "all Europe and Asia knew the end was come of the longest tale of empire that Christendom has yet seen."

The author professes to follow in the steps of Finlay and Bury, rather than in those of Gibbon. He protests against the latter's view of the last Roman Empire as standing for all that was corrupt and decadent. He agrees with the two former in laying emphasis upon the great mission of the Byzantines in checking Saracen invasion and in the preservation of learning during the Middle Ages. The general sweeping condemnation of Byzantine life seems to him to rest on a weak and historically unreliable foundation. He acknowledges the frivolity and treachery of the East Romans to a certain extent, but concludes that more recent times have shown much worse records as, for instance, Mediæval Italy.

Gibbon was not familiar with many sources upon which more modern historians of the Byzantine Empire have had the privilege to draw. His work lay in a different field; he had not the time to undertake profound original research in a province not properly his own. Considering the sources at his command, he wrought well, guided by his deep sympathy with his subject. Later writers, like Bury and Oman, have worked along more or less mechanical lines in collecting material, and Byzantine history now awaits the magic touch of some genius yet to come. Mr. Oman's work is an important step in the process.

Taxation and Work: A Series of Treatises on the Tariff and the Currency. By Edward Atkinson, LL.D., Ph.D.: G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

This is a book of which we can not say, "It ought to be in the hands of every citizen." The book is a loosely articulated series of essays, full of instructive figures and pithy remarks, but void of unity. It is hard to characterize the volume unless we call it "Atkinsonia." In it we meet the familiar amateurish oracular dogmatism that we have learned to expect from the dilletanti of economics. We find very many really good things, for no one will deny Mr. Atkinson's talent for putting some things very clearly. His analysis of our national balance sheet shows how charming Finance can be made. But the good points are so intermingled with economic crudities that one doubts if on the whole the book merits reading.

Mr. Atkinson seeks to put Tariff reform on a new track. He would divert the movement from the "high priori" road to the *via media.* He would enlist the sympathy of Republicans by setting up Protection proper against McKinleyism.

Mr. Atkinson's plan of Tariff Reform is this. Assuming no increase of expenditure, he figures we shall soon have a surplus of thirty-five millions. This will permit tariff reduction, and this he would accomplish by putting raw materials and partly manufactured articles in the free list. This would unfetter our manufactures and swell our volume of exports. Finally the tariff wall around our manufactures could be cautiously taken down and free trade declared with all the world. From this programme it appears that Mr. Atkinson burns to sacrifice Pennsylvania pig (iron) and Ohio sheep on the altar of the New England manufacturer.

While Mr. Atkinson's protectionism is undoubtedly a return to the doctrines of the Fathers, it is not likely he will be able to stem the tide of McKinleyism. The theory of protection for everybody is deeply rooted in the mind of the farmer and the day that witnesses the removal of the protective duties on raw materials will see the inauguration of free trade.

The author has much to say on the silver question, but his remarks are so innocent of knowledge of the subject that they require no consideration.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London:

Taxation and Work: A Series of Treatises on the Tariff and the Currency. By Edward Atkinson, LL.D., Ph.D.

Modern Punctuation. By William Bradford Dickson.

The Story of the Byzantine Empire. By C. W. C. Oman, M. A., F. S. A. (Stories of the Nations).

The Economy of High Wages. An Inquiry into the Cause of High Wages and their Effect on Methods and Cost of Production. By J. Schoenhof.

The Farmers' Tariff Manual by a Farmer. By Daniel Strange, M. Sc.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, New York and Chicago:

The Complete Music Reader. By Charles E. Whiting.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1892. NO. 2.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager.*

AN ILL-USED QUOTATION.

I.

A FEW years ago I wrote for the CORNELL MAGAZINE an account of the wanderings of a little volume in my possession. When I sent the manuscript to the editor (I was away from home at the time) I suggested that it would be appropriate to use as a motto for the article the hackneyed quotation "Habent sua fata libelli," which I took to mean, "Books (like human beings) have their destiny." I added in my letter, "As I am away from my library, please add yourself the exact source of the motto, which you will find in Horace's Epistles or Satires."

Soon after my return some weeks later, I met the Editor, who confessed with reluctance (for an editor not only is supposed to know everything, but honestly believes himself that he does) that he had been unable to find the quotation in question. I stepped into the library and soon convinced myself that it was not in Horace, and what was more perplexing, it did not seem to be anywhere else. The Librarian, who is popularly believed to have at his fingers' ends the contents of every volume of which he is the

custodian, although he was perfectly familiar with the quotation, could not recall the source ; and my despair can be imagined when the professor of Latin, after hazarding a guess that the words were in Juvenal or Persius, failed to verify the quotation.

In a short time I had involved my friends in an exciting search after the mysterious author of a saying which we found to be one of the commonplaces of citation. At last it occurred to some one to look in a French dictionary of quotations (Larousse, Nouveau dictionnaire illustré : Locutions latines et étrangères), where we discovered the statement, "Habent sua fata libelli, aphorisme qui, après avoir été attribué aux plus célèbres poètes latins, se trouve être d'un des plus obscurs, Terentianus Maurus."

II.

Who was Terentianus Maurus? I asked myself, much in the same spirit as Don Abbondio in the famous scene of the Promessi Sposi asked himself: "Who the deuce was Carneades?" Fortunately I had at my disposal greater resources for solving such perplexing questions than the unfortunate Don Abbondio, and I soon learned the little that was to be known in regard to Terentianus Maurus.

He was, as his name indicates, a native of Mauretania and flourished about the close of the second century. He was the author of a treatise on metres (De litteris, de syllabis, de metris) in three books and in verse. The work seems to have been well known to the later writers on the subject, and copies of the manuscript must have been numerous. They suffered, however, the fate of many others during the middle ages, and at the time of the Renaissance but one manuscript apparently had survived and was preserved in the famous monastery of Bobbio, founded by St. Columbanus, the Irish missionary, in 612.

In 1493 George Merula, one of the great scholars of the Renaissance, was sent to Bobbio by the Duke of Milan to examine the library, and found among other hitherto unknown works the treatise of Terentianus Maurus, which was first edited at Milan in 1497 by George Galbiatus, the amanuensis of Merula. The original manuscript and the copy of Galbiatus have both disap-

peared, and the subsequent editions have all been based upon the editio princeps above mentioned.

The best edition modern and practically the edition definitive, is that by H. H. Keil in his Grammatici Latini, Leipzig, Teubner, 1857-80, 7 vols. The treatise of Terentianus is found in vol. VI., where it occupies pp. 325–413.

III.

It is not necessary to describe the work here, and I will only say that I examined it solely for the purpose of discovering the quotation in question. The first book, devoted to the sounds of the letters, is the shortest of the three books and contains only 278 verses. The second, devoted to syllables and their quantity is longer, embracing 1021 verses. At the conclusion of this book the author anticipates certain criticisms which may be made upon his work and explains that when he wrote it he had been so ill for ten months that his life had hung in the balance. It is in the passage concerning these criticisms that the famous quotation occurs, and my surprise may be imagined when I discovered for the first time that as usually given the quotation is incomplete, and the meaning attributed to it quite different from what it has in the complete verse. The following is the entire verse with context:

> Forsitan hunc aliquis verbosum dicere librum
> non dubitet: forsan multo praestantior alter
> pauca reperta putet, cum plura invenerit ipse;
> deses et impatiens nimis haec obscura putabit:
> pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli.
>
> vv. 1282–86.

That is, the fate of books depends upon the capacity of the reader, a very different thing from the somewhat tame meaning always attributed to the quotation.*

—*Thomas Frederick Crane.*

---

*I might have spared myself much labor if I had first looked in a very good dictionary of quotations by C. T. Ramage, Beautiful Thoughts from Latin Authors, Liverpool, 1869, where the quotation is given in full with the correct meaning.

TO JULIA.

Cupid hath done to me a knavish trick,—
Hath wounded me and that so gently too
That ere I wake to find my poor heart bound
With golden chains, behold you she is gone
That had the forging of them ; she is gone
In the bright fountain of whose lovely glance
The wingéd god did slyly dip his spear,
That when my heart had once been pierced, the wound
Might ne'er be healed, but with that poison mild
Grow larger and more, more insatiable
Until no earthly thing could fill the gap
Save only that sweet smile and gaze serene
Whose first look caused the wound.

At poets I had laughed, and did not know
That Love, soft-fingered, e'er could touch the strings
Of the heart's sweet lyre and wake its chords to song
Ere consciousness could tell us whence the charm
Or what sweet presence 'twas that woke the strain.
—Yes, Cupid hath betrayed me; now of thee
Who wert his ally (though without thy will)
I ask in my turn be thou also mine—
Since he hath pierced my heart, and rudely in
With force hath broken, let me now to thee
The key bequeath that will unlock its door,
And thou shalt ever be its welcome guest
That needs but enter and lo, all is thine.

—*Francis Warfield Clay.*

VOLTAIRE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

TWO figures stood out in bold relief on the stage of French history, toward the close of the eighteenth century. The one was Louis XV,—the other was Voltaire.

Two forces silently but resistlessly urged the people on to the abyss of anarchy. The one was despotism,—the other was athe-

ism. Despotism meant rebellion, atheism meant moral chaos. The result was inevitable.

But tyranny, child of the feudal system, had flourished for centuries, and the King was but its representative. Atheism measured its fungus growth among the masses, by months, and its sponser was Voltaire.

Never had Europe seen a more brilliant, or more profligate court than that of Louis XV. Pleasure and fashion were its gods, licentiousness its heaven. What cared the king that the people were oppressed? Had he not his mistresses, his parks, and his hounds? What cared the court, what cared the nobles, what did the prelates care? Had they not their fetes, their retainers, and their benefices? Let the people go to their priests for counsel or relief! *They* were their natural advisors.

The priesthood was as corrupt as the court. More and more had the fashion of disbelief among the higher classes spread with their moral degradation. Should they believe in a church that they saw governed in corruption, and administered in mockery? It was an evidence of culture to scoff at the blind infatuation of the masses, supporting and following a priesthood that laughed in its sleeve at their credulity.

Of such an age was Voltaire born; of such an age was he the prophet. The product of his generation, with all its foibles, all its sneers, and more than its prejudices, he served but as a polished and brilliant mirror wherein were reflected the faults of the few, for the imitation of the many. And yet how wonderful were his opportunities! Brilliant, talented, ambitious; born to influence the minds of men, what power for good might he not have wielded? Poetry, philosophy, satire, seemed to flow from his graceful pen as though nature had placed in him the very wellspring of the muses. Not through one road alone could he have risen to the position he attained. Not through poetry, not through history, not through science alone, could he have become the literary autocrat of Europe, and the demigod of the people. In his versatility lay his power. All classes were in his domain. In the palace, or in the hovel,—there was Voltaire. The rich admired and feared him—the poor worshipped and imitated him. Europe was his audience, and France was his disciple. "Hail, Vol-

taire!" "Hail, Prince of Philosophers!" resounded through Europe, re-echoed from the Black Sea to the Baltic, from St. Petersburg to the Mediterranean—and the power of Voltaire was at its meridian.

Now was the time ripe for his purpose. The first light seeds of doubt, planted in his young mind by the jesting blasphemies of the courtiers, watered by the spirit of his surroundings, and nourished by the abuses of the church, had sprung up and grown strong with years. Of Christianity, there was left in his belief not a trace. Instead there stood a flimsy system of philosophy, founded on—Self. With no breadth or depth of soul, with neither the ability nor the inclination to look beneath the surface, Voltaire saw in Christianity only the superstitions fostered by an unworthy priesthood. Of the majestic laws of the universe, of the broad meaning of Christianity, he had no conception. To him the faith and its church were one. All was mockery, and the world was but the idle toy of time. Priests hated him, Bishops and Cardinals thwarted him, and Voltaire never forgot an enemy. The fearful scenes of inquisition at Calais and Sirven strengthened his determination. He would be a deliverer, and yet be avenged! And now the time had come. Now should this dragon of superstition, the church, this brood of vipers, the priesthood, sucking the very blood of the nation, be finally destroyed! Now should the people, freed from the bonds of ignorance and fear rise up and with clear eyes worship the God of Reason! "The Church must be destroyed!" No lightly formed purpose of an immature mind was this. It was no callow boaster who said, "Twelve men established the christian religion, and *one* man shall overthrow it." "Kill the Monster!" was his cry. Like Cato of old, he made his warning call the very watchword of his life. Pamphlets, satires, denunciations, burlesques, poured from his pen in a mighty stream. All France was flooded with them. No weapon was too large, none was too mean, to use against his foe. Vain attempt. Christianity could not be destroyed. But, like a very Cadmus, with the dragon's teeth that he sowed, he raised up an armed host, that was to make France one vast battle-field, and Paris the home of anarchy. Christianity was to sleep, in France, and atheism to reign triumphant. But not for

long. Did Voltaire dream of the fearful work which his efforts were completing?

It is the day of final triumph of his life. He has returned to Paris. "He has come home after twenty years" say the people. The whole city watches his every step. Crowds bar the way where "He" has passed. And here, in the Academy of France, are gathered the nobility of letters, final arbiters of literature, to do him homage as their king. High on the chair of state, close wrapped in a scarlet cloak, sits a figure, bent and shrunk with age. Deep sunken eyes, peering from their caverns with piercing gaze; high, tight-drawn cheeks, of marble white, save where a hectic flush lends its malignant color; a massive wig drawn low over the death-like, ghastly countenance;—all mark the man.

"It is Voltaire," the people whisper. Silent the old man sits. His gleaming eyes glare vacantly into space. Can it be that for him, so near to death, the doors of the future have been opened? Is he looking beyond his grave, on the deeds that shall immortalize his name? See—the pageant passes. Frenzied women with streaming hair, and torch in hand, rush by. Men, with brutal faces and bloody frocks—children—all ages are in the throng. Hark! Here come the tumbrils. See the white faces of the victims. A woman among them—a young girl. The guillotine will have fair offerings to-day. What shout is that? A distant roar arises. "There is no god but Reason, and Voltaire is her prophet. To the guillotine! To the guillotine!" It is gone. The dreamer awakes. Has he been witness of that dark night of terror, when the clouds of doubt and disbelief shall have hid away the sun, and the guiding light of faith and the hope of Heaven have been taken from men's hearts? Has he seen the just results of his own misguided and mistaken efforts—the certain fruits of his "philosophy?" Who knows? But the work is finished. No words can recall it, no deeds can rob it of its life. Voltaire will die, but his influence will remain forever. Carlyle has said, "What is done, is done; has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living ever-working universe, and will also work there, for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time. But the life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, as it winds

through the expanses of infinite years, only the Omniscient can discern."

Voltaire vowed to destroy the church. He failed. He declared that as twelve men had established the Christian religion, so one man should overthrow it. He failed. He determined to make of peasants, philosophers with Reason for their guide. He failed. And yet he succeeded far too well! Not that which he had purposed, he accomplished; not that which he had looked for came to pass. But the demon of disbelief, loosed by him, performed the mission Fate had destined for it, and Atheism finished the work that Tyranny and Hunger had begun.

Brutus, by murdering Cæsar, thought to save the Republic. He established a monarchy. Charles I. by refusing to convene Parliament, thought to fix "the righteous principle of Divine Right." He only sealed his death warrant, and plunged England into civil war. And Voltaire, by warring against Christianity, thought to raise the French people by the light of his philosophy. He only sunk them into darkness. But all things work together for God's ends. Out of the darkness arose the new Church, and —the Republic.

—*John Alan Hamilton.*

SONNET.

The wind is sadly sighing round us now,
  It seems to say, "O leaves, prepare ye all
  To change your brightness for a funeral pall;"
Before the cold wind's breath our forms we bow.
When lovely Spring our color did endow,
  We did not think, responsive to his call,
  That we should gladly welcome this our fall,
And make a faded wreath for Earth's cold brow,
Thus in a measure pay the debt we owe.
  And so we flutter faintly to the wind,
  And beg of him he will not pass us by,
But waft us downward to the earth below,
  Nor leave us here on cheerless boughs behind
  Our kin, whose forms in winter quiet lie.

—*Gertrude E. Clark.*

A DEER HUNT IN THE ROCKIES.

"SHALL we have a clear day, to-morrow, Ed?"

"Ed" looked scrutinizingly toward the thick blue haze dimming the twilight in the west, glanced suspiciously upward at a few floating bits of cloud, and then replied with laconic sententiousness:

"Sure thing."

I was staying for a short time on a ranch in northern Colorado, and after a few days spent in the indiscriminate slaughter of prairie dogs, cotton-tails and jack-rabbits, had tired of this aimless sport, besides exhausting all the small ammunition available. So, both from choice and necessity, I had a strong desire to try my hand upon larger game. A deer hunt had been arranged for the succeeding day, and a natural anxiety about the weather had led to the question above. The "Ed," whose answer had been so reassuring, was one of the ranchmen with whom I already felt quite well acquainted, because he did not seem to look down upon me as a "tenderfoot." "Ed" was not his baptismal name by any means, but it was the appellation by which he was universally known in that country of "names without handles," and few beside the postmaster made any use of his surname. He was a fine fellow, liked by all, and one of the best ranchmen in that part of the country. When this oracle, therefore, thus delivered himself, I felt that I could go to bed and sleep in peace, relying in confidence upon the favor of the deities of the weather.

The next morning I needed no second invitation to arise and betake myself to the breakfast table, a circumstance which at another time and place might have excited remarks and congratulation. Immediately after breakfast, I took possession of the Winchester which had been assigned to my care, and began to experiment upon a mark. The remains of a five gallon oil can, placed on a fence post about a hundred yards away, made a very good target. The house-keeper offered to lend her dishpan for the purpose, saying that she didn't think I would injure its usefulness. Whether this was meant as a reflection upon the dishpan or upon me, I did not attempt to decide. I did not wish to humiliate the dishpan.

After a fierce combat for half an hour or so, my oil can game showed several perforations. It seemed quite reasonable that if that number of bullet holes were put into a deer, they would go a long way toward converting him into venison. It was only when I considered the ratio of successful shots to the number of failures that the deer's chances of dying of old age seemed to improve. And in the face of this consideration, I could not but admit that those chances brightened very perceptibly. And when I further reflected upon the probability of my hitting that oil can if it was moving through space at the rate of thirty miles an hour, a harassing doubt took possession of my mind. My half formed intention of giving to my friends whatever deer I shot, seemed likely to involve no envious regrets.

The gulches where deer were to be found in any numbers were up in the hills about six miles from the ranch house. During the middle of the day the creatures kept close in the shade, but for two hours after sunrise and for about the same time before sunset, they came out to browse upon the grass and shrubs and could then be seen and approached quite easily. We were to start about four o'clock in the afternoon, which would bring us to good hunting grounds about the time the deer were arousing themselves from their siesta.

So, shortly before that time, the horses were "roped" in the corral, led into the barn, and saddled and "cinched" in regulation style. Frank S——, the manager of the ranch, was to accompany me as monitor and guide, as well as to shoot some meat in the very probable case of my failure to hit anything. As a "tenderfoot," I had been careful to stipulate for a broncho that wouldn't "buck," and after satisfying my wishes in this respect, we started. The first two miles was a slow and steady climb up a steep hillside, and then an easy hand gallop for about half an hour more, still going up into the hills. Then Frank told me to watch the opposite side of the gulch we were ascending, as we might see deer now anywhere. We entered a scraggly thicket of quaking aspens and wild currant bushes, and were slowly making our way through this, when my horse pricked forward its ears and stopped looking eagerly to one side. At the same moment, Frank, who was ahead, halted and held up his

hand. Looking in the direction indicated, I saw, at the further side of a little glade we were passing, two deer leisurely feeding. They were about eighty yards away and seemed entirely unconscious of our presence. Hastily throwing the reins over the horse's head, I dismounted, but in my hurry struck the butt of the gun against the iron stirrup. The jangle of metal aroused the deer, and a fleeting glimpse of a patch of dun-colored hide tearing through the underbrush was all that met my eyes as I raised the rifle.

"Better luck next time," was the encouraging remark of my companion, as we rode on; while I berated the carelessness that had lost an excellent shot. A few minutes later I glanced back along the trail we had been pursuing, and caught sight of a full grown buck just across the gulch, about a hundred yards away. He was standing perfectly quiet, his body partly concealed behind a large bush. Quite delighted at making a discovery overlooked by the vigilant Frank, I carefully dismounted and taking a rest over my knee aimed at the animal. Surely I did not feel a bit nervous, but what could it be that was making the muzzle of the Winchester vibrate like a leaf? I had heard of the "buck-fever," but *that* couldn't be the matter. Why, I was perfectly calm, and yet that gun-barrel *would* play back and forth in the most exasperating manner. Holding it as best I could, I fired. The buck gave a startled spring, turned toward me, and then, catching sight of our horses, was off down the gulch like the wind. An empty shell was all that remained to show for my shot.

"That was buck-fever all right," said Frank, when I told him my "symptoms." "Almost everyone has it the first few times he shoots at a deer. Even some old hunters never get over it entirely."

We crossed a ridge and rode slowly up another gulch, thickly covered with low underbrush.

"See how that big gray stone stands out on the hillside across the valley," said I.

Frank shaded his eyes with his hand.

"That's a pretty lively sort of a boulder," answered he, smiling. "Watch me make it travel up the hill."

Even as he spoke the "boulder" moved, revealing a deer. It

was almost five hundred yards away and nearly indistinguishable when among the brush.

"Can you hit it?" I asked.

"It's too far away for anything but a scratch shot," said he, "but I'll try it just for practice."

He took deliberate aim for a moment, and fired. The deer sprang to one side, and then with long, sweeping bounds hastened up the side of the gulch and over the ridge.

"That came pretty close to him, but a quarter of a mile is too long range to kill anything," said Frank, as he watched the graceful upward progress of the startled animal.

We had nearly gained the head of the gulch, and turned to cross the hill once more. As we mounted a knoll which gave a somewhat extended view of the immediate locality, Frank suddenly leaned forward and exclaimed:

"Just look at those beauties over there! See what horns that big one has! Look!"

There, in full view upon another little knoll about four hundred yards away, stood three splendid bucks with branching horns. They stood looking toward us in amazement, and for at least half a minute made no move to escape. Then one of them started leisurely away, in a direction at right angles to our course, and the others followed. They moved with a sort of conscious dignity, tossing their heads proudly as they stepped, and blissfully ignorant of the fact that they were beneath the rifle of the best shot in Roult county.

Frank struck spurs into his horse, and started at full gallop to intercept them. I followed. A wild, mad rush through the underbrush and over logs, down one hill and up another, and we came out in sight of the three deer bounding up a steep ridge about a hundred yards in front. Frank leaped from his horse and threw the gun to his shoulder just as the last deer, the one with the big horns, was making his final leap to gain the crest of the ridge. Crack! went the rifle, and the big buck in mid air plunged heavily forward upon his head, made one frantic effort to rise, spun madly around, and over backwards he went down the hill. The blood gushed from his sides where the heavy bullet had gone cleanly through both shoulders, and his despairing efforts to gain

his feet were vain. When we reached him he was too much exhausted to struggle more, and our approach was recognized only by a feeble swaying to and fro of the antlered head. A dexterous thrust with the hunting knife and what little life remained ebbed away with the bright stream from his throat.

We admired the noble proportions of the great buck that had fallen victim to my companion's skill with the rifle, and then Frank cut up his prize in such a manner that we could carry the meat home with us. We were ten miles from the ranch, the horses were tired, and with the additional load of venison our progress was so slow that it was after nine o'clock when we turned our horses loose in the corral and sat down to supper. But however fatiguing, a chase that has a two hundred pound buck as a reward at the end will never lack for followers.

James Parker Hall.

A SNAP CONVENTION.

IT was a time when college men were ruling the land, when graduates held the reins of government over this great American Republic. Some twenty years before, the majority of political offices were filled by men whose education had been finished at their town high schools, or perhaps at schools not even so advanced. Under them the corrupt methods of election, of vote buying, ballot-box stealing, and other forms of trickery had become a science, until these university educated men, Democrats and Republicans together, took matters in their own hands, and started a powerful reaction against impurity in elections. It was not merely a sentiment expressed by an outpouring of horrified magazine literature and lecture oratory, something which had existed even as early as the last Harrison–Cleveland campaign, but it was a feeling backed up by action. When the time was ripe, and the twentieth century had not far advanced, they themselves ran for offices upon clean platforms and honest purposes and beat out these political merchants by tremendous majorities.

The scene we are describing witnesses the first election of a president under the reformed methods issuing from the new legislation. In a well-lighted and well-ventilated hall sits the college

of electors, men who belong to no party, and who do not get their positions by pledging themselves to vote for the choice of their state. Any citizen may come upon the floor of the hall and offer himself as a candidate for president, by making his own nominating speech in which he is to set forth his specialties; and in just as free a manner is an elector to vote for whoever he thinks is best qualified to be the head of the government.

Here sit our body of electors. And there sit our presidential candidates, including among them the Political Economist, the student of Ethics, the Mathematician, the irrepressible Newspaper Paragrapher, the Psychologist, the Physiologist, and other men who can attach capital letters, the initials of some degree, to the end of their names. All are graduates or post-graduates in years gone by; save one man, who sits alone and disconsolate, for of no educational distinction can he boast and the public is laughing at his intention to run as a candidate.

The chairman calls the house to order. "In days gone by," he said, "the intention was to give predominance to the party which had the greatest number of adherents. A party was supposed to be an assemblage of people having a collection of similar ideas, but many a time a man doubted the benefiting power of the majority of his party's principles, but still clung for the sake of but one or two principles which would directly benefit himself. To-day our object is simply to elect the BEST MAN [he yelled] in honesty, integrity and science. If he is the best man in knowledge he will, after his election, form a party platform (so to speak) taking and rejecting certain old time Democratic principles, and sifting in like manner old time Republican ideas according to the changes of custom and needs of the time. We will now proceed to the election.

Political Economist. Gentlemen, I rise to place myself in nomination for the greatest office in the land. As for my qualifications, I have studied political economy in all the great universities. At each I wrote a thesis, with greatest distinction, whether it was at freedom-of-views Cornell, or compulsory-protection Pennsylvania, so I am acquainted with all aspects. What is more necessary to a president than a knowledge of political economy? It is too evident that a political economist should be chosen for this office, so I will not burden you with reasons. Hoping you see this mat-

ter in the same light as I do, I herewith resign myself to your careful consideration.

Chairman. We are open to discussion on this candidate.

Paragrapher. Mr. Chairman, the gentleman who has just spoken would be a poor specimen to set at the head of this government. He is dishonest, and a snob as well. He simply refuses to pay his rent (is that honest?) until he sees someone has worse lands than he has. He wants to say, "My things are more valuable than yours." That is contrary to the spirit of our constitution that all men are equal in this country. Then he is always seeking his greatest gain with the least effort; we don't want slothful avarice in our chief executive officer. And if he acts as he swears he does, only in obedience to the pleasures of Number One —himself—how can he look to the welfare of a whole nation?

Chairman. Any further discussion, or nominations?

The Man of Ethics. Gentlemen, as I received an average of ninety-eight, when I graduated, after specializing in ethics, I feel qualified to offer myself to the position we are trying to fill. We are to determine who is the man best fitted for the position. A knowledge of Ethics, I claim, is the highest recommendation, and the reason should be clear to you all.

Psychologist. Mr. Chairman, and gentleman electors. I can analyze the feelings and motives of men. I can tell you what makes a man do so and so. Whether a man acts from free-will, or voluntarily. As I can tell how long it takes a man to think, and how long it takes an impulse to run along a nerve, I can deduce and infer several important deductions and inferences, respectively, when in the official capacity in which I hope to be placed. To analyze the feelings and motives of men is invaluable to him who enters diplomacy.

Logician. I second that nomination, and offer myself as a candidate for Vice-President of the United States.

Paragrapher. I am opposed to that ticket. Consider the dire calamity that would ensue if the impulse should trip, or fall off, while running along the nerve! And if he will allow me, the Psychologist there has not a clear head at all. He gets tied up in all sorts of knots, and argues whether his soul knows his ego thinks, or thinks it thinks he thinks; and while he is considering whether he thinks because he wishes to think or because he is

compelled to think, his diplomatic antagonist has done his thinking, and with a knowing grin is miles away; leaving the thought in the minds of our executive that, after all, all men are mortal.

Physiologist. Pray don't let the country go to ruin by accepting these men. I am an M. D. and as such should stand at the head of the government. Should a senator have taken poison, I administer an antidote, the senator continues his speech, and the bill becomes a law. Physiology, in its connection to precious human life, is easily the first of all sciences, and should be duly rewarded. It is the most necessary science. I demand that you put me in the White House.

Paragrapher. A physiologist would make a good president. We want a man who can feel the pulse of the people, better their political complexion, chop off the heads of superfluous officers, and keep the arteries of commerce pulsating.

Goliath Mountain (*the uneducated*). I nominate myself. I think I can govern all right.

Newspaper Paragrapher. I ask your favor, gentlemen, though time is getting late. I stand me up upon this floor myself to nominate. A president must clever be, and I am very witty; a thing which rich and poor adore in country town or city. I'm built, I tell you, very well for after-dinner speeches,—a president must be a swell, all U. S. history teaches. You cannot squelch me, if you would, I always have reply. I beg you to give me the place—"A, number one," am I.

Mathematician. I know the science of figures——

Paragrapher. Just what I said—the president should at least be able to cut a figure.

Chairman. If there are no more nominations we will proceed to ballot. Vote for him who has shown the best qualification for presiding over this nation.

After a few more nominations of scientists the ballot was taken, resulting thus: Goliath Mountain, 109 votes; the Political Economist 37; the rest scattering.

Alas, the world will ever be wicked. Goliath had got in and corrupted the electors in the good old way, and the electors had shown themselves to be not above accepting rewards. You can not always depend on reforming the world.

—*Benjamin Nathan.*

THE MYSTERY OF A VOICE.

IT made little difference to him whether the new story were ever finished or not. He had no good reason to suppose it would escape the fate of all that had preceded it. It is quite true that he had worked somewhat harder to make this last effort a success, but labor had long ceased to be an indication of the reward to be expected. So far as he was able to judge, it was superior in no essential respect to the majority of his effusions, and it would undoubtedly travel the same thorny path, and meet with the same uncompromising reception.

It was reflection on these matters that made him rather discouraged this winter evening, and gave an unusual sluggishness to his pen. If an article were accepted, the benefactor would be only some minor magazine publication, in which but little swelled his purse or his reputation. He was not a rich literateur who employed his facile pen and elegant leisure to delight his friends, society and himself. He was far from being the literary center, much less the social lion of any drawing-room he might favor with his presence. In a word he was a member of that large class of poor authors, upon whom the world has lavished so much sympathy and so little substantial good. It was the old story, "Strong in parts, but on the whole, interest not well sustained, lacks symmetry. Amateurish." It was absurd as well as unprofitable for him to continue writing, and he knew it.

He pulled out the drawer of his writing desk, and dumped every scrap of paper into the stove. It was a melancholy pleasure to watch the replenished flame lick up these disagreeable reminders, and go roaring up the crooked stovepipe to the black chimney. The new story came near going the same way, but as it was as yet quite innocent, it was saved. A pull at a huge-bowled pipe, left by the former tenant of the room, a sailor, afforded him a little solace for a while, and wrapped his troubles in a cloud of smoke. He took a turn or two up and down the room as if to emphasize his determination to leave his cursed pen alone once and forever, and stopped as the town bell struck ten. It was just then, he remembered it very well afterward, when he had counted the last stroke, that a voice spoke on the landing outside

his door, a voice muffled, yet distinct, whispering slowly as with great effort, "Richard Graham, go to the old homestead." The last word was barely audible, dying away on the second syllable. The voice seemed to try to gather itself together for a word further, but produced only a confused and unintelligible murmur. The time, the surroundings, the doubtful origin and mysterious character of the voice were not reassuring, but Graham did not hesitate a moment. He threw wide the door, and by the lamplight which streamed from the room into the dark hall, he looked about him, then, plunged madly down the bare, re-echoing staircase and out into the street.

The night was starlit and cold. A solitary figure was visible coming up the frozen road in the teeth of the wind, but otherwise the road was vacant. The mysterious messenger, if he had departed by the street, had disappeared most unaccountably. Baffled, the author went up to his room, leaned his weary head on the table, and thought. The wind continued to revel about the house, shaking up its old friend rather boisterously. The ancient window frames rattled dismally in their ill-fitting casings, the stiff joints of the weather-vane complained in an exasperating monotone. The voice however was silent.

It is a singular fact that curiosity sometimes leads one to undertake what discretion and good judgment discountenance. On no other theory can we account for Graham's presence in a particularly forlorn and wind-swept country some two days after the eventful night just referred to. He was walking as rapidly as he could toward the abandoned dwelling where his sister's death five years before had left him the last representative of an unfortunate family. The idea of danger would certainly have been farthest from his thoughts at that moment, had it not been for the mysterious voice, which might or might not have spoken with any significance, but which, nevertheless, threw a disagreeable cloud of uncertainty over the venture. As he drew near the familiar turn in the road, which gave a dim and imperfect view of his earlier home, his misgivings grew stronger, and the approach of night did nothing to lessen them. His comrade, a strong countryman, whom he had engaged for the time, presented a stolid indifference to everything about him which augured well for his coolness un-

der trying circumstances, if it added nothing to his geniality as a companion. The author was quick to note and appreciate various details of the landscape, shrewdly discerning little changes here and there, for which the elements quite as much as the hand of man were responsible. His eager interest broke out in sundry exclamations, and repeated questions addressed to his rustic friend, but the latter answered in brief, hoarse gutturals like the sound produced in pumping at an exhausted well, with results quite as unsatisfactory. The author, therefore, soon adopted the better policy of reviewing in silence the scenes so familiar and still so dear to him. Just as the winter twilight closed in, they stopped before the house whither the author had been summoned.

A growth of well-formed maples and firs stood freezing in the foreground, in pleasing contrast to the bareness of the general landscape. The fence inclosing the yard had sunk to the ground overcome with years, but here and there the wind had swept the snow from the face of a board, and had left it naked and protruding. The outlines of the road which led to the house were marked out only by the greater opening among the trees, for the snow covered everything. The house was of gray stone squarely built, with a wing at one side and a lean-to in the rear. The wing, strangely enough, had no windows except on the second floor. All the windows of the building were small, high from the ground, with the old-fashioned diamond shaped panes. A great chimney, suggestive of a generous hearth at its base, rose well up from the center of the main building, but the stones at the top had fallen away on one side, where an ambitious maple had sent out a long adventurous arm across the open mouth of the chimney almost to the farther side. It looked as if the maple had pushed over the stones which withstood its overweening progress, and would complete its victory by overthrowiug the barrier on the other side. At least so thought the author, who was examining with close interest the features of his old home, walking about it several times, with a watchful eye, trying to discover any changes which indicated recent human occupation or approach. The snow about the house was unbroken by any footprint except a small, childish one, which led from the adjacent field to a window, and then to the road. The shutter from this window had been

wrenched from its fastening, and lay on the ground. The window which the shutter protected was closed, but unlocked.

The two friends now stopped in their circuit of the house at the doorstep in front, and the author inserted a key in the lock. The key turned the lock readily enough, but the two united were for a while unable to force in the door. Suddenly, it gave way, not with an easy, gradual retreat, but not, as it were, a violent impetuosity, that precipitated both headlong into the dark entry. Something that suggested a faint withdrawing footstep came from some remote part of the house, but that was all. The men could not have told whether their ears had deceived them or not.

The author lighted a candle, and the two proceeded to search the house with the thoroughness their uncertain position demanded. They ransacked the cellar, hauling about the old apple barrels, pickling kegs and antiquated tubs that choked every corner, but nothing was revealed except giant spiders and their numerous progeny, besides innumerable rats and mice that fled for their lives into the protecting blackness. They mounted the stairs again, but found nothing unusual in any part of the house. The rooms contained little else than ancient rheumatic chairs, and a collapsed sofa or two, and some dusty portraits of men and women long since gathered to their fathers. Nor must we forget to mention various proverbs of Solomon hanging on the wall, which had no longer any field for practical use, now that the children had become grown-up men and women, and had done their work and passed on.

After the evening meal the author and his companion started a fire in the great fireplace, and sat down before it, and watched the glowing wood and flame. The night was blustering and the room except about the hearth was none of the warmest. A great dampness pervaded it. The wind blew in through broken windows in all parts of the house, and ran down the black corridors. The doors trembled in their casings, or if open, banged noisily. It was a wild and crazy place. One could easily imagine that all the people who had ever lived here, were present tonight, and bustling about in unrestrained joy. The wind's hoarse whisper down the wide throat of the chimney might easily be taken for the muffled order of some ghostly dragoon, to a com-

pany of his men clanging and tramping about above stairs. The author was a man of some self-possession, but his uncanny surroundings disturbed him. He threw a great armful of wood into the fire, and bade the countryman keep awake. There was good reason for this caution, for overcome by the work of the day and the drowsy warmth, the fellow's head was nodding. Then he wound up the old clock, and set the rusty pendulum in motion, but its voice was so harsh that he stopped the clock before it had dragged its long, lazy hands to the hour. He walked up and down the room, as he had walked when the voice had spoken. By the uncertain light, he examined over again the portraits of his father, mother, and brothers, until he came to his sister, the last of them all. He felt as if she were really present, smiling at him as she smiled in the picture. The idea took a firm hold of him. The portrait seemed to fascinate him. He threw his hands across his face as is to brush away the illusion. It would not go. He sat down again, but his eyes were fixed on the picture. Then, he heard a voice, the voice. It might have spoken from the farthest gable, it might have spoken in the room, he could not tell. He recognized it perfectly. He tried to address his companion, but could not find his tongue. One glance aside showed him his friend sleeping soundly, though but a moment before he he was wide awake. He made an effort to reach his pocket, where he had his weapons stored. He could not move his hand, his self-control was gone, he was another's.

It drew him to his feet, as a snake draws its victim, and slowly out of the room. He felt no fear now, he had no thought of resistance. He passed down the hall, up a low flight of stairs, turned to the right into the wing of the house, through one room, then into another, stopped before a table, and sat down in the darkness. The voice bade him write, he took paper and pencil which lay on the table, and wrote as the voice dictated. It made no difference to him that the wind blew in cold upon him, and the doors and windows shuddered. He wrote as though his life were at stake, with an eager swiftness, page after page, hour after hour, until the voice said, "Done." Then back through the room, then through the next room, a turn to the left into the corridor, back through the corridor, down the low flight of stairs, through

the hall on the first floor, a turn to the left into the room whence he had started. He sat down. The spell was off as one turns the hand. Just then the countryman awoke.

The next day, at an early hour, the author left his old home, with strange feelings, it may well be imagined. The matter which he had written during the night proved to be a story of remarkable ingenuity and pathos. He sent it to the publishers of a first-class magazine, one that had often refused his work. It was accepted, and published as a serial, and created quite a sensation at the time. Henceforth, the author had no trouble in having his work published; whether his success was due to the inspiration to his future work received from this night's peculiar venture or whether it was due solely to the reputation the one story established, it is impossible to say. It is certain, however, that he never again entered his old home, for shortly after his visit it was burned to the ground by incendiaries.

The author was always reluctant to relate his adventure, and it is only by putting together facts dropped from his lips on many occasions that it has been possible to construct even so imperfect a narative as has been given. His reluctance to mention his experience is due undoubtedly to its incredible nature, violating, as it does, the popular idea of the domain of the real. He never attempted but one explanation, which seemed to him at least, probable enough. It appears that when his sister was living, they had practiced together the art of mind-reading to no small extent. Every night for years, one would try to read the thoughts of the other, who meanwhile did his best to complete the transfer by thinking clearly and vigorously. In the course of time, their proficiency along these lines became remarkable. The communication of thought was impeded but not seriously affected by distance, and many times when far from each other the same phenomena occurred. When the author left home, a certain time, ten o'clock, was set apart every night for this mental telegraphy. After his sister's death, the custom was, of course, discontinued. It may be well to add that the impression made upon his mind when reading thought was somewhat similar to that of a voice speaking.

Consider, then, the voice first heard on the landing outside his

door, just as the clock struck ten. Consider the voice heard again in the old homestead, and that peculiar subordination of his mind to the will of another, and the voice apparently speaking in the far room, the room in which his sister and he were wont to practice the strange custom. Was all this an illusion?

—*Carlton Eastman Ladd.*

HOW THE COCHRANES LEFT JOE'S HILL.

HOW the neighbors did keep coming and going all that week! The Blairs came Monday, Carilla, Prosinda, Eliza, Aunt Cornelia, James and Mary, all stowed mysteriously into an aged wagon of Revolutionary make and surprising capacity.

"Here we are, rats, cats, and kettle-drums," said James with an attempt at almost youthful vivacity. "The girls and I all thought we'd got to say good-by."

But it was a doleful procession that filed into the best parlor of the Cochrane's farmhouse. Hadn't the Blairs and Cochranes lived opposite each other, one on Joe's Hill, one on Turkey Hill, for over two and a half centuries? Hadn't all the boys of the two families, for nine generations, fought, played and studied together in the little red schoolhouse down in the woods?

As they all sat solemnly round the walls of the great funereal room, looking mournfully at each other, James couldn't but think of the time he and Robert ran away—exactly as father William Blair and grandfather Samuel Blair had run away with father George Cochrane and grandfather Robert Cochrane—to take their first lesson in swimming, over in Todd's Pond. Perhaps it was the dampness of the reminiscence that caused a suspicious moisture in James Blair's eye—but no, for that wouldn't explain the huskiness of his voice as he said, "So you are going to sell the old place and move out, at last?"

"I've got to go," said the widow Cochrane, "I'd like to stay and make a home for Robert, but I can't do it. You know George was sick a long time, and he was so headstrong you couldn't do anything with him, and I'm not a bit strong, and so I just gave out. I've been sick a bed nigh all summer now, and if

my niece Mollie hadn't been here, I'd have died, I do believe, and she's going now, and I must go back to York state with her."

The widow Cochrane spoke in that subduedly, determined tone common to unselfish folk who have passed all their lives slaving for others, and have at last made up their minds not to quite die about it. She was afraid of the criticism of her neighbors. She was not Robert's mother, but a second wife, taken to care for the declining years of the patriarch of the Cochranes, and most devotedly had she done it, and for his aged sisters Anne and Letitia as well. Now, they were all dead. But there was Robert, eccentric —as what Cochrane was not—obstinate, of course, "dreadful set in his ways, like his father," as the widow Cochrane was wont to say resignedly, unable to get on without her, and she was abandoning him, fleeing to save her life. Had she been one of these New Hampshire hill-folk herself, she would have died at her post. She knew it. Her conscience troubled her and she felt compelled to say further, "Robert is going to stay down at Charlie Wallace's. You know Charlie's wife don't get on well with his mother, and so Charlie lives down to Goffstown most of the time and Mrs. Wallace does need a man around. And then you know the Wallaces and Cochranes are close related."

"I know that," said old Aunt Cornelia, "Grandfather Robert Cochrane married a Wallace, and she was twice his cousin, for her mother was his father's sister, and his mother was her father's sister. Oh, you're close related enough, if you go back for it."

"I think Robert will be very comfortable there, and Auntie can't stay here. Why she can't comb her own hair without bringing on one of those heart attacks. She's got to get away, and rest up." The speaker was Mollie White, who had come to Marlborough for just that process of resting up after the ordeal of graduation from a young ladies' seminary.

"Yes, I suppose you've got to go," said Miss Prosinda, "but how we will all miss you."

Just then Mrs. Orne, from the house over the brow of the hill, came by the window. "I thought I saw you driving by," said she, "come to say good-by? I don't know what I'll ever do when Mrs. Cochrane goes away, Mr. Orne wouldn't hurt a flea, but he's so strange, and don't ever say anything, but just walks around

and around, till I think I'll go mad myself, and then when I can't stand it any longer, I just put my sun-bonnet on my head, and run over to chat with Mrs. Cochrane a bit. But when she's gone, I'll have to go 'way off down to Wallace's for my next door neighbors. I believe I'll die o' lonesomeness."

"How the old friends are leaving us," said James Blair. "Just think, the Clarks, Battens, Andrews, Crombies. Why in father's time there were twenty cousins of the name of Crombie in the township, and now there's but one, Moses Crombie, down in Marlborough village."

Robert Cochrane broke his heavy silence by saying, "There's more'n half the houses in the township stands empty and rotting to-day."

"But I never thought I'd live to see the Cochranes leave Joe's Hill," said Aunt Cornelia.

"I'm the last of the Cochrane's, but I can't die in my own home," said Robert, looking out of the window, chin in hands, elbows on knees, out over his broad, bare, stony fields, down to the plain, with its miles of silent pine forest, and off by Saddleback, and Crotchet mountains, to far Monadnock, blue in the hazy distance. So many times he had sat thus. Suddenly he remembered standing, a mere baby, by his mother's knee looking out here. The grape vines covered all the brown old stone walls then as now, blackberry tangles filled the bends of the road, cows grazed in the Ledge pasture, far down the hill, then as now—in, not quite, something was wrong, what was it? Dimly it impressed him it was then fresh morning, now it was late of a windy, dusty afternoon; then it was spring time, now brown and faded autumn. Yet, somehow there was a holy haze of beauty over everything as Robert sat silently staring. Odd that that patch of dusty defiant fall golden rod should look so much as it did the day of his mother's funeral.

What—they were all going so soon? "Good-by!" huskily, and again "Good-by!" to the last Cochranes of Joe's Hill.

Then came Tuesday, Robert hitched up the old Judge, who seemed to deserve his name, by his stately, judicial, deliberate mien, and the length of his days of labor, and Mollie White and the widow Cochrane filled the ancestral wagon with the dressers

and other useful relics of two centuries of maiden aunts, and jogged soberly down the elephant, along the Y–road, past Archie Dennison's and on by Todd's Pond, and the broad-winged home of Deacon Todd, till they came to the old Giddings place. Here was the saddest of all the sad things in Marlborough, a family old and proud as any of them, come by heavy misfortune to have to accept the help of their neighbors. None had ever been so ready to help as the free handed Cochranes, who were always giving away what they had, instead of trying to feed with it that insatiable monster, the mortgage. And after all, perhaps it was a wise course.

While yet they were far in the distance, dirty little Dick had seen them coming, and had dropped, apples and all, from the broad Baldwin-tree to scamper to the house shrieking "Ma, Lucy, 'Liza, Joe, here comes the Cochrane's."

So when the sedate old Judge stopped before the vanishing front fence, the whole family were drawn up in battle array to meet them. Once conducted into the house they were given two of the three chairs. Old Aunt Abigail, with her snowy hair, peaceful face, and eyes yet blue, for all the eighty years of her life, sat smiling and rocking in the other chair.

Dirty Dick, in the ecstasy of his delight, devoted himself to sliding off the bed, climbing up and tumbling off in such a reckless fashion that Mollie White was in mortal and momentary terror, lest he should come tumbling down, dirt and all, into the lap of her white dress. Dishevelled, half-foolish Eliza, holding the baby right side up or not, at random, stood delightedly mopping and mowing before them, in evident but painful unconsciousness of the imminent peril of losing her mouth behind her right ear, or of getting her eyes turned permanently inwards. Little Dick's father, the shiftless, drunken big Dick, stuck his head in the door; steady, responsible Eliza, with her overworked, drooping, slipshod figure, stood confused in the endeavor to say, all at once, a thousand excuses for the upside-down condition of things, and as many more expressions of pleasure at seeing them, and despair and grief at their approaching departure. Only big Dick's sodden, feeble, discouraged wife did not appear. It seems she had a black eye. Old Joe stood up in a corner, fiddle in hand, and insisted on play-

ing for them, for the last time, that famous composition of his own "The Bumble-bee in the Pumpkin-Bloom," and then had to give them an imitation, in his perfect way, of the late George Cochrane's way of telling a story. But at the preliminary "H'm! H'm! Hearken to me, sir! Hearken to me!" poor Joe broke down completely, collapsing in his corner to moan and mumble, "They're all gone, all my old friends. Old Joe may as well die." As may well be imagined this outburst upset the whole company, even to dirty Dick, who clambered up and rolled down the side of the bed with redoubled energy, bawling all the while at the top-notch of an undoubtedly large lung-capacity.

Nervous Mollie White could stand it no longer. Repressing an equal desire to cry and laugh, she fled from the house "to catch the Judge" who was nibbling peacefully on down the road, leaving the widow Cochrane to hastily divide the gifts, then both drove off, while the whole family tearfully waved at them, and Eliza, with the baby tucked under one arm, gave them a farewell grimace of such terrific mournfulness, that even the sedate old Judge started on a trot without being urged.

All day Wednesday, Mollie, the widow Cochran, and their two willing helpers, Mercy Dale and Mrs. Wallace, worked to finish packing and tearing up. Many were the times they stopped to sigh over some memory-starting article. But at night-fall, all was done, and they slept the sleep of the just in the midst of such a torn-up house as no Cochrane had owned in two and a half centuries.

In the morning they were all piled, bags and boxes into the familiar wagon in which they had driven so often through the forest-canopied roads, now over the Saddle-back to Antrim, now up to Francestown, nestled at the foot of Crotchet mountain, and at four o'clock they rattled away behind surprised old Judge, the blank windows of the deserted house staring reproachfully after them, down past the Orne's, past the Wallace's, where Mrs. Wallace came running out after they were by to call mournfully after them "good-by, Mollie! good- by, Mollie!" waving her white apron to this dear friend she had made that summer only to lose so soon, on past the deserted Crombie house, by the crumbling cellar-wall where the Andrews house burned down fifty years be-

fore, down the long hill into the little village. All the village folk were there, Atwood the miller, old Mr. Gregg, the Dales, Dr. Pillbury and his wife, even to Sanders the hired man, stood on the steps of Gregg's store, while Mollie and the widow Cochrane clambered into the waiting stage-coach. Then amid a chorus of good-bys, and a waving of handkerchiefs and a prodigious cracking of the driver's whip, the old coach lurched and lumbered off for its ten-mile jaunt to meet the train at Manchester.

"I wonder if I came here just to see this home broken up," said Mollie White in a choked sort of voice, watching the foamy creek coquette with the winding stage road.

"I've made a lot of true friends out here," said the widow Cochrane.

Mollie White thought of poor, lonely Mrs. Wallace calling after them, wondered if she had perhaps had a last word to say, and a rising sob checked her, "so have I."

The two passengers were silent. The driver shouted and cracked his whip, the old coach lurched about like a ship at sea, the low branches of the wayside pines tapped against the windows of the coach. The Cochranes had left Joe's Hill.

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

HERE AND THERE.

THIS department will ramble this month about a field which is generally considered as well-worn and barren as a pasture in the late fall. One is told one might as well talk of home rule for Ireland or universal liquor prohibition, for all the good that a further discussion of the subject will do. It is like presenting a picture of the falls of the Niagara, or the Bridge of Sighs by moonlight. We have seen representations of each a dozen times and wish to see and hear about them no longer. In the name of common sense, what is the use of playing upon a worn-out instrument, of striking up a tune so familiar as to be positively disagreeable? There is a limit to human patience and endurance. Don't transgress it.

Class politics, then, is a hoary and threadbare subject. Reformers have tried to reform it, ethical societies have tried to create an atmosphere in which only the pure species could thrive. High-minded enthusiasts have plunged into it, bound to better the evil, and bound themselves to political annihilation, Still college politics is the same old tree. The same soil nourishes the same roots, and the same trunk supports the same branches, and why should not this sameness exist? That is the point to which the attention of the kind reader is called. That is the point which the meddlesome reformer should consider before he goes revolving about like a pinwheel. He ought to know that he is utterly powerless to do anything, and a little thought ought to convince him that he should congratulate society and himself that things are as satisfactory as they are. What is the use of firing off skyrockets at midday, of dashing your head against a stone-wall, of swimming against a current that sweeps on twelve miles an hour? In other words, do be agreeable when by being disagreeable you can do no good, and regard others' strength and patience if you have no consideration for your own.

If, then, any so-called reformer can be convinced that the present status of college politics is all that is practically desirable, the purpose of this article is fulfilled, and this success will somewhat atone for reviving a subject whose requiem should be sung. In the first place, it is quite true that the machine is an important factor in an election. It is certain that votes are bartered like goods in a market. If your fraternity gives us its full support in an election, good friends will of course be remembered, a place on the ball committee may not come amiss, or if you wish to "run" a man for office next year, it makes no difference who or what he is, you have our support. Your fraternity controls nine votes, mine controls eleven, where can you do better? It is not a question of qualification for a particular office, it is a simple question of capital and interest, to be determined by business methods. To be entirely fair, it must be conceded that such transactions are quite common, and often decide elections, but why shouldn't they? It is the machine in politics, neat and effective. It is something like warfare of the future, the battle goes to him who first has his guns on the field. Foresight is rewarded, brains are

at a premium, and a fine training-ground for practical politics is secured. This last point is a strong one. Four years' familiarity with college politics is a grand basis for political activity in the outside world, an "Open Sesame" to success. It shows us how things can be done in an honest, practical, effectual way, how votes can be wheeled into line by something besides theory. Theory is all well enough to effervesce in ethical societies, prayer meetings, and on the commencement stage. Everything in its place, you know, and expediency above all.

This idea of each man's voting without regard to the benefit to his friends or himself is sheer nonsense and to hold such an idea is unqualified asininity. We owe more to our friends and ourselves than to society at large. If the electing of this man advances our own interests we are for him now and forever. It makes no difference whether he is the best man for the office or not, he is the man who will do best by us. Don't let any other consideration, any nonsense imbibed somewhere or another, or any cowardly internal remonstrance hinder us from displaying the flag of our own rights, coming out boldly on the ramparts, and waving our colors in the face of the enemy. If any cause be worth fighting for, it is our own cause. It is a miserable theory that the interest of each depends on the regard of each for the interest of all. The only safe way to do in life is to seize the advantage immediately presented and let further considerations go. The fraternities recognize this claim to some extent. At least they vote in solid phalanx for him who will give them most, and mutiny is severely reprehended. The purpose of these organizations is, of course, social, and that social harmony would be rudely broken, if any of the flock used his franchise in a non-social or independent way. It admits of no question that to be social in the highest sense, one must vote with his friend. That idea has long been implanted here, and its lusty growth is justification enough in the eyes of any reasonable being, free from prejudice and familiar with history. To conduct matters in a practical way, some member with experience must decide how the flock had best vote, and for the sake of the rest each man buries any personal preference or opinion, and marches to the polls with a clear conscience and a delightful sense of duty done.

To be thoroughly practical also, the man must seek the office, not the office the man, he must exert himself to convince voters that their franchise should be used for his advancement. He must courageously appeal to his friends to remember him on the great day, he must throw his line where the fish lie thickest. He must carefully plan how he can dispose of the promises at his command so as to bring in the greatest return. If he wins he has a right to congratulate himself that his popularity was so great, or in other words that his planning was so effective. He is the best man in the class for the position, for the class has declared so unequivocally at the polls. It is a great victory, a glorious triumph. In future years when for many of his class the last roll will have been called, his mind will wander back to his college days and in the golden haze of memory will linger 'mid the dear old scenes in which his youthful vigor and determination gave him such a part. Taken in the broader range of a life's work a political victory then was a small thing, but it was a beginning; and the apprenticeship then started led up to the attainments of the master-workman in politics.

Instead, then, of trying to eradicate what is fundamental, and instead of standing out against a system that is practical and has the proud seal of history, why not continue to view with splendid complacency the existing order of the political sphere, so well-fitted to our needs and such an honor to the present classes at Cornell? Steeped as we are in theory, let us in class politics at least be practical or nothing. The reformer may cry out: vote for that man, he represents an idea, but we will thunder back: we vote for this man, he stands for his constituency.

THE MONTH.

THE various student organizations and associations have been unusually busy this month. The Natural History Society has had two meetings at one of which, October 13, Professor Wilder delivered an address on "Recollections of Agassiz." On October 27, the subject for discussion was the convention recently held at Rochester by the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Classical Association held its first meeting of the year October 27. All who were present can testify to its success.

The History and Political Science Association met October 18. Professor Ross discussed "The Spirit of Reform." Officers for the year were then elected.

Mrs. C. M. Tyler gave a concert at Barnes Hall for the benefit of the Cornell Ward in the Hospital. She was assisted by Miss Fernow and Mr. Egbert, both of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music.

An important event in Cornell's history occurs between the time this page is written and the time it reaches the reader. The new President is to be formally inaugurated on the eleventh of this month.

The Law School is to be congratulated on the addition just made to its library; the Moak collection, presented to the University by Mrs. Boardman and Mrs. G. R. Williams, widow and daughter of the late Hon. Douglas Boardman.

The national election has precipitated much discussion of the subject of "Venal Voting." Students have had ample opportunity to consider the matter, for it has been studied by the Ethical Society, the class in ethics and the Fortnightly Club.

Members of the Freshman class who succeeded in obtaining University Scholarships are the following: C. D. Bachus, W. L. Benitz, Miss H. S. Gray, J. H. Lance, W. MacIntosh, F. E. Moyer, A. Reinke, J. H. Smith, Miss A. M. Southworth. Vacant Fellowships have been filled as follows: Mr. L. C. Root, Fellow in Political Economy and Finance; Mr. Irons, Fellow in Philosophy and Ethics; Mr. A. A. Bird, Fellow in American History; Mr. E. D. Wright, Fellow in Greek and Latin. The University Scholarships resigned by W. B. Clark, '93, of the Architectural Department, has been awarded to Mr. B. S. Hubbell of the same year and course.

Those interested in athletics, in other words, every patriotic Cornellian, can find much encouragement in recent progress. Our track and field records are not yet far past mediocrity, but every Meet has recorded the improvement of many of them. The last Fall Meet, held October 22, contributed several new records to the list. Our tennis championship was recorded in last month's MAGAZINE. The football team is now attracting all eyes. Large scores were made against minor teams; then Williams was defeated by a score of 24 to 12. On Saturday, November 5, Cornell played her second great game, the result of which has advanced her reputation many points. The reference is to the Harvard game, in which the red and white was credited with 14 points to the adversary's 20.

NEW BOOKS.

Goethe's Faust. Edited by Calvin Thomas, Professor of Germanic Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan. Volume I: The First Part. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

The latest edition to Heath's Modern Language Series deserves, for adequate review, far more space than the present writer has at his command, and a deeper previous study of the Faust poem than can be made in merely a few years. Professor Thomas's edition of Faust is certainly the most considerable enterprise in the entire series. An English edition of Faust, by an editor familiar with the criticism of Kuno Fischer and the discoveries of Erich Schmidt, has been needed for at least five years. That it has now appeared is a cause for congratulation. Understand that the present volume is far from being a mere text-book. No one need hesitate to pronounce it a genuine addition to our Faust Literature. And be it noted that a comparison of the work under discussion with a very similar production by an Englishman, to-wit, Ward's edition of Marlowe's Dr. Faustus, will conduce very greatly to the reader's appreciation of American scholarship. From general statement to minute, the American copy of Faust is to be trusted, whereas the English Faustus teems with inaccuracy of detail, even where that very detail is the topic of discussion.

Professor Thomas insists that the student of Faust should become familiar with the entire play if he wishes to know Faust, and with the entire First Part if he wishes to know the First Part. This very evident truth is very slow in making way in this world. Is not the reason to be found in the fact that

those twin enemies of all that is sacred and self-sufficient in poetry or the drama, namely, the print shop and the grand opera, have from the beginning seized upon the First Part and played the Second? Professor Thomas promises shortly to issue the Second Part; a contribution which ought to do a great deal for American study of Faust.

The editor's purpose is announced as to be rather the presentation of a correct and carefully prepared text, compatible with the present state of Goethe scholarship, than to increase the bulk of expository work. He would prefer to help the reader understand what Faust means than to explain new crotchets into the interpretation.

The text given is that of the Weimar edition. The orthography is the classical, not the reformed. A most excellent introduction, in length about seventy-five pages of brevier, gives all that is necessary to a first study of the poem. Much could be said in praise of this introduction, if it were examined in detail. The origin of the legend is given, and its history through its four centuries of growth, down to the year 1833, when the second part was published. The writing of the First Part, scene by scene, is narrated, and the influences surrounding Goethe are explained with reference to the traces they have left in the poem. Many of the facts and views presented are here for the first time made accessible in English. An appendix contains such extracts from the Göchhausen copy as are useful for comparison, notably the scene in Auerbach's Cellar and the Prison Scene. There is added a select bibliography, comprising all the most serviceable helps to the study of Faust. If a criticism were to be advanced, it would be that there is no distinction made between the accessible and the non-accessible in Faust literature, between original editions, valued beyond estimate, antiquarian curiosities, like the *Kloster* and the *Opus Mago-cabbalisticum*, and such familiar works as Schröer's edition or the translation by Bayard Taylor. Some principle of classification would have made this bibliography far more useful. If this edition of the First Part has been needed, as is undoubtedly the case, a new American edition of the Second Part is even more a desideratum, and it is pleasant to anticipate that the task is to be performed by so able a hand.

The Eve of the French Revolution. By Edward J. Lowell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York.

No more favorite subject can be found than that of the French Revolution. Volume upon volume has detailed the Reign of Terror and that entire period of lawless strife, till the mere mention of the French Revolution calls up a picture of blood and of riot. Behind this wild scene is hidden the peaceful era directly preceding it. It is to this portion of the history of France that Mr. Lowell has this time turned his pen.

He treats his subject in a systematic, thorough manner, first discussing

the people, their sub-division into classes, their offices. Next, minutely describing Paris, the provincial towns and the country, comparing their houses, life and customs with those of to-day. Last of all he takes up the literature and authors of the period, including the works of the Philosophers and their efforts at a solution of the problem of a perfect government. In his opening study of the people, he divides them into three distinct estates or classes, "the Clergy, the Nobility, and the Commons." The Nobility he subdivides into—those wielding the power of the army, those at the head of the courts of law, and those connected with the government and the king.

His review of the life, principles and writings of Montesquien is somewhat lengthy, but not more so than such an important figure demands. He points out to what a small degree Montesquien's wisdom and advice were heeded in France during the stormy time when it would have most benefited her, while across the seas in our own land (then just forming) traces of Montesquien's maxims can be easily found in the constitution of the states. The chapters on Paris and the Provincial Towns, are perhaps the ones in which there is the lightest reading, yet were it even by the contrast this could hardly fail to be interesting. They are essentially a collection of data and anecdotes illustrating and relating the condition and every-day life of the "Third Estate," the Commons, that class including every layman not of noble blood. In a thoroughly pleasant manner he treats of the costumes, social and religious relations, domestic and public pursuits, and of the architectural points of interest in Paris, with their changes or obliteration at the present time.

No small portion of the book is devoted to the literature of the period. A detailed account of Diderot and the birth of the "Encyclopædia," Helvetius and his "De l'Esprit," Holbach and Chastellux. Rousseau's life and political writings naturally demand a chapter, and his "La Nouvelle Heloise," illustrating the novels of that era. Among the "Pamphlets" he takes up Beaumarchais' "Marriage of Figaro," produced then at the Comédie Française.

In his preface the author mentions his frequent recourse to the works of those who have written on the subjects touched upon by him. The text is filled with quotations and hardly a page lacks several foot notes acknowledging their use. It is in fact like his work, "The Hessians and the other German Auxiliaries of Great Britain in the Revolutionary War," an exhaustive authority on the subject. His language and writing are at all times so even that one reads a concise and at the same time interesting account of France before the Revolution.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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

The Eve of the French Revolution. By Edward J. Lowell.

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

Goethe's Faust. Edited by Calvin Thomas. Volume I: The First Part.

The Bible and English Prose Style: Selections and Comments. Edited, with an Introduction by Albert S. Cook.

Leaves and Flowers, or Plant Studies for Young Readers. By Mary A. Spear.

Wordsworth's Prefaces and Essays on Poetry, with Letter to Lady Beaumont. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by A. J. George, A.M.

From Ginn & Co., Boston:

Quatrevingt-Treize. By Victor Hugo. Adapted for use in schools by James Boielle, B.A.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London:

The Story of the Nations: Sicily. By Edward A. Freeman.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1892. NO. 3.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager.*

IN A DUTCH CHURCH.

FROM my student days in Holland, some dozen years ago, I carried off many reminiscences. The land of the Knickerbockers is full of surprises to an American. My own experiences, though perhaps in no way unusual, were full of interest to me, on week-day and on holiday.

A Sunday in this country has a funereal aspect, the streets and churches are thronged with people in gloomy black. At the time of the Reformation the Protestants entered into the inheritance of the Catholic cathedrals and churches. An ordinary congregation seems lost in these immense structures. Vast unoccupied spaces in the choir and transepts lie around the audience, which is grouped in the center of the nave, facing a lofty pulpit springing from the side of a column. The walls are great surfaces of white, cold and repelling. The stone floors, the wooden chairs and benches and the formal services are enough to still the warmest aspirations, and yet the people attend with the constancy of habit.

Behind them lie generations of men of faith who fought for their convictions. The freedom of the country was won in the white heat of a religious contest, and a hundred thousand martyrs died

for the faith which the nation holds. Whenever the question of national independence is associated with religious convictions, as was the case in the Greek Revolution, the national church occupies an intrenched position in the affections of the people.

In the winter every woman carries a little foot stove to church, filled with burning turf, which diffuses a faint warmth in these chilly spaces. Many of the men sit with their hats on. The communion is celebrated often in a transept, where the table is arranged in the form of a cross. The ministers and elders take their seats at the head, the influential and aged male members down the sides. When all the men have partaken, the women, who have remained seated along the walls, take their places and receive the sacrament. The one redeeming feature of the service is the music of the magnificent organs which, at times, fills the church with waves of melody, but ordinarily they are played in a slow and subdued way which gives no conception of the magnificent power which is hidden within them. The Dutch in spite of their republican spirit have always had a prevailing reverence for rank and the dignity of office. Elevated seats in the churches are set apart for government officers and city officials, for professors in the university and for the church officers.

I remember vividly my first experience in one of these churches. I accompanied a young theological student to the Pieterskerk in Leiden. As we entered the building he said, "I occupy a seat yonder, but will ask the usher to assign you a seat where you may meet several gentlemen whom you know." I was in no wise prepared for that which followed. Supposing that my friend might have some duty to perform in reading the service, as he was near the completion of his studies, I innocently acquiesced. In a moment the head-verger, in full dress suit, with white tie and gloves and baton of office, took me in charge and conducted me to the rear of the enclosed space, set apart for worship. The door was thrown open and I found myself motioned to the professors' pew. The honorable burgomaster sat across the aisle from me, who bowed as I entered. In descending grades below were the pews alloted to various officials. I seated myself on an immense stiff cushion stuffed with straw, which would not yield and which completely divorced

me from all connection with the floor. The bell ceased ringing and no one came to share my glory and my loneliness. The service began with a heavy tune, taken up from no particular point in the audience and borne on by a gradual accession of voices, singing the slow sweet music which is peculiar to the people. A clergyman, who was formerly a professor in the university of Louvain, preached with great force and ability. I noticed leaning against a pillar a half dozen long rods each surmounted by a velvet bag. At a given point in the service, six ushers took the six rods and proceeded to canvass the audience for contributions. I found some small silver pieces in my pocket and awaited my turn.

Presently the door was thrown open, the usher bowed formally to the burgomaster, the burgomaster bowed to the usher, who then extended the pole to his Excellency, who buried his arms to the elbow in the bag, bowing low at the same time. The usher then bowed to me; I answered his bow, balanced myself so as not to fall off from the cushion and thrust my arm into the bag. The usher bowed and retired. Presently, I thought I discerned another collector taking up a contribution from a part of the audience where a harvest had been already reaped. My available funds were about exhausted and I was certain that a second collection was impending. I searched again my pockets: I blush to say only a few copper coins were left. These I hastily assembled, congratulating myself that I could bury my arm out of sight and that no human soul could know the amount of the second benefaction from that dignified seat. Again the door opened, again the usher bowed to the burgomaster, who seemed prepared for the second demand, and again plunged his arm to the elbow in the bag. Again I bowed to the usher, precipitated my shower of copper and breathed deeply, feeling that the honor of the seat had been saved. I now kept a sharp lookout, anticipating that the process might be repeated, but it was not, and the service proceeded. When it was ended the burgomaster rose and bowed to me; I bowed to the burgomaster and the ordeal was over. My theological friend found me at the close of the services and we wandered around the church, looking at the gloomy monuments of illustrious men along the walls. We tarried so long that the doors were closed and we were obliged to pass out through the sexton's

house. I learned afterwards that we had thus escaped a third collection at the door for the poor. The dangers of a Dutch church cannot be overestimated.

I once witnessed a wedding at Haarlem at which I became well nigh an involuntary participant. The churches are only open at particular hours of the day, and reaching the cathedral, I found it closed. Dutch economy has, in many places, permitted the erection of a series of houses around the apse of the churches between the arms of the cross, thus disfiguring the exterior and concealing its true proportions. In one of these houses the sexton generally resides, through whose house access can always be obtained to the church. Seeing several carriages drive up to his door and the occupants alight and enter the church, I assumed that they were travelers like myself, eager to catch a hasty glimpse of the cathedral and the great organ, and depart. I followed after them and as I stood in the aisle, studying the escutcheons on the wall, the sexton approached me with great deference and asked if I was the gentleman who desired to be married. My wandering, unsettled demeanor had undoubtedly counterfeited too perfectly that of many who had undergone that ordeal in this place. I thanked him for his kind consideration, told him that I only desired to inspect the church and directed him to the others, who were making their preparations in the distance.

The people seemed to be of the plain well-to-do rural class, and the ceremony was very simple. The party took their places in two rows of chairs placed in the centre of the nave, facing each other. The young couple sat at the end, and the parents and friends of the bride and groom were ranged on either side, in descending grades, to the younger members of the family. The dominie in his gown entered, gravely saluted the young couple and the parents, and began the service. The good, fatherly old man waxed so warn with his own eloquence that I feared that his sombre depiction of the duties of the married state would deter the bridal party from completing the ceremony.

No such result, however, occurred. The bride, who was self-possessed in the beginning, gave way; the parents followed; but the dignified presence of the minister preserved

the formal decorum of the occasion, and the ceremony was duly ended by his congratulating the newly married pair and the parents, and by the sexton taking up a collection, for what conceivable purpose I can not tell. It was a time of exuberant generosity and all contributed, even to the young lads who had not enjoyed the solemnity of the occasion and whose evident purpose from the first had been to destroy the dignity of the proceeding. All now kissed the bride and each other, and the procession re-formed and left the church.

Time has healed the bitter wounds of the religious wars: the Catholic spirit of William of Orange led the way in the work of toleration, and Protestants and Romanists, Calvinists and Remonstrants, though strong in their convictions, find many points of contact. A quasi-relation between the church and the schools has been preserved, but since the passing of the law of 1878, the latter have been practically secularized, though there is still opportunity for religious exercises if the community desires. If the morning of the Lord's day is distinguished by formal and stately religious observance, the remainder of the day is devoted to social life and to the supremacy of the family circle. There is a grand release of servants and the poor from servile tasks, the streets are crowded with processions of plain burghers in their quaint old-fashioned Sunday suits and in curious country customs. The parks and public gardens are filled with people, and a sober joy prevails. The peasants, however, who throng to the town, indulge in a more extravagant gaiety. As evening comes on, they become hilarious, and rows of them with clasped hands sweep through the street executing clumsy dances.

—*Waterman Thomas Hewett.*

IN SHADOW BROOK.

Now drop your oars; along the brim
The green boughs part to let us in.
As priest that to his temple brings
A wearied soul for rest and peace,
So here, from noisy strife of things,
To favored guests you grant release.

What walls of fern ; lo, where the arch
Is over-built of beech and larch,
The sunbeams cross from side to side
As loath to leave the calm retreat,
And falling on the silent tide,
Weave mattings for your bower meet.

Too true, the maids that used to dwell
In somber wood and watery fell,
The Naiad and the Nymph, are gone ;
But their dear rights are thine, 'tis seen,
That silent-safe from cloven Faun,
Apart and lonely, here you dream.

But though you say, your goddess roves,
Through these, as through Eurota's groves,
You trust a traitor to her creeds ;
One, if her votary do not nod,
Will teach your very bower reeds
To whisper of an out-land god.

—*George W. Ward*

CORRUPTION IN COLLEGE POLITICS.

WHEN our scholarly ex-President, Andrew D. White, came down last fall from the quiet college town of Ithaca and delivered an impassioned campaign speech on the corruption of New York City politics, more than one Cornell alumnus was heard to remark that if purity in politics, like charity, should begin at home, the distinguished speaker should lose no time in hurrying back to the big campus above Cayuga Lake and getting right down to missionary work in his own flock of college boys. It is conceded by Cornell men that practically the only difference between the corruption of city politics and the methods of their college politics is that the former has a larger field for its exercise and more skillful manipulators, the latter difference due entirely to longer experience. And what is true of Cornell in this respect is true of nearly every other American college at the present time.

It has been said that at a university where a professor is quoted as declaring that "a man who sells his vote is more to be respected than he who stays away from the polls," a curious state of political morality must soon grow up. But corrupt political practices at Cornell antedate this maxim by a good many years. It is difficult to find an alumnus who remembers when there was a different state of things, notwithstanding the superiority generally accorded to the "good old days."

There is practically not an office within the gift of the students of Cornell University that is not bought and sold.

In the first place, there is unfortunately a radical division and a more or less strong antipathy built up among all students on entering college by one portion becoming secret society men. The non-society men outnumber the society men three to one, but this difference is compensated for in a large measure by a very carefully organized electioneering society composed of men from most of the leading fraternities, which corresponds to the "machine" in city politics. The prime object of this association is to control the college elections. It has in its history scrupled at nothing from stuffing ballot-boxes to buying and trading votes. But while the "independents" (as the non-society men call themselves) have never yet been known to stuff ballot-boxes, they are equally unscrupulous and generally quite as successful as their opponents in bribing voters.

Nearly the only exception to the practice of these methods is during the first two terms of the Freshman year. But even then officers are never chosen on their merits, that being out of the question on short acquaintance. The man who has the fewest sheds of clothing left on his body at the conclusion of the annual cane rush is generally the overwhelming choice of his class. But it does not take the Freshmen long to learn the only road to success and "honors" at the hands of their classmates. At the end of the first year, when are elected the next year's Sophomore editors on the various college papers, under the sponsorship of upper classmen, (assisting only because some interest of their own is involved), the Freshmen generally show an adeptness that should win them great commendation under the maxim quoted above, for they may all be found at the polls and it is hard to find many

who are not trading in votes,—certainly none among the candidates.

The motive for this practice is very comprehensible. By the end of the Freshman year every student who is ambitious and who has had the benefit of the coaching of the more experienced upper classmen, decides what position or office he shall try for during the next three years. The political honors of the college career are, in the Sophomore year, the presidency of the class and the toastmastership of the annual banquet; in the Junior year, the presidency of the class; in the Senior year, the class presidency (the prize of the course), and two or three other class offices. Then, during the course, there are social honors, as the chairmanship of the Junior and Senior Balls; athletic honors, consisting of the managerships of the various athletic teams; and finally, and probably worst of all in point of deals, etc., the "fat" places on the college publications.

Now worth, merit, and fitness are almost always the very last things thought of in the selection of men for these places. If a man belonging to the "machine" desires such and such a place, he secures the consent of the bosses to be put in nomination and is then run by the "machine." If an independent desires a place, he gets a friend to nominate him and then goes to work to solicit votes. This disgraceful practice of personal solicitation of votes is carried to a revolting extreme, and it is almost unheard of for a candidate even to trust his friends for this—largely because his friends have axes of their own to grind. A great many candidates have a personal following of five or ten. These supporters are manipulated by the candidates "in blocks of five" or more, and are used as levers to get other votes. In short, every election begins with personal solicitation of votes, is conducted by wholesale trading, and generally is decided by bribery, the consideration being the promise of certain desirable appointments in case of success.

The extent to which this goes is shown by the fact that the manager and the editor of one of the publications not long ago were guaranteed their places two years before the election took place, on account of their successful efforts to have certain sub-editors elected to their general board who would vote for the men then

candidates for manager and editor. This is but a sample "deal." The election of Senior president often hinges on the votes controlled by men who are seeking membership on the Photograph Committee. This committee selects the class photographer, who in turn pays for his selection by photographing the committee free of charge. Candidates even go to the extent of joining the Christian Association for the sake of influencing a certain class of votes.

And so the disreputable practices go on. As a result there graduate year after year a body of men who would naturally be looked to for a manly fight against political corruption in city, state and nation, but who instead have been for four years buying, selling, trading and soliciting votes and thus deadening their moral sensibility. A little while ago a Senior, who had been prominent in every political deal during his course, became so enamored of manipulating votes and voters that he wrote in his class book of statistics as his intended life occupation that of "politician."

These being the prevailing methods at half a hundred of American colleges other than Cornell, which is only singled out as being a typical, American, modern university, it would seem on the theory that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," that future campaigns by college presidents against the corruption of great political parties could be most efficiently carried on within a short radius of their own respective studies.

This has been a disastrous year for "machine" men and "machine" methods. Is it not a ripe time for progressive Cornell to shake loose from these unmanly and demoralizing methods, make college offices college trusts and put a brand of ungentlemanliness on the soliciting and the trading of votes?

—*Clarence J. Shearn, '90.*

SUNSET.

O token of a perfect day,
  Thy brows, now lined with silvery light,
Now clad in many a golden ray,
  Give promise of the coming night.

Thou art to me, at even-tide
  The autumn of sweet summer time,
My troubled soul thou seem'st to chide,
  The gift of God, thou art sublime.

—*Elisha Morgan.*

IN TABOR.

TABOR is peopled almost entirely by Bohemians, part of the vast number of European peasants whom America has taken into its liberal arms. The way, by rail, to Tabor lies near the Atlantic shore, though only long fingers of the ocean, reaching inland from the bay, are visible from the cars. The train stops at short intervals at villages whose jaunty stations and signs, advertising summer hotels and cottages, tell of an extensive traffic in summer outings. Here and there a handsome house appears with yachts anchored in private waters, and extensive, well kept grounds. Mr. Goldergilt has a gate-keeper's lodge and a massive gate. One must reach his house by a long avenue, by the side of a creek, every turn of its banks utilized for landscape effect. On the other side of the road is a park, whose beauty consists not in old ancestral trees but in the glory of an American autumn.

We leave the train at Mr. Goldergilt's pretensious little station and must turn northward to Tabor. Rarely there appears the inquisitive head of a deer above the grey underbrush, or one may chance to see a bevy of quails cuddle in the grass. At first there are high woods, but afterwards one sees nothing but thick growths of frost-browned scrub oak and low pine in the lonely four mile drive through the game preserves.

At the corner near the school-house almost the whole village can be seen. Along the main street, the neat houses are almost

hidden by orchards; in the middle of the road, a flock of big geese mince along, and now and then some of them spread their wings in crazy flight over the ground. To the west a few granite shafts mark the cemetery, and a brown and a white church, each topped with a cross, rise against the sky, red with an October sunset. The land about seems well cultivated and it is true that the soil is not long unused among these people, who appreciate every inch of land.

It is the 16th of October, an old world holiday which the Bohemians translate into the "Bohemian Thanksgiving." The people of Tabor kill a goose or two and hold a ball in celebration of the day. The Bohemians love to dance, and they waltz well. Mr. Ed. Robinson has heard of this and has resolved to attend their harvest ball.

Mr. Robinson is one of the dozen helpers to the pompous Frenchman who acts as head coachman in Goldergilt's palatial stables. "Winnie" Kratovil, who is a day-laborer at Goldergilt's, told him of the event.

The festivities were at their height when Robinson pushed his way through the crowd at the door. Many little girls and elderly women occupied the benches around the room, and a group of little boys were looking on near the door. There were pictures on the walls—one of Ziska in armor, and one a battle scene depicting the blind King John of Bohemia at Cressy, besides some photographs of famous sculptures, evidently strays.

Many noticed Robinson as he walked about, for he was a well-favored young fellow and besides he had on a Scotch cap with streaming ribbons and plaided rim. This he wore persistently, while the other men laid aside their hats while dancing if they could find a place to put them. He found Kratovil and asked to be presented to the girls. They made their way through the crowd until they found Kratovil's sister Stasie and her friend Antonia Kara.

"Stasie, I make you acquainted with Mr. Robinson—my sister and Miss Kara, Mr. Robinson."

"Good evening, ladies," said Mr. Robinson, gallantly pulling off his cap, and then, seeing the landlord passing, he said, "aint you dry? Won't you take something? Here, Joe, bring us four sars'parillas."

The landlord, known as "Joe" in the vicinity, was postmaster, school trustee, and hotel keeper. Unlike his guests, who were dressed for the occasion, he wore corduroys and an old hat which he did not take pains to remove. He had a handsome blonde face and was stolid in appearance, almost to dignity. He bowed with decided traces of manner in acknowledgment of the order.

"Big crowd to-night," said Robinson.

"Yes, there are lots of people from outside the village, too. It's fine," said "Tonka" Kara.

"All hands says its fine," said John Hubal, joining them. He is just learning English—its idioms first, apparently.

"Joe" now arrived with the glasses and handed them around the group.

"Good house to-night, Joe," said Robinson.

"Yes, I just passed the remark to Tone Sebek—," he began at his slow rate, but Robinson was saying:

"The music is too good not to be in it. Won't you tread the mazes with me, Miss Kratovil?"

"If I will dance with you?" said Stasie.

"Yes, come on."

The dance went on. The room was filling with smoke from the bar-room. The children and old women grew tired and went home. A few women dancing with their husbands brushed against their sons and daughters in the whirl. The quadrilles were frightfully energetic. Some girls, not Bohemians, sat on the stairs and drank with their escorts and the village girls spoke scathingly of them when they chanced to be together. One of the village girls romped and talked loudly during a quadrille and the other girls thought it was not nice.

Robinson devoted himself to Stasie and Antonia Kara during his short stay, which caused some holding off by the village boys. One would hardly say that there was a flutter or any envy among the other girls. They were only dimly sensitive to any advantage.

The ball held late; toward the end the men began to sing Bohemian songs in the bar-room, stamping accompaniments. The next morning the village was early astir, and the hard-working men and women went as usual about their daily work.

(To be concluded.)

A ROMAN TRAGEDY.

THE emperor had just come from his bath. In the great atrium of the palace were assembled some fifty or sixty of the court; dandies, with togas reaching their heels, here and there a scarred and grizzled veteran, like Folco the German, and not a few of the handsome, accomplished, dissolute Roman ladies. All were talking, jesting, laughing more or less, and the air was heavy with perfume, both from unguents with which the carefully-groomed bodies of the young Romans were anointed, and from some strange stuff burning with a pungent odor, in what had once been a golden censer, swung by some priest of Baal. The emperor himself, surrounded by a little knot of men, was talking philosophy with Plotinus, the great master of Neo-Platonism.

"Surely," Plotinus was saying, "now is the time when the dream of Plato, that demigod of Philosophy, can be realized. For the time has come which he foresaw, when kings are philosophers and philosophers are kings."

"Methinks," quoth the noble Claudia, catching this remark with her Greek ear, and speaking in an aside to her beloved Terentia, "our Alexandrian is not so wise as his owlish reputation would warrant, for though the nine Muses be submissive to this our sovereign master, as they say, yet I affirm he is no king."

"Thy tongue, oh, my Claudia," replied her bosom friend "is as keen as thine ears, but it were wiser to exercise the latter, rather than say such things even of the second Caesar."

"Then were I a donkey indeed," retorted Claudia. "But doth not every one throughout the city affirm it without rebuke?"

At the far end of the room sat Pipa, the German wife whom Gallienus wedded while soldiering on the Gallic frontier. Truly Gallienus was beautiful as Apollo, tall, straight, his dark hair curling in un-Roman fashion about his broad white brows, his black eye flashing with intelligence as he spoke, though his words were suspiciously slow and quiet. But Pipa was by no means patterned after Diana, nor Venus, nor Juno, nor Minerva, though flattering courtiers had at times told her imperial husband that the resemblance was striking to each one of these. Instead, she was unmistakably German, her nationality shone from every

lock of her yellow hair and great blue eyes, and brooded in her thoughtful face. She, too, was talking philosophy, but of another kind. Her slave Judith, lying at her mistress's feet, was talking to the Empress with much modest vehemence, so much, indeed, that Folco, the gigantic cousin of the Empress, overheard, with uninterested ear, such fragments as "the true kingdom,"—"holy lives,"—and even something about "fleeing the vanities of Empires to a more holy abode."

Outside the palace, the narrow streets of Rome were strangely silent. The cries of the hawkers, the hammeriug and clattering of the artisans were stilled. The shops were closed, and the chief thoroughfares were emptied of their usual fashionable throng. The only people visible were squalid beggars and scowling shopmen, whose enforced idleness left them the time to stand in knots in the doorways and on the corners, and to rail against the government, whose inefficiency had ruined, nay, almost starved, them all.

"Was it not enough," cries Quercus, that this do-nothing emperor of ours left his worthy father to be a footstool to insolent Persia, but he must let this beggarly wretch that hath hid Gaul in the fold of his toga, stop our trade with Massilia, that the good Gaulish wine comes no more to our wharves?"

"True, O wine-merchant," replies Constans, the dealer in parchments, "and how about his indifference, when that other wretch chose to lord it over Egypt, and forbid that more papyrus should come from Alexandria?"

"Bravely do you two fat, pampered burghers talk," struck in Nactus the beggar, "but I think all this would have been tolerable had he not allowed Africa to revolt, but now when your shops are shut up for the lack of wines and papyrus, for me indeed, look you, my mouth must be closed for want of food to put in it."

Such was the angry talk through all Rome, and had the Romans possessed their old-time spirit, the empire of Gallienus would have been short indeed. But what could you expect? The old Romans were the beggars, the proletariat of the city, now, the middle classes were a motley and timid conglomerate of Greeks, Jews, Syrians, Moors, anything but bold and warlike citizens, and the Praetorian Guards held the queen of the world in their grasp, as a lion holds her victim under one mighty paw.

There were some even in the Guard who were dissatisfied, such as Aristo the Thracian, and Maurus the Spaniard, not content to be simple captains of foot in the midst of inglorious peace, but longing for war and bustle and great campaigns, wherein they, like so many another soldier of fortune before them and after them, too—might lay hold upon almost anything even to the imperial dignity. But on the whole, great content filled the Praetorians. Most of them were old warriors who had seen many a hard fight and wearying march, and were by no means disposed to exchange the certainty of present comfort and plenty for the possibility of a not very desirable power. Those who asserted,—and they were all Rome,—that Gallienus was no Emperor, might have gained a contrary opinion if they had paused to consider how careful he was to maintain his old soldiers in luxury while seemingly quite willing that Rome should starve.

Suddenly through the stony streets of Rome came galloping a courier on a horse whose heavy breathing and foaming, bloody flanks showed him at the last stage of endurance. The citizens tunred curiously to gaze after him, then leaned once more their idle backs against the wall.

"I wonder what province," said Quercus, "has revolted now."

"Indeed," said Constans, "you jest, good Quercus. Do you forget there is no province but has already revolted?"

"No doubt," cried the beggar quizzically, "since he is in such haste, it must be startling news. Perhaps the gladiators from Mantua will not reach here in time for the approaching games. Or even, who knows, some province may have revolted back again to our most great Emperor. Revolutions are so stupid sometimes!"

And they were all wrong.

Dashing through the streets to the palace, the courier threw himself from his horse, crying, "The Emperor! I have pressing news for the Emperor!" and so rushed in where the grave Plotinus was just remarking, as he stroked his white beard, "But here is the whole Campagna practically deserted. It is a time of profound peace. What, then, is easier than to lay at last the foundations of the perfect state?"

And a rude interruption it was to this placid discourse when the stumbling messenger burst in to cry, "The Emperor! Where is the Emperor?"

"The Emperor," said Gallienus, with that dignity which became him so well, "the Emperor is here."

"O Gallienus," cried the messenger, "the wolf of Rhaetia has invaded Italy and possessed him of all the valley of the Po. Already when the prefect of Aquileia sent me flying from his gates to bring the news, the banners of Lupus were visible on the horizon, approaching the siege of the city. Hotly I have ridden; no horse whose back I have bestrode will ever post again. The wind from out the Rhaetian mountains chased at my heels, but I beat the very north wind. The sun set as I crossed the Apennines, and as I galloped down the black passes of Etruria, the moon uprising on my left began a mad race with me through the tops of the pine trees. But her, too, goddess though she be, I have wearied and left behind; day dawned, and still I was riding, and now behold me, O Emperor of the Romans, in less than thirty hours I have brought thee the tidings from Aquileia, nor have I eaten since I began my ride."

"Ill news speeds fast, as we all know," said Gallienus, smiling, and apparently unmoved, "but your faithfulness and zeal shall not go unrewarded. For the present, let Chærillus, most trusty of stewards, set before you the best that is made ready for the Emperor. And now," said Gallienus, turning to the white and panic-stricken crowd of courtiers, "now, we will fight."

"Hail to the day!" roared Folco, the German, raising his huge bulk from the floor and shaking his red mane with savage pleasure. "Now shall we see the old days of war again. Leave peace and the distaff to the Roman girls, the soldier loves naught like a red sword and a hard fight!"

And Pipa sprang from her seat at the end of the room, those brooding eyes gleaming with the same Germanic battle-fire, and came quickly forward, crying, "How soon shall we march upon them, my Gallienus?"

"Thou shalt stay safe in Rome until I drive this lean Wolf back to his hole in the rocks," said Gallienus, laughing; "but before the third day we shall be on the march, shall we not, old Folco?"

There is no need to relate in detail the doings of Gallienus in the next few days. What student in history is not familiar with

his ringing speech to the Praetorians, "O favored legions of the house of Valerian," with the swift assembling of veterans from all over Italy, the march northward, the fight beyond the Apennines, where the Praetorians once more approved their valor and devotion to the imperial house; the rout of Lupus, and his investment in Aquileia by the emperor, whose genius for war was quite as great as his inclination to indolence?

The conversation of the Empress that night with her slave, Judith, may not be so well known. Indeed, but for the Abbey of Luke Regillus, with its chronicles of Maxentia, the Founder, we might know nothing whatever of it.

"My mistress," said Judith, "now you behold the perils and reversals of worldly power. To-morrow our beloved emperor may be defeated and slain, and we, poor weaklings, at the mercy of the foe."

"All men must meet death," said the empress. "My father died in battle, and my brothers, and gloriously, too. Bravely did they go to Valhalla. But what dost thou know of glory?"

"Glory is a snare of the evil one," said Judith, shaking her head mournfully.

"And my mother was there when they fought, and when the Suevi conquered, and my father fell, she killed herself with a sword rather than see the defeat of our people. Would that Gallienus would let me go with him. I love to see the troops marching, and hear the clash of arms, and see the fierce battle. It would be going again to my homeland!"

"Nay, my mistress," cried Judith, "but what would a woman in battle? Let us rather make ready to flee to refuge till the danger is past. We can go to my sister, who with other holy maidens is living a life consecrated to God, in a secluded spot not far from Rome."

"I *will* go with the army against this Wolf," cried Pipa, suddenly, stamping her foot. "Would that Folco was not departing with the emperor. But we will follow, when they have gone, and come up with the army when it is upon the march. Come, devise how we may do it. We shall take the boy, Glaucon, with us."

And though, as she said, half the inhabitants of Italy were turned bandits upon the countryside, yet Judith, with all her re-

monstrances, could not shake the imperial will. The haste of preparation in the palace, therefore, was hardly less breathless, albeit secret, than that in the camp of the Praetorian Guards. Poor Judith! She was not a coward, her simple religious faith upheld her, but this seemed to her a most needless rushing into danger. She watched the excited eagerness of her mistress with the wonder of an alien mind. How could her Jewish blood and Christian training enable her to understand the hawk-like wildness, the longing for freedom, the love of war and brave deeds that coursed the veins of Pipa, the German and pagan?

Alas, the fears of the handmaid were not yet at height. When the departure of the army in mid afternoon made it seem necessary to the Empress to set out at nightfall, poor Judith felt the limit of endurance was nigh. Even the page by no means enjoyed the adventure. He liked, it is true, to straddle a war-horse, grasp a sword and shield, and think by the Manes of his forefathers that fell at Marathon he was a soldier, but nevertheless, the attendant upon women felt the cold chills creep down his back as the three rode out of Rome into the wild streets of Etruria.

For an hour or two they rode rapidly on, veiled in darkness, and unchallenged. The Greek felt his courage rising with every leap of his big horse, and riding close to the others, he said, "I would I might be a soldier, always to be fighting manfully in the fresh air of the forests and mountains. I am tired of the palace."

"Why, Glaucon," said Judith, "you would not really like to kill men like the gladiators?"

"No indeed," quoth the boy, "but like a soldier, as Alexander killed the Persians at the Granicus."

"Thou shalt be a soldier, Glaucon," said the Empress, "but will you not be my soldier? what should I do now, but for your brave help? Though truly," she added, with a touch of compunction for this unlimited flattery, "I too can strike with a sword."

So riding and talking, they were many a mile from Rome when the moon rose among the peaks of the Apennines. Then their perils and difficulties began. We cannot stop to follow the adventurous Empress through all the haps and mishaps related so faithfully in the "Chronicles of the Founder." Once, challenged

by bandits, they galloped by, unharmed by the javelins that sung after them. And again, armed men springing from the woods into the road before them, they turned perforce into the forest on the other hand, and though they escaped the brigands, yet they had much trouble to find the Salarian Way again, and were delayed several hours.

Thus it happened that though they rode sturdily and steadily, and the army was afoot, they did not come up till the fight was over, and Lupus fleeing into Aquileia.

That night Gallienus was pacing his tent impatiently, much provoked by his wife's arrival in camp. As for Pipa, she leaned wearily on her elbow by the fire, for it was chill that autumn night, and resolutely refused to think of going away.

"But if the war should turn against me—if I should be slain," said Gallienus.

"I can die as bravely as my husband," said Pipa.

There was a sudden clamor without. The emperor paused, his eyes gleamed, he listened. Then a man accosted the sentinel before the tent, and the next instant Aristo the Thracian rushed in, crying, "They have rallied as I warned you." "My sword, page," said Gallienus, in a voice that shook with excitement though it strove to be calm. "Hark!" says Aristo, "that's Folco's voice crying they have the best, and ours are giving way." "My horse!" cries Gallienus, and springing on his unsaddled steed, he rode away, unhelmeted and bucklerless, shaking his sword at the darkness, and shouting to his men to stand firm. In an instant the traitors who had given the false alarm gathered around him. "Die! tyrant!" cried Aristo, striking him in the back. "Down with him!" cried Maurus the Spaniard, striking his last blow as huge Folco came rushing to the rescue, and the conspirators were scattered right and left.

It was too late for the reckless Gallienus. As Aristo spurred away to the gates of Aquileia to report to Lupus the success of their plot, Folco carried the dying emperor into his tent. But there Gallienus atoned for the slothful indifference of his life by naming as his successor that brave officer Claudius, called in history the Gothic Claudius because of his repelling the first invasion of the Goths, two years later. Nor did it help Lupus.

Claudius and the maddened Praetorians made short work of Lupus, and Aristo, and Aquileia, and avenged their beloved leader.

Thus, then, the Roman tragedy played out its last act. If I must give a glance after the falling of the curtain, to see what became of Pipa, I must confess that the "Chronicles of the Founder," do not say she died as did her brave mother, striking her tender breast with the sword she wore in her daring ride from Rome, but that she and Judith entered the retirement of Maxentia and her holy maidens, and died at last, a pious Christian, by the classic Lake Regillus. But I like to think that that part of the story is fabricated, and that she died on the body of her emperor.

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

A TALE OF RED SHOES.

"THERE'S a strikingly pretty girl, Harry."

"Striking, at any rate."

It was the height of the fashionable season at Lake Chautauqua. The speakers, two young men, had just stepped from a steamer upon the Kent House dock at Lakewood, and were waiting for one of the bustling porters to take their baggage checks. A short distance away, upon a low seat along the side of the long dock, sat a young woman composedly watching the throng pressing about the gang-ways of the boat. Her features were not regular enough to be called handsome, but her face was undeniably pretty and her expression piquant. A dress entirely of black intensified the effect of a very fair complexion and blonde hair. The only lively bit of color about her costume showed itself where a pair of fire-red shoes peeped from beneath her gown.

It was this bit of femininity that had called forth the comments of our two young men. As they spoke, the subject of their remarks calmly arose and walked slowly away toward the hotel, the swaying of her dress as she made her way over the uneven boards displaying occasionally meteor-like glimpses of her scarlet footgear.

The two young men followed her with their glances for an instant, and then turned to give directions concerning their baggage. A few minutes later they stood in the presence of the genial clerk of the Kent House, and if anyone had looked over the shoulder of the one of the twain called Harry, he would have seen him inscribe upon the register the names of Harold Forsythe and Leland Wilkes, of Cleveland.

As they passed along one of the corridors leading to the room assigned to them, a quick rustle of skirts was followed by the hasty exit, from one of the smaller parlors, of the young woman who had attracted their attention a few minutes before. At the same time an agitation of the curtains covering a side entrance to the parlor showed that more than one person had just left the room.

"We seem to have interrupted a tête-à-tête of some kind," said Wilkes laughing, as the owner of the red shoes disappeared down a side corridor. "At any rate we know that our friend of the dock is under the same roof with us."

Half an hour later our two friends sat down to dinner. Scarcely had the first plates been removed when Wilkes touched Forsythe and said eagerly :

"Here she comes now."

"To what particular she are you referring?" asked the young man addressed, smiling; for the susceptibility of his friend to a pretty face was one of his pet sources of amusement.

"The one with the red shoes," replied Wilkes, "and by Jove, she's coming right to our table."

Sure enough, the unconscious object of their remarks, attended by a lady of middle age, took her seat at the table, directly opposite our two friends. The latter, especially Wilkes, improved the opportunity to get a closer view of the young woman whom they now met for the third time within the hour. There was no doubt about it. She was a very pretty girl. The older woman with her, a dark brunette, made a most effective foil for the blonde beauty. Evidently they were not mother and child, for they were unlike in every feature.

Wilkes lingered over his dinner, and succeeded in prolonging their stay at the table until their fair neighbor had finished and

retired. Then he arose, so intent on his purpose that he would have forgotten the waiter, but for a pronounced cough from that functionary.

"I am going to get an introduction to that girl," said he.

"That's right, Lee," said Forsythe encouragingly, "that's right. There's boldness of conception, quickness of decision, for you. I'll back you against any strategist in Christendom in laying plans for a campaign of that sort. Won't you take a cigar and a stroll and let me learn the art of flirtation from the fountain-head?"

Wilkes excused himself, saying he wanted to do some unpacking, and Forsythe went out alone. When he returned an hour later, it was fast growing dusk, and the big summer hotel was aglow with electricity. The first sight that met his eyes as he looked over the pillared ball-room was his gallant friend occupying one half of a corner seat; and who should be snugly ensconced in the other but—the girl with red shoes!

"Well, if he isn't the most energetic youngster I ever knew," Forsythe muttered, as his eyes fell upon the pair. A moment later they arose, and as the strains of a two-step polka proceeded from the orchestra, they came toward him with the peculiarly rapid glide of that popular measure. As they passed, Wilkes recognized his friend with a nod and meaning glance, and immediately after devoted himself again to his partner.

Forsythe watched them for a moment, as they gracefully threaded their way among the dancers, and then turned to go to his room. As he did so, he noticed the brunette woman whom they had met at dinner, standing almost by his side and regarding the same pair with a peculiar smile.

An hour later Wilkes entered the room, whistling cheerily, and deposited himself upon the couch.

"You seem to have made commendable haste in carrying out your resolution," observed Forsythe, laying down the cigarette with which he had been assisting his thoughts, and looking inquiringly toward Wilkes. "Are the charms of tbe girl with red shoes as potent at short range?"

"I tell you, Harry, it is better to be born lucky than rich. Just after you left, I strolled out into the office and whom should

I meet but Mr. Gerry, my father's former partner. He is here with his wife and daughter. Of course I was delighted to meet the old gentleman, and after we had talked a bit I saw our two neighbors at dinner enter the ball-room. I asked Mr. Gerry if he knew them, and he said he did. As good luck would have it, his wife and daughter were up to Chautauqua attending a concert, and so I didn't have to amuse them. He introduced me. Their names are Ralton and the older one is a step-mother of the girl. They are from Toronto and this is their first season here."

Wilkes scarcely paused for breath as he rattled off this account of the chance that had led to his meeting with the object of their afternoon rencounters.

"You have made good progress in the statistics of the case," answered Forsythe. "And Miss Ralton herself? She is interesting to judge from your rapt attention."

"She is the most entertaining girl I ever met," said Wilkes enthusiastically. "I enjoyed my conversation with her more than I have anything of the kind for a month. She is well-read, has traveled a good deal, and can talk to the top of your bent upon any subject. And she dances like an angel."

"I am anxious to become acquainted with this latest paragon of yours," answered Forsythe lightly. "But remember that Miss Gould you met down at Cape May, and don't lose your head even if you must lose your heart. I'm going to bed."

Evidently Wilkes's Cape May experience was one it did not please him to recall, for he looked embarrassed, flushed, and turned away in a vexed manner.

"You were taken in by her just as much as I was," said he, half defiantly.

But Harry only laughed, and began to pull off his shoes. Wilkes, tired with the day's travel, needed no urging to follow his companion's example, and both were soon asleep.

The next morning they met the Raltons again at breakfast, and Wilkes introduced his friend. Harry, being several years older than Leland, had great confidence in the superiority of his own judgment, but before they arose from the table he was forced to admit that Miss Ralton, for *verve* and vivacity, had few equals among his acquaintances. If anything, he felt she was too

bright, for several times he found himself at a loss to parry her thrusts, although he was a young man who prided himself upon his powers of repartee.

"Lee, your new acquaintance *is* an entertaining girl. For once you were right. I've half a mind to cut you out myself, just for amusement."

"'For once.' Well, I like that. Didn't know I was a connoisseur in that line, did you? You have my permission to cut me out. I should like to get some points on your methods."

The above observations passed between the young men when they were again alone. Heroes at a summer resort, very rarely discuss the tariff or projects for social reformation; and heroines are prone to lay stress upon beaux and pretty gowns. And all of this corresponds with the eternal fitness of things.

Now it happened that Forsythe was compelled to go to Jamestown that afternoon to make a few necessary purchases. Having a slight headache as he started back, he determined to return to Lakewood by steamer, hoping that a short lake-ride would banish this annoyance.

The motion of the boat seemed to increase his dizziness, instead, and he was forced to take refuge upon a couch at the rear of one of the cabins. He dozed a little occasionally, and as he was drifting back to sensibility from one of these nodding spells, he became conscious of voices near him. As he lazily opened his eyes they fell upon a large mirror at the other end of the cabin. Reflected in this, through the windows opening upon the stern, just above his head, he saw the figures of a man and woman engaged in earnest conversation. As he looked, the woman turned so that her face was plainly visible in the glass, and Forsythe recognized the features of Miss Ralton.

With an indolent curiosity he watched the two. They were in the stern, not five feet back of him, and separated only by a partition and the open window beneath which he was lying. He could even hear the murmur of their voices, but the swish of the propeller prevented a word from being intelligible. From the pantomime reflected in the mirror, Miss Ralton was evidently rebuking her companion, and he, a dark featured, rather good-looking young man, was fully defending himself. Forsythe even

noticed that his black heavy eye-brows met in a straight line across his forehead, and lazily remembered having heard that people marked like that were born to be drowned.

Finally Miss Ralton made a gesture of dismissal and the dark man turned to go. Just at that instant the screw stopped beating, as the steamer approached the Greenbush landing, and in the comparative silence that followed Forsythe was sure he heard Miss Ralton say:

"And don't try to speak with me in the hotel again. Some one might see us together there."

A moment later he saw them, through the cabin window, passing forward on opposite sides of the boat.

That last speech of Miss Ralton had thoroughly aroused Forsythe's curiosity. He thought he held in his hands the clue to a romance in which the girl with the red shoes was to be the heroine. Already he began to plot for further revelations. He was quite delighted with the chance that had led him aboard the steamer. His headache seemed to vanish.

He determined to keep his eye upon the two, and, as they were nearing the Lakewood dock he arose from the couch. But he did not wish Miss Ralton to know that he was aboard the boat. So he carefully kept out of sight until the steamer stopped. Then from the lower cabin, he watched those getting off. He noticed that Miss Ralton and her companion of a few minutes before stepped up the gang-plank some distance apart and without the slightest sign of recognition. He followed at a safe distance. Miss Ralton went directly to the hotel. The dark man did the same a few mintes after, and when Forsythe entered, half a minute later, he was nowhere to be seen.

Forsythe concluded to say nothing to Wilkes of this afternoon's adventure.

That evening, as he stepped into the ball-room, determined to have a dance and a talk with Miss Ralton as the first part of his plan, he received a shock. He glanced at the musicians as he passed, and then—no, it couldn't be—yes, it was, undoubtedly, the man whom he had seen with Miss Ralton on the boat, calmly tuning a violin as if he had never done anything else!

Forsythe was simply stunned. Here was a romance, with a ven-

geance! He cast his eye about the room. Miss Ralton had not yet come down. He grew exceedingly puzzled. What a girl of Miss Ralton's wit and beauty could have in common with one of a band of half-itinerant musicians, he could not understand. But any rate here was an interesting problem for him to solve, and Harold Forsythe was never so intent as when engaged upon something that promised mystery and surprise.

A few minutes later Miss Ralton appeared, escorted by the attentive Wilkes, and Harry foresaw it would be some time before he should get an opportunity to say much to the object of his newly awakened interest. He closely observed the violinist and fancied that once or twice he detected him following his fair conferee of the afternoon about the room with his eyes. But he was not sure, and if there was any attention on the part of the musician it was very guardedly given.

Harry crossed over to where Miss Gerry and her mother had entered. The younger lady and himself were soon among the waltzers, while he led the conversation toward the subject of their fellow guest.

"Do you find many old friends here, this evening?"

"Not many, until this week. They are beginning to come in, though. We came rather early."

"And your new acquaintances? Are there any celebrities or curiosities among them? You know I am going to write a book and want to get some character studies for it."

"And so you expect me to catalogue my friends' traits for your inspection and cold blooded analysis, do you? Isn't that rather too much?"

"Not a bit of it. I have half a notion to put you in as heroine, and you know heroines always are able to form critical judgments of people at first sight. Won't you give me an opportunity to pass upon your qualification in that line?"

"Well, there's Mr. Keene. He is worth two millions."

"Only two millions! They are getting to be as common as counts. We won't consider him."

"And Mr. Gray, of last year's Harvard football team."

"He may be valuable. Not a bad idea to work a good football team into the story."

"There's Miss Ralton, dancing with Lee over there. She is another bright and particular star."

"Do you class her among the celebrities or the curiosities may I ask?"

"Well, I hardly know. Among the conumdrums, perhaps. She has been here about a week. No one seems to know anything about her, except that she is registered from Toronto; but she is a great favorite with all the dancing men." And Miss Gerry threw just the faintest suspicion of a scornful accent upon the word "dancing."

"What part would you assign to her in my story? A princess in disguise, or an adventuress to be unmasked?"

"You must investigate for yourself. I should dislike above all things to rob you of the credit of a discovery."

"Well, I believe I will take your advice. If I get into any trouble, may the consequences be upon your head," said Harry as he escorted his companion to a seat. "Thank you."

"Be sure that your investigations are conducted upon scientific lines and wholly with a view to literary improvement, then," replied she, half mockingly, as he excused himself.

A few minutes later he was guiding Miss Ralton through the opening measures of a waltz. He purposely passed near the orchestra.

"I may as well begin at once," thought he, and he said aloud:

"Have you never wondered what are the thoughts of the musicians who play while others dance? Do you suppose they enjoy the gay scene they look upon, very much?" He was observing her keenly.

She answered without much apparent interest.

"I don't know. I suppose it depends upon their mood. A lover of music must enjoy rhythmical motion, and surely light and gaiety are not unpleasant."

A failure. He tried again.

"I have often thought that a man who could draw forth true melody from a royal instrument like the violin must have that in his soul which raised him above the feelings and passions of the many, even though his station were lowly."

"If she has a spark of feeling *that* ought to touch her," thought he complacently.

Not an eyelash quivered. He might as well have made a remark about the weather or Jupiter's moons, so far as exciting any emotion in Miss Ralton was concerned.

"That may be true of the genuine masters of the art," she replied, "but scarcely, I should think, of men who play in orchestras like this one." And she gave a glance and a nod toward the players, in which not a suspicion of tenderness could be construed.

Not only another failure, but a gratuitous slap in the face for his romantic theory.

Harry was piqued at this resolute defence. He was almost ready to think himself mistaken. He made a more direct attack.

"Have you noticed that young man in the orchestra with the heavy brows straight across his forehead? His face seems to show an intelligence and sympathy far above a traveling musician." His eyes never left her face.

He thought he felt her start, and her eyes flashed up to meet his with a suddenness that took him off his guard. He was forced to look away to keep from coloring up, himself. She glanced carelessly toward the musicians and answered, just a little haughtily:

"I had not noticed the player you speak of. His face doesn't seem to be remarkable except for the heavy brows. I dislike those."

Harry was satisfied for the present with the slight victory he had gained. He did not wish to make himself distrusted, so he pursued the subject no further. The waltz soon ended and he restored Miss Ralton to her chaperone.

"Well, what were the results of your investigation, Sir Author?" asked Miss Gerry when they met a little later.

"Does Miss Ralton always wear red shoes?" was the extremely irrelevant answer.

"I think so. That is a fad of hers to which she religiously adheres. Dancing, tennis, boating and promenading—all in red shoes."

"That rescues her from oblivion. Decidedly she shall have a place in the tale I shall write."

Harry did not communicate his suspicions or their partial confirmation to Wilkes that night, although the latter was again loud in his praises of Miss Ralton. He simply assented to the eulogies of his friend, and went to bed.

During the next two weeks he saw a great deal of Miss Ralton. She and Lee beat Miss Gerry and himself so badly at tennis that the latter pair were fain to confess that they "didn't know the game." There were straw-rides, and yacht-rides, and coaching parties, and germans, and in all of them Miss Ralton was a central figure, with Lee usually as her chief aider and abettor.

That young gentleman was becoming very attentive to the fair Canadian. He took her out after water-lilies, and was not discouraged though he blistered his hands, and sunburned his face, and covered his clothes with black ooze, so long as he actually returned with a few sickly buds. He manfully took a drenching by standing on the bow of the yacht in a stiff breeze, that he might find favor in her eyes as a brave sailor. And it was a proud day for him when he had the pleasure of holding a parasol over his divinity as they perched upon the rear boot of the tally-ho and bowled merrily through the country towns.

He even attended her upon one or two shopping expeditions to Jamestown, which made Forsythe, who had theories about such matters, say, with a grave shake of the head:

"I'm afraid he is pretty far gone."

But when he took to writing poetry, and bothered Forsythe to give him some rhyme for Alice (Miss Ralton's Christian name) other than "malice" and "chalice," Harry thought it was time to call a halt.

"Say, Lee," said he, "let me give you a valuable aud instructive pointer. If you want to keep in the good graces of anyone, you don't want to let her see any of your poetry. There are some things which even the warmest affection cannot forgive."

And though Lee was disposed to feel aggrieved at this, he accepted the advice so far as to restrict his Muse to a few short sonnets upon very indifferent subjects.

One afternoon Forsythe strolled up toward the point to find a quiet place where he might read and meditate. A comfortable seat, fixed well up in the branches of a tree near the shore, caught his eye.

"Just the place," thought he, and a moment later he was comfortably ensconced among the leaves. His book was not very interesting, and he soon shut it up and began to muse and day-

dream. His rapidly rising air-castles were tumbled to earth again by a step under the tree. He glanced down and saw Miss Ralton. She was looking carefully about as if to be sure of no intruders, and then quickly seating herself upon the ground she began to unlace a shoe.

"She isn't going in wading, is she?" thought Forsythe in some astonishment.

But as he watched his surprise increased. Slipping it off, she turned the little scarlet shoe sole upward and deliberately began to unscrew the heel. After a few turns she thrust a finger into the space thus made between the heel and sole, and seemed to be arranging something there. A moment later the heel and shoe were replaced, and their owner, arising, looked carefully about in every direction except overhead, to assure herself that she had been unobserved.

Forsythe watched her as she made her way back toward the hotel, until she was out of sight among the trees. Then, making certain there was no one in eye-shot, he descended from the tree, and by another route returned to his quarters.

"I've evidently seen you doing some things you wouldn't want other people to know, Miss Ralton," said he to himself.

He had been disappointed that there were no further "developments" between the violinist and Miss Ralton. With the exception of the start and glance he had surprised from her that first night, he had been unable to discover the slightest relation between them. And now this new mystery. Decidedly, Miss Ralton *was* a "conundrum."

The next afternoon, as Harry was dressing for dinner, Lee rushed into the room, in some excitement.

"Say, you keep your valuables locked up, don't you?"

"Why, yes, most of the time. What's the matter?"

"Matter? Mr. Gerry was telling me just now that he had lost that big diamond pin the firm gave him when he retired from business. He is positive that some one in the house has taken it, as he has not worn it for a couple of days and his room has been unlocked all the day time. The house is having a search made for it on the quiet. They suspect some of the musicians of knowing about its disappearance, and of course they don't want the

rest of the guests to hear of the theft, at least until the jewel is recovered and the thief punished."

"And that stone was such a beauty, too! It will be a shame if Mr. Gerry loses it. Of course there are detectives in the house?"

"I suppose so. But if you are ready, come down to dinner. We want to get an early start for that yacht ride to Chautauqua."

Harry did a great deal of thinking during that dinner, and was correspondingly quiet. So quiet was he, in fact, that he was rallied about it and was too abstracted to even attempt to defend himself, a forbearance still more unusual. A suspicion he would not permit himself to put in words tormented his mind, and made him averse to conversation or society.

The party had chartered a steam yacht to take them up to Chautauqua that evening, where they were to hear a concert and then return in the same way by moonlight.

A little before seven they started and merriment reigned supreme. Miss Ralton and Wilkes were in high feather, and kept the party in an uproar of laughter by their sallies. Harry's gloomy thoughts gradually gave way to the prevailing spirit of mirth, and before Chautauqua was reached he became himself again.

The concert was delightful, the encores were well responded to, and when ten o'clock chimed from the clock-tower the yacht load started for home in the best of spirits. The ride down the lake by moonlight was in nowise calculated to diminish the pleasure of the party, and when the yacht puffed up alongside of the Kent House wharf, Lee's declaration that he had had the best time in his life was received with rapturous applause.

As they stepped off the dock a cry came from Miss Ralton, who had slipped, caught her foot between two planks and fallen, severely spraining her ankle. The pain was so intense that she fainted and lay white and helpless in a little heap upon the ground.

Great confusion arose. Some of the girls cried out, and one or two of the men started at once for help.

"Take off her shoe," said the mother of one of the girls, who had been with the party.

Wilkes knelt and tried to unfasten the red shoe-laces.

"Cut them," said some one, and a knife was handed him.

In a moment the shoe was off, and then six of the men made a stretcher of their hands and bore her carefully up to the hotel. In the bustle about the parlor in which she was placed, and before Mrs. Ralton had arrived, Forsythe pulled Wilkes by the sleeve.

"Come up stairs at once," said he.

Wilkes was about to demur, but the expression on his friend's face forbade it. Without a word he followed. Not a syllable escaped Harry's lips until they were behind the bolted door of their own room.

"You have that shoe with you?" asked he peremptorily.

Lee drew it from his pocket.

"Let me take it."

With a questioning air he obeyed.

Forsythe turned it toward the light, gave a quick twist to the heel, which yielded, and rapidly unscrewed it from the sole. As he did so, something wrapped in white paper fell upon the floor and was eagerly seized by Forsythe.

His nervous fingers unrolled it, and held up before the eyes of the stupefied Wilkes a something which glistened and glittered in the light like a point of fire.

"Wh-wh-a-at is that?" stammered Lee, utterly dumbfounded.

"Mr. Gerry's diamond," answered Forsythe in a suppressed tone. "Keep cool, for Heaven's sake." For Lee looked as if about to faint or cry out.

Instead, he sank upon the bed and watched Forsythe breathlessly.

The latter rapidly tore a button from his shoe, wrapped it up in the paper from which he had taken the diamond, and thrust it back into the cavity in the shoe-heel. A few turns of the hand and the heel was again to all appearance an integral part of the shoe.

Scarcely was this done when there came a knock at the door. Harry answered it. It was Mrs. Ralton, polite, but evidently anxious.

"Pardon me for disturbing you; but did either of you gentlemen take care of my daughter's shoe when it was taken off?

"It is here. I am sorry to have troubled you to come for it. Miss Ralton is better, is she not?

Forsythe wondered at the calmness with which he spoke these words.

"Yes, she is much better. Thank you."

And the worthy lady expressed in her tone a relief that was not wholly due to the recovery of her step-daughter.

When her steps were out of hearing, Wilkes raised his head.

"Harry, what does this mean? How came that stone there? You don't mean that she—"

He stopped, fearful of having said too much.

"Lee, it means just this. Now keep calm." And as briefly as possible he told him of the acts that had roused his suspicions and led to the discovery.

Wilkes buried his face in his hands. Then he raised it again with a cry.

"Harry, Mrs. Ralton has my check for a thousand dollars. I gave it to her this afternoon because she had trouble in getting checks on Canadian banks cashed here, and she gave me in return a draft upon the Bank of Toronto. It isn't worth the paper it is written upon. Is the telegraph office open?

And he made a bolt for the door.

Harry stopped him.

"What time did you give it to her?

"About five o'clock."

"Well, she didn't cash it to-day, then, for the banks close at four, and she won't have another opportunity until to-morrow. I have a better plan than stopping payment on it. Sit down. We must discuss this matter.

Wilkes sat down.

"Now, these Raltons have taken in us, and the hotel proprietor's and everyone else here, very nicely, haven't they?"

Wilkes groaned.

"The guests will consider it an everlasting disgrace if they learn what sort of people they have been hob-nobbing with for the past month."

Wilkes bowed his head,

"The hotel's reputation will be injured beyond estimation."

Another nod.

"And you for having paid the young lady so much attention, will be made the butt of every funny newspaper man from the lakes to the Atlantic."

A groan and a writhe from Wilkes.

"Now all this can be prevented."

"How?" asked Wilkes, dismally.

"Simply in this way. Even if Mrs. Ralton has examined that shoe, she probably hasn't discovered the transformation that has taken place within that package. She will be entirely unprepared. I shall tell her how the theft of the diamond has been traced to her; that the proper officers are in the house to arrest her; that her exposure, however, would be unpleasant for many others; and that if she will hand over your check and leave by the first train, she may go free from the hands of the law."

Lee arose from his seat, and grasped Forsythe's hand.

"Harry," said he, "you ought to be President of the United States."

"Thank you," said Forsythe. smiling, "And now do you wait until I return."

He was gone about half an hour. When he returned he slipped a piece of paper into Lee's hand, who shamefacedly tore it to bits.

"It worked just as I thought it would," said he, "She was completely surprised when I told her what I knew, and agreed to my terms without any hesitation. I learned that that young violinist stole the diamond, though, and gave it to the girl for safe keeping. He was not a lover but an accomplice. They are a bad crowd altogether. Their trunks were packed to leave to-night, if the girl hadn't got hurt, and it would have been good-bye, across the border, with your money. They will leave early this morning."

And so it happened that the guests of the Kent House were surprised to learn, the next morning, of the sudden exodus of the Raltons.

"Hurried home from fear of the effect of her daughter's injury," was the report of the clerk to those inquiring after the Raltons. And many said: "Poor girl," and began to speculate about the next german.

As Lee and Harry, that morning, passed by the suite of rooms just vacated by the Raltons, something inside the threshold caught the former's eye. He bent and picked it up. It was a red shoe. Silently he put it in his pocket.

"A memento," said he with a queer smile.

Forsythe laughed.

—*James Parker Hall*

HERE AND THERE.

WHEN an idea is firmly established in the minds of people it is almost impossible to root it out and convince them that the opposite is true. This is the case in the effort President Schurman is making to convince the public that the fabled wealth of Cornell is not what it is made out to be. His inaugural address was one grand exposition of the fact, but the public is disinclined to admit the truth. He said: "Measured by income she is rich, as men estimate the wealth of Universities, though for my own part I should say that properly to cultivate all the intellectual elements of our civilization which ought to be represented in a modern People's University, she would not be rich with quadruple her income. But I do not wish to measure our resources by future calls upon them. They are inadequate to our present needs, worse still they are inadequate to our present obligations. *Cornell University is poor and needy.*" The laugh that greeted this statement in the Armory showed that even among the students this was not really believed to be the case. If the people here in Ithaca cannot realize the mournful fact, what can be expected of those who have no direct connection with the University? The sooner this can be brought home to the minds of everyone, the better it will be for the University, the state and the country, and the sooner can Cornell fulfill her mission as a true "People's University."

* * *

College settlements have lately been arousing much interest in all college women. A short while ago Mrs. Humphries, the graduate elector of Cornell in the College Settlement Association, gave

an address to the women of the University regarding the work that is being done. It should be distinctly understood that the College Settlements do not aim to be stations for distributing gifts to the poor. Their object is to help people help themselves. They try to reach an entirely different class from that reached by alms-houses and other institutions of the kind, the self-respecting poor who earn their own living, yet who need help, encouragement and friendliness.

In America have been founded two men's settlements, Andover House in Boston, and Neighborhood Guild in New York; and three women's settlements, Hull House in Chicago, the College Settlement in Rivington St., New York and the College Settlement in St. Mary's St., Philadelphia. The movement is still too young to judge of its results, and even were it otherwise the results aimed at are not of such a nature as can be held up for inspection in a table of statistics.

Much of the work must necessarily be done by amateurs and not by those who have made philanthrophy their profession. Yet one great value of the College Settlement is the education of our college women. To interest them in the work, and to furnish financial support to the Settlement the College Settlement Association was formed. Any person may become a member of the Association by paying an annual fee of five dollars, and every college which has at least twenty representatives in the membership of the Association is entitled to two representstives on its Electoral Board, one elected by members of the Association who are graduates, the other by undergraduates. The report of the Electoral Board for 1891 says: "The College Settlement Association was formed in the spring of 1890. There were many reasons of expediency for placing the control of the movement toward College Settlements for women in the hands of an association; the chief reason, however, lay above the sphere of the expedient. The Association exists indeed to furnish financial support to the settlements, but this is neither its only nor its highest object. It aims to bring all college women within the scope of a common purpose and a common work."

At Vassar and Wellesley chapters of the Association have been formed which hold frequent meetings and keep up knowledge of

the settlement. There ought to be a chapter at Cornell also and there is good reason to believe that one will be formed this year.

Last year there were twenty-five members in the Association. This, however, does not represent the number who contributed, for each gives as much as she feels able, and as many memberships as possible are obtained with the amount thus contributed. Greater interest should be shown here, more memberships than ever should be taken and a chapter of the Association should be formed immediately ; for the reputation of Cornell should not be allowed to suffer when, as in this case, it depends on the women to keep it up.

The direct work of a settlement generally takes the form of clubs. The Riverton St. Settlement has clubs for boys and girls of all ages. The girls meet two afternoons a week for an hour and a half. They have sewing, singing, gymnastics and games. The boys have talks, Indian clubs, military marching, music and games. There is a free circulating library in the house attracting a large number of children exclusive of the club members, who change their books at the regular club meetings. A savings bank department is established where amounts from one cent up to six dollars are deposited.

An especial feature of this Riverton St. Settlement is the summer home at Katonah. The idea was not to have a boarding house nor an "establishment," but an actual home in its most natural phases. The house was about a mile from the village. The people in the town were cordial, and in their welcome were kind enough not to regard the strangers as curiosities. Parties of twenty came in clubs form the settlement, each party staying from Monday till a week from the following Saturday. Swinging, walking over the hills, and other country amusements were the order of the day. There were many picnics and rides, and needless to say, each child thoroughly enjoyed the short vacation.

The establishment of these settlements is hailed by some perhaps too readily, as a solution of the problem presented by the social conditions of to-day. They see a coming millenium where no gulf separates the classes of rich and poor. This may not all be and too much should not be expected of this movement ; but it

is an effort in the right direction and interest and support should be given those who feel inclined to carry on the work.

THE MONTH.

AN event that attracts attention when it occurs and even crowds out all others by reason of its prominence, its glitter, may yet hide its very significance or for the time being outshine it by its present show. Such an event November saw enacted in the history of Cornell University, when Jacob Gould Schurman was inaugurated as its President, amid music and oratory. The passers by without remarked on the crowd and those within upon the power and interest of the new made President's speech. Beneath this lay the fact that a land mark was being planted in the history of the institution, in the history of Universities, let us hope.

Twenty-five years ago saw an infant struggling among its full grown sisters and this infant, unlike them in taste or purpose grows and thrives. Her widely different principles and untried designs succeed, while her sisters look on in amazement, then follow the example set.

While thus we ponder, November again points to success. Our Football! Another growth, rapid yet strong, testifies to the push and progress and prophesies for the future. Yet in the very expectant cry of winning fame there comes the denial of even so much as a chance to prove to the world claims which she already admits.

Yet there is a black side to this silver shield, retrograde. The vain and fruitless endeavor of a few to rekindle a flame, which, burning brightly several years seems now to have died out. That sufficient support was denied the Chamber Concert Committee cannot but reflect upon the students, upon the University. Are we not drifting into the very error pointed out by our President in his address to the Freshman class, the danger of following one study to the neglect or exclusion of all others? Let us hope that before many years Cornell may boast a school of music.

NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Thomas Paine. With a History of his Literary, Political and Religious Career in America, France, and England. By Moncure Daniel Conway. 2 volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The public career of Thomas Paine connected him in a vital way with two of the greatest events of modern times—the American Revolution, and the French Revolution. No one, therefore, who wishes to understand the history of the most important affairs transacted in the world between 1776 and 1815, can afford to overlook this particular man, or to leave him out of the question. Thomas Paine is certainly a historical factor to be reckoned with. For a quiet and fair estimate of Paine, the materials hitherto available, especially in the way of biography, have been almost nothing. This remark does not deny that there have been hitherto biographies of Paine,—biographies many and of many sizes and kinds, as by Oldys, and Cheetham, and Vale, and Carlile, and others. All these biographies, however, are alike in this,—they are the products of vehement partisanship as respects Paine himself, and when considered as testimony for scientific uses are found to be fatally tainted either by passionate enmity toward Paine, or by equally passionate admiration of him. The very first question, therefore, which the investigator will be inclined to ask concerning this new and copious "Life of Thomas Paine," is whether now, in this last decade of the 19th century, we have in our possession a disinterested and an impartial account of a man who passed from the scene so long ago as in the first decade of it.

No reader of these volumes will doubt that Mr. Conway has gone about his task with a serious purpose of doing it thoroughly, and also of doing it fairly. If in either respect, or in both, he has failed, it has been because he was the victim of his own temperament, and of professional habits which cultivate advocacy rather than the judicial mind. Certainly, he has been industrious and patient in reseach. He has taken time—years and years of it. He has spared no labor; has made long journeys by sea and land to ferret out facts about his subject; has explored libraries, turned over files of newspapers, written letters, interrogated experts; and he has here brought together all that could be found by him relating to Paine in America, England and France. The result is a really valuable and interesting contribution to the history of Paine, and of the momentous times in which he did so much, and especially made so much noise. Hence it goes without saying that this is by far the best biography of Paine which has yet been given to the world—if it be not, in reality, the only fairly good one.

But even with this great and helpful addition to our materials for studying the career of Paine, it must be added that we still lack a disinterested and

scientific biography of him. Undoubtedly Mr. Conway did have before him the purpose, as he assures us, of writing "a critical and impartial history of the man and his career"; but in spite of that purpose, the history of Paine here given to us seems pervaded from first to last by a tone of almost unqualified championship, while at times it passes into raptures of eulogy. Whatever may be the limitations which must be put upon the merits of this book, no one can rise from the reading of it without the most kindly feeling for Mr. Conway, and also without so increased a respect for his subject as to be unwilling forever afterward to apply to him the traditional appellation of "Tom," a nickname which, as Leslie Stephen has remarked, "still warns all men that its proprietor does not deserve even posthumous civility."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Ginn & Co., Boston:

Dietegen. Novelle von Gottfried Keller. With Introduction and Notes by Gustav Gruener.

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, New York and Chicago:

La Chute. From Victor Hugo's Les Miserables. Edited by H. C. O. Huss.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. JANUARY, 1893. NO. 4.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager*, Box 1691, Ithaca, New-York.

COMMERCE AND EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED NOVEMBER 15, 1892, AT THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIFTH ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I deeply appreciate the hospitality of this illustrious body; all the more so because I, like my distinguished friend, Dr. Hall, am a naturalized citizen. I was born in the smallest of all the Canadian provinces, and during the last six years have received a generous welcome in the greatest of all these American states. I esteem it a very high honor that I enjoy this evening the hospitality of the New York Chamber of Commerce. Still, sir, you will allow me to say that even more than by the munificence of all these lavish appointments I have been impressed by the splendid prodigality of your toasts. I have been impressed by them while others were speaking, but now that my own turn comes I have been rather oppressed, for I find confronting me both the spirit of commerce and the spirit of education; the one world-embracing, the other heaven-scaling, and I do not know how to compass either. But there have been greater themes

of post-prandial discourse than my own, and so I take courage. I remember that three years ago, at a dinner given in this city by the University which I now have the honor to represent, the honored guest of the occasion was assigned the toast, "the State, the Nation, and the University." When he arose to speak he said that the toast presented rather a formidable combination of themes, but that he knew by experience how easy it was to get rid both of the State and of the Nation, and he took it for granted that the University would not enmesh him. Well, gentlemen, he made an admirable speech on the nature and functions of a University in a Republic like ours. But what, do you ask, became of the State and of the Nation? Why, there has since been a campaign of education, and the gentleman who thought it so easy to get rid of the State and of the Nation has been called by both once more to be President of the United States.

I do not say, gentlemen, that it was the speech he made on that occasion which led to his election, but I do say that the man or the party that in the long run can win the State or the Nation is the man or the party that commands the confidence of the University; for the University is the organized intelligence of the Nation, and the deciding vote in all elections is given by mind and not by force. The late election turned on questions of trade and commerce. You, gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce, are not likely to depreciate either the theme or the issue; and I, too, as a student, know what a prominent part commerce has played in the development of the human race. I know that at the beginning commerce, through the medium of beads and other like gew-gaws, has redeemed our savage ancestors from their savagery. I know that all through the course of history the merchant has been the great apostle of the Gentiles, and I know that those nations which have devoted themselves most zealously to the apostolic calling of commerce are the nations that have written their names most indelibly in the annals of our race. I know that commerce has everywhere ministered to freedom, and the great cities of Europe which first attained their freedom in the modern world were commercial cities. I know that commerce has everywhere been the enemy of restriction and of monopoly. Commerce means the mutually profitable interchange of commodities. Interchange im-

plies intercourse, and by intercourse, gentlemen, men have discovered the brotherhood of man. Commerce has been the great civilizer of the race. Its primary quest has been wealth, and so the first ship that we know anything about, the mythical Argo, sailed in quest of the Golden Fleece. But while commerce has been everywhere in pursuit of wealth it has always carried in its train all the blessings of civilization, art, science, literature, religion—these have been its attendants; and so, as it seems to me very properly, in the toast of this evening we have commerce associated with civilization and with education.

But, sir, the effects to which I have hitherto alluded have been as it were casual and accidental. Commerce in the past has achieved all these results mainly by rule of thumb. But most of you, gentlemen, have witnessed the beginning of a revolution in our industrial world which prescribes new conditions not only in the interchange of the future, but also for the arts of production, of manufacture and of transportation. The human reason during the last four hundred years has made discoveries unparalleled in its history, and some of these discoveries, notably those which we call the laws of nature, have within the present century, and especially the latter half of it, been utilized to an astonishing degree for the increase of the commodities and conveniences of life.

In other words, and to put the matter in a single sentence, science has come to the relief of labor. And by means of science men have invented the most astonishing machines, originated the most surprising processes of production, and devised modes of locomotion which baffle space and annihilate time itself. All this has been the result of science working with inadequate means in the brief span of one or at most two generations. What, gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce, may we expect when science is supplied with all the means which she needs for the prosecution of her noble task? Why, I say deliberately, there is no pursuit, no profession in which men are engaged, which at the present moment is not maimed in its efficiency by the relatively undeveloped condition of pure and of applied science.

You, gentlemen of the city, are all interested in politics, and properly so, for there is no higher interest in our human endeavor, religion apart, than the promotion of our public welfare. But I

think I may say, without trenching at all upon party politics, that we shall never attain a commercial supremacy until the means of education in our Republic have been aboundingly increased and intensified. We hear on the one hand that we are to have the markets of the world by free trade, and on the other hand that we are to retain our own markets by protection. Gentlemen, I believe both in freedom and in protection. But the freedom in which I have the most confidence is the free instruction of all the classes of our people in the highest and the latest truths of science; and the protection in which I have the most confidence is the protection and the maintenance of universities by the State—for no other agency in this era of the world is capable of maintaining them—the maintenance, I say, by the State of great popular universities, which shall be organs of universal knowledge, which shall be nurseries of every science and of all scholarship, and which shall be instruments for ministering to the liberal and to the practical education of our people. Brain rules the world. And for my part I ground my hope of the future supremacy of the American people in institutions which will improve the brain of all classes in every profession and pursuit of life.

Gentlemen, I have said that merchants are the princes and nobles of the modern world. Theirs is the government of the modern world. To them we must look for the patronage and support of education. Lorenzo, the Magnificent, made a great reputation for himself in Florence, but he is remembered in history as the patron of science and of the arts. One caution, however, I venture to throw out. While science will give you to the uttermost farthing, even in money value, every cent which you bestow upon it, it makes its returns slowly. Lord Bacon, the Chancellor of England, saw that science would have splendid fruits, but Lord Bacon did not observe that these fruits were often long in ripening. The great discoveries of modern science date from the sixteenth and at the latest, from the seventeenth century. That is true of the discovery of Newton in physics, of the discovery of Boyle in chemistry, of the discovery of Ray in biology. But in spite of these great scientific discoveries, the British people, when George the Third came to the throne, conducted their manufacturing, their weaving, their spinning, their doctoring, and most

of the pursuits of life, precisely in the fashion in which they were conducted in the time of Edward the Third. In other words, the man who succeeds in science is the man who devotes himself to the subject for the love of it; but when such a man, with the divine afflatus of the truth-seeker, has discovered the truth, later generations know how to utilize it for the convenience of man, for the multiplication of his commodities, for the relief of his estate.

Two things are necessary, therefore: first, the support of science—support either by private gifts or by public bounty, so that men who are possessed with this love of learning may devote their lives to the investigation of the laws of nature; and in the second place, the utilization of these laws in the production of machinery, and in general in increasing and multiplying our wealth. Gentlemen, the costliness of science has not been realized in these United States in any place that I know of. We at Cornell University, if I may take a single example, have this year an income of $500,000. It is absolutely inadequate to the work we are trying to do for the improvement of the industries and professions in the State of New York. What we need is that we shall have more help, that we shall have more wealth put at our disposal. The great states to the west of us, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and California, have established State taxes for the support of their Universities. They understand that if commerce and industry are to succeed, the State must educate brains. Our neighbor, the State of Ohio, has followed the example. Governor Campbell, beside whom I have the honor of sitting this evening, recommended, in the year 1890, a tax of one-twentieth of a mill for the support of the State University, and that institution, thanks to his recommendation, now enjoys a large appropriation from the treasury of the State. I say that we in New York are next in order. We must have something to make education available for all classes of our people and to make it cheap; for the problem of the modern university is to give all classes of people the highest education at the lowest price.

Am I told that we have a State, a national system of education? I deny it. We have, perhaps, a national system of education in our common schools. But the poor amongst us, the sons of the farmers and of the artisans—what opportunity is given to them in

the State of New York for obtaining a higher education? Next to none. And we shall not have a truly national system of education until we have an educational ladder extending from the gutter to the University. And it is to gentlemen like you of the Chamber of Commerce, and to the influence that you wield, that we educators must appeal in support of our modern, democratic, people's University.

—*Jacob Gould Schurman.*

RESCUED.

I would I were back where the wild waves heave and toss, and throb and moan,
Amid the myriad flap
Of sea-bird's wings, heavy with brine, where the salt spray, blown
From the rolling breakers bedewed my couch in the restful lap
Of Mother Earth, where I lay alone.

Here all is stone, horizon, houses, streets, faces of stone—
Oh the ceaseless clatter of wheels
And hoofs! On humanity's restless surging torrent tossed and thrown,
Hither and thither breathlessly jostled and driven, my poor head reels;
I cannot rest, and I'm still alone.

I would I were back where the wind howled fast, to a tempest grown,
Amid the startled flight
Of screaming seabirds, back where the red sun smiled as he sank and shone
A benison over the pulsing waters, soothed to a moonlit night,
And all was peace, though I stood alone.

—*Herbert Crombie Howe.*

A ROMANCE OF NINETY-ODD.

Across the stage the figures dance;
  Though real the frippery of the scene,
The mimes are phantoms; yet perchance
  Some day may whisper what they mean.

I.

WITHIN the two arms of a very comfortable-looking leather chair, Mr. Thomas Chadbourne sat cheerfully thickening the surrounding atmosphere with clouds of smoke from his long, curved briar, and gently contemplating the frost upon the window-pane. Not that the frost possessed particular attraction for him, any more than did the copy of "Madame Chrysanthème" which lay, face downward, upon his lap, but his physical eye found it a convenient point whereon to rest, while his spiritual eye was scanning with ardor the turrets and battlements of a most admirable "castle in Spain."

Truly, the room was one which might have instilled in its occupant a tendency toward day-dreaming, especially at this hour, just between light and dusk, when the lamps are lit. It was a handsome room, and a home-like one; not so different from many at Cornell that it might be generally recognized if described, nor so like that it did not impress one with a sense of its individuality. The light from a short, standard lamp brought into soft detail the lines of the pictures upon the walls, and disclosed the numerous evidences of student ownership that were scattered about. Over a small upright piano in one corner, hung a delicate proof of Rossetti's "Annunciation." Above the fire-place, in which a low, wood fire was dying for want of replenishment, were the traditional crossed foils, gloves and masks. (Mr. Chadbourne did not even pretend to fence.) A handsome desk, near the window, was open, showing carelessly strewn heaps of papers and letters; and beside it, on a low stand, lay pipes of various sizes and shapes, grouped around a large Capo da Monte tobacco-bowl.

The walls gave evidence of that curious conception of "decorating" which seems to be innate in the student mind—the con-

viction that the true and artistic adornment of a room involves the absolute effacement of the background, wherever possible, and holding that the two models ever to be kept in mind are the picture-gallery and the historical museum. A fine photograph of Bodenhausen's Madonna seemed to hold the Child aloof in her arms as she gazed askance at a Chinese hari-kari sword which hung beside her, while a small oil reproduction of a Grützner monk eyed rapturously a gilded sign opposite him, announcing that the "Bar" was "In the Forward Cabin."

Altogether, it was a very pleasant sort of room to live in, and, according to collegiate standard, arranged with great taste and propriety. Of the sleeping room, which lay behind a heavy arch to the right, nothing could be seen, but its furniture was probably of a not less comfortable character than that of the study.

The owner of the rooms, a tall, well-proportioned young fellow of about twenty two, was still contentedly engaged in blowing smoke rings, and reveling in the beautiful appointments of the air-castle he had built, when, with a premonitory knock that served only to announce his presence, Mr. Ashleigh entered.

"Hello, Arthur," said Chadbourne, without ceasing his interesting occupation, "Sit down. Have a pipe?"

"Thanks, no," said the other, "but if you don't mind I'll take a cigarette," helping himself as he spoke, from a tray that stood upon the tobacco-stand.

The "gentle reader" here doubtless shudders, but what can be expected of a University that has no morning prayers? And besides (tell it not in Gath) he is "the villain," in a mild way, and therefore entitled *ex officio* to smoke cigarettes.

The two puffed calmly away for a few moments, as though what they had to say, if anything, would not suffer from a little deliberation. Ashleigh, though of medium size, looked small beside his friend, whose broad shoulders, long, powerful limbs, and sunburnt countenance denoted a life of out-door exercise. But the former had a bright, pleasant face, albeit rather old and serious for his years, and his fine, dark eyes over a firm set mouth and chin, made him a far from unattractive person. Notwithstanding his frank, candid appearance, however, there is no denying the fact that Ashleigh was a "schemer." Brought into con-

tact with college politics in his freshman year, by an accidental election to some petty class office, he had found its mazes so fascinating to his active and ambitious mind, that now, in his junior year, it has become his greatest, and almost his only pleasure. Having successively attained to the Sophomore Cotillion Committee, the *Sun* board, and the chairmanship of the Junior Promenade Committee, he was now engaged in laying an elaborate system of wires, the ultimate object of which was to secure the Business Managership of the *Sun*. No electrical engineer ever took more delight in pottering with his wires than did he, but unlike those of our gentle electricians, Ashleigh's wires were always invisible, and almost always "worked.'"

The one deep, sincere friendship that he had formed while in college, was for Chadbourne. (There was another, but it was of a different nature.) This big, six-foot classmate of his, who had played on his class eleven, had rowed at "five" in the 'Varsity boat, and had taken first in the high jump at the Fall Meet, he regarded as the highest type of *fin de siècle* manhood. Tom's modesty, his gentleness, and his sweet disposition attracted Ashleigh not less than did his athletic ability, while the former looked upon Arthur as quite the most talented man in his class, as well as the best fellow.

To one of Ashleigh's temperament, the most natural method of proving his regard for his friend was by helping him to political preferment, and months ago he had decided that Tom was the fittest man to be Senior President of his class, and furthermore, that he should *be* Senior President. In a recent "confab" he had disclosed this aspiration to the person principally interested, and although it had not met with an encouraging reception, Arthur knew human nature too well to allow that to disturb him. The result of his suggestion had been gradual, but most satisfactory. The more Tom had thought about it, the firmer had become his conviction that the Senior Presidency was a very desirable office—for the man that got it. Though modest, he was not very differently constituted from the majority of his fellow-men, and the idea was a captivating one. He knew that worse men than he had captured the office, and, looking upon it as something to be striven for and won, saw no good reason why he should not have it as

well as another. The only thing that bothered him was the question of his ability to obtain it. Visions of class-day floated before his eyes—of the beautiful pedestal that he would occupy—and even Tom had no objection to a pedestal; the picture was irresistible.

As Arthur entered, Tom's mental vision was occupied with the alluring prospect, but he was still a little afraid of it, and doubtful as to the chances of success. Arthur, on the other hand, although filled with his genuine desire to work for Chadbourne and elect him, waited from force of habit for the other to open the conversation.

At length Tom spoke; slowly, and with an attempt at indifference.

"I've been thinking about that Senior Presidency business, and I'm afraid it wouldn't work. I don't believe I'd stand any chance at all, and I'd hate like thunder to run and get defeated. Besides, *I* don't know anything about class politics."

"But look here," returned Ashleigh eagerly, "you won't have to do a thing. I'll manage your campaign for you, and I know that you'd run better than any other man in the class. You're well-known, you're popular, (Tom shrugged his shoulders) and the very fact that you *haven't* been mixed up in politics will help you with *οἱ πολλοί.*"

"But isn't it rather early to talk about it, nine months ahead?" said Tom, his show of reluctance unconsciously disappearing.

"Never too early to make up your mind and begin to think. Trust me not to spoil your chances by springing the mine too soon. I have the whole thing planned out in my mind now, and about May or June we'll be ready to get in some quiet work. Jones and Dick Robinson will work for us all right, and Brown only needs a chairmanship to fix him solid. There aren't three better workers in the class, and Brown can get nearly the whole of Sibley for you, as it looks at present. Why, if we do any sort of work, you ought to run way ahead in the election."

"Well, if you think you can make it go, all right," said Tom. "Of course I'd like to get the thing, but I don't want you to sacrifice your chances for me, that's all."

"Then it's settled, you will run," returned Ashleigh, with

manifest relief. "Now we can drop the whole subject for a month or two. No need of worrying before it's necessary. By the way, are you going to the 'Junior'?"

"No, don't think I shall. I haven't any one to take, and don't go in very much for that sort of thing, anyway, you know."

"You ought to take in your own 'Junior' from a sense of duty, if nothing else. As for the girl question, we can help each other out, I think. Mary Wentworth is going to have a friend here from the 'city,' a Miss —— something or other, I forget the name; anyway I've promised to take her, and if you would look after Mary's card we could go together and have an elegant time. You know this is her first 'Prom.,' and she knows scarcely any of the fellows."

"Why, I'd be delighted to take her, old man; I've never met her, but if you would take me down there, and give me your recommendation, I would run my chances on the strength of it. I know your voucher would go a long way." As Tom spoke, he gazed at Ashleigh with a quizzical smile. The latter's face flushed slightly, and he scrutinized the rug at his feet.

"I don't know," he said at length; "I'd give a good deal to think so."

Nothing more was said, but if Tom had needed any corroboration for certain suspicions he had entertained, the earnest, wistful tone of Arthur's voice would have furnished more than enough. Arthur wanted far more than Miss Wentworth's good opinion. Tom silently determined that, at any rate, Miss Wentworth should soon be made aware of any of Arthur's excellent characteristics which she did not happen to know already. It was a worthy resolution, no doubt, but like many another of its character, it was to be subjected to unexpected modification.

After a moment's silence, Ashleigh looked at his watch, and announced that their dinner hour had passed. Tom arose, put on his coat and hat, and the two left the room together.

II.

The horses toiled slowly up the hill, their great muscles straining and knotting as they dragged the carriage over the icy ground. A thin layer of snow upon the earth sparkled as they passed

under the blinding light of a swinging arc-lamp. Within, two persons were snugly ensconced behind heavy rugs, evidently as warmly comfortable as the night without was cold. The persons were Miss Wentworth and Chadbourne; their destination, the Armory; the time—the night of the Junior Promenade.

"How does it feel to be celebrated, Mr. Chadbourne?" the young lady was asking, "does it make you conceited?"

Tom laughed. "When I grow celebrated enough to know, I promise to tell you," said he, "who has been talking about me? Arthur, I suppose?"

"Yes, Arthur among others; you have a very sincere admirer in him, too. He is always talking about you, or about some of your latest exploits."

"How horribly 'borous' for you," said Tom. "I shall have to get hold of Arthur, and instruct him to find a more interesting topic."

"Oh, you needn't. It has not become tiresome yet." This with a bewitching, downward glance that said so plainly—"and is not likely to become so," that Tom's ardent soul was aglow in an instant; but he hastened, man-like, to change the subject.

"Arthur is a very fine fellow, don't you think so?"

"Are you trying to repay part of the debt you owe him?" said Miss Wentworth; "Yes, I like him immensely. I've known him ever since the year before he entered the University, and like him better all the time. He was the only man I knew in college—before I met you. I've been away at school, you know."

"This is your first Junior, isn't it? I hope it will be so pleasant that you will remember it."

"No fear about that," flashed back Miss Wentworth's blue eyes, but she only said "My first 'Junior,' 'Senior,' or anything of the kind. I'm so excited I am sure I shall do something ridiculous. How do you act at a 'Junior,' Mr. Chadbourne? Please tell me."

Poor Tom was puzzled, but fascinated,—her question was so näive, and her expression so prettily enquiring, but he managed to reply, "I can only tell you to be yourself," which he innocently imagined was an original rejoinder. He was repaid with a captivating little bow and smile, for the evident sincerity of his words,

but further conversation was prevented by the carriage rumbling across Cascadilla bridge, and drawing jerkily up the short, steep elevation which separates that structure from the Armory. Here a long line of carriages awaited their turn to discharge their occupants, the one immediately in front of Tom's containing, as he discovered, Miss Wentworth's mother, her friend Miss Le Brun, and Arthur Ashleigh. At length the last of several provokingly short advances was accomplished, and the party stood together under the long canopy, bright with tiny, colored lights, which stretched from the carriage to the annex.

The two girls, their cheeks glowing in the cold air, and their long party-wraps folded lightly around their graceful figures, hastened forward as though too impatient to wait for their more dignified chaperone, but halted at the entrance—apparently upon an afterthought—to allow her to go in with them. As they entered the annex, a shrill bedlam of noises saluted them. Groups of men upon the stairs, putting on their gloves in everybody's way, were talking animatedly to each other, and eloquently "begging pardon" for trains they had stepped on. From the locker-room below, tones of a rich African flavor floated, as the waiters hurried to and fro, while from the main hall came a crescendo blast from the "Flying Dutchman,"—the only thing that could have been heard under the circumstances.

As Tom and Arthur stood in the hall above, a few moments later, struggling over their own gloves, the latter asked, "Well, Tom,—how do you like her?"

"Arthur, she's a 'winner,'" replied Tom, earnestly. "You are in luck."

"*Am* I?" said Arthur, in a tone that might have implied a willingness to receive further evidence of that fact. "I should rather think that *you* were. But Miss Le Brun isn't bad at all. Here they are!"

The men guided their companions as best they could through the crush upon the stairs, and led them to their box. Here from the depths of its easy chairs and pillow-covered couch, they surveyed the hall.

It was all one beautiful, changing mass of color and movement. Festoons of garnet bunting hung in wavy folds from every iron

beam, while tons of Florida moss gracefully drooped from the arches, and covered the walls and windows with its plumes of gray. Waving flags and banners saluted the eye at every turn, speaking in no uncertain voice of Cornell's eminence by land, and pre-eminence by water. At either end the orchestras, high above the boxes, responded in turn to their leaders' batons with bows swept in unison. From the east wall a mighty "Ninety-Odd," in all the brilliancy of the hundred garnet and gray incandescents which formed its figures, shone down upon the dancers, and proclaimed aloud the greatness of its class. Boxes, draped in every conceivable hue, encircling the hall, formed, under the changing tints thrown by the great arc-lights, a rainbow background for the more bewildering body of moving colors that passed before them.

Miss Wentworth was enchanted.

"It is beautiful!" she said to Tom, who was seated on the edge of the box at her feet; "are all the Proms. so lovely?"

"Oh, no," answered Tom quickly,—and she begged his pardon for momentarily forgetting his class.

Chadbourne gazed up at her as she sat, raptly scanning the scene about them. If he had spoken his thoughts aloud, they would have sounded something like this, though he himself did not put them into words; "By Jove, she *is* lovely!—brown hair and blue eyes;—what a mouth for some man to kiss;—it is not a baby face either; stunning gown;—Empire, I fancy;—it changes color like a chameleon;—and those eyes!"

Thought moves considerably quicker, as well as more subtly than words, and Tom's scrutiny lasted only a very few seconds. At the end of that short space of time Miss Wentworth glanced down, caught his admiring gaze, blushed, and suggested that they walk for a while.

"Do you want me to point out some of the men whom you have on your card?" asked Tom, as they promenaded. "There is one now—that tall fellow with a beard, who looks something like Peter Ibbetson. He is one of the greatest geniuses in college, and a capital actor. Why, he's one of the best actors in the Masque! The Masque, you know, is our dramatic club. Its members are elected entirely on the score of dramatic ability, and they give only the highest class of plays. The proceeds, over expenses, are always given to the crews."

"Yes, I have heard something about the Masque, and what a credit it is to the University," said Miss Wentworth. "Who is that intellectual looking man with the fine, large head, whom we just passed, the one with the girl in black?"

"Oh, that is one of the finest speakers in the University. You should have heard him give the 'Battle of the Nile' at the last Junior contest. It was one of the most affecting things I ever heard."

"I say Chad," remarked a young gentleman approaching at that moment, "Excuse me, but you ain't got a pencil, have you? Mine's busted."

"Who was that?" inquired Miss Wentworth curiously.

"One of the *Cornellian* editors," replied Tom. "He ran nearly at the head of his ticket. Awfully popular man in Sibley."

"How good you are to me, to have taken all the trouble of filling out my card, and explaining everything to me, and—everything," exclaimed Tom's companion gratefully, and with a little nestling pressure upon his arm, which made him long vaguely to perform impossible feats of valor in her behalf. "There is the first waltz. Oh! the 'D. K. E,' how I love it!"

What perfect time her little feet kept, and how gracefully and lightly she followed him! Tom regretted now that he had taken only six dances, but remembered with satisfaction that he had kept the promenades. Arthur, lucky wretch, had three. They loomed up bigger now, to Tom, than all his own six. He must not forget to help Arthur along at every opportunity; but he would wait for a more opportune occasion. It seemed to him as though the waltz were over almost before it had begun. Now the promenade was gone! and Arthur, proudly flying his committee ribbon, hurried up, almost before the last strain had ceased, to claim his dance.

Tom retired to the dressing-rooms to smoke a cigarette, and shamelessly "cut" the next number.

Presto! It was like the play, time sped so fast, and yet so much seemed to take place. They were seated in the pretty Annex supper-room, and Tom felt that he had known Miss Wentworth years without number.

"Don't you think, really and truly, Mr. Chadbourne, that college is apt to make a man insincere and careless about honor?"

"I don't believe I know exactly what you mean, Miss Wentworth. I always rather imagined it sharpened his sense of honor."

"That is just what I wanted to find out,—your opinion. Some of the men with whom I have been dancing seemed to have such queer ideas of what constitutes honorable conduct. I should think there would be great temptation here, in various ways, to lower one's standards,—but perhaps they talked more liberally than they act."

"Some men do," said Tom. "But what did they talk about that you disapprove of?"

"Well, one of them told me all about the different schemes for cheating at examinations, and seemed to think them quite clever; and another described the way a friend of his had been elected to the *Era* by his class. I don't remember how it was, exactly, but he traded votes, and promised support for a man that some other people were to name. It was for some responsible office, too."

"What innocence!" thought Tom, but the note of genuine purity and honesty that was in her sweet voice, and the charmingly unvarnished way in which she called things by their names, made him uncomfortably conscious of his own easy views in the past on the subjects mentioned. He answered honestly, however.

"I'll confess that a rather queer code of morality obtains here among a good many of the students, when you come to think of it, though it never struck me before. I know some men who have been elected to the highest offices without making any promises at all, but as a general thing they didn't have any opposition to speak of. To tell the honest truth, most politicians here seem to go on the principle that 'fitness is a very good thing in its way, but doesn't weigh much.'"

"Isn't that dreadful! It's as bad as Tammany."

"Very similar," said Tom; "only no organization. Or rather, I should say, no general organization. There are about thirty small ones. There really is a large society here that has devoted itself more or less, in the past, to politics; but of late years it has been very good indeed, and has, I suspect, taken to religion. It grew unpopular, for some reason, with a still larger society, which was founded for a different purpose. But 'practical politics' still seem to be about as 'practical' as they were before."

"But why don't they stop it?" asked Miss Wentworth.

"Nobody seems to care,—or has until lately. It has all seemed natural enough to me, I'm sorry to say; probably because I never saw any other kind of politics. Beside, you can't stop that sort of thing, any more than you can cheating at 'exams.', until a majority of the students get 'down on it',—and the majority seems very well contented just at present. It's queer how some men will get help at examinations, that wouldn't tell a lie for precious stones, just as some girls will flirt like fury, and yet hold the strictest kind of views on religion, and honesty, and modesty, and all that."

"I know some do," returned Miss Wentworth, "but I don't see how they *can*. I hate even the verb 'to flirt'."

"There goes the sixteenth," interrupted Tom, "and you are engaged for it. Shall I take you to our box?"

"If you *wish*," said Miss Wentworth, sweetly, dropping her eyes. "But probably you have this dance taken yourself?"

"No," answered Tom, mendaciously.

"Then—let's sit here for a little while longer, and talk."

. . . . . .

The night flies by; the crush of dancers thins little by little, those who remain growing gayer as the hour grows late; the crowded gallery melts away, until only one or two solemn, sleepy-eyed spectators remain; short and shorter seem the numbers—fast and faster grows the dancing; rose-petals strew the floor; the crash is torn, and they have ceased to mend it; wilted collars and torn trains are all unheeded in these last wild, reckless, happy moments; gray streaks of light pierce through the long, moss-covered windows; the electric lights sizzle,—and go out. And then, "Auf Wiedersehen."

How sweet the long-drawn notes sound to Tom as he looks down upon Miss Wentworth's girlish form within his arms, and follows with her the rhythm of the strains. His six dances have become nine, yet he hates to think the night is done.

As the last notes died away, Miss Wentworth looked up into Tom's eyes.

"I never half appreciated Arthur before," she said.

"Then you are just beginning to know him," returned Tom,

loyally, though it cost him an effort, and he thought her praise rather ill-timed.

—"Because I never knew how great an obligation he could place one under,"—and her glance left no need that the phrase be explained.

III.

The spring and the summer had passed, and the autumn had come. The early October days had turned the leaves upon the trees, and the football season was in full swing. As the weeks and months had gone by, the intervals between Tom's visits to the Wentworth place had grown shorter, until now almost every day saw him there, with some pretext or other, or with no pretext at all. Not until recently had he abandoned the illusion that his feeling was purely a friendly one, and that he was "helping Arthur along" at every opportunity, but not even after a miserable, restless summer had opened his eyes effectively to the absolute necessity these visits were to him, did he consider himself at liberty to speak. He had voluntarily, though thoughtlessly promised Arthur to help him if it should be within his power; in the early days of the winter the latter had talked freely with him of his hopes and discouragements, and Tom had counseled with and encouraged him; then too, he had known it all when Arthur had first brought them together,—his sense of honor recoiled from the idea of rivalry. If Arthur failed, then he might honorably try. But it was too much for Arthur to expect him to keep away entirely.

The two friends seldom called together on Miss Wentworth now, and never talked of her. Arthur, quick to feel any change, had not failed to notice the increasing frequency of Tom's visits, and his reticence on certain subjects. He even imagined that Mary's welcome had grown less cordial of late, and a bitter feeling of resentment and jealousy rose in his heart against Tom, for his "double-dealing," as he called it to himself.

But outwardly they were still as good friends as ever, and political interests at present, if nothing more, made them appear "inseparables." The pre-arranged campaign for the Senior presi-

dency had been worked to perfection. "The machine" had moved as steadily, silently and effectively as its name would indicate. Arthur had done nearly all; the important men he had seen personally; the rest of the class had been thoroughly canvassed by his lieutenants. The several delegations of the M. U. D's, the P. D. Q's, the Q. E. D's and other organized literary and social clubs, had been contracted for and purchased, for a "Ball," a "Class-Day," or a "Photograph" consideration; the said considerations being judiciously apportioned in accordance with the size, importance, or doubtfulness of the delegation. If Chadbourne's conscience troubled him any about these methods of conducting his candidacy, he kept it well under control, and it is probable that, notwithstanding his conversation with Miss Wentworth at the Junior, it had never entered his head to use any others. It is only in the vivid realm of imagination that a man's habits and standards change instantly upon his falling in love.

A week only now remained before the election day, and Tom and Arthur, after an important conference over a doubtful delegation, had donned evening dress and repaired together to an informal reception that was "on" for that evening, at Miss Wentworth's. A dozen or so of men and girls were scattered about the broad veranda and seated in unconventional attitudes on the ledges of the open windows. Bursts of light-hearted laughter, snatches of college songs with the accompanying chords of a guitar, floated out on the warm night air. A group of passers-by stopped to listen as the swelling chorus of Alma Mater caught their ears.

It was a very informal affair indeed, where everybody knew everybody else, and where the entertaining was done by the guests. Miss Wentworth and Tom had wandered into the music-room, and stood near a low, open window looking out upon the veranda. They were talking of the last game with Princeton,—of the prospects of the eleven,—of the next reception on the hill; that is, Miss Wentworth talked, and Tom watched her. The subject mattered not a whit to him, and his answers bore a weird family resemblance to each other, like the choruses of a topical song. That soft, creamy, fragile stuff she wore would have appeared just as wonderful to him if she had conversed on the anti-Christian riots in China, and her wavy brown hair would have inspired in

him as irresistible a desire to touch it, if she had discoursed on the probable caseous nature of the moon.

"Tom, listen to me!" she said at length, "you're not paying any attention at all."

"On the contrary, I am drinking in every word as though it were nectar," averred Tom, solemnly.

"I should prefer to have you listen to it as though it were sense. But Tom, I want you to promise me something. You are running for Senior President, aren't you? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't think it would interest you particularly," answered Tom.

"Indeed it does interest me. How could you think that it wouldn't? But the favor I wanted to ask of you was this. Promise me that you will not pledge either positions or support for votes. Won't you—Tom dear?"

At the little expression of endearment, the first she had ever addressed to him, all Tom's good resolutions seemed to disappear like chaff swept by the wind. His head whirled. A torrent of words rushed to his lips. By a strong effort of will he kept them back, and answered hurriedly, in a low, strained voice, "I promise, Mary."

What he had promised he scarcely knew. It did not matter.

Impulsively she stretched out her hand to him striving to cover her own confusion at the sound of her last words. Tom's self-control deserted him. He seized her hand and kissed it passionately.

What might have happened next had they not been interrupted, it is idle to surmise, for at that moment Arthur appeared at the open window, holding an ice in either hand. For just an instant he stood looking at the two, his dark eyes dilated with disdain, then with an ironical "I *beg* your pardon," he disappeared.

"Arthur!" called Miss Wentworth, "Arthur!" but she received no answer.

"Come," she said nervously to Tom, "we must join the others; I have left them too long already." And Tom, too dazed with conflicting emotions at the sudden interruption to demur, followed her in silence out to the veranda.

. . . . . .

With outward calmness, but with decided inward turmoil, Arthur had walked slowly away from the window where he had innocently disturbed such a pretty little tableau, and in a moment had left the house.

The first shock of despair and jealousy which he had felt, had been quickly followed by a deep, burning rage against Chadbourne. His thoughts were too chaotic for clear reasoning. That Tom had been accepted by Miss Wentworth, he did not doubt for an instant. Such a scene as he had witnessed could mean nothing less than an engagement.

And *this* was the way Tom had "helped" him! What a grand joke it was for Tom to receive his confidences and give him advice and encouragement, all the time laughing in his sleeve at such innocence! This was the sort of payment he received for all his efforts to give Tom the office he coveted! He had been "worked!" —yes, "worked!"

What a fool he had been not to have seen the fact clearly before! Why had not Tom come to him like a man and avowed his position? Well, if Tom preferred his own methods, he could not object if they were turned on him.

In his indignation against Tom for his "duplicity," and in the deep wound given to his self-love, he had almost forgotten Mary and his love for her, which he had supposed to be as deep as his love of life. And now, in turn, his anger against Tom was temporarily effaced by the congenial intricacies of the plan for revenge which unfolded itself in his mind.

The next morning Tom received the following note:

"After the gratifying evidence of your sincerity which I received last night, and in view of the kind advice and assistance which you have so unselfishly given me, it pains me to be obliged to inform you that you must look elsewhere hereafter for a dupe. From now on, I am afraid that the cares attendant upon my own canvass will occupy my entire time.

Sincerely yours!

Arthur Ashleigh."

Tom was distressed beyond measure upon reading the lines. Although their coolly ironical tone made him fear that Arthur was hopelessly alienated, he determined to do his best to set himself right. Conscious as he was of the struggle he had carried on with himself for Arthur's sake, and of his genuine determination not to yield, he knew that his single slip of the night before had undone it all, and colored all his previous acts in Arthur's eyes. He would have lowered his pride to the ground, he would willingly even have given up to Arthur his chances for the Senior Presidency, if it could have won back the old confidence and friendship. He wrote immediately.

"Dear Arthur:

I am not so dishonorable as you think me, and if you will give me a chance, I can explain it all to you. What you saw last night meant nothing more than a moment's weakness on my part, which I confess to. With that single exception, I have never forgotten for a moment my promise to you.

Tom."

This well-meant note, every word of which Tom honestly believed to be true, received no attention. "He wants that presidency, and needs me for a while longer," Arthur remarked grimly, when he had read it.

Tom called at Arthur's rooms. The door was shut in his face. His hands clenched at the insult, but he told himself that he deserved it. He dismissed, however, any lingering hope which he had entertained of a reconciliation.

That evening Tom did not call at Miss Wentworth's; he felt as though a stigma of disgrace were on him.

The next morning a rumor spread throughout the campus that Chadbourne had withdrawn his candidacy in favor of Ashleigh. By the time it reached Tom, as he descended the steps of Morrill Hall from a twelve-o'clock lecture, its mission had been accomplished.

"It came direct from Ashleigh," said Brown, Tom's informant; "at least he said he supposed it was so, and he has been seeing

fellows all morning. The P. D. Q's have partially promised their vote to Ashleigh already, and the Q. E. D. vote is as good as gone to Freshleigh. All they have been wanting has been an excuse."

Tom's blood boiled. He might have given his chances to Arthur, but he was not to be driven from the canvass in this manner! He turned sharply to a tall, thin young man who came up to ask if the story were true that Chadbourne could not possibly graduate with his class, and told him to "go ask the Registrar" —thereby losing one vote.

That afternoon Tom devoted to denying rumors (particularly the one concerning his withdrawal), and to losing more votes. His first interview was a type of those that followed. It was with the representative of a large delegation.

"Well, Ashleigh was the one we arranged it with," concluded the representative, "but we promised him for you, and if you are going to run, why of course we'll support you. You remember the arrangement. We are to have a man on the Senior, and a chairmanship: I suppose that is all right."

"Why certainly;—I mean,—I can't say; I have decided not to promise anything."

"Oh!" said the representative, with a peculiar accent. "I'm afraid I shall have to see the fellows then. I'll let you know what they decide to do"—which was equivalent to a polite intimation that Tom might whistle for their votes.

Still Tom struggled ahead. He had one or two faithful workers; nearly all the "independent" votes in his course were his; a great many personal friends promised their support, and one or two organizations; (mainly because their dearest enemies were supporting Freshleigh or Ashleigh). Altogether Tom counted upon nearly sixty votes as certain, which was not by any means a hopeless showing, as, according to the class constitution, a plurality was sufficient to elect.

During the week between the receipt of Arthur's note and the day of the election, Tom called upon Mary but once, and then carefully avoided all reference to Arthur, or their last conversation, merely saying that he was very busy with the election. He considered himself fully absolved by Arthur's conduct, from further silence, and when the election should be over—, but he could

not trust himself to see her again until he could tell her everything. He wondered if she missed his daily visits as he missed them.

The election-day came, and passed. There was the usual bustling, pencil-begging, electioneering stream of humanity flowing in and out of the Registrar's office, and settling, as it were, in little puddles about the entrance. There was the customary button-holing of "rural voters" by genial, back-slapping "heelers," who furnished ready-made tickets with such a flattering air of intimacy that really the voters *could* not refuse them, and were proudly escorted, (i. e. guarded) to the ballot box, there to exercise the grand and independent right of suffrage. There was the wonted one o'clock outpouring of the Sibley contingent, with its attendant noise, hurried consultations, and general renewal of activity. In short, except for the number of presidential candidates, the election was monotonously like its predecessors—but no one realized it, for it was all bran-new to Ninety-Odd, and the use of the Registrar's office seemed to raise it above ordinary elections.

At two o'clock the polls closed, at half-past five the results were announced. At a quarter before six, Tom, with trembling hands, tore open an envelope brought by a messenger. Within, on a folded scrap of paper, were the words,

Ashleigh	76
Chadbourne . .	68
Freshleigh . . .	64
	208

Arthur had won!

Two hours later Tom stood in the familiar entrance to Miss Wentworth's home. He felt as though defeat were following him. Well, he would have it all over soon, and if—but he could not conceive of failure here. His mind refused to picture it.

Mary herself opened the door. "Oh, Tom! I'm so sorry," she said as she gave him her hand, "but I can't help being glad the election is over, for perhaps I shall see you oftener now."

"*Perhaps*," said Tom, clinging to the delicate little hand until it was gently withdrawn; "but how do you happen to know the result so soon?"

"I—heard it," replied Mary explicitly. (Her messenger had

arrived almost as soon as Tom's.) "And Tom, I heard too, yesterday, how Arthur had deserted you. It was shameful! I never thought that Arthur would do such a dishonorable thing. And I heard that you had lost ever so many votes through keeping your promise to me. Was that what defeated you, Tom?"

She had led him across the broad hall to the music-room where a week ago he had made that very promise, and had seated herself beside him on a long divan.

"I don't know," replied Tom, "but I do know that I would take a thousand defeats if they would always make you look at me in that way."

Mary instantly dropped her eyes, but said demurely, "how little you must care for defeat. But you came so near getting it in spite of everything. I think you should feel proud of such a failure. Still, I cannot understand Arthur's action. He has not been here lately," and a faint blush colored her cheeks.

"Let's not talk of Arthur," said Tom, "I have something to ask of *you* now, Mary."

Mary apparently did not hear him, although the red in her cheeks grew deeper. She said softly, half musingly, "you lost the election through me, *didn't* you Tom?"

"Yes," said Tom, blissfully regardless of his previous answer, and with wildly palpitating heart, "don't you think that I deserve some recompense?"

Mary's breath came and went quickly. "You do indeed Tom," she murmured.

Tom lifted her slender, unresisting hand in his. "This, then!" said he; "surely you can't refuse me such a little thing!" and the tenderness in his voice belied the jesting words.

Mary slowly raised her glorious eyes to his.

"If you care for it, why—I suppose I shall have to give it to you," she said, roguishly.

Several minutes later Mary remarked to Tom gravely, but with a smile hovering round her lips; "I was afraid, sometimes, that you didn't care for me at all, you acted so—peculiarly. What would you have thought if I had taken advantage of the leap-year?"

"How absurd!" said Tom, happily.

H.

A WINTER SUNSET.

Long bars of golden red that streak the west
With limpid fire; then calmer, purer light
Shows where the orb of heaven goes to rest
And yields to quiet, glorious, starry night.

—*Clark Sutherland Northup.*

IN TABOR.

(*Concluded.*)

II.

Robinson did not forget his friends in Tabor. He took occasion to speak often to Winnie Katrovil and chatted sociably with "Joe" when he came to Goldergilt's stables to peddle his wares. It was the last of November, however, when he felt intimate enough to visit there. One evening, the Goldergilts being in winter quarters, he got the use of one of the horses and drove over to Tabor.

The Kratovils lived in a story and a half house well back from the street. Mr. Kratovil was perhaps one of the chief citizens of the village. People said he wanted too much his own way, and he had been known to hold out long against paying his taxes when the action of the school meeting did not please him. He was a member of the "Farmers' Club," a society which owned property in the village and was progressive. He was from Prague, and a story is told how, when officers of church or state, I know not which, were making search for forbidden books in his house, he and his cousin, Vaclao Vavra, had effectively concealed them. Vaclao, or "Winnie," was his eldest son, and with Stasie and Barbara was the main support of the family.

Robinson was admitted, and entered with breezy effrontery. He expected to make a sensation. Americans love the sensational; they are sensitive to it; the Kratovils were not. Kratovil answered his "Good evening" shortly, and went on smoking and

talking in Bohemian to a neighbor who was there. Winnie rose and gave him a chair and then sat down on the old settee near his father, and said hardly a word. Stasie introduced him to Barbara and they went on with their work. Mrs. Kratovil, a large woman with a strongly marked face, sat with her daughters "stripping" feathers. She was a silent woman, and the trait was aggravated now by the fact that she did not understand English. The women wore white cotton sacques, for the dust from the feathers made other garments impracticable. Stasie's roughened hair was powdered with down, her eyes, brown like dead leaves, were bright, her rough brown hands deftly stripped the feathers from their quills, one by one. The girl was much of a woman for a girl of seventeen. She was like her mother. Her mother had worked in the fields—she had hurt one of her eyes with a flail. Beside this she had cared for her home and many children. Probably Stasie would never work in the fields—she was an American girl, but she had the peasant strength to do so.

"What are you doing?" asked Robinson.

"Stripping feathers. We've got eight pounds to do. We do it every winter," answered Stasie.

"Let me try," said Robinson.

His awkward attempts at the work so familiar to them, made even grave Mrs. Kratovil laugh. They were just in the midst of the fun when Tonie Kara entered. Tonie was the youngest of a large family, and she had little to do at home. She greeted the company with an "Oh, Hello!" and her talk was full of little rapturous laughs and inflections. Mrs. Kratovil spoke to her and she stumbled in answering, although she heard nothing but Bohemian at home. She was highly pleased with Robinson's attempted witticisms and was piqued when she did not apprehend any of his current slangy allusions.

Kratovil's visitor left and he lighted another lamp and began to read his "Slavie." Stasie had stopped working long ago and Mrs. Kratovel's stent was almost done.

"Well, I must be off," said Robinson, "my horse is standing."

"Don't hurry, there's time enough," said Stasie.

"It's hard to tear myself away, but I must," he answered, lingering at the door.

"Well, dobro noc," said he finally, as if saying something quite racy.

"Good night," said they all in English.

"Wasn't it nice," Tonie exclaimed when he had gone, and soon ran across the street to her home.

Robinson came now and then after that evening. Once or twice he gave her a ride and she began to feel that she knew him very well. Stasie's feelings were not deep or vivid, only pervading. It was very slowly that the feeling grew upon her, that her intercourse with him was faithlessness. His people were not her people. It hurt Anton Benedict too; he was sullen and avoided her, yet he was often kind to her in the shop. He would put her bunches in the press if he happened to be near, and now and then bring to her a bundle of tobacco when it was given out by the foreman. She did not wholly understand Robinson's talk,—his world was different from hers—she was a conservative little peasant. Yes, it was faithlessness, she must keep her heart at home.

III.

The blue birds, who had invaded every dooryard and orchard, enlivening the brown earth with bright patches of color, had retired to the deep woods or hid themselves in the thickening foliage. The wild geese had flown northward across the island to the reedy places along the sound; now moving with disordered ranks, now abreast in long, curved lines, now so close to the earth that the whirring of their wings stirred the hearts of the villagers like an audible coming of spring. Saucy blue violets bordered the charred woods, where fires had licked the ground, and devoured the crackling pines, and signaled wildly from their tops in sheets of flaming needles.

The village was decked as for a wedding—flowers everywhere. The apple harvest was heralded by masses of beauty; every door yard blossomed in the intense pink of the peach, the gentle hue of the lilac, and the deep red of the fire bush; and the fields were fresh from the plow.

One morning, early, the school bell tolled. How it tolled! how

it moaned in its undertones! how it struck the heart with its tale of death—that cheerful bell! Its notes, borne on the scent-laden air, startled the sleeping and brought the sad news to the women getting breakfast and scolding their yawning children, and to the men going dully about to set things right out-of-doors before their day's work began. Every one knew what it meant. Poor Annie Vavra, sweet, patient, capable Annie Vavra. Even a leaf she planted would grow. In her last days, when she lay wasted, pitifully wasted, hardly breathing, she was interested in the work of the day. All the village was moved. "It was hard, to bring up a girl so far and then lose her," they said.

They dressed her in white and put a wreath of rosemary—the bridal wreath—on her head. Her mother, masculine and care worn, weeping over her coffin, made the sign of the cross on the dead girl's face and put pictures of saints around her.

The school children led the impressive little cortège past the blossom-laden trees to the cemetery. Young men bore above them the white casket. Four young girls, dressed in white, as were also the school children, and carrying flowers, followed it; and behind the clergyman the black-robed mourners were massed.

Stasie and Antonia were among the girls in white. During the services held before the doors of the tiny chapel Antonia abandoned herself to weeping, while Stasie's eyes were almost dry. Old Jan Kovarick prayed in Bohemian when the minister had done, and Joseph Kara crossed himself as he seized a spade to help fill up the grave, and all those around the grave gently threw in a handful of earth.

The day was beautiful, and what to do with it? The shop was closed, the school was closed, it was a holiday for every one. It was one of the sweetest of spring days, what could it end in but a gala day? Stasie said some friendly word to Anton Benedict and he walked along with her. Antonia was never far from Stasie and Winnie Kratovil. Before they reached Joe's, where they went to see the school children enjoy their treat of soda water and ginger given them by the Vavras, before they were half way from the cemetery, they were laughing and chatting merrily. The children played games together, and the omnibus which had brought guests from a distance waited while the women gossiped and the men drank.

After the grave had been shaped, Stasie and Tonie went with the Vavra girls to do a last tender service of arranging the flowers over the yellow grave. Now and then one of the younger folks would say "Poor Annie" and the older ones express sympathy with Vavra.

The girls and boys stayed together all the afternoon, Tonie getting her innocent way into everything. Anton Benedict talked with shining eyes and with now and then a touch of his late sullenness, while Stasie felt that the treason was being exorcised from her soul.

What a day it was, with the freshness of spring and the warmth and blossom of summer. How lively the village was that afternoon. Every one rejoiced and in the hearts of all, with this beautiful holiday, would come the memory of Annie Vavra.

Mr. Robinson had been in the city with the Goldergilts for several months, but had returned in their suite for the summer. At the school house in Tabor, the children had been preparing largely for the closing exercises of the school; every one had a piece, every one had assisted in gathering ferns and daises to adorn the room. The teacher's desk was all banked with flowers. Many parents, all the young people were there, and the three trustees sat in the front seats, encumbered by their dignity: and, moreover, Mr. Robinson was there. Bohumila Kalista, the oldest pupil, glorified the emblem of Bohemia, in her mother tongue, and then the children sang the "Star Spangled Banner."

There had been agitated the question of a flag-raising at the school, and the children had already gotten money for it by means of coupons entitling the buyer to "the patriotic influence of the school flag." The teacher explained the purpose of the children, saying that though the cards were perhaps worth nothing to them, every good American rejoiced and felt his heart thrill when he saw the American flag waving in the breeze. Would not the trustees also help the children in their purpose? There was a flutter of interest in the room. Anton Sebek, a young carpenter, recently elected trustee, said he would give them the staff. When the Bohemian sings:

A to je ta krasna země
jemě ceska, domou muj,

he speaks of home as a wife does of her father's house. His home is where his children's home shall be.

After the exercises the young people stayed and chatted, and sang with the organ. Robinson found Anton Benedict rather formidable, and so rehearsed his newly acquired witticisms to Tonie's apppreciative ears.

On his way home Anton asked Stasie to marry him. Perhaps his language would seem uncouth to you, and if translated his diction would be rough, yet the old tale is a tender one in any words.

Staise's grand daughters, perhaps her daughters, will feel it no treason to marry out of their nation, for to them the influence of the race from whom they are derived will be hardly more than an impotent sentiment. —*Florence Collins.*

AN UNSOUGHT REVENGE.

HOW vividly the past rises before me as I gaze on this picture which has lain so long, hidden away in my desk but not forgotten. It is a photograph of the woman I once loved—yes, still love, after all these years.

Even with the picture before me I cannot describe that face. I might tell you of her gold-brown hair, rolling back in soft waves from a forehead as white as the snow that is falling outside; of her hazel eyes, now sad, now smiling, with her changing moods; of her flower-like mouth and the perfect curves of her throat and neck—but all this is not Dolores. Her's was an indefinable beauty, beyond the power of mere words to describe. Were those days to be lived over again, with a full knowledge of the end, I would love her as madly as before.

Then a serpent entered my paradise. I cannot write of that time. He won her. I see them yet as on that wedding-day, her fair head resting confidingly against his shoulder. So she went out of my life, and all the sunshine of life went with her. Later I read that she had died uncared for in some country village, killed by his brutality. For this reason I live alone in this hut, miles from the nearest human residence, because I dare not mingle with

my fellow men, lest in the crowd I should see his perjured face. For I would kill him then, though the world looked on.

* * * * * * *

How cold it is! I must have been asleep, for the door has blown open and the snow is drifting into the room. No, some one is entering, some traveler driven in for shelter from the storm. I rise to welcome him, but for some unknown reason my lips refuse to say the words. I motion him to the fire, and as he rolls down the collar of his great-coat, scattering the snow-flakes far and wide on the floor, I recognize—Ralph Sheldon! He does not recognize me, such are the changes time and sorrow have made.

So fate has brought us together at this late day. It is strange that I cannot reproach him, strange that I do not put into words the wrath that has been smouldering in my breast for so long. I am as calm as though it were indeed a stranger, driven in by the storm, who is standing there before my fire. I pull open a small drawer in my desk and gaze lovingly at the shining weapon lying there. It will not play me false, as do so many things in life.

He is standing with his back to me, telling about the storm. " . . . . Roads are all snowed in—I believe I lost my way—Devilish night outside." Yes, it is a devilish night. I stand by his side. "Ralph Sheldon!" He turns and recognizes me and a look of fear and horror mars his handsome face. The perspiration stands in drops on his forehead; his eyes roll in their sockets. So we stand—for hours it seems, in reality only seconds. Then with a despairing cry he springs toward me. But he is too late. There is a sharp report, drowned immediately in the roar of the storm without; a drop of blood gathers on his forehead, and he falls. Dolores is avenged.

Edward A. Raleigh.

HERE AND THERE.

MORE than ordinary mention is due to a new enterprise undertaken by President Schurman, partly in behalf of this University and partly in behalf of general educational interests in this state and throughout the country. The University, from its place at the head of all instruction, offers the best outlook upon what is going on in the world of education. Especially at an institution like Cornell, to which every secondary school in New York acts as a feeder, with as a rule no intervening coaching and in many cases no entrance examinations to require specific preparation, the conditions and the needs of secondary instruction can be accurately gauged.

Supported by the publication fund of the Sage School of Philosophy, President Schurman has begun the issue of an organ of secondary education entitled the *School Review*. The *Review* is to publish ten numbers during the year. The first number is is dated January, 1893.

The province of the new review, as defined in the editor's prefatory note, is the High School and the Academy ; or, if described by courses of study, it embraces whatever lies between the subjects of the common school curriculum and the requirements for admission to college. Beyond this superior limit the *Review* does not intend to trespass. A series of articles on the educational systems of the various states is one important feature soon to appear. Among Cornell contributors whose names are announced in the prospectus are Professors S. G. Williams, O. F. Emerson, Bristol, and Tarr. Mr. Thurber and Dr. Thilly have charge of departments in the editorial work. Beside these, a great number of outside contributors have been enrolled, including many noted educators from all over the United States. The new review has been projected, all in all, in the broadest possible spirit and along practical lines. There is a mission for the *School Review*, and one in which every member of Cornell University should feel an interest: the agitation of questions bearing upon the preliminary training of college students.

* * *

In the first number, President Schurman begins by setting forth the object and intentions of his new undertaking. Professor A. B. Hart, of Harvard, makes a strong plea for the teacher's ability to shape the course of education. J. G. Wright, Principal of the Classical High School, at Worcester, Mass., discusses the teaching of English in the High School. Next comes an article which should be read and pondered upon by every one interested either in the English language or in Cornell University.

* * *

Early last fall the authorities at Harvard made a searching examination of the knowledge of the English language and the training in its use possessed by members of the Harvard class of '96. Surely Harvard would be the last place where most of us would think of discovering illiteracy, but the report recently published shows that the committee succeeded in unearthing some appalling deficiences in English by the simple process of collecting a few pages of manuscript from every first year student. The experiment has been tried at Cornell, and Professor Hart embodies his results and the moral therefrom to be extracted in a twenty-six page article in this same first number of the *School Review*, a most noteworthy contribution to the question of language study. Nearly two hundred papers were obtained, each containing the answers to ten questions, to the effect, "To what extent have you studied rhetoric, how much English writing have you done at school, and what was the nature of your instruction?"

The answers submitted show conclusively, first, that the majority of our New York schools give their pupils no sufficient practice or instruction in writing; secondly, that the majority of our freshmen, in the literary courses at that, cannot answer on paper the simplest questions without displaying the utmost ignorance of spelling, punctuation, and the use of paragraphs, to say nothing of style. Words are misused, the rules of syntax are trampled underfoot, the very handwriting is barbarous. "Careless spelling is found in more than half the papers; positively bad spelling in about one-third."

The temptation to quote further is strong, but the original article is accessible to all who read these pages. Nothing can be

added to the statements there made. The evil and the remedy are both described.

* * *

Under these conditions it is not strange that the CORNELL MAGAZINE should be constantly asking for better literary support. To confess the truth, the MAGAZINE is better off than it was this time a year ago, as far as concerns both quantity and quality of contributions. Still, a better state of things can be pictured. For four years we have been publishing forty pages a month. Why not fifty? There are college monthlies of that size. Why not sixty? There are college magazines, in smaller type, that would easily make sixty pages of long primer. The editors are so many Olivers, and their unceasing request is for "more." If a suggestion may be offered to those who think of writing, it is: send in more literary essays and more stories of college life.

THE MONTH.

The examinations at the end of the fall term were less destructive than those of a year ago, thirty-eight losses against sixty-eight. The difference is attributed to the greater rigor of the entrance examinations, many men who would under the former requirements have entered and then fallen out at Christmas, having been rejected at the start and not allowed to enter the University.

The *Cornellian* board promise several improvements in the method of conducting our annual. The prices paid for seeing one's name in print are to be less exorbitant and one-half the proceeds of the book are to be given to athletics. Prizes are offered to contributors. One kind of prize, not at present in the power of the board to offer, would perhaps be most effective of all: positions on the succeeding board to the members of the Sophomore class furnishing the best contributions.

Founder's Day, January 11, was celebrated by public exercises and by receptions given by Mrs. A. B. Cornell and by President and Mrs. Schurman.

The Glee Club is practicing steadily. An extended trip is projected for the spring vacation.

About $2000 has been subscribed toward a fund for the purchase of a steam launch for the use of the Navy. The need of a launch for coaching has long been felt at Cornell and once or twice before efforts have been made to procure one. Ex-President White, who, since 1873, when he presented to the Navy its first cedar shell, has ever taken great interest in our rowing matters, has subscribed liberally. It is hoped that many will follow his good example and that by next spring Mr. Courtney will be able to follow the crews with the Cornell launch.

It is expected that the aluminium shell which is being built by Daniel J. Galanaugh of Philadelphia will be completed in March. This is the first eight-oared aluminium shell which has ever been made, though it is said that Harvard has recently ordered one from a firm in New York. Mr. Galanaugh promises that the resistance offered by this shell to the water will be about 25 per cent. less than that of a cedar shell. It will also be considerably lighter. If these statements prove to be correct our crew ought easily to break some more records.

NEW BOOKS.

The Bible and English Prose Style. By Albert S. Cook. D. C. Heath & Co. Boston, 1893.

The prolific genius of Professor Cook has produced another book. This latest production is an unpretentious little volume, but one that will without doubt be found very useful. The teachings of the Bible have been universally and carefully studied, but the beauties of its language and its influence on the development of English prose style, are, we fear, too little appreciated.

In his introduction the author shows what an agency the Bible has been, in the enrichment and ennoblement of our language. In a selection of passages ranging in time from Cædmon's Hymn to Lincoln's Second Inaugural, he traces the influence of the Bible over English thought and style. He says: "The main characteristics of Bible diction in general, may all be comprehended under a single term, noble naturalness.

The body of the work consists of a series of "illustrative comments" from different famous writers. The subjects treated are such as: "Importance of the Bible to the student of English," "English Imitators of Biblical Language," "Rhetorical Features of Biblical Language," and "Rhythm of the Bible." At the close of the book are a number of passages from the Bible, adapted to illustrate the features of style discussed.

The book will appeal to two classes of readers: to those interested in the study of English prose style, and to those interested in the study of the Bible as a piece of literary art. On the whole the book offers many valuable ideas on an interesting subject.

John Wyclif. By Lewis Sargeant. *Heroes of Nations Series.* G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York.

Though the work of Wyclif has great interest for all of us who are Englishmen, the author enters a comparatively fresh field in popular literature. His subject deserves a place in this series of Heroes of Nations, and that too without taking a humble or inferior place. Wyclif's position was unique; he was at once the last of the great Schoolmen and the first of the English Reformers. He early became the opponent of the pope's temporal supremacy in England, and was several times sent to religious conventions to protest against the pope's encroachments in the matter of appointments in England. Several of the orders of monks had obtained vast riches, and with them had become corrupt; Wyclif raised a clamor about their ears, and brought upon himself the bitterest enmity of the friars, who became his chief accusers. Complaints were first made against him to the bishops and later to the pope, and but for the intervention of strong friends at court, he would have suffered the vengeance of a corrupt church.

As he underwent the development of age, Wyclif came to hold views on transsubstantiation and predestination that the Church considered heretical and wrote numerous tracts upon these topics and upon the conduct of the friars.

In 1381 a hostile council at Oxford condemned as heterodox two of his principal theses and admonished all men against teaching them. A little later he undertook the organization of the so-called Poor Priests, or mendicant preachers, who, fired with religious enthusiasm and devotion, became a living protest against the worldly-minded monks. In 1384 Wyclif died at his home at Lutterworth as the result of a stroke of paralysis, and some years later the Council of Constance visited upon him the childish vengeance of having his bones exhumed and burned.

The author vividly pictures life in England in the 14th century and the ferment of all Europe. A description is given of the orders of monks and of the political intrigues of the time; and the attempt is made to give the work of John Wyclif, premature, perhaps, but not unavailing, its true setting in the history of the development of religious thought and freedom.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London:

Deutsche Volkslieder: A Selection from German Folksongs. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Horatio Stevens White. (Knickerbocker Nuggets).

John Wyclif. By Louis Sargeant. (Heroes of Nations Series).

From D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, New York and Chicago:

Eichendorff's Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Carl Osthaus, A.M. (Heath's Modern Language Series).

From Charles L. Webster & Co., New York:

A Perplexed Philosopher. Being an Examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's Various Utterances on the Land Question, with some Incidental References to his Synthetic Philosophy. By Henry George.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. FEBRUARY, 1893. No. 5.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager*, Box 1691, Ithaca, New-York.

CORNELL'S NEW MUSEUM.

WHO has not been told that the associations which cluster about the universities of the old world have quite as much to do with the quickening of the literary life at these centres of learning as any methods of study followed there? Memories of the feudal ages, traditions of the monkish cloister, records of royal grants and pageants, heraldic blasons, cathedral spires, façades of ducal palaces, galleries of ancient marbles and canvasses, snatches of century-old student song, high-water marks of revolution, sudden sound of bugles, reminders of recent or impending war—all these put the student mind in touch with the sweep of a wider wave, the unending flow of a deeper stream than the spurt of his own little rill. Thoughtful observers, nay, American students themselves, note a comparative crudity and roughness about our own academic life. It would be idle to saddle the responsibility for this entirely on the buoyancy of youth, the indifference of faculties, the evil influence of athletics, the lukewarmness of Christian associations, the pernicious activity of glee clubs and Greek letter fraternities, or the one-sided contemporary conception of merely intellectual education. The small world of the

college is not really a law unto itself. It only reflects what is true of our country at large, as compared with peoples that have attained a more conspicuous maturity. The normal English student and the average British citizen are as far ahead of our own normal student and average citizen in soundness of political ideas as the German public is ahead of the American in the comprehension of music, or the French in appreciation for questions of art. On the other hand, a Döllinger has compared the mannishness of the German student unfavorably enough with the honest boyishness of the English collegian to give us pause, if we had any thought of disowning the tingle in our own blood. For the English collegian's boyishness is pretty much the same as that which is seen hereabouts. Döllinger rightly sees in it a foretaste of that English manliness which is something more than a tradition wherever the ear is welcomed by the sabre-cut of Saxon speech. But need this hinder us from reaching out for what we have not, while holding fast what we have? "*Gebt mir das Eure und lasst mir das Meine,*" is King Lion's motto in Kaulbach's illustrations for Goethe's Reynard the Fox. The apostle Paul expresses the same idea somewhat differently.

It was a happy inspiration to create on Cornell Campus a home of the plastic Muse by establishing a museum of antique sculpture in the big, bare hall vacated by the University Library for more commodious and worthy quarters. When a Board of Trustees employs a hundred idealists to devise ingenious ways of spending enough of the University's money to produce an annual deficit, happy inspirations of this nature come cheap. This one came from our growing Greek department. Its realization is due to its having been met half way by the same open hand which has given Cornell University its house of worship, and its spacious new library, and has endowed and equipped its fertile School of Philosophy and its promising Seminaries of Classical Philology. We call it an emphatically happy inspiration, because it has been the means, at a moderate outlay, of adding an important educational attraction, in a field which American colleges have hitherto left almost fallow, to the equipment of the University. The cordial pecuniary co-operation of the Trustees with Mr. Sage, to the amount, expended and anticipated, of

$12,750, besides the salary of an Associate Professor of Classical Archæology who is at the same time the Curator of the Museum of Casts, has permitted the purchase and adequate exhibition of more than a mere bunch of plaster casts from a dozen well-known statues. The old library hall has been tastefully remodelled and decorated, and now affords a worthy place of exhibition for a growing museum of classical archæology, where the peculiarities and characteristic spirit of Greek and Roman civilization, as illustrated by numerous masterpieces of ancient sculpture, can be studied almost as well as in the oldest and richest galleries of antique marbles to be found in Europe. For the plaster cast is a more faithful reproduction of a sculptor's work than the photograph is of the painter's. Something, indeed, is lost in the use of so dull and opaque a material as plaster of Paris in the place of the translucent crystalline texture of creamy marble. But the beauty or truth of form which the skill of the sculptor's hand imparted to the costlier and more sympathetic material remains. The loss of color and the vitiation even of light and shade relations in the photograph are a much more serious defect, as if one should expect to recognize the color and richness of a sympathetic voice in the hard dry twang issuing from a phonograph. Our museum of casts may not challenge comparison with those which have been formed with governmental assistance and at much smaller relative outlay in Europe, where the heavy ocean transportation expense is avoided. It is for Rome, Athens, and St. Petersburg, not for Ithaca, New York, to emulate what has been done with similar materials in Berlin, Paris and London. Our museum cannot at present measure heads with the collections of the same character which are the pride of our own centres of civilization. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts, for instance, can print a sculpture catalogue of some 1000 numbers, and a splendid collection of casts from antique statuary will soon nearly eclipse the brilliant Willard Museum of Architectural Casts at the Metropolitan of New York City. The close of the World's Fair will see a rich show of casts from sculptures of every clime and age remaining on exhibition in Chicago. Greece and France alone have promised to send $120,000 worth. But Cornell's collection will take acknowledged rank, as a younger sister whose budding

slenderness suggests fine possibilities of womanly development, with the academic museums which inspire the student and delight the visitor at such foreign universities as Bonn and Heidelberg and Strassburg and Munich in Germany, or Cambridge and Oxford in England. In our own country, certainly, it claims attention as the most important directly attached to a college or university.

Being as it is an outgrowth and an auxiliary of the university departments of classical studies and ancient history, and subsidiary to a chair of classical archæology, the point of view of the archaeologist has been allowed to govern the selection of the marbles and bronzes to be reproduced abroad. Æsthetic considerations and regard for the close association of the museum with the department of Greek, on which the donor has insisted, have alike tended to give greater floor and catalogue space to works of Greek art than to others belonging to antiquity. This is scarcely disadvantageous to the effectiveness or utility of the collection, for scarcely anyone disputes the preëminence of antique sculpture over that of the Renascence, which excelled more greatly in the art of painting, or over that of the modern age, which has found the fuller and truer expression of its artistic aspiration in musical creation. Nor are the peculiar needs of our drawing and modelling classes forgotten in making accurate full size reproductions of the masterpieces of classical rather than of oriental and Christian sculpture available for practical study. If, however, the captious visitor should still wonder whether, after laboriously acquiring notoriety as a school where all that savors of the old time or of the new time humanities is rigidly subordinated to utilitarian studies, Cornell is not putting her helm down too hard on the opposite tack, we would assure him that limits of space and means and not of mental horizon have imposed this reserve upon us. The adage *est modus in rebus, non omnia possumus omnes* has been the Curator's guiding principle in ordering works of art reproduced for the University museum. Modern sculptors have more often than those of Greece and Rome aimed to impress by colossal size. It is the index of a less popular art. For our present purpose it is sufficient to record that the reproduction of Michael Angelo's works alone will cost the Art Institute of Chicago some $5,000. It is not possible for $7,000, even though

the freight bills are not charged to the purchase fund, to secure a fairly representative series of casts from the important sculptures of all ages. It is far better for a museum the object of which is primarily educational, to present and illustrate one great period in the history of art connectedly and in its entirety, than to perpetrate the incongruous by attempting the impossible. It is incongruous, if the purpose be to decorate the four corners of a square hall, to select for the purpose reproductions of the Medici Venus at Florence, the bronze King Arthur in the cathedral at Innspruck, Michael Angelo's group of the Madonna and the Dead Saviour in St. Peters, Rome, and Houdon's Seated Voltaire in the foyer of the Theatre Français in Paris. And compromises are so rarely satisfactory, especially in matters of art. So the programme of our museum of classical archæology frankly excludes everything that does not pertain to the antique and pagan cycle. Oriental and Etruscan art are represented by only a few isolated specimens, and only for the sake of comparison, because Greek and Roman art are in some measures an outgrowth from them. But even when a whole collection is devoted to a single national phase in the general history of art, it is necessary to avoid the incongruities which must inevitably result where pieces of different time and style and size and subject jostle each other in a medley which is the reverse of picturesque.

In order to gain a certain isolation for each principal school, period, or subject group, the old library hall, which measures about one hundred feet by fifty, has been broken up into five sections. Incidentally, a substitute is secured for the much needed wall space, of which fourteen tall windows, four great chimney breasts, and five double doors almost deprive the big hall, while the uncumbered background so essential for the proper effect of statuary is obtained, or will be obtained, by curtains. These are to hang from a frieze-bearing entablature supported on columns of severe classical proportions and design. Solid partitions would be inadmissible, as on dark winter days the draperies must often be drawn aside to admit sufficient light to the central part of the hall. One cross partition, however, has been erected near the north end of the museum, separating the Oriental and the earliest Greek sculptures, which are valued more for their curiosity than for their artistic merit, from the pieces of the really classical age.

The prevailing color in the primitive section is red, while for the remainder of the museum an olive tint has been applied. Either color furnishes an effective background. The ancient and sadly deteriorated floor is carpeted with linoleum that has for the most part seen severe library service, but which assiduous oiling has rejuvenated to an oaken color. The ceiling overhead is buff, divided into unequal quadrangles by chestnut mouldings which serve to hold the stucco in place. It is seventeen and a half feet from the floor. The cove and wall frieze are of deeper buff, decorated with Greek patterns in the olive of the walls. The colonnade, ten feet in height, by means of which the central part of the hall is separated into three ten foot aisles, is again buff. Its Doric columns are copied from the temple of Juno Lucina at Agrigentum, Sicily. The entablature is proportionate to the columns, being just five feet in height. The sculptured friezes it carries are of course white, but appear framed in decorations of color and gilding imitated from those on the corresponding mouldings of the various temples and monuments from which the original marble friezes were taken. Above the entablature, low pilasters continue the vertical line of each column. Between them are wide openings two and one-half feet high, something like the rows of clerestory windows that light the nave of a basilica, and serving a similar purpose.

The scope of our museum of classical archæology, which is open to visitors every afternoon, and is also used by students in classes and for individual study, will best be understood by touching upon two or three pieces that have found or will ultimately find their suitable place in each of the above mentioned sections.

These typical pieces will be mentioned without reference to their actual presence in the museum at the date of writing; the same method will be adopted for the projected descriptive catalogue of the whole collection:

NORTH GALLERY (ORIENTAL AND EARLY GREEK SCULPTURES):

Portion of Sculptured Column presented to the temple of Ephesus by King Crœsus.

From marble in British Museum. Ionian work of the sixth century B. C. Ungainly.

Pediment group from the temple of Ægina, ten statues representing the death of Achilles.

From marbles in the Glyptothek, Munich. Dorian work of the fifth century. Rigidly truthful.

EAST GALLERY (ATHLETIC AND MYTHOLOGICAL FIGURES):

Man Carrying a Spear (the Doryphoros), copied after Polyclitus of Argos.

From a marble in National Museum, Naples. Fifth century. Heavy.

Hermes with the Infant Dionysus, by Praxiteles of Athens.

From marble at Olympia, Greece. Fourth century. The perfection of sculpture.

CENTRAL GALLERY (ARCHITECTURAL SCULPTURES):

Frieze of the Parthenon, Pheidias.

From marble slabs in Athens and in the British Museum. 438 B. C. The Periclean Age.

Pediment group of the Parthenon, ten statues representing the birth of Athena, by Pheidias.

From Elgin marbles in the British Museum. 438 B. C. Unexcelled.

WEST GALLERY (LATE GREEK SCULPTURES):

Athena Slaying a Giant, large basrelief from the altar of Zeus at Pergamon.

From marbles in the Royal Museum, Berlin. Third century B. C. Masterful, but theatrical.

The Venus of Melos.

From marble in the Louvre Museum, Paris. Third century B. C. Ideal.

SOUTH GALLERY (ITALIATE AND ROMAN SCULPTURES):

The Etruscan Orator.

From a bronze in the Etruscan Museum, Florence. Second century B. C. Realistic.

Frieze of a Roman Temple, representing the Wedding of Neptune. Of Greek workmanship.

From marbles in the Glyptothek, Munich.

Statue of the Emperor Augustus, presented by the class of 1885.

From a marble in the Vatican Museum, Rome. First century. Idealized.

TOWER ROOM (MUSEUM OFFICE):

Fresco decoration in the style of the Pompeian villas, painted by Albert P. Willis, late of Cornell University.

First century after Christ.

Electrotypes from Gold and Silver Coins in the British Museum.

Made by Augustus Ready. 700 B. C. to reign of Constantine A. D. 550.

There is a touch of not altogether insignificant irony in the circumstance of utilitarian Cornell being the first American college which has been able to acquire so rich and instructive a series of casts as we shall soon have in the completed Museum of Classical Archæology. The practical methods of teaching which have long been followed in our technical departments, and the liberal provision of the apparatus of instruction upon which teachers of the technical sciences are accustomed to insist more effectively than your over-modest professor of the humanities, have helped to make the establishment of a fine art gallery seem something better than a fantastic luxury. Now that it is an accomplished fact, it ought to become one factor in a local renascence of interest and productivity in the fine arts, as the presence of the best ancient work has been in other communities.

Other colleges, like Yale and Princeton will not be slow to increase their less recently inaugurated collections of sculpture to equal dimensions. Ambitious universities which dispose of magnificent but practically vacant art buildings, like those at Wellesley, Lake Forest, andPalo Alto, will not hesitate to transform them into systematic museums of art. It is legitimate to hope that the dawn of the twentieth century will find Cornell prosperous enough to remove the present collection of plaster casts, and that of the department of architecture, along with the Sibley College specimens, to a spacious Fine Arts Building which will itself be a superb architectural monument. Then will the moment be come to enlarge the scope of what is now only a museum of classical archæology, so as to include separate sections for Egyptian, Chaldæan and Assyrian, Persian, and other ancient Oriental architecture and statuary. Then will be the moment to recognize and illustrate worthily the wonderful progress of art from the advent of Christianity and its new light to the achievements of modern times.

The chariness of contemporary artists about permitting the duplication of their work in what they regard as a base material, has made the world sadly ignorant of the existence of modern talent which needs not fear comparison of its serious successes with the chance survivals of classical antiquity. It is unfortunate that this should be so. The prejudice is even now breaking down, Who knows but by that time a museum that aims to set before the curious eye examples of the best art of every time and clime may be compelled to accord ample wall and floor-space to the products of the remoter civilizations of mystic India, fantastic Gamboja, self-sufficient China, dreamy Corea, and flowery Japan? A presidential proposition to consider what could and should be done at Cornell if the besetting question of available means were miraculously eliminated, is too slender a foundation for a worthy palace of art, except in the airy realm of the imagination. Fancy, however, insists on projecting an imposing three-story quadrangle around a glass-covered "Architectural Court," built in the Florentine fashion, with its ground floor given up to a really comprehensive museum of architecture and sculpture; above, suites of class rooms succeed each other; from the infrequent windows of the third story, in which are the skylighted picture galleries, we overlook the Campus, or the lakeward slope up which winds the park-like University Avenue. The enchanting vision vanishes like a mirage in the ironical atmosphere of actual conditions. Yet in some Ohio quarry unblasted lies the old red sandstone, in some southern or Canadian forest sway the tall pines, that shall some day make the vision a reality.

—*Alfred Emerson.*

LINES.

A pine against an azure sky;
A flock of crows in nestward flight;
The spreading from the hills afar
Of golden shafts of mellow light;
The waxing of a glowing star
Upon the forehead of the Night;
And in my fond Love's deepening eye
The glory of a soul's delight.

—*Robert Adger Bowen.*

PLATONIS DIALOGI FRAGMENTUM

PRIUS IGNOTI, NUPER INVENTI:

EDIDIT RECENSUIT RECOGNOVIT NOTIS ILLUSTRAVIT
CORNELLIANUS QUIDAM NEOSOPHISTES.

I WENT up yesterday to the Campus with Glaucon, the son of Ariston, that I might attend a University exercise; and also because I wanted to see in what manner they would celebrate the festival, which was a new thing. I was delighted with the appearance of the Library; but that of the Law Building was equally, if not more, beautiful, When we had heard the lecture and looked in at the Armory, we turned in the direction of the city; and at that instant Polemarchus, the son of Cephalus, chanced to catch sight of us from a distance as we were starting on our way home and told his janitor to run and bid us wait for him. The man clapped me on the shoulder from behind, and said: Polemarchus desires you to wait.

I turned round, and asked him where his master was.

There he is, said he, coming after you, if you will only wait.

Certainly we will, said Glaucon; and in a few minutes Polemarchus appeared, and with him Adeimantus, Glaucon's brother, Niceratus, the son of Nicias, and several others who had taken the lecture.

Polemarchus said to me: You can't do it, Socrates. We are too strong for you: you must just wait.

Don't bully him, said Adeimantus. Haven't you heard, Socrates, that they will worship to-night by artificial light?

That's a new thing! I cried. What! will they hop by artificial light, passing their partners to one another at the conclusion of every dance?

Not only so, he rejoined; but there will be refreshments, and therefore a great gathering of young men. Oh! you will have a good time, Socrates; so stay, and don't be perverse.

Glaucon said: I suppose, if you insist, that we must.

Very good, I replied.

Accordingly we went with Polemarchus to his house, and supped; and after that made our prayers to the God.* And

* The Scythian Ares.

when the festival was over, we met together again: Lysias and Euthydemus, the brothers of Polemarchus, and Thrasymachus the Chalcedonian, Charmantides the Pæanian, and one or two more. And Thrasymachus was telling in his boisterous way of how he had slid without stopping from the Library to the Bridge, and the others began to laugh at him, saying that this was plainly impossible, and therefore a lie. Whereupon Thrasymachus was for getting angry, saying in a loud voice that it was not he who was lying; and that he had, moreover, a proof of what he asserted; for a girl had tried to walk down after him, and had fallen heavily, so that he himself had nearly lost his balance with laughing. But the rest clamoured that that was no proof at all, but rather itself required confirmation, and there was a great uproar.

I was panic-stricken when I heard Thrasymachus shouting, and could not look at him without trembling. But at last I caught his eye; and seeing that he would immediately attack me, if I left him the first word, I said, with a quiver: Don't be hard on us! We may have been guilty of a little mistake in the argument, but I assure you that the error was not intentional. The fact is, Thrasymachus, that we want above all things to believe you, but cannot. You should pity us, then, and not be angry with us.

How characteristic of Socrates! he replied, with a bitter laugh; that is your ironical way! Make a plain statement, and give proofs, and he'll shuffle out of agreement somehow!

Now that is too bad of you, Thrasymachus, I said. But let us sift the matter: for I am really anxious, as indeed we all are, to get at the truth. Tell me,—are you not a philosopher?

I suppose you'd say "No!" Socrates, he retorted.

My dear friend, I said, do believe me, when I say that I am only interested in the truth. Once more: are you not a philosopher? Yes, he grunted.

And a philosopher is one who loves wisdom? Of course.

And the wise is the good? I mean, that he who has true knowledge is virtuous? If you like, he said.

If *you* like, I replied. Then the philosopher loves virtue also, and acts always in accordance with virtue?

This time he assented quite readily.

Good, I said. And now let us take the analogy of the arts. Can not one and the same man, if he have the necessary fortune, keep and train both dogs and horses? And here Glaucon is, perhaps, best qualified to speak.

Why, yes, Socrates, he said; if the fortune is there,—but it must be a pretty big one.

That we assume, I replied. And now, Thrasymachus, will not the trainer of these animals do all that he can to make them serviceable and efficient? I should think so, he said, if he has any sense.

That we assume also, I said, in order not to have to prove too much. But carry this thought over into particulars. If a dog or a horse be found to be injuring the animals of his own or of the other kind, will he not be punished, and rightly punished?

That can be seen without much effort, he said.

I rejoice that I am making myself clear. Again, if a citizen of the same city injure either of these groups of animals, whether collectively or singly, is he not performing a wrong and immoral action, and does he not deserve punishment, even more than the offending dog or horse, who only injured his neighbors from thoughtlessness?

Oh yes, he said, yawning.

Excellently answered, I said. Just one or two questions more, and I shall have done all I can to clear up our problem. Are there not in a University both Eds and Co-eds?

There are.

And there is one President, for both?

Yes.

So that we may liken the Eds and Co-eds to the dogs and horses of our fancy,—without going into the knotty point of which is which?

Certainly.

And the President is the trainer, and the Faculty under-trainers and assistants?

That follows.

And they will rightly punish any Co-ed who is found injuring an Ed, and any Ed found injuring a Co-ed; as well as any outside person found injuring either?

They will.

But here, Thrasymachus, said I, you are convicted out of your own mouth. For you affirmed that you were a philosopher, and acted virtuously: aud now you admit that it is an immoral act, and worthy of punishment, to injure a Co-ed. Yet you stated that through your conduct a Co-ed fell heavily, and you laughed at this. Both remarks cannot be true. Either you are a philosopher, and did not slide,—though lying is not philosophical; or you are an unprincipled person, and should be punished by the President and Faculty. You must take your choice of these two alternatives; for there is no third possibility.

Thrasymachus had looked very uncomfortable during the latter part of the conversation, and his answers came not fluently as I have given them, but must be dragged from him, as Homer said of Patroclus. Indeed, though it was a cold winter's night, the perspiration poured from him in torrents; and then I saw what I had never seen before: Thrasymachus blushing. For the whole company were on my side, and some were saying that if he really had slid, he ought to be ashamed of it, being come to his full years; and seeing that old men and women would be obliged to walk after him; and others said that he could not slide at all, having shown himself a coward at Potidaea, and elsewhere; while the remainder told him that whether he had lied in the beginning or not, he would have to fight them, if he stayed. But I did my best for him, so that finally he got off unhurt. And presently Alcibiades came in, very drunk,* and tried to tell us how he had just seen Thrasymachus on his back near the Bridge, he having fallen, as it appeared, on his own slide. And Lysias said next day, that the last thing he remembered was my attempting to prove that sliding and sinfulness were the same thing; for, I asserted, they both began with an s, and this could hardly be chance. But I have myself no recollection of the argument.

---

* As always, cf. Greek literature, *passim*.

MEMORIES AT THE JUNIOR.

The music falls through the scented air,
  The silks and laces float to and fro ;
A white rose rests in my lady's hair—
  A bit of night and a gleam of snow.
  From her flower-crowned head to her dainty toe
She's a picture fair for my eager eye,
  But she does not waltz to the music low,
As Daisy waltzed in the days gone by.

I gaze with pride at my lady fair
  As adown the crash-floored hall we go,
For she's graceful and pretty and debonnair
  And light of foot as the mountain roe,
  And she glides along to the rhythmic flow
Of the dance, like a bird in a summer sky,
  But she does not waltz to the music low
As Daisy waltzed in the days gone by.

The rose is gone from my lady's hair ;
  The ball is over, the gliding bow
Caresses the strings with a tender air,
  My lady smiles and her dark eyes glow,
  Like the whisper of flowers when breezes blow ;
That she's sweet and charming one can't deny,
  But she does not waltz to the music low
As Daisy waltzed in the days gone by.

ENVOI

Ah Love ! I dream of the long ago
  Though my dark haired lady is standing nigh,
For she can not waltz to the music low
  As Daisy waltzed in the days gone by.

—*Edward A. Raleigh.*

ONE OF MARYLAND'S FORGOTTEN TREASURES.

"YO' says yo' want-ter see de house w'at Mistah Boof use-ter own? Now he ain' liv'd hea' in a long time, I 'speck he's dead befo' dis—but de house its up dar back un dem woods, w'en yo' gits up ter de schoolhouse yo'll see a gate, dar's war yo' turn in. It's a pow'ful time—"

"Thank you, Uncle, I expect I can find it," I said, starting my horse in the direction indicated. My informant, one of those sociable old niggers with white hair and straggling teeth, was thoroughly offended, not wholly on account of my impolite treatment of him, but to a great extent because he was inwardly disappointed at being thus deprived of a lengthy discourse on the Booths. I hardly know why I did'nt stop to listen to him, unless that by reason of the proximity of the place, hearing seemed but a secondary pleasure when compared with that of seeing; possibly it was due to my having often lent an ear to the neighboring inhabitants, who knew stores of queer tales until questioned, when their ideas became but a mere chaos of rumored statements.

The home I was seeking was that of none other than Junius Brutus Booth, famous histrionically and the father of two tragic actors no less noted, the one on the stage of the play-house, the other on the stage of history. The name of Booth the Elder is linked with the word eccentricity, they are synonyms, and yet it would be difficult to discover a character which has so much hidden nobleness of purpose as his seems to have had; I say hidden—over-looked would be better, for the possessor of such a misfortune as eccentricity is apt to eclipse the better qualities of his character by indulging this ruinous whim. Continually unhappy from public comments which his curious acts provoked, he purchased in 1822 a small and secluded farm in the northern part of Maryland, a few miles distant from the quiet little town of Bel-Air. Seclusion was his chief aim; this is why his home was cut off from the outer world by a belt of heavy timberland; this is why but an unsuspected path through the thicket led to the hermit home; this is why less than a dozen could claim him as more than a nodding acquaintance. Here, when free from the duties of his profession,

which he continued at intervals, he repaired to indulge his idiosyncrasies, often to a degree which elicited from those who heard of them suggestions, nay even declarations, of insanity. Here his children were born and here in his absences his family lived, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

I had reached the school house and my horse instinctively turned towards the gate, a modern gate! and beyond a long narrow vista through the thick forest by which the road passed! the seclusion of Booth the Elder was suffering by the march of time. I followed the seldom-used road through the wood, across a field to an irregular clump of trees broken only by the pointed gable of the house; passing through another gate I stood before my Mecca. It was a brick structure of the Elizabethan style of architecture, having the air of a rector's cottage of the English counties. The windows, set in deep recesses, were long and narrow and grouped by twos or threes. In all little diamond-shaped panes replaced the familiar square ones, carrying out the architecture and adding materially to the picturesqueness, which was further heightened by the tall, pointed gable and clustered chimney. The porch extended across the entire face of the building and ended in a dense growth of vines and evergreens. Before the house the road formed a wide circle and for some undiscovered reason the lawn, or rather the enclosure, took its shape from this. At the far end the ground sloped away to the cool spring house almost hidden in the deep shadows cast over it by the giant sycamore. By a still gentler slope the lawn merged into a verdant meadow, the smoothness of which was broken by the thread-like stream which wandered from the spring. A peaceful, restful spot surely; Booth had made a veritable Utopia of this inland isle. Between the house and the spring a bare spot made itself all too conspicuous; some old building, probably an unsightly relic of days when the dominion of necessity was greater than that of beauty, I mused.

As I approached the door, the gaunt figure of the mistress came forth. It was a prim, stiff outline, as it stood in relief against a dark background, the hand extended in a formal precise manner which froze the sentiment within me. "Pardon my intrusion"—I commenced, but got no farther. It was evident I was only too welcome. Few visitors ventured into so retired a spot, and those few were not turned away. She did not unbend, she could not,

but underlying her tone there was genuine cordiality. We entered the hall, one in keeping with the country, a place to lounge and while away the hours. Opposite the doorway, a Southern fireplace bespoke cheer and comfort on the long December evenings, while around the walls straight-backed mahogany chairs were ranged, I imagine, to give contrariety. "This is just as the Booths left it," I essayed. "Not at all, there is not a single thing in the house which belonged to them save a meat platter, they lived in this house but one or two years and never furnished it completely." "What" I gasped, seeing my romance fade before my eyes, "only lived here a couple of years? Why, I thought they were all born here?" "You are right, but not in this house, they lived many years in an old structure which stood out there," pointing to the barren spot in the lawn which had incited my speculations. "We had it removed a few years ago, it was so unsightly. Mr. Booth was building this house when he was taken sick and died while returning from one of his trips, so that he never lived in it. He called it Tudor Hall, and drew the designs himself after an English house." Each movement was methodical as though studied, and when she turned it seemed as though each muscle acted simultaneously with every other in her body. Each syllable she uttered was measured and precise. She was in fact a veritable Dickens character. "Should you like to hear more of the family, you can call on old Mrs. Rogers, who doesn't live far away. She used to know them well and loves to talk about them." I began to lose interest in the quaint diamond-shaped panes and long windows; the gaping fireplace and tall mantel of the kitchen were old-fashioned, but I remembered having seen many like it. I did not see Junius Brutus in every corner as I had dreamed I should, nothing now but to hear, and to hear a contemporary, that was infinitely nearer the goal.

In an old-time house, in an old-time room, in an old-time chair sat one who partook largely of the surroundings. I already seemed to have gone back half a century. As my venerable hostess rose to greet me I chanced to see a scrap of besmudged paper, pasted on the back of her chair, bearing the following:

AUNTY ROGERS' CHAIR
OVER 150 YEARS OLD.

Her saintly face bespoke fourscore years, and I wondered who had occupied that ancient relic the earlier century of its existence.

"So, dear child, you want to know something about the Booths? Take that chair and I'll tell you all I can." I felt my years lightly enough in her presence, but to her they must have seemed indeed few in number. "They came here in ———, '21, I remember the day well, long ago as it was. They were but newly married, and lacking any knowledge of household affairs. Father had a tenant house which they wanted to rent before buying in this part of the country, and I recall how pleased I was at the idea of some new neighbor in the then sparsely settled district, but they were strange neighbors to everyone but ourselves. I remember how they used to think themselves so much better than anyone around, so that they did not seek acquaintance with people. Soon after they arrived Mr. Booth came to grandmother to to ask if she would not bake their bread, for Mrs. Booth didn't know how." I didn't interrupt, but if before I had been impressed with the disparity between our ages, I now felt almost as though a thousand years must seem but as a day in her sight. "Grandmother had a large family of us children to take care of and therefore could not do it. Mr. Booth seemed but little upset by the state of affairs, merely saying, 'I'll send to Baltimore and get a couple of barrels of ship biscuit,' and for months they had no wheaten food but this.

"The following year he bought the place you have just visited and he accomplished what in those days had never been deemed possible. They had the house in which they lived moved across the fields to its new position where it served many a year as shelter and home. Every horse, ox, man, woman and child took part, and Booth's folly was for many a day the talk of the fireside. People say he was eccentric; may be he was to some, but few understood him; he was noble, he was proud, he was humane. One of his beliefs, for which he was oftentimes condemned as insane, was that dumb animals had as much right to life as man. 'What God has endowed with the breath of life man has no right to destroy;' he would say and then call quotation after quotation from the Bible to his aid. He never allowed animal food to come upon his table and would mourn over dead beasts as over a human

being. It was his pureness of mind, that's all. Once in Bel-Air a festival was taking place in which a pigeon-shooting match held a prominent position. Mr. Booth drove to the scene of the slaughter, quietly and tenderly gathered the dead birds, and placing them in his gig, drove home. Along the road he informed the returning revelers of a funeral and bade them come. Some out of sympathy, others out of morbid curiosity came to find signs of a veritable funeral, but vainly did they seek to find for whom they were mourning. Calmly and solemnly Mr. Booth announced to the assembled crowd their cause for mourning. They turned in derision and anger at what seemed to them a desecration of sacred rites, but dear child, he did it with all sincerity, he was as earnest in his belief as man well could be, and to him this was as sacred a performance as though it had been one of his own family.*

"Would you like to see their pictures?" In one corner of the room stood a cedar chest, dark with the stamp of age. Many brass nails traced out curves and geometrical designs on its top, and the brass lock glittered, showing its curved horns in contrast with the dark wood. To this chest the elderly biographer walked, lifted its heavy lid and took from its carefully arranged contents a leather album. There was beauty in that picture as she bent over the chest, and none could fail to recognize it. The half dark corner panelled high up, above a sconce glittering with a wealth of gilded flowers and festoons. Standing out in relief the bending figure nearly losing its outlines amid the graceful folds of the old-fashioned flowing gown, beside her a dignified old chair with its heart-shaped back. It was a subject for an artist.

"This is Junius Brutus, the father," she said, opening the book. I looked upon a wild, but strong countenance, the hair was long and flowing, the lips shut as with determination, and the eyes bore an almost fierce look, yet the whole had a subtle attraction. "It is like him; don't you see how noble he was?"

Next Mrs. Booth was before us, in one of those queer balloon-like dresses, posing beside a pedestal after the ideal of the photographer of that early era of the art. "You'll see some of them are Bakers and the rest Booths. She was a Miss Baker and those

* On several occasions Mr. Booth is said to have gone through a somewhat similar mockery, once in Louisville, Ky., and once in New Orleans.

that took after her were gentler and fairer, while the others were exactly the opposite, like their father in every respect. Look at Junius Brutus, the son !" I did, and would have thought it a picture of the father in younger years. "He was the hope of his father, but he never could have made the actor Edwin has, even had he lived long enough. This is Rosalie , she was a Baker and here's Asia, dear Asia ! she was the flower of the family I always said."

"And poor John," (as the unnaturally posed figure of tall John Wilkes lay before us,) "he was like his father, wild and always keeping to himself, his eccentricities were intensified nearly if not quite to insanity, still John was never wicked. After he had brought disgrace upon his family, and endangered all their lives, flocks of people came to the place ; why, they cut down trees to manufacture souvenirs. All the family were obliged to hide, and never dared admit their identity." She seemed to feel the sorrow and sympathy of that hour once more. "And those boys, I've had them in my lap, I've kissed them and loved them ; now of all Edwin alone is left." "Has he ever returned ?" I asked. "Not once. None of them came here more than once or twice after the disgrace and death of John ; Edwin, they say, loves to come to Baltimore, but why he does'nt come here I can't understand, unless the very memories which might be pleasant are ones he dreads to revive ; I'd like to see him once more, that tall boy sitting in the old cherry tree reading. He and Johnny Clarke (who married Asia, here's his picture) gave their first performance in Bel-Air. Joe (he was the old slave) was sent to paste their bills around the town, but when they went through the streets on their way to the court house (where they gave the play) to their dismay they saw Joe had pasted all upside down."

I listened, forgetful of myself. I imbibed some of her power of seeing them, I forgot time, place and all. I gazed upon the faces before me and felt I knew each. Edwin was there, Asia, John Wilkes and all the rest. My mind was busy with imaginary scenes.

When I woke I was nearing Bel-Air, my horse's hoofs rang out on the hard pavement, and I felt with Bottom in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, "I have had a most rare vision, I have had a dream."

—*J. Alexis Shriver.*

CORNELL POLITICS.

THE article entitled "Corruption in College Politics," which appeared in the December MAGAZINE, has created considerable discussion among Cornellians. The prominence of the author of this article as a student, and his valuable services to University interests as an alumnus entitle his views to especial consideration. While all will endorse the sentiments respecting corruption in college politics, it is evident that the writer has been misinformed as to the methods now in vogue in our political system. The statements that ballot boxes have been stuffed, that votes are bought and sold and elections generally decided by bribery, are serious charges, which cannot justly be made against the undergraduates of the University.

It is true that in many of our college elections the supporters of the various candidates are organized. A necessary accompaniment of a republican form of government is organization of party or faction, which gives itself expression through the well-known medium of the caucus,—an assemblage of citizens organized in the interests of some party, faction or combination of factions. While recognizing that collegians follow the example of their elders in these matters, it should be remembered that there is a vast difference between national and college politics. In the former great principles are at stake; in the latter the question at issue is unimportant, and at the best is a personal affair envolving the success of one candidate over another. Have we in Cornell politics what may properly be called a machine? In national politics the same workers or wire-pullers appear at the caucuses year after year, and by their skill in leading and misleading acquires sufficient power to force candidates and even issues upon their parties, but in the brief term of college life students can scarcely acquire the skill and influence necessary to develop such a machine. Several years ago a Cornell organization composed of society and independent interests, did control affairs in a very thorough manner and was probable the nearest approach to a machine that has been seen here. Were we to say that a combination of interests in a single election constitutes a machine it would

be manifestly wrong, for there are such diverse interests represented and so many different ends sought that anything like the arbitrary centralized action of a machine is impossible.

Cornellians will be surprised to learn that "worth, merit, and fitness are almost always the very last thing thought of in the selection of men for places." We are accustomed to see our various class, athletic, and journalistic interests managed with honor and generally with ability. The various combinations of society and independent interests do not need to support figure-heads. There are plenty of good men for the positions, and the "combination" can not be formed which can elect a notably unfit man over one known to be qualified for the position in question.

In a community like ours the candidates are not intimately known to the majority of the voters, and it is necessary to introduce and guarantee them. Hence not only is the reputation of the organization at stake, but the candidate if elected must feel doubly responsible since so much depends upon his conduct.

Ballot-box stuffing is a practice which the "good old days" have not left us as an heritage. Every election committee is composed of two or more opposing elements, and the jealous manner in which a ballot-box is watched effectually prevents fraud.

If votes are bought and sold, the persons concerned should be politically and socially ostracized. However there is no evidence that such practices takes place in Cornell elections. The nearest approach to bribery is the payment of class taxes by candidates or their friends, in exchange for support. In each class is a certain proportion of men who take little interest in elections. There are also a few enthusiastic partisans who are willing to pay the taxes of such men. While ethically wrong this system does not materially affect the outcome of the election, since the persons who will pay the class taxes may be found in either party, and the lukewarm voter is enabled to vote for the candidate he prefers. This system also differs from national politics in another respect. The money paid corresponds to the price of the class tax, and since there is no premium, the person aided derives no direct pecuniary benefit. However there is a good reason to believe that this demoralizing practice is taking its proper place among the abuses of by-gone days.

The general prosperity and popularity of our publications are substantial evidences that they are ably edited and managed. The *Sun* editors are chosen from men who have competed throughout the year. A portion of the *Era* board is chosen in the same manner. The MAGAZINE editors are chosen by a faculty committee, and of course favoritism and partisanship are eliminated from the selection. While the election of new editors by a small body of men is often influenced by personal and political relations, it cannot be denied that an abler body of men is chosen than under the old method of direct election by classes. To be eligible for election a man must contribute considerable matter for publication. The editors and not the average class voter are the men directly interested. The election of inferior men not only lowers the standing and circulation of the paper but makes the task of the older editors more severe. The great variety of opposing elements represented on a college paper prevents perpetuation of control among any one faction. If the editors were chosen by the faculty the literary tone would be raised, but the financial loss occasioned by the lack of executive ability would be proportionate to that of a bonanza farm colonized by political economy professors.

Cornellians evidently believe it is right for successful candidates to appoint men in sympathy with their policies and interests, provided such men are competent. Does any one question the propriety of a president's choosing the majority of his cabinet from his own party? It is the fortune of war. Men may deplore this policy and the evils which sometimes arise from it, but the system can never be exterminated while political parties exist. College precedent gracefully decrees that the victor shall recognize the minority by assigning to its leader and possibly to a few other representatives prominent committee places. It will be difficult to find a fair minded partisan who complains because a political opponent chooses his committees from the ranks of his rivals.

Is the organization of interests in elections, especially college elections, wrong? Libraries have been written upon this question, and it is as undecided as before. If it is wrong there is something wrong with our system of national government, with human nature and the very condition of things. If a radical change is to be made the Bellamies should begin operations very soon, else, judg-

ing by the past, the college man of the year 4000 will scarcely differ from the student of the present century.

The least commendable feature of Cornell politics is the lack of interest displayed by so many of the students. A glance at the voting list of a class election will prove this. No one realizes it more forcible than the managers of some of our publications and athletic teams. Many ask themselves "Why should I take an interest in affairs? There are plenty of good men who will care for them." This is the same spirit which actuates the famous stay-at-home voters of New York City. The remark attributed to a certain Cornell professor, to the effect that the man who does not vote is worse than the one who sells his vote, certainly expresses the feeling with which the average Cornellian regards the man who ignores every branch of student enterprise. By all means, next to the student who sells his vote, rank the one who has no vote, not even to sell!

The non-voter and the vote-seller underestimate the opportunity afforded by the ballot. They ignore a responsibility and betray a trust. It is the duty of each student to vote. There are college affairs entrusted to his keeping, and he should be able to give a good account of his charge.

May the time soon come when each undergraduate will realize that the true aim of a University is to fit its students for practical life; that there is something to be studied in addition to classics and sciences; that we have right here a miniature world to practice upon! Let him understand that every branch of University affairs is worthy of his attention and support and that collegians are quick to appreciate and applaud the man who fills his office with ability and honor. *Wells Smith Gilbert.*

POETRY OSTRACIZED.

"Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle—there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd and rush with it, onward. In the press of life it is difficult to be calm." —*Longfellow.*

EVEN as long ago as the sixteenth century Sir Philip Sidney deemed it necessary to offer the public an apology for poetry, so low had that noblest of all the departments of literature fallen in

the estimation of his countrymen. In this apology he states and analyses many of the "imputations laid to the poor poets" and, among others, the charge that poetry tends to soften and effeminate mankind.

In our day we do not often impute directly so baseless a charge upon the poet, still, by our lives and actions, we cast him into the shadow, and show that we do not appreciate his genius—or his important mission in the world. We do not encourage him, as the ancients did, with rewards and honors, but rather seem to stifle his song at the moment it issues from his soul. Though we may honor the poet whose fame is assured and who has gained the recognition due him only after years of patient and unencouraged labor, many of us honor his genius much less than his popularity. There is no inducement for men of untried genius to develop their poetical ability. They must push alone and unaided through the scoffing and unsympathetic crowd and many falter and fall who, were but a kind hand extended them, might reach a glorious future and light the pathway of civilization.

But we are not a cruel people. We are compassionate and kind. Why is it, then, that the poet receives no more encouragement among us? Is it because we deem poetry demoralizing and think it our duty to suppress all those who compose it? No, rather because we do not read it and think of it and tune ourselves to its influences, and therefore cannot appreciate it. "People fancy they hate poetry, and they are all poets." Did we but give ourselves the opportunity we should all find that there is pent up within us a whole magazine of thoughts and feelings—which we have never dreamed of, and which, when touched by the spark of a poet's genius, will spring up into a flame full of life and warmth. The poet is the mouthpiece of mankind; his power puts into words those indefinite feelings which we ourselves cannot express.

We live in an age of materialism and conventionality. A large number of the educated people of the United States belong to one of two classes, those who are in the pursuit of wealth and those who devote their lives to society. Among the former are many men of genius, men who, had they lived in the time of Washington would be Hamiltons or Paines, who, had they been contemporaries of Napoleon, would be no less efficient than Ney or Mu-

rat. These men have often generous and lofty characters, but their souls are surrounded by almost impassable barriers. What with their newspapers, their reviews, their computations, their plans, they have no time to devote to the Muses. They are the men who make the world move. But why must they drive old Atlas so rapidly? Why not be content with a more reasonable pace? It is a pity that they are not satisfied with spending a part of their time in business and that they do not use some of the powers Nature has given them in cultivating those nobler attributes which tend to benefit and uplift humanity. They are so engrossed in their pursuits that they do not realize what a deterioration is going on around them in politics, in literature and in art.

To "Society" belong those men of wealth who choose to lead lives of leisure. They are the men who ought to shape the literary opinion of the day; who ought to foster art and music. But they are, unhappily, the very ones whose opinions on these subjects are usually worth the least. We no longer demand taste and ability as passports to social eminence. The distinction between wealth and worth is fast dying away.

A century ago it was considered no degradation to be an idle man, but now, unless we are known to be busy in some practical way or identified with some material movement, the world looks down upon us. Even if a man have poetic ability, he is almost ashamed to show it.

Imagination is closely linked to poetry. This is a most unfanciful age. Everything has to be reasoned out, nothing is left to the imagination. We are apt to spend so much time in inquiring into the whys and wherefores, that, when we do find out the truth, it is so mangled and torn that it no longer pleases us. Why should not some of us, at least, be content with viewing things in their entirety? Because some delight in dissecting the human body and in examining its intricate mechanism, we should not all be blamed because the bleeding and gory members do not give us delight.

It has been said that "Much knowledge of things divine escapes us through lack of faith." The child looks at the sky and thinks that the stars are holes to let the light through. We know they are mighty worlds, we know their distance and their size,—but how much wiser are we than the child? Go a little further into the infinite,

and we are on the same footing. We read how a song written to commemorate the downfall of Alhama so affected the stalwart Moors of Granada that all were prohibited from singing it. We smile at what we call weakness and sensitiveness. We condemn the songs of the troubadours and the lays of the Minnesingers as extravagant and fanciful, and wonder how men could languish for hours under the soft spell of a harper's melody. And still we envy them, even for their folly, and wish that we might experience such ecstatic delight. We long to taste the "ambrosial nectar" of the gods and to lose ourselves in our infatuation.

How deadly to all sentiment are the popular songs of to-day. How the lords and ladies of the age of chivalry would have scoffed at us could they have heard the regular, meaningless rhymes that seem to satisfy and charm our national ear.

The aspect of our country, wherever the hand of man has penetrated, is far from being favorable to poetic fancies. All seems so unstable and perishable. In Europe one is impressed with the idea of stability. But if we should be suddenly swept away by some devastating plague there would be very little to tell the explorer of a distant age of our fallen greatness.

It is, perhaps, on this account that our own poets have often looked without their native land for inspiration. Longfellow first soared into the cloud-land of imagination while wandering through the cities of Italy and Spain. There the long vistas of the past were opened to him. He became imbued with the spirit of poetry, and reflected in his writings the visions that arose before him.

Of all our great poets and prose writers scarcely one now remains to us. Hawthorne, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, —all have passed away and we can now find scarcely one writer of eminence among the sixty millions of people that inhabit this vast continent. The great pilots of our nation have left us and the huge ship of state sails onward unguided amidst the dangers and perils of the age. Her crew is all below. With increasing energy and untiring effort they heap fuel upon the blazing fires. The steam is kept continually up to the very point of safety and the ship rushes wildly onward, no one knows whither—but it advances—that is enough. The frowning headlands of corruption, the deadly whirpool of anarchy surround her on all sides. She has escaped them thus far, but who knows when she may strike

some hidden rock if more pilots do not appear to shape her course and guide her safely on to the haven toward which she started a century ago?

We, who are here at this great university to pass four of the best years of our lives in the pursuit of knowledge, should try to broaden our characters and open our hearts to receive *all* that is beautiful and good. Many of us are in pursuit of studies which bind us down to one set of ideas and we are apt to become narrow and prejudiced, as many have become before us. We should remember that there are other lessons to be taught here besides those derived from books, shops and laboratories. And one of the greatest is that which nature teaches us. The country around Ithaca is as beautiful as any in the land. Why do not more of us enjoy it? We sit continually in our studies poring over formulas and theories, we see the same faces day after day, and even begin to feel as though we were set apart from the rest of the world. Other men's deeds do not interest us; we become provincial. If we will but now and then wander through the woods and valleys that surround us and give ourselves up to the influences that pervade nature, our souls will open to receive new and hitherto unfelt emotions. Our eyes will be opened; we will begin to understand how vast is the field of knowledge and how minute is our share of it.

But our delight alone will be enough to repay us; a delight which, if we do not experience in our youth, we will live and die without knowing. Listen to what Byron says of it:

"How often we forget all time, when lone,
Admiring Nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of *hers* to our intelligence!
Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
Without a feeling in their silent tears?
No, no; they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
Strip off this fond and false identity!—
Who thinks of self, when gazing on the sky?
And who, though gazing lower, ever thought
In the young moments e'er his life it taught
Time's lesson, of man's baseness or his own?
All nature is his realm, and love his throne."

—*Herbert J. Hagerman.*

CAPTAIN GEORGE.

IN a little seaport town on the Atlantic coast, some three score years ago, Captain George was born. He had many brothers and sisters; and so, to swell the modest income of the family, George went to sea at an age when he should have been learning the rule of three. In those days, however, the hardy American youth had not surrendered their place in the forecastle to the Norwegian, the German, and the Portuguese; and it was then no Utopian dream for the lad before the mast to look forward to the time when he should tread the quarter-deck of a clipper.

George thus grew up a sailor, and when he had reached middle life, he was as good a representative of the American sea captain as one could well have found. For he had not, like many of his companions, allowed the temptations incident to his career to overcome him, but had risen step by step until he had earned the title by which he was ever after known. In physique he was one of Nature's noblemen. Tall, broad-shouldered, strong as the deck he trod, and wiry as the shrouds above him, he looked the whole world in the face, as he did the storm at sea. His eye was keen and bright, and his hand had that grip which made the blood flow faster from its pressure. The ocean had roughened his manner, and when he gave the word of command, it was with no uncertain sound; but we who knew him were well aware that beneath this hard exterior there dwelt a spirit warm, firm, and true.

After Captain George had spent many years in various crafts, he returned one day to his native town a proud and happy man. For he had a contract to let for a noble three-masted vessel whose helm he was to hold; and having such a purpose in view, he quite naturally gave the preference to builders of his own place. Months went by; from keel to maintop the gallant ship arose, and, at last, the *Melville Bryant* spread her white wings, and bore from the port where he had often shipped to go before the mast, Captain George, the master of as proud a vessel as cut the waves.

A few years afterwards, early one morning, the *Melville Bryant* was ploughing the waters near Cape St. Roque. A stiff breeze was blowing, and the barkentine was making good progress toward the desired haven. The Captain knew she was rather near

the coast, because he had chosen the shortest possible route, so when he surrendered the wheel to the mate, he said, "When she begins to make white water bring her about." "Aye, aye, sir," replied the mate, and the Captain went below. The mate held the wheel. No white water appeared, so held the vessel on her course, suspecting no danger. Suddenly he heard a sound that has sent a chill to many a sailor's heart—a long, scraping sound under the keel. She had struck a reef! The accident would probably not have been serious if it had occurred near a wrecking station; but there it was fatal. The crew was rescued, but the vessel was left to her fate.

The loss of the *Bryant* was a heavy blow to the Captain; but he did not despair, and soon obtained command of a three masted schooner. A few years later he brought this vessel into his native port. She was laden with petroleum, and was already for a long voyage. As she lay there, one day a report ran like wildfire through the town—the schooner was on fire! Sure enough, the crowds that quickly thronged the shore saw issuing from her hull, dark columns of smoke. The petroleum had ignited. The vessel was towed to the wharf, and the village fire department pumped streams of water into her; but all to no avail. She was again cast off into the stream, and then great holes were bored in her sides, that she might fill with water and sink. As well try to sink the oil with which she was laden! For three days she burned, until, after all was consumed except a part of the hull, the fire was extinguished.

The remains of the schooner were drawn up into the same shipyard where the *Bryant* had been built; and on this remnant arose another barkentine, the *Mascotte*, not so fine a vessel as the *Bryant*, but still a noble craft. For several years Captain George sailed the main with his new ship; but one day a telegram brought sorrow to his friends by announcing that the *Mascotte* was ashore on the Jersey coast. There were hopes of saving her, but a storm arose, and she was sold to the wreckers. "That man seems fated," said the Captain's friends.

Time had told on the frame of the Captain. But though his locks were white, and his face worn with storms and sorrows, he did not despair, but once more took the helm—this time of a bark, the *William Hales*—and set out on long voyages around the

world. These extended voyages kept him away from his native land most of the time, and to make them more endurable he often took his wife along for company. She went with him the last time he sailed from New York. On board was a motley crew, as is generally the case now-a-days, and in the galley a native of the Celestial Empire exercised the culinary art. When Chinamen do not wash, they seem to feel in honor bound to cook; and are often employed for this purpose on shipboard. However well nature may have fitted them as a race for this occupation, the cook in question was a most dismal failure. His work was so unsatisfactory that the Captain frequently reproved him, for which the Chinaman appeared to return a dogged resentment. The captain was warned to beware of the man, but he entirely ignored the indignant Chinaman.

One August night the *William Hales* was sailing in the South Atlantic. It was a lovely night. The moon shed her calm rays on a sea unruffled by boisterous winds; the waves gently lapped the vessel's sides, and the whole scene betokened perfect peace. The midnight hour was come. The captain and his wife slumbered in the cabin; the mate paced the deck; a seaman had the wheel. The cook emerged from the galley and made his way aft toward the cabin. Some one asked where he was going, and he replied, to the cabin after sugar; so he was allowed to pass. A while afterwards the mate thought he heard a groan, but as it was not repeated, he said nothing. Two hours had passed, and the scene of lovely calm and beauty was still the same. Suddenly the cook rushed on deck from the cabin. The moon revealed his rolling, ghastly eyes, his hands and body stained with blood, and in his hand a dripping knife. There is a cry, a rush, and in an instant the sailors' knives gleam in the moonlight. The Chinaman makes a dash through the group; he is wounded in the hand; he reaches the rail. A fiendish yell rent the air—the birth-cry of the yellow demon in the realm of night—there was a splash, and the Chinaman had gone to his reward.

A few weeks later the following telegram was received in New York:

"CAPE TOWN, October, 18—.

"B—— and wife murdered at sea."

. . . . . .

In a cemetery in the little seaport town, there is a granite monument. Below it are no human forms turning again to dust, for the names upon it are those of a captain and his wife who sailed from New York in the bark *William Hales*, and beneath, if the curious traveler cares to pause, he may read the inscription :—

"AND THERE WAS NO MORE SEA."

Herbert L. Fordham.

A RAMBLE AMONG THE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF THE PEAK.

"Away! our journey lies through dell and dingle,
Where the blithe fawn trips by its timid mother,
Where the broad oak with intercepting boughs
Checkers the sunbeam in the greensward alley—
Up and away! for lovely paths are these
To tread."

THE Peak is the home of the artist, sportsman, angler, botanist, and lover of old time lore. In no country is finer scenery to be viewed or more romantic places or historical old houses to be visited. Rock and river scenery abound in every variety of beauty and curiosity of feature, and numerous caverns undermine the Peak in all directions. A short distance from many of the rural villages and you are in the solitude of the Derbyshire moors ; nothing to be seen but heath, gorse, and gray, protruding crags, when all at once at a turn in the road, scenes of exquisite beauty gladden the eyes. Sometimes a charming dell with the river Derwent or the river Wye gliding smoothly along and the banks of rock running up into Tors of high elevation. Many of these are thickly covered with foliage, the trees on the banksides dip their branches into the stream, and ferns and wild flowers abound in profusion. A little further, and you are in the midst of rugged mountain scenery, and may look down at intervals from the high hills into pleasant valleys below, where pretty rustic cottages nestle under the cliffs, and ivy-covered mansions stand in their parks of emerald green sward.

Chatsworth House, or as it is often termed the "Palace of the Peak," is the show place of Derbyshire. It stands in a richly timbered park of about eleven miles in circumference. One portion of the grounds looks very much like Switzerland, for facing

one of the lakes is a Swiss châlet with a back ground of pine trees. Evergreens in profusion and rhododendrons with their beautiful flowers add beauty to this part of the park. In another direction is a Russian cottage, in which is shown a model of a Russian farm, and near the Baslow entrance is a Chinese lodge. The river Derwent runs through the estate, and on it glide beautiful white swans; immense wide spreading trees give beauty and shade, cattle graze in some portions, and deer frisk about in others. A short distance from the House and enclosed in the park, is the model village of Edensor, one of the most charming little places that could be designed. No two houses are alike, and each is a perfect specimen of its type. The village was built by the late Duke of Devonshire for his workpeople, and there is also an ideal church which is attended by people from far and near. Mary, Queen of Scots, was a prisoner at Chatsworth at five different times, and in the Leather Room is an ancient chair used by her at Fotheringay Castle. In the park is a moat with a stone tower in the centre, on the roof of which is a grass plat. This is called "Queen Mary's Bower," and there is a subterranean passage from under the moat of the house. It is supposed that the Queen was allowed to take open air exercise only on this elevated garden surrounded by water, for fear of rescue being attempted by the Derbyshire Catholic gentlemen. In the Chatsworth gardens is a "Weeping Willow." It looks like a natural tree, but is really made of copper, and an hydraulic arrangement causes a copious shower of rain to pour from its leaves and twigs. It is a favorite amusement to lure an unsuspecting person under the tree and turn on the water.

Haddon Hall, about five or six miles from Chatsworth, is the most perfect baronial residence that exists at the present day. The foundations of the Hall were laid before the Conquest, and the south front and a portion of the chapel were built between 1070 and 1250. It belongs to the Dukes of Rutland, through the marriage of their ancestor, Sir John Manners, with Dorothy Vernon, the heiress of the estate. In the reign of Queen Anne, Haddon was noted for its profuse hospitality; open house was kept at Christmas for twelve days, and the large fireplaces, chopping-blocks, and wooden table, hollowed out for a kneading-trough, to supply food to the large household, are still to be seen. As many

as one hundred and forty servants were kept, and the banqueting-hall tells of the days when lords and retainers sat at the same table, only above or below the salt according to rank. To stand in the ladies' gallery and gaze down the banqueting-hall causes a vivid picture to flash before the mind's eye of the time

> "When ancient chivalry displayed
> The pomp of her heroic games,
> And crested chiefs and tissued dames
> Assembled at the clarion's call
> In this proud castle's high-arched hall."

It is a delightful experience to roam through the old castle; the weird, ghostly passages and haunted chambers, the dungeon, and the hidden room from which a secret flight of steps descends to the great court, have each a thrilling effect on the imagination. It is said that Mrs. Radcliffe visited Haddon, and slept there several nights when writing the Mysteries of Udolpho, and her readers may locate some of the scenes of her romance in various portions of the building.

Hardwick Hall is a fine specimen of a mansion of the seventeenth century, and was built by Bess of Hardwick, Countess of Shrewsbury and Duchess of Devonshire. Close by are the ruins of the old house in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined for some time. Great care is taken to preserve the gray ivy-covered walls of the ruins, and a room was specially constructed in the new house for the reception of the furniture used by Mary. The Queen's arms are over the door with her title and initials, and the date 1599 is on most of the panels of the room. The velvet hangings of the bed were embroidered by the Queen's own hands, and the many beautiful pieces of her handiwork, which are shown, prove how skillful she was with the needle. In the state bedrooms of the Hall the beds are richly hung with embroideries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is a picture gallery with eighteen windows, each twenty feet high. The walls are hung with tapestry, and there are two hundred portraits of the Cavendish family and other historical persons, such as Queen Elizabeth, Mary of Scotland, Lady Jane Grey, Bishop Gardiner, and others. There is also a quantity of antique furniture, and in the great hall stands a statue of the Scottish Queen by Westmacott. The Hall is situated on the brow of a high hill, and fine views of the surrounding country may be

had from its many windows. The local rhyme describes the place as "Proud Hardwick Hall, more windows than wall."

One of the most romantic places in Derbyshire is Castleton, the home of Sir Walter Scott's Peveril of the Peak. This place is also noted for its wonderful caverns and mines. The grandeur of the one known as the Peak Cavern must be seen to be appreciated. We imagined we were in Aladdin's Caves, for the stalactites hang in all directions, and take every kind of shape and color, looking like trees and waterfalls of jewels and silver. Different names are given to the caves and columns, and when the guides place torches on the numerous masses, the effect is magical. A gun is fired, and the sound rolls and reverberates like heavy cannon, and seems to extend for miles with the many echoes. To reach one of the mines we had to row underground in a small boat for some distance and carry torches to illuminate the way. At the end of this subterranean passage, we landed in a cave and were shown a deep abyss, called the "Devil's Hole" or "Bottomless Pit," for no bottom can be found to it or outlet from it. Sawdust and other materials have been thrown into the chasm, and observations taken at different points, but nothing was ever found to come from it into the river or streams around. After exploring the mines, we ascended the hill to the Castle, and tried to picture the ruins as they must have looked before Cromwell placed his cannon against the walls and forced them to surrender, after a siege similar to those in which so many abbeys, churches, and baronial residences were destroyed by him. We gazed in the supposed direction of Moultrassie Hall, two miles away, and in imagination listened to the bells of Martindale-Moultrassie ringing the wedding chimes for the marriage of Julian Peveril and Alice Bridgenorth and the union of the two estates. We rambled around the old walls and seemed to

> "Hear the sound of time long passed
> Still murmuring o'er us, in the lofty void
> Of these dark arches, like the lingering voices
> Of those who long within their graves have slept."

Wingfield Manor was one of the prisons of Mary, Queen of Scots. It was here that Mary Seaton was wooed by Christopher North. The courtship progressed for several months and he was received by the Queen as the declared lover of her favorite maid of honor. He left to join the Northern rebellion, was taken priso-

ner, and as a traitor was hanged, drawn, and quartered. Wingfield was the scene of Mary Seaton's brightest hopes and keenest grief, and her lover was deeply mourned not only by his betrothed bride but also by the Queen and all her household.

Not many miles from Chatsworth is Buxton, noted since the early Roman times for the curative properties of its waters. Two Roman roads here intersect each other, and an old Roman bath has been discovered. The antiquarian detects in and around Buxton many traces of both the Roman and the Celtic periods. Buxton is also fine ground for the botanist, for there is scarcely a plant indigenous to Britain that may not here be found. It stands nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is one of the most delightful and fashionable spas in England. Part of the hunting lodge belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which Mary, Queen of Scots, lived when drinking the Buxton waters for rheumatism, still stands and forms a portion of the hotel known as the "Old Hall." During the visit to Buxton, Mary Seaton had another admirer in the person of the Queen's new master of of the household—Andrew Beton. She refused to listen to his addresses, but after a time he enlisted the sympathy of the Queen, who pleaded his cause. Mary Seaton said she was not free to marry, as she had taken a vow of celibacy but, to please the Queen, promised to become his wife if a dispensation of her vow could be obtained. Andrew Beton went to France to enlist the help of his brother, the Archbishop of Glasgow, with the Pope, but died on his homeward journey. Mary Seaton stayed with the Queen for some years, and then retired to the Abbey of Rheims, where she ended her days in peace after all the trouble and sorrow she had undergone.

At a short distance from Buxton lie the lovely dells known as Miller's Dale, Monsal Dale, and Dove Dale, through which the river Wye sweeps in an impetuous current. White limestone rocks richly covered with shrubs, lichens, trees, and ferns, rise from either side of the stream. At Miller's Dale the Wye spreads into a wide expanse of water, and with the precipitous rocks and overhanging woods forms a scene of peculiar beauty.

One of the most noted of Derbyshire's beautiful health resorts is Matlock. This place is visited yearly by tens of thousands of people, who climb the High-Tor, the Heights of Abraham, and

the magnificent hill of Masson, from which is a superb view over three counties, and the whole valley of the Derwent. The petrifying wells, the old Roman caverns, and the different mines, springs, museums, and grottos added to the winding river and romantic walks and drives, make Matlock the gem of Derbyshire.

The enjoyment of a trip consists not only in seeing new places, but also in the historical events and other associations connected with each place. There are many spots in this region full of beauty and interest besides those already described, but suffice it to say that there is no scenery to be found in England more noble, exquisite, and lovely than may be viewed in a summer ramble on the Peak.

—*Amie Isabelle Smith.*

HERE AND THERE.

IN the leading article this month Professor Emerson, Curator of the Museum of Casts, has a brief account of Cornell's new acquisition, now safely housed in McGraw Hall. The installation of the collection of reproductions from the antique has been a slow and laborious process. The University is to be congratulated on the result. The arrangement and decoration of the museum is eminently pleasing, the rich backgrounds set off admirably the the white of the statues and reliefs, the lighting is satisfactory, while the pieces themselves illustrate in long sequence the evolution of the sculptor's art. What a contrast between the grotesque Perseus and Medusa, say, and the tremendous group of Athena and the giants; what a far cry, did no intermediate stages remain, from the curious combatants in the Æginetan pediment to the matchless figures that occupied a similar position on the Parthenon. With these latter, and above them the great frieze of the Parthenon, we can even now realize some of the grandeur of Hellenic art.

In many ways the new museum will be of influence. Classical studies must surely be now more tangible than they have here ever been before. History too can claim the new museum as an ally. Whatever branches of thought, in short, appeal to the sense of what is refined, artistic, beautiful,—these studies will

profit from the kindred appeal which these superb sculptures make to any who will give heed.

* * *

It is a matter for serious regret that the members of the Committee who so generously undertook the task of enlisting support for the proposed Chamber Concerts this winter, met with so littie encouragement. After continued appeals and wearisome solicitation, the project had to be abandoned. It will readily be recalled what a source of satisfaction the series of Chamber Concerts was last year. The hall was filled at each performance; the concerts were of a high order ; there was apparently great interest. Yet the lapse of a single year seems to have reversed the conditions. The Damrosch Concert, to be sure, was more then a grain of comfort, but mark that the audience was noticeably smaller than it had been a year before. Is our æsthetic fibre degenerating? Have we less feeling for music than we had a year ago? The prompt replies to the suggestion of bringing the pianist Paderewski to Ithaca, of which replies many came from music-lovers connected with Cornell, cannot wholly remove this fear. We are in one single instance enthusiasiic over a famous name, but music can be dispensed with as a factor in our ordinary existence. To buy one orchid at a prohibitory price and to slight the roses in our path, is hardly to show a love of flowers.

Next year let the Committee (without expecting too much gratitude) begin its canvas earlier if necessary, but by all means let us have music.

THE MONTH.

THE musical event of the past month was the Damrosch Concert. Why is it that good music heard even in a place of very ordinary acoustic properties, always sounds better here than anywhere else? Possibly because we have so little of it. The Armory was well filled on the evening of January 19, and not a dissenting voice was heard from praise of Mr. Damrosch's selections.

The number of contestants for the Junior Prize in declamation are being rapidly cut down. But twenty remain and the next

preliminary contest on February 17 will probably leave but twelve standing.

The presentation by the Choral Club of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "Iolanthe" was a fitting introduction to Junior Week. It was indeed a creditable performance, and particularly so when we consider from what a limited number the club has to draw.

Junior Ball week was far more successful than ever before. The Assembly given at the new bank building on Monday night, the Sophomore Cotillion, the Glee Club Concert and Junior Ball, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights respectively, were all entirely successful. The success of the Cotillion surely makes that affair a fixture. It has truly proved itself to be a happy substitute for a Sophomore banquet.

NEW BOOKS.

The Story of Sicily. By Edward A. Freeman. The Story of the Nations Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This work, almost the last from the pen of the late Professor Freeman, is a delightful narrative treatise upon a subject which the author had studied exhaustively. The Story of Sicily does not claim a place in the Story of the Nations Series because it has been a nation, but because it has been the meeting place and battle-ground of many nations. Its situation in the middle of the Mediterranean made it of great importance to each of the nations of ancient and mediaeval times, and it has been in turn the possession of the Phoenician, the Greek, the Roman, the Saracen, and the Norman. The author first narrates the legends and early history of Sicily, and tells the story of the Greek colonists, their freedom, and their assistance to the mother country in her wars. Later come the troubles with Carthage and the reigns of the tyrants, bringing the narrative down to the time of Pyrrhus. Sicily as a Roman province, sharing the fortune and misfortune of the empire, concludes the work. The plan of the book is excellent, the style is Professor Freeman's best, and the wealth of illustrations renders the work doubly interesting.

Deutsche Volkslieder: A Selection from German Folksongs. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Horatio Stevens White. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

Deutsche Volkslieder is an attractive companion volume to Professor Crane's *Chansons Populaires de la France*, a predecessor in the same series,

that of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets." The collection include some hundred German popular songs and ballads of the most varied character. All however have the same charm—that of frank, natural directness, whether they treat of love or war, whether they sing the fancies of the shepherd or of the rollicking student. Many of these quaint estrays of earlier times are worthy of a place beside the lyrics of Goethe or Heine, who indeed often found inspiration in the familiar strains of the folksong. One is tempted to parody the familiar wish and say, "Let me read a country's songs, and I care not who reads her history."

Professor White gives an account of the *Volkslied* and of its history in his introduction, and mentions numerous variants and imitations in his notes. Considerable bibliographical information is also given. The present volume may well be recommended, both for the scholarship displayed in its composition and for its typographical excellence.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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

Prometheus Unbound: A Lyrical Drama. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Vida D. Scudder, M.A.

A Primary French Translation Book. By W. S. Lyon and G. De H. Larpent.

Heyse's L'Arrabiata. With English Notes and a German-English Vocabulary. By Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt.

La Mare au Diable. By George Sand. Edited and annotated by F. C. de Sumichrast.

L'Évasion du Duc de Beaufort. Par Alexandre Dumas. Edited, with notes, by D. B. Kitchen, M.A.

Pêcheur d'Islande. Par Pierre Loti. Edited, with notes, by R. J. Morich.

From Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago:

The Gospel of Matthew in Greek. Edited by Alexander Kerr and Herbert Cushing Tolman, Professors in the University of Wisconsin.

The Unending Genesis, or Creation Ever Present. By H. M. Simmons.

From Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York:

Bible Studies: A Series of Readings from Genesis to Ruth, with familiar comment. By Henry Ward Beecher. Edited, from unpublished stenographic notes of T. J. Ellinwood, by John R. Howard.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. MARCH, 1893. No. 6.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager*, Box 1691, Ithaca, New-York.

HOW I BECAME A VEGETARIAN.

I PLACE the period of my fall from folly to the path of virtue (by which I mean Vegetarianism) as nearly synchronous with my first visit to London.

It is true, however, that before this time I had not been without interest in the exercise of Vegetarian functions. Indeed the Historian might hold that the following incidents were but preludes to my final seduction ; as we speak of Reformers before the Reformation. Such may be a more evolutionary way of considering the matter. Those who take pleasure in the contemplation of things not only as they are but also in their coming to be, will find interest in these instances of glimmering light on the dark river.

I had had as a companion at a University at which I was at one time enrolled in the Philosophical Faculty, an intimate friend who had espoused the practice of Vegetarianism, so that his former habit of flesh-eating appeared to him wholly disgusting. He was consistent in his custom, and also quiet, so that I regarded his practice rather with curiosity than with interest. To Vegetarianism he did not join the practice of total abstinence, although he may be said to have been temperate, for I, at least, never knew of

his drinking more than five litres of beer of an evening, which, as things went then at that University, was by no means an extraordinary allowance. He rarely insisted upon propounding his views in public, which was lucky, for he was excitable. On one occasion, however, when he was well along with his sixth or seventh Schoppen, an unwary Doctor of Philosophy proceeded to assail him on account of his abstinence from flesh. My friend became in time irritated, and was soon led to offer reasons for the faith that was in him. His views were a species of argument from design. He ended a long and animated discussion by the dictum, "Der Herr Gott ist ein netter Kerl," which appeared to his mind to settle everything. He often repeated this view, the inference, of course, being that since all things were carefully arranged for us we ought not to eat meat.

He was slight in frame and pale of face and an indefatigable pedestrian. The name Colliphagus, if that hybrid should chance to denote a Devourer of Hills (as well as of Vegetables) might properly have been applied to him. He could get over seventy or eighty kilometres of hilly country day after day.

My next friend of this way of eating was also a mighty walker. I returned one evening from an excursion near Chamonix, when I found that my usual place at the table d'hôte had been taken. I took the only place that was vacant, which was by a young man who was a stranger to me. I observed that, instead of eating dinner like the rest of us, he was indulging in chocolate and honey and rolls. Now it is not very customary at Chamonix to drink chocolate and eat honey and rolls, except in the morning. I concluded, therefore, that the young man's watch was out of order or else that he had but just arisen. On inquiry, however, I found that neither supposition was correct. "I am a Vegetarian," said he, "and prefer this simple repast to the reeking abundance which is provided for the rest." On subsequent conversation it appeared that he had given up the filthy practice of flesh-eating (such was his expression) for many years, and that he was glad of it.

His reasons, which he explained to me the next day, were chiefly æsthetic. "How much more refined and beautiful," he exclaimed, "to partake of a ruddy-hearted pomegranate, an exquisite melon, or a delicious custard-apple, than to craunch up and

champ upon muscles, nerves, tendons, gristle, blood-vessels and blood." I found myself unable to answer his arguments in a manner satisfactory to him. He also pointed out that our teeth could be sufficiently exercised in a Vegeterian diet, by feeding upon Graham gems made with very hard crusts.

It was his custom while in the Alps to bathe in the little pools that may be found in August near the very tops of high mountains. They are made, I suppose, by the melting snow, and I fancy that they must be quite cold. Whenever he saw one of these pools, he would say, "I think I must do a little bath," and would then go and do one. But whether this habit of his was connected with his abstention from meat, I do not know.

Shortly after my acquaintance with this gentleman, I found myself under the influence of a painter whose name was Rothenbach. That is to say, I used to frequent a café which was called "Zum Meister Rothenbach." It was adorned with (very strange) pictures by the master.

Rothenbach was at this time, beside being the least appreciated painter in the city of Munich, a Vegetarian. And therefore as interludes among his more mystical compositions, it was his delight to paint still-life pictures of beef, mutton, or pork, and to name them "Corpses." To his indulgence in vegetables he joined the Jägerkult, which he carried to great extremes. In fact not only were all his clothes woolen but also his umbrellas. I believe that he admitted leather for the soles of his shoes, but am not sure.

But I am sorry to say that his influence upon the café which went by his name was not great. On my first visit thither I indulged heartily in flesh together with a young (and yet unconverted) friend. We inquired of Käthi in a bantering way how it was that meat was served in a restaurant dedicated to Rothenbach. She replied that it was only served when Rothenbach was not there. On his appearance all flesh became, as it were, grass. This may well have been so. I frequented the restaurant for some time, however, and never saw Rothenbach there or elsewhere, but on the contrary always ate flesh.

Such was my state on coming to London in the spring of the year. In London there are, as is well-known, a great number of Vegetarian restaurants. Of one of these establishments I was at first the guest, then the victim.

In my first few visits my impulse was Curiosity, in my next Poverty, and finally Habit. I well remember my early experiences. A friend of mine, himself a flesh-eater, was giving me information as to how to get along best in London on a very small stock of money. "If ever you want a better dinner than usual," said he, "something more costly than your habit commonly allows your purse to buy, such as it will be fitting to wind up with coffee, curaçoa and cigarettes, such a dinner as puts you in a good humor with the world at large, you'd better go to a Vegetarian Restaurant for lunch." I rightly supposed that after such a proceeding my conditions (pecuniary and physical) at seven o'clock would be very fit for a costly gorge of flesh. I was still at that time of course a confirmed flesh-eater, and could digest anything—even wheat germ.

I therefore followed his advice. My first experiment was at a restaurant called "The Buckingham," near Charing Cross Station. The suggestions connected with the name did not then occur to me : it was not till much later that I used to take some illicit solace from the vegetable desert of the bill of fare by allowing my eyes to feast upon the fleshy significance of that royal word. In this restaurant, as in some others of the same persuasion, there are two divisions ; that above for moderate, that below for confirmed vegetarians. In the former butter is silently allowed and also milk ; below, however, (all hope abandon, etc.) there is nothing of the sort ; the cow rambles at peace and the word "omelet" is rescued from its present exclusive application, and restored to its original signification, being assigned to a species of pancake.

My first experiment, if I remember rightly, was a Potato Cutlet. I was at first somewhat offended at the name, for philological reasons ; for the word "cutlet," meaning properly a small rib, cannot be rightly applied to mashed potato, which is very invertebrate. Subsequently I took exception to the name merely in that it pandared to the flesh—remembering yearnings of the Laodicean consumer. But perhaps it is better to lead the inexperienced by a gentle and seductive hand.

I recollect vividly looking around at my associates on that occasion, whom I imagined to be mostly past-masters and mistresses in a cult that was to me as yet but a thing of mysterious darkness.

Some were, however, evidently neophytes. One fair young girl with the flush of health still fading from her cheeks interested me especially. She seemed to be the prey of an inward struggle, for she was engaged in that last, despairing compromise between vegetarianism and corpse-devouring which manifests itself in the eating of eggs. She had a guilty air that lent a charm to her otherwise moral countenance. A young man near me was endeavoring with the aid of enormous quantities of salt to reconstruct for himself a phantasm of the flesh pots of our modern necrophagism. He was a weak brother: I saw him but seldom then, but weeks afterward I happened upon him emerging, stuffed and gorged, from a flesh-restaurant in the Strand. But the curiosity which first led me to those regions, would not by itself have been enough to have kept me there for any very appreciable period of time. Vegetarianism impelled me toward other exercises of a strong moral nature and a weak intellect. In fact I became devoted to the game of dominoes, which game I used to play in a coffee-room attached to the restaurant.

While indulging in this harmless way of fencing oneself in from a cold and unsympathetic world, I became acquainted with another young man, with whom I subsequently had not a few interesting conversations on subjects connected with literature and philosophy. How that little coffee-room warms in the imagination, as I think of the long talks we used to have in the good tobacco-scented air (O Tobacco! thy glory atones for the vanity of all other Vegetables) after our sojourn in the sixpenny dining-room beneath. He became in many things my instructor. It was from him that I first learned somewhat of the dialectic of Hegel, for he explained to me the reason of what I was learning by experience,—that Feasting and Fasting, although directly opposed to each other, were yet identical, and that their truth was expressed by nothing else than Vegetarianism. From him, too, did I learn to regard Pythagoras not merely as a Greek philosopher holding uncertain opinions, (such had been the hazy notion necessitated in my mind by my degree-examination) but rather as shadowing forth, through his place in history between the Ionic philosophers and the Eleatics, the position of Vegetarianism as a middle but necessary stage between an existence based solely on matter and

one in which Being was pure and absolute. But the chief among my gains from this friend was made when he drew my attention to the writings of Shelley, as a poet who in his works (till then unknown to me) had glowingly placed before the world the most striking incarnation (if the term be not paradoxical) of a Vegetable Diet.

To Shelley then I turned with the hope, which was fully realized, of finding my own vague aims and feelings expressed in forms of consummate beauty. I must own that in the first reading of "Queen Mab," I was somewhat disappointed. Nor was I wholly encouraged by his prose "Vindication of Natural Diet." I shuddered, I must confess, at living, like Old Parr, to the age of 152 merely on vegetables. But one must become accustomed to Shelley's element. My error had been in feeling a distaste for sinking in the water when I had not yet learned to swim. I soon could breathe in his rarified atmosphere, and as though on the top of a high mountain, found a far greater scope for my excited powers of imagination and contemplation.

Beside Vegetarianism, I found that my poet would willingly have inculcated various other opinions to which I could not readily subscribe. This troubled me not a whit, however, for my delight in reading his poetry was the pleasure one feels in communion with a pure, noble and enthusiastic young soul. I no more desired to agree with him in everything than with anyone else whom I loved. In me was excited, to use his own words, "a generous impulse, an ardent thirst for excellence, an interest profound and strong, such as belongs to no mean desires." And such I imagine must at the present day, always be the feeling of one who reads Shelley sympathetically, with a view to knowing and loving the man himself. Minds will differ in their thought, but the spirit always knows his own.

'Tis now a many years since I bought cherries in front of the Georgia Augusta Universität, or looked from the Jardin into the sterile wildernesses of Mont Blanc, or sat under the fading frescoes in the Hofgarten in Munich, or felt the throb of that great world's artery which runs from Charing Cross to Paul's. From my present western fastness I look back to that time and realize that I am looking from a new world to an old. The enthusiasms

and follies of those years have given place to other enthusiasms as foolish and other follies as enthusiastic, living each its own time and then dying, that in its death each might have life more abundantly. Eccentric as was the symbolism, my Vegetarianism, as many another fancy has been with many another man, was but the form taken by the external truth that the σαρκοφάγος is always the type of that which in Death rises not, while the Life Eternal is that which before this corruptible have put on incorruption, lives ever in the Flesh though not upon it.

—*Edward E. Hale, Jr.*

CONFESSION AND AVOIDANCE.

They say that you're a flirt at best,
  And warn me to beware : your glances
Would make, they say, a treach'rous test
  By which to gauge a fellow's chances.
And yet — I love you so ! a throng
  Of passions bid me speak to-day.
Ah ! darling, tell me they are wrong !
  Are you as heartless as they say ?

Am I ? well, so I have been told,
  Though never yet have I confessed it ;
But you sir, seem so very bold
  That I — well, I admit you've guessed it.
Alas ! 'tis true I'm heartless ; yes,
  They're right : but only right in part ;
The reason, dear, is — can't you guess ?
  Because — because you have my heart.

—*John Alan Hamilton.*

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS.

THIS restless and busy world of ours is an arena in which men contest for supremacy. It is a struggle in which the rule of "the survival of the fittest" governs, where both mind and energy are elements necessary for victory.

We feel that there is some force in the maxim, *mens sana in corpore sano* and it is as applicable to the nineteenth century as it was to the ancient Romans. By a sane body we need not necessarily understand a superabundance of muscles built up through years of prolonged training at the expense of the mental powers; for often a weak body carries with it a strong mind. But because the latter statement happens to be true in some cases, it is no argument against the development of the physical body in connection with the mental.

In the development of a weak body would the mind retrograde, remain stationary or advance? Would the mind grow faster without this great amount of physical exercise which is necessary to carry on successful athletics? Would the development of the physical body in a high degree in connection with the mental prove more beneficial? These are queries that present themselves in quick succession in the consideration of this question. Even the mere attempt to answer it may seem a huge presumption, and it is doubtful if the parties interested in its solution will ever agree. It is hard to deduce a satisfactory conclusion where the premises are so numerous and diverse.

It is generally agreed, even by the worst enemies of athletics, that a moderate amount of exercise is beneficial, but that is not the question under consideration. It is only when we arrive at a point where a great amount of physical training, such as is necessary to make any branch of athletics successful, that there is a real controversy.

The opposition may assert that the source of this discussion presupposes the conclusion; not so, for it is possible after due deliberation, even for one who has been closely identified with some particular branch of athletics, to state facts without distortion and prejudice. Nor can they logically say that the conclusion is wrong because the writer happens to be interested.

In order to compete successfully with other colleges a great

amount of training must be done, and that of course requires time as well as money. No college or university ought to take up athletics unless it will carry them far enough to make a creditable showing with other institutions.

The same principle applies to athletics as to every other pursuit in life : it is success that is noticed, and the winners that are applauded. The losers, unless they have made a good fight, are seldom noticed, and if they are, they are generally belittled, if not ridiculed.

Before going further it may be well to enquire what are the benefits acquired or the losses sustained from a prolonged course of training. Will the losses sustained and the sacrifices made be compensated by gains to the university, the student body, and the athlete, sufficient to warrant their continuance ? The benefits that accrue to the university, to the student body, and to the athlete in preparation for these contests can not of course be proximately determined, at least not in a space like this. They must necessarily be considered in a general way.

While there may be parents who would send their sons to a certain institution if there were less prominence given there to athletics, they are so few that there appears little if any objection from this source ; as a general thing those colleges which excel in athletics lose no prestige on such grounds ; quite the contrary seems to be true. Athletes often choose this or that institution for the sake of displaying their prowess in these contests, and many students, even if they do not intend to take part themselves, will go where they can see this earnest struggle and excitement, which lends so great a charm to the monotony of college life. The merits of any strong team are constantly discussed in the public press, and the institution is thus kept constantly before the public ; certainly from a business standpoint the prominence given to an institution by athletics is not to be despised. As long as the conduct of the athletes is commendable and gentlemanly, athletics will always reflect credit on a college.

It has often been argued that intercollegiate athletics benefit only the members of the various teams ; such, however, is not the case, because there are six or seven times that number who train at one time or another for any branch of athletics ; they may not quite "make the eleven," "nine," or "eight," nevertheless they

receive the benefit derived from such exercise. A great part of the students never train, among whom are men that would be valuable to any team. Some do not care to take exercise in any form, but receive more enjoyment from seeing others contend, while others of more studious nature find no time to spend on athletics. But because they take no part, it is no argument to say that they are excluded from so doing. One cannot argue that those students who are now participants and those who spend time in watching these contests would study more if there were no games or races. Experience shows us that in the past when there were no athletics the students turned their attention in other directions, to diversions of more objectionable nature like cane rushing, hazing and pranks of similar kind, often involving the loss and destruction of property. Athletics have proved a safety valve from these mischiefs, and where traces of such customs still linger, the friends of athletics should see that they are forever abolished.

The unbridled spirit and buoyancy of youth has found a more legitimate field for its action. What was chaos and disorder, is now law and order. This restless energy is now confined and restrained by legitimate rules that regulate athletic contests. Another objection which is frequently raised is that athletics cultivate a spirit of betting ; that there is some of it done is not denied, but it is not admitted that those few who are inclined to risk money on these games would not readily find other sources to satisfy their propensities. Every loyal student takes a pride in the success of his Alma Mater, and when athletics are in question, they are all loyal ; they have either their money or their sympathy invested, and they have an interest in the result ; they come in closer contact with their fellow students, they have a common theme, they fight for the same cause, and they are drawn closer together. The same thing is true between the athletes themselves, only in a greater degree. The athletes give their physical and the student body their moral support. These struggles make traditions to which as alumni in future years they will look back with pleasure.

Athletics cost money it is true, but when divided up among a great number the amount of contribution per capita is not large.

Where they have existed long enough athletics are self-supporting, and in other places they are rapidly nearing that stage.

Lastly, what are the advantages or disadvantages that accrue to the athlete himself? If experience means anything, perhaps the right to discuss this phase of the question will not be denied. It is readily admitted that in order to succeed in athletics sacrifices on the part of the participants are necessarily entailed. It takes time to train properly; often such training is done at the expense of one's studies, and at times these contests take not only hours but days away from university duties. The great amount of work necessarily tires the body, and this is especially true in the beginning of the season That drowsy and tired sensation which results from too much exercise makes itself also felt in the mind; the two seem to act in sympathy. A great amount of sleep and rest is necessary; consequently more time is lost. This, however, is not the case later in the season when the muscles become hardened. The mind becomes itself once more. It is a significant argument in favor of athletics that most of the men who compose the various teams of any institution have been good students, and many of these have not only excelled in athletics but stood among the foremost in their studies, During my eight years of intimate relation with college athletics, only a few carried them so far that their studies were materially neglected. It is true that athletics take time, but the athlete has one important thing in his favor: he can accomplish more work in a shorter time. It has been claimed that an athlete lives a shorter time than his physical power would indicate. This may be true, and yet it is not apparent that any one ever suffered any inconvenience in later years, or died sooner on account of too much exercise taken and continued through a series of years. Why an athlete should live a shorter life has never been demonstrated, and it is doubtful if experience confirms that view. An opposite theory would be more plausible. Why should not the energy which has been accumulated through years of training be a store-house on which the athlete can fall back when the crisis comes? This spirit of contention which is cultivated in a boat race, a base ball or foot ball game, is not unlike the contention a student will sooner or later have to face in the outside world. A man needs this practical education, this hand to hand encounter, the self restraint it teaches in the hour of victory, and the

power to bear disappointment which it inculcates in the hour of defeat.

Every year the contest waxes fiercer, and the competition greater. Let each man be prepared with that which will help him in the strife. A part of this preparation he can derive from his courses of study ; another part, not inconsiderable, will come to him through college athletics.

—*Carl Magnus Johanson, L. S., '92.*

THE BEDOUIN WAY.

Where the Bedeween creeps on the camel's back
  To the cities, ancient and far away,
As mariner follows his pathless track—
  There's a cruel jest for the joy, they say,
  Of a broken heart—even break it may
  Though in lands deserted and dull and grey.

When, camels unlinked from the caravan
  And his servants idling at stall and well,
His path is away from the routes of man,
  This cruel jest for his joy they tell :

"Ah, drunken is he of the slave-girl's eyes,
  But the desert storms will their light eclipse ;
And the desert sands will his cure devise,
  Though poisoned he be of the slave-girl's lips ;
Right well is it taught in the desert school,
  A lover's dream is the dream of a fool."

When, camels unlinked from the caravan
  And his servants idling at stall and well,
His path is away from the routes of man,
  This cruel jest for his joy they tell :
"Soon shall he learn in the desert school,
  A lover's heart is the heart of a fool."

—*George W. Ward.*

IN DIXIE.

WHY do you not write something about the South? is a question that has repeatedly been put to me by friends at Cornell. Like most questions, it is easier asked than answered. We are told that out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. But it is no less true that ofttimes out of the very fulness of the heart the lips are silent.

But again comes the question: "Can you not tell us something about the South?" generally followed by a score of others very plainly showing that information on the subject is very decidedly needed. Such interest means much. It means an acknowledgement of ignorance as to the facts in question. It means a desire to enlighten that ignorance. Travel is doing much to lay bare the soul of southern life to the eye of the world. History will do even more. The South can afford to await its verdict. But in the meantime why should not little agents work as well as more powerful ones?

There seems to be a charm in the idea of plantation life. There is a charm in the fact itself, a very great charm. Our ancestors beyond the waters, in Old England, were right in that instinct of theirs to give their lives, and, at death, their bones, to humanize the country. That personal love of the open sky, that familiar acquaintance with the fresh fields, the purple hills, and fragrant meadow-lands, that knowledge of, and above all, that sense of individual connection with, majestic trees o'ershadowing paternal halls, gave true, healthy birth to patriotism, to that intense and fervid love of the land, the sea, the sky, the trees, and the very stones that comes from the innermost heart of the being, that throbs and pulsates with the very lifeblood, that is far other and different from the arrogant, intellectual, forehead patriotism engendered by the prosperity of towns and large cities. This love our fathers transplanted; at first a mere transplanting of the old stock of feelings and emotions to a foreign soil, but it soon came, through suffering and hardship, to have its own independent vitality. In the southern states, owing to the character of its settlers and the nature of the climate and land, circumstances were especially favorable to the growth and perpetuation of this inbred feeling.

Aristocratic in their tastes and breeding, the old Virginians and Carolinians attempted to model their lives in the New World in accordance with their previous lives in the Old World. A landed aristocracy, with all the term means, grew up and flourished, an aristocracy which became peculiar in its nature, democratic, slaveholding, highbred, chivalrous. A people ease-loving but not indolent, accustomed to command, fervid of temperament, open-hearted, open-handed. The fervidness of their southern sun mellowed and softened the asperities of their original English natures; the truest courtesy the world has to show replaced whatever they had had of brusqueness; grace refined the sterling qualities of their characters. A people who would smile, forget and forgive an injury, who could not for a moment tolerate an insult. A true, brave, open, generous, refined, magnanimous people: deep feeling, deep thinking too, honorable, moral, patriotic in the truest and highest sense of the word. America may be proud that she has such a stock grafted on her soil.

The homes of such a people must necessarily be of interest; doubly so when Nature lends her additional charms of gold-blue skies, her wealth of tropical vegetation her myriad undertones of melody of bird and insect, of tree and hill, and sea and shore, the solemn organ-tones of her winds in illimitable pine forests, the gleam and glory of her sunlight, the glow and quiver of the articulate ocean as it clasps her beautiful coasts. Interesting in its floodtide of prosperity, interesting, deeply so, with its crowns of ivy and cypress, with its ruins moss o'ergrown, with its memories and glories.

And this plantation life, what was it?—what is it?—for after all, it is much the same as of yore. True, it has been stript of much of its former glamor; the pinch of poverty is felt where it was never dreamed of before, but there is yet enough of the old-time love and loyalty between master and man, enough of the old faith and genuine mutual regard to perpetuate one of the most delightful phases of the old system, while in other respects, save for the before-mentioned paucity of the Great American Eagle, the life is essentially the same as before the war.

A plantation of, let us say fifteen hundred to two thousand acres, with its thirty-five or forty or more buildings, its numerous families

of dependents, its stock, machinery, and implements, its various fields, pastures, meadow lands, and woods, never was, and is not now, a toy. And no men ever realized this fact more than the planters themselves. The minds accustomed to look upon neat farms of seventy-five or one hundred acres, every foot of space of which is utilized and worked to the most advantage, the work done by the farmer himself, his family, and "hired help," do not readily conceive of the state of agriculture in the South, where more than the entire number of acres constituting these farms are given over to the production of a single 'crop'—corn, cotton, oats, or whatever it may be—where there are hundreds of acres of wild, unpruned forests of oak and pine, where there is a heavily wooded grove of twenty-five or thirty acres surrounding the "Big House," as the negroes reverently term the planter's residence, where the oaks and elms of centuries' growth are guarded with a religious care, where, however destitute the family may have become, the old-fashioned flower-garden with its ancient hedges, sweet, old-time flowers, box borders, and tottering arbors, is kept inviolate from the plow, where the old avenues lengthen out into shadow, where the old mansion is redolent with the human joys and sorrows, sufferings and delights of generations now dead and gone. Sentiment does one say? Any money in it, does another ask? Well, it will be a very sad day indeed for the South if she ever foregoes this sentiment—even to make money by it.

How eloquent these old houses are! What pages of human life have they seen turned within their walls! Not mere shells, these, to sleep and feed in, then vacate. Large, spreading old houses, red chimneyed, standing among their great oaks and elms, with many pillared piazzas (to pace one of which fourteen times will make a mile), windows from ceiling to floor, spacious halls, rooms large, high ceilings, huge wide-mouthed fire places and brasses, old furniture proud in its shining consciousness of true mahogany and rosewood being, mirrors, portraits, quaint, heavy old plate, wide, easy stairways, uninterrupted garrets—it has all been told many a time in novel and story. These old houses have gained something very near akin to a personality. They are eloquent, sympathetic, to be lived in and enjoyed. Men and women have lived in them and enjoyed them, suffered, died in them, and

sanctified them. Many of them have their ghosts, some of them their scenes of violence and crime.

It does not seem to be generally understood that in the divisions of the southern states into what is known as up-country and low-country, the greatest diversity exists of climate, soil, and consequently of resources. Even the dialect of the negroes is widely distinguishable, the speech of the negroes of the rice plantations of lower Carolina being almost if not perfectly unintelligible to the ear of one born and bred near the Blue Ridge,—to say nothing of the different dialects of the Virginia, Georgia, Louisiania, and South Carolina negroes—and until one has seen and listened to the ludicrous but delicious "gullah" of a rice plantation negro he can form no conception of what the true Afro-American is like. Civilization has scarcely done more than corrupt their original tongue, and here it is one hears the peculiar expressions of the darkey in all their force and richness. It is here that the white man is "de rich Buckra," the terrapin, "de cooter." It is here that the negro is in his glory, for it is here that he has been least tampered with, and here where the squirrel, and the 'possum, and the 'coon abound. But to return to the up-country plantation.

Those thinking of the South as "one great marsh," would be surprised, on one of these plantations in question, to see extending before and around them, rolling ground of the greatest beauty, fields and woods, spreading on and on to where the Blue Ridge lies in all its warmth of coloring and uneven outline against the swimming azure of the southern sky. No malaria here, not the least vestige of a nook for yellow fever to hide its head in. Not far from the dwelling-house, just beyond the great ivy-covered chimney of the out-kitchen, is the plantation store. Here are kept the supplies for the negroes and other tenants of the place. Beyond, across the back road, is the two-story house of the Overseer. Follow this road, and to the left is the tall smoke-house, stocked with its supply of fine hams and bacon ; further on is the carriage house, where may be seen the old family coach, like many another old thing strong and sturdy yet, large as a house, and used occasionally even now. Beyond, other buildings, cribs, boiler house, barns and stables, the latter, and all pertaining to them, under the charge of a white tenant, whose house stands near

by. He has his assistants, attends to the milking of the fine herd of thorough-bred Holsteins, superintends the feeding of the stock, and is in short, "boss" of that portion of the estate. A very hotel of a barn it is, in whose cupola hangs, and has hung for generations, the great plantation bell. Ring that old bell now at twelve o'clock, and watch the negroes return from the fields, riding their mules, chains jingling—on the mules—loud laughter—only a negro can laugh—jokes, drawing of water from the cistern and several wells of the lot, more clatter of harness, Whoas, Gees, Haws, with now and then perhaps more forcible arguments to refractory mules, then the subdued sounds borne to the outer air through long, dark, cobwebbed corridors, of the grinding and munching of oats or corn. Is that crowd of negro laborers, lounging there in the shade for a few moments, a happy one? There are old men among them, gray-headed old slaves, who have lived on that place all their days, who take off their hats to you and stand laughing and joking with you, radiant with an innate courtesy and good breeding, that would, or should, put to the blush many free-born white Americans. And these are not house-servants, never have been. They have always been field hands. Where did they get their courtesy and grace? What has kept their hearts light and happy in spite of their no credit at the banker's, and the disappearace long ago of the few hundreds they had saved as slaves? They would rather stand there and talk with you now than go and eat their dinners. The negro is a born aristocrat, and loves to choose his company. However, the younger men do not tarry. Some of them do, and some do not. Those who have gone you may hear making the woods ring with loud guffaws, or whistles. They are happy, too, but they were born free and have their emancipated dignity to maintain. The great bell will ring in an hour for them all to resume work.

In the meantime let us glance over the plantation. But better proceed on horseback, as the sun is hot, and yonder hill, where the golden oats are waving under the summer breeze, is considerably over a mile away. An old man, who never in his most halcyon days ever saw a dentist, and now as a consequence laughs between his four eye teeth—or their stumps—gets the horses and saddles

them. To the right as you pass on may be seen the plantation blacksmith shop, and in a dell just beyond, are "the Quarters," the old slaves' quarters, consisting now, under the new order of things,—when it is not safe to quarter too many negro families within quarreling distance of each other,—of four or five cottages—not log cabins at all, which belong to the province of song, principally—one, the two-story hospital of old days, the rest comfortable smaller buildings, some with their little garden plots in front, of coxcomb, marigolds, vines, etc., and behind vegetable plots—some without—but all as you pass by apparently full to overflowing, at door and windows, with turbaned heads and innumerable pickaninnies,—a grand display of dazzling ivory between grinning lips. The rest of the negroes have their cottages scattered over the plantation, some of these cottages consisting, by the way, of five or six or even more rooms, and some of them being two stories in height. The negroes possess them rent free, of course, and each family has a house.

We are now among the fields, on a down-hill road. We have passed several buildings, dwellings and otherwise, fields of corn with stalks thirteen or more feet high, "Graveyard Hill," the old burial ground of the slaves, and are now in the bottom lands, cool, damp, irrigated by the swift and bankless creek that runs through them. This is the land par excellence of the place, rich, very productive, but subject to ruinous overflows from the creek. A massive timber bridge, the timber grown and sawed on the place, spans this creek, and beyond are more bottom lands, and beyond, the hills and fields again with here and there a cottage. The large cotton fields, the orchard, the vineyard of six acres, the mills, the various pastures and clover patches, are all on another side of the plantation. If we return along the old road we came, at twilight, there will brood over the growing fields and dank bottom lands an indescribable hush and content, not broken by the thousands of frog voices from among the willow roots and river grasses, anything but broken by the distant querulous notes of the screech owl, or the nearer sweetly weird cry of the whippoorwills.

And now is the hour when the negro waxes happiest. His day's work is done, care he seldom knows, and he may almost scent his

supper of cornbread, bacon and "greens," borne to him on the breeze along with the happy sounds of life from his cottage door. These suppers come into being guiltless of the modern aid of stove or range. Cooked they are by geniuses born not made, in open fire places over blazing logs from the forests around, the historic "hoecake" baking to the quintessence of deliciousness among the embers, and a very picture of comfort have I seen these cottages present when at nightfall the ruddy glow from the blazing fire falls upon old black faces turban-crowned, on young ones shining with content and the absence of all care, on the walls and crude ornamentations of the cottage, while outside the stars were shining down and whippoorwills were calling.

I have said that now the negro is happy. Wait until after supper, then step out on the piazza from the library windows, and listen. Do you hear a rhythmical, rapid shuffle accompanied by a sharper, rhythmical clapping, the noise almost drowning the wheezy but frantic notes of a fiddle, redoubling in energy at every hoarsely screamed command of some leading male voice? It is the dance in full swing. Everybody has heard of the negro dance. How many have seen it? Or listened to it, for there is about as much sound in it as anything else, from the monotonous pat, and shuffle of feet, the agonized screams of the fiddle, the deep, labored breathing of the dancers, to the loud directions shouted out at intervals, and the occasional pealing laugh of man or woman easily distinguishable above the uproar at the distance of half a mile or more. It is not the land for the Too-la-loo, that mad dance and orgy of the rice field darkey, but there is something in this up-country dance to make the unaccustomed eye open wide. It is their own, no mongrel civilization in it beyond the fact of board floor and more or less ridiculous costumes. They will keep it up for hours. Great sturdy women will exhaust themselves to the helplessness of infants, but the dance goes on. It is a common thing to see in the historic Too-la-loo of the low country, strapping women dance without ceasing, skirts hoisted above their knees so as to give free play to the legs, perspiration streaming, breath coming in short labored pants, until finally they have to be carried bodily, with lips foaming and with starting eyes, out into the fresher air. Before re-entering the house — though every one

doubtless will be sitting in that piazza in the moonlight—walk around the mansion (the piazza encircles it) and listen at the other end to that where you have been standing. Do you hear a loud voice, rising, falling, quavering, bursting forth again with tremendous energy, rapid, recitative, chaunting, impassioned? It is old Shadrach at his evening prayers. His cottage is over half a mile away and a forest intervenes, but you can catch even his words. Let illness be at the Big House and the energy of his prayers redoubles.

I should like to say something about the religious service of the negro, that exercise which is so typical of him, to speak of those wonderful sermons, beginning indeed with a text and a show of reasoning, but soon becoming hopelessly entangled in a very fury of gesticulation, screaming, mad, incoherent appeals to the trembling, swaying, murmuring audience, growing ever more abandoned, wild, and frenzied, until the speaker falls limp and lifeless, or is drawn down by another preacher, who begins anew with another sermon. I should like to say something about that weird, solemn, and impressive music of the audience, how it begins with a soft, wailing tenderness inexpressibly sad and musical, how it swells upward and onward into an organ peal of melody and transforms the little plain church into visions of cathedrals, and how, having reached its climax, it sinks and wavers again into that swaying, pathetic wailing that makes of all those many black souls one mouthpiece of subdued harmony. I should like to speak of the Holy Laugh, of the ' 'speriences' told, of many things, but space does not permit.

That night you may fall asleep with a glorious southern moonlight pouring through your open windows upon high bed and solid old-time furniture, you may lie upon lavender-scented sheets and listen to the wild, ecstatic melody of the mocking-bird as he tosses himself upwards in bursts of song from the chimney's top, and in the pauses of his music catch the faraway hooting of great owls, and the cries of the whippoorwills, breathing all the while the air from the old, dew-bathed garden below, heavy with the scents of magnolias and jessamine, mimosa, and a hundred other southern flowers.

. . . . . .

So much interest is always expressed in the negro—by those entirely disinterested—and so many questions asked about their present and past treatment at the hands of the whites, that the temptation to say a few words here about them is great. The South, through a bitter experience of many years, has grown almost resigned to struggle on through dark misunderstanding and misjudgment, until now a southerner may listen with a smile on the lips though with a pain at the heart and with pulses all athrob, at certain questions frequently put to him. Comparatively few know the principles for which the South fought. Secession to them is but a whitewashed name for Rebellion and Slavery, and Rebellion and Slavery they have been taught to consider it, and the names are ugly ones. But how many were there in all the broad South who would have drawn their swords in defence of slavery pure and simple? There were thousands, then as now, who would have been, as they now are sincerely glad to be, rid of the great weight of slavery. They alone knew what it fully meant in all its responsibilities and evils. Then why did they not give it up? Alas, how easy it is to ask questions, but how difficult to solve speedily and well matters of grave importance. Are there not thousands in the North to-day alive to the great evil of the pension system as it now exists? They are aware that it is a blot upon the country's good name and upon the principles for which these men claim to have fought. Why do they not put it down and restrict it to the original praiseworthy purpose? Cool-headed southerners would admit then as they will admit now that slavery was a burden and an evil to the South; it was terribly expensive, the most grave responsibility, giving rise in all its ramifications to much that was wrong and sinful. No true southerner will attempt to deny this. Why need he? It was a peculiar slavery, with much more good in it for both master and man than evil. Strange as it may sound, slavery did much for the negro in advancing him from his original condition to what he was and is, did what nothing else could have done. But was he ripe for the freedom given him when it came? Was it an unquestionable good for the slave? The question is not answered by a positive Yes. Those who erroneously regard the negro as even potentially the intellectual equal of the white man, speak of the oppression of the colored race to-day.

No, it is not the white man but the black man himself who is his own worst enemy. Sentimentality is never a safe luminary, rather a mental Will-o' the-wisp. There is no use in wringing the hands and exclaiming "Poor fellow," in harrowing tones, when a heavy article falls accidentally and hits an average, healthy negro on the head. If not fallen from a great height the truth is it has not hurt him at all. No need for tears. The fact is a fact that that the negro's skull is thick. He fights with it as naturally as does a ram with his. And it will take untold centuries of higher education—or rather of lower education—to reduce that considerably extra thickness of the cranium to the average thickness of the white man's. Can it ever be reduced? There are notable exceptions certainly; individual cases, both *before* and since the war, of advance and mental progress. But the "Negro Problem" is yet to be solved. And the South, unaided and uninterfered with, must solve it. She alone understands and has a true interest in the negro.

The world will understand some day what this so-called slavery meant. Until she does she cannot judge the South. Evils there were in the system, and the South admits them. And she has long since learned to say Amen that it has passed away. But apart from the undeniably better physical and material condition of the great mass of the negroes in older days, when we turn from scenes, for example, where worshipping in the same buildings with their masters, and being served in all the churches with the same sacraments by the same officers, we find the negro with an inbred piety and decency that have stood by the older ones even to the present moment—when we turn from a contemplation of this to witness the disgraceful scenes of excess, irreligion and filthy lewdness that their meeting houses of to-day time and again present, it is not so difficult to question whether the negro, as a class, has been bettered by his outward freedom to inward license.

Nor can a stranger conceive of the affection existing between family negroes and those whom they still regard, and lovingly call, their masters. Mrs. Stowe has dabbled with it in her Uncle Tom's Cabin, a book that continues to propagate extravagant and false ideas, and other writers, with more truth and sympathy, have touched upon the theme, but one must grow up with it and ex-

perience it to understand this beautiful mutual affection. And an old negro can make the most charming companion too, humorous, pathetic, emotional in thought and gesture, full of an innate eloquence, and courtesy of soul. There are grey headed, toothless old women, hags some people would call them, straight as an arrow in figure and character, religious, at peace, with a childlike faith and love, with a stern sense of their duty to God and man, and an unmurmuring, unswerving purpose to do that duty to the utmost; dramatic in every movement of their supple bodies, poetic in expression, with a natural keenness of perception and with wit as delightful in its way as the Irish. Old men too, the same, devoted, unquestioning, always ready with a ludicrously distorted Scriptural text for any and all emergencies, free of speech, knowing that almost any liberty would be pardoned them, open, generous, and faithful souls. Their children too are most of them praiseworthy, respectful, obedient, though with a perceptible reserve in their demeanor. They do not come so close to the affections of their superiors. But the grandchildren, what can be said of them, these free-born, ebony American citizens? Released from the judicious restraint exercised over their elders in their youth by the old women set to govern them, and in other ways, they have become not much better than a brood of incipient rascals. Most of them, indeed, up to the age of ten or twelve are of the genuine pickaninny order, and associate as play fellows with the children of the employers of their parents just as in other days. They are then sent to school, become learned to the extent of reading from primers and the calculation of the simplest sums in addition, and show their superior advantages by becoming a pack of thieves, disrespectful to their elders and superiors of both races, indolent, insolent, ungrateful for benefits conferred, spoilt for all the purposes of life for which they were originally capable. With all the genuine negro irresponsibility of character and shiftlessness, they are spendthrifts, living off of the hard-earned wages of their parents and repaying them by a brutal contempt and neglect that is veritably animal. All are not so. Many improve as they reach a more mature manhood and womanhood, but it is a lamentable fact that the younger negroes are growing up free from all judicious control and guidance, refusing to submit to anything

short of knockdown blows from their parents, always ready to assert their independence of all authority,—impudently to assert it when they dare. This is not an exaggerated account. * By far the greater number of crimes committed in the South are perpetrated by negroes, and of these criminals, few, very few indeed, will be found to be men above middle age, men who had attained to any length of years under their so-called slavery. But one man out of thirty-one cases summoned before a Charleston court the other day, was a white man ; the oldest prisoner was about fifty years of age.

The subject is a large one and an interesting one, and having entered thereon, difficult to leave. But once more let me say, Love the negro to the heart's content. He needs it badly just now. Try to understand him, however, before you talk about what you do not understand. Go and see him in his home and his every day life and remember too that that home is considerably farther south than Mrs. Stowe's arm's length observatory at Cincinnati. But by no means gush sentimentally over him. Before you weep drawing room tears over him at work in yonder broiling hot cotton field,—while his employer, the brute, is in his house—ask to give that negro a holiday, and watch what he will do. Will he retire to the cool shade of some spreading oak, draw out his well worn pocket Greek Testament à la Uncle Tom, sit there and bemoan his fate? Fiddlesticks! Not a bit of it. Nine chances out of a possible ten he will throw himself contentedly down on the slope of the carriage house entrance, under the full blaze and fervor of the July sun, his hands clasped behind his head, lie there, and fall asleep with the perspiration pouring from him and the mercury 100° or more above zero.

The negro race is a happy one, careless, irresponsible, light-hearted. Trouble rolls from him like water from the back of a duck. Even his affections when wounded speedily recover. He has not the very faintest idea of a business obligation. He may be, and generally is, head and ears in debt to you, owing you four, six hundred dollars, and not a prospect in the world of ever pay-

---

*Nor is it true of the country negroes alone ; it is equally, or even more, applicable to the city negro ; *en masse*, be it always understood.

ing it—which you know as well as he. Does he worry over it? How little you know him! On the contrary he will ask you for more, and expect very confidently to get it too. They will ask for the knife out of your pocket, for the coat off your back. There is a story of a negro boy sent on a message for mustard, told moreover that it was a matter of life or death. He did not come back. Another messenger was sent. He found the boy lying flat on his back in the middle of the sidewalk reading a story paper—with the mustard by his side. A northern man writes the following: "We think we know something about poverty in the north, and we do, but the poverty one sees here (Charleston) among the negroes, is—to the eye—appalling. The qualification of 'to the eye' has a great deal of meaning, for except in such almost unheard of cold weather as the South has experienced in the last month or so, there is very little suffering among the negroes. Their food is of the simplest kind, but it sustains life, and life itself is happiness to a negro. The lines of Longfellow, in which the poet sings of a perfect day,

> 'Whereon is enough for me
> Not to be doing, but to be,'

fit the negro exactly. He works when he has to, not because he wants to."

Of course there are many, very many, notable exceptions to this undeniable fact, both in the country and the city, chiefly in the latter. Male cooks, butlers, and other domestic servants of approved fidelity and worth, receive in Charleston wages that in some instances are worthy the name of salaries, and are in every respect well-conducted, praiseworthy people. Likewise there are many in trades and the minor professions who are enterprising and self-respecting citizens. As a rather amusing instance, there is a colored church in Charleston the members of which are so élite, so very exclusive, being composed entirely of those of very light color, quadroons and octoroons, that no common, plebeian negro is suffered to set foot within the precincts of this church. The members are well-to-do, dress fashionably, and altogether compose a little St. George in exclusiveness and bon ton. But all these, and many other instances that might be cited, are exceptions to the

general rule, and it is of the negroes in their mass, as they are found by the hundreds of thousands all over the South, that I have been speaking. All honor is due to those who have advanced, and no people pay this debt to those deserving it more gladly and good-willingly than the southern whites.

One word more about the negroes on the plantations. Their lot is not a hard one. Although they have to work harder and steadier than of yore, there are many days whereon they do nothing. Many are tenants upon the plantations, that is, have allotted to them so much land to work, generally surrounding the house assigned them, and have also furnished to them all the requisites for the future crop, from the seed and fertilizer up to the mules and plows they use, as well as their provisions and tobacco, and are permitted to keep for themselves a stipulated proportion of the amount of the crop raised. Others are month hands ; others again work by the day and are paid up every Saturday. Many of their cottages, or cabins if the name suits better, present as happy an air as anyone could desire, for they have plenty of time to make their homes cosy and comfortable if they so choose, and many are so, with neatly-paled flower gardens in front, sweet vines clambering over doors and windows, chicken coops and other homely accompaniments around, and always one or more dogs. They are furnished within, moreover, with a degree of comfort that is almost enviable. Rush-bottomed, wooden-bottomed or skin-bottomed chairs, with often a more luxurious one, beds piled high with soft mattresses, (that would cause a boarding house mattress to shrivel up with shame,) and the elaborate home-made colored calico patch quilts, tables, and neat colored china, papered shelves and various knick-knacks make up a very endurable interior. Again, some lazy ones allow their homes to fall into sad decay and unsightliness, their gardens, if they pretend to have any, weed-grown and uncared for, doors hingeless, and a general air of unthrift and sloth. They will even consume window shutters, and the shade trees about their doors, rather than walk a few steps further into the forests for other and better fuel. The industrious negroes employ their leisure hours, which I repeat are many, in the raising of poultry and collecting of eggs, which they ever find a good market for at the Big House. Indeed, a certain woman is deputed

to raise the turkeys, another the ducks, and so on, for use at the house. It was in this way that in old days they made so much ready money and supplied themselves with the little luxuries of life, for of the necessaries they had no concern, since they were amply and generously provided by their masters with all they required. On the other hand, those who will not thus work for their extra money, depend upon their begging, or, more generally, upon their skill in thieving. It is a frequent thing for the unsuspecting mistress to pay a good full price in the morning to these rascals for her own chickens or ducks, stolen by them during the night. An entire yard full of young ducks, thirty-five or more, disappeared during their slumbers, once upon a time, feathers and all; although, in this instance, the thief or thieves had the grace not to attempt to get rid of the spoil at home, but conveyed it to a neighboring town. In like manner the mistress misses her usual supply of eggs, lets it be known, and the eggs pour in. No negro thinks it a crime to steal anything that the most subtle alchemy may convert into an eatable substance. Returning from a protracted meeting at their church on the plantation, it is the most natural thing in the world for the congregation, as well as the preacher, to pass through your orchard and help themselves to your peaches, pears, and other fruit—even to fill large crocus bags full of the same. The Lord made that fruit to be eaten. Likewise, if you have a pet plum tree sheltered near the corner of your house that promises to present you, in a few days, with a dish of delightful greengages, or damsons, you shall find that the Lord made those plums to be eaten, also—but apparently not by you. Figs are the only fruit that an up-country negro will not steal—and they are not indigenous to that soil. He has not acquired the taste for them as yet.

In sickness, and in all the wants of life, the negroes are accustomed to appeal for aid at once at the house, and they have not yet appreciated the fact that their former masters are not any longer bound to supply their wants. Baptism gowns, shrouds, coffins, as well as other more holiday affairs (though as a matter of fact such occasions are holidays to the negro), they often expect and receive from you. They cannot at all understand the poverty of those once opulent masters, and missing in the

younger generations the accustomed bounty of the older ones, think "de white folks sence 'mancipashun" have grown wondrously saving—not to say stingy.

Have I spoken of only the sunny side of the negroes' existence? Have I neglected to mention their oppression, their debased servitude, their systematic persecution? I know nothing of it. The only instruments of negro torture I have ever seen are those carefully selected and so kindly exposed ones in the show case of the Cornell University Library.

. . . . . .

But for the poetry and romance of the South, come with me to where it all lies gathered up in its glory, and wealth, and beauty, along the seaboard and among the many lovely and luxuriant sea islands of South Carolina. Here it is you will find the beau ideal of southern soil, climate, vegetation, architecture, and character, here where the great swamps are near by, where the giant liveoaks with their pendant mosses sweep wide circuits of ground, where the gaunt cypresses and evergreen pines tower aloft into the fadeless blue of the southern sky, where the earth becomes a fairy land of wild and tangled beauty. Here abound those beautiful inlets and bays, bayous and lakelets whose waters are deep, clear, dark, and cool, in which swim or glide the pretty little turtle, the "cooter" of the locality, and the ever-interesting alligator. The vegetation hereabout is of the rankest tropical growth; the waters are alive with all sorts of wild-fowl, the woods with birds of gorgeous plumage, songsters of the sweetest songs. Here the mockingbird is at home with the heron and the crane. It is here that the foliage is so dense and rich, so solemn and majestic, that the winds moan among its splendid trees with organ tones of melody, and the sad, sweeping mosses are blown about like the unrestfnl wraiths of a spirit world. Weird, solemn, awe-inspiring, these mighty forests, with their tangled, almost impenetrable undergrowth, where the owl's screech, the twang of the monster bullfrog, the rattle and hiss of the serpent are heard in the widest daylight, are spots where at the witching hour of night even a Dante's imagination might stand awed. Upon the fallen and decaying trunks of massive trees you may cross the noisome waters of these great swamps, wandering through Gothic aisles of cypresses and

pines from whose interlocking branches hangs the swaying moss, mournful over the prospect of death and desolation brooding around. You may go *through* the openings in the huge trunks of the cypresses, and pole your silent way "amidst brush and brake, into the mystic chambers of these poisonous halls."

This is the land of the large rice plantations and the far-famed Sea Island cotton, and here in other days dwelt the opulent planters, far apart from each other, but the dwellings of the negroes on these extensive domains surrounding the mansion and its many out-buildings, gave to every settlement the aspect of a large and lively village. Here too was to be found the most patriarchal type of slavery. From the page of a northern writer, visiting this section before the war, I quote the following: "There is something peculiarly fascinating in this species of softened feudal life. The slaves are, for the most part, warmly attached to their masters, and they watch over their interests as they would over their own. Indeed, they consider themselves part and parcel of their master's family. They bear his name, they share his bounty; and their fortune depends wholly upon his. Through life they have every comfort; the family physician attends them when sick, and in their old age and imbecility they are well protected. They glory in their master's success and happiness: their pride is in exact proportion to the rank of the family they serve; and whatever that may be, they still cherish a haughty and self-satisfied contempt for 'po' white trash.' The planters themselves, descended from an old chevalier stock, and accustomed through many generations to the seclusion of country life, and that life under southern skies, and surrounded with all the appliances of wealth and homage, have acquired an ease, a grace, a generosity, and a largeness of character incompatible with the daily routine of the petty occupations, stratagems, and struggles of modern commercial and metropolitan life, be it in the South or the North."

Charleston was, and is, to these plantations what London is to the great English country estates. In that city many of the planters have residences also, to which when desirous, they may resort, and thus escape the ennui of too retired a life. Moreover, all the great families of the region are more or less intimately related by blood or marriage, and the old city, hallowed by many a

tradition and incident through many generations has always been to them peculiarly dear and sacred. To a Charlestonian, and many of these people are born there, there is no place like Charleston. Some of these estates may be reached either by rail or water, being not very remote from the city. Leaving Charleston by boat in the morning, and steaming slowly up the beautiful Ashley is the most delightful way of approaching them. As you leave the city behind the scenes along the river's banks become more and more interesting and picturesque. Alas, many of the most beautiful of these old homes are in ruins now, and their blackened, mouldering remains speak with eloquent tongues of dark days and troublous times. There, thirteen miles above the city and close to the river's side, lies all that is left of Acabee, an old home of ante-revolutionary date and local fame. Long since have its lofty columns mouldered into dust, and no one goes there now to read the story its old moss-grown, stone-walled cemetery tells, or to dream of the days when pleasure and gaiety held there their sway.

As the steamer plies her way through the dark waters, an occasional alligator may be seen sunning himself in the ooze and mud near the river's edge, into which he plunges while you look. Soon the boat stops at a little pier built out into the stream, and disembarking here, you are at once within the extensive grounds of Drayton Hall, or to give it its more modern name, Magnolia Gardens, one of the most beautiful spots of the neighborhood. In the springtime of the year it is ablaze with countless azaleas, and magnolias of moon-like splendor, the bright red, and pink, and white of the azaleas lightning up the shadow made by the enormous live-oaks and their mosses, that are on every side, and filling the air with their perfume. Interminable broad walks lead among this mass of shade and color, crossing and re-crossing each other, now leading over rustic bridges spanning the coolest, darkest, clearest waters in which the gray moss dips to kiss its own shadow, to diminutive islands scarce large enough to support their one or two great trees, on over other bridges to the fragrance, color, and shade beyond. You may spend hours rambling through these gardens, oblivious to the flight of time, lost in the silence, the deep grey stillness of the perfumed air about you. A couple of

miles beyond is the Old Hall, a well preserved specimen of the ante-revolutionary mansion. Red, sombre, and imposing, filled with rich oak carved decorations, it stands sad, lonely, and solemn in its unoccupied old beauty. Its owner is wealthy and has built a more modern house in which he resides.

Up the river a few miles farther, is the old M——n Barony. Here the river's banks are steep and high, and terrace rises above terrace, until at the top a glorious view of the Ashley lies unrolled before the eye, stretching away for miles on either side. These terraces were the pride of their maker and cost thousands upon thousands of dollars, and lead to the spot where once stood the mansion—gone now. Mount those old gray stone steps and look at the ruin around. Not even a chimney standing—all prostrate on the earth.

Stroll through the surrounding pleasure grounds and you will own that old Carolina is very beautiful. There was much art here once to make these walks, descending here by a few stone steps into long shaded avenues of oaks, rising there by other steps into a blaze of azaleas and oleanders, but Nature has lovingly taken it all back to her great heart, strewn moss and lichens upon the stone steps, encroached upon the once trim walks by an extended tree limb, covered these shadowy paths, and fragrant flowers, these transparent lakelets, and tiny islets with a spell and glory that hushes the lips and lays a soothing finger on the heart. There, by a turn in the broad graveled walk, stands the stone vault of the family, once the scene of awful desecration and violence. But now all is still and solemn, and the gray moss sweeps above it in the breeze, and under the old armorial bearings of these scions of a noble English house, reads the carven sentence: "HOC ITER AD ASTRA."

—*Robert Adger Bowen.*

THE STORY OF A HERO.

YOU would not have called him a hero. Had you seen him but as the world saw him, you would have called him only an obscure, insignificant little schoolmaster; who was not remarkable for anything in particular, whose clothes were worn and

thread-bare at the elbow, with trousers bagging at the knees; who was shy and shrinking; who was not even good at his teaching; who had no friends, no position, no talent, no money, and who therefore was utterly unworthy of notice, and so far as the world judges—by externals—you would have been quite right in your estimate. But if you had cared to look below the surface, and had seen the real current of his life, tinged as it was by the pain, and nobility of self sacrifice, then I think, you would have said that the title of hero justly belonged to Aaron King.

In the little town of L—— in New Hampshire, where there is both college and theological seminary, Aaron began his career. He had been destined for the ministry, and had been brought up in strict orthodoxy, to rely implicitly upon the catechism and the creeds of fore-ordination and future damnation, and all the rest of them, which he had accepted unquestioningly. But when he came from his rigid New England home to make a part of the lively little college town, his views began to broaden, his convictions to to change, he reveled in the wealth of books at his command and dipped deep into the fount of knowledge. Yet books could not make his world; he gazed with longing eyes upon his gay fellow students, who made such a holiday of life, and lamented his own awkwardness and unfitness for society. He was not prepossessing in appearance, he knew. Though his face with its dark, deepset eyes told of earnest thought, yet his general appearance of shabbiness in dress, and his slight, frail build, caused him to pass almost unnoted. Yet it chanced that when he was twenty-two, and full of the ardent longings which had grown up in such a long seclusion from the world, that a woman came into his life. How it happened, matters little, it is enough to know that she was a pretty girl, accustomed to admiration from childhood, who was too gay and thoughtless to imagine that she could inspire such love as Aaron bestowed upon her,—too trifling to be more than a a little pleased at his devotion, and then to grow tired of it and fling it aside.

So it was that life, which had seemed bright for a moment, darkened again around him, never to lift its sombre shadow. He felt no anger, nor any sense of wrong, only the deep, deep sense of longing and despair. He had been born in New Eng-

land, in a little village, so far removed from the stir of great cities that it was hardly yet evolved from that strait-laced intolerance which is the inheritance of Puritanism. He had been left an orphan at a tender age, and had been brought up by his grandparents; good, upright, God-fearing people, it is true, who had yet somehow missed that divine principle of love and mercy without which life is barren and valueless. He had been dealt with justly, but to treat a young and imaginative child with too severe justice, is to treat him hardly; so he had missed love in his life till now, though he had always longed for it, and it made it doubly bitter to lose all the sweet his life had ever held. He felt that his life was wrecked, and he gave up the idea of being a minister, which, indeed, had lived more in the minds of his grandparents than in his own. He went away at once without graduating, and began to teach, not that he wished to live,—but he must. So it was that he drifted to the little western town of Riggsville; there he stayed, teaching wearily year after year the same things, with no change and no promotion. For he was not incisive enough to make himself felt in the bustling little town, he had not push enough, nor did he care. He did not even teach well, how should he? His heart was not in it. Once he was ill for several weeks, and his place filled by a substitute. He suffered alone with no one to care, and on the morning of his return, as he came back, more pale and stooping than ever, no gladness was manifested. He even heard expressions of preference for his substitute; it cut him to the heart; before he had not cared, but he was impressed anew that there was no place for him in life. Still he could not change, and only shrank more and more into himself, spending his lonely evenings over books, which could make him learned, but could not make him wise.

One day, a boy and girl came into his school-room who were evidently newcomers in town, and there was something in the girl's pale and pretty face, that touched some long unused string in his heart and set it vibrating. He began to feel an interest in her which he had not felt for years in any human being, he watched her comings and goings, noted her absences, and when once they were both absent for a week, grew uneasy and decided to hunt them up. He was directed to a shabby hovel on the outskirts of

the town, and was admitted, after his timid knock by the girl, her pretty face stained with tears, and wan,—with hunger could it be? "Oh, Mr. King," she said, slipping her thin little hand in his, as if by some sudden impulse, "Mamma is sick, and we're so hungry." The schoolmaster felt the unaccustomed tears start to his eyes at the child's touch; he turned to the boy, and putting something into his hand bade him hasten to the nearest store, and then said gently, "Has your mother had the doctor? Let me see her." The child led him into the next room, and there, lying on a dingy coach with a child of two years sitting silently beside her on the floor, was a woman. The schoolmaster looked upon her face, and staggered; he would have fallen, but that the wall was near,—he could not speak, he could only look upon that wasted, haggard face so different from the beauty he remembered, and feel that burning anguish that such things should be. For the woman was Margaret Leigh, the girl he had loved. His self-pity was all gone. In its place welled a deep, tumultuous tide of pity for her—of love that had never died—of anger that fate should bring her to this. She coughed feebly, "I see you know me," she said, "I know you have no reason to remember me kindly, but for the sake of my children—" "Oh hush," he breathed hoarsely,—poor soul had she been so hardly treated that she could think he would store up vengeance! It seemed horrible—a desecration, that she should so humbly appeal to him for a few poor necessaries of life, she who had seemed to him a being above the exigencies of common mortals. She misunderstood him. "I know you've no reason to help me," she began again shedding peevish tears. The little one on the floor beside her looked up with large, pathetic eyes, and seeing its mother cry, raised its puny voice and wept also. The schoolmaster felt that his heart was bursting,—he could only gasp, "I will help you," and rush from the house. Once outside he walked furiously for miles, not seeing or caring whither, suffering again the pangs of the long ago, and the pain of to-day, thrilled too with a fierce, strange pleasure, that now—now, he could care for her, he could be of use to her. When he came to himself and reached home it was dark. He lighted a lamp and went to his desk, where he had a little hoard of savings put by for the day when he should be too old to work. He put

the notes in an envelope, addressed it to her, and sent it by a messenger. He felt that it would be more delicate not to take it himself. The next day he went to see her, and found her much better. She at once began to thank him, but he stopped her, only saying, "I wished you to have it." She began to cry again, and related, with many complaints, the story of her life. It was not a long story, only a poor pitiful tale of a marriage, a few months of happiness, then neglect, and finally, two years ago—desertion. She was helpless, had never been brought up to work,—they had nearly starved and saw nothing but starvation before them. "Let me take care of you," the schoolmaster said gently, and she accepted his aid with the dull thankfulness of a soul too accustomed to misery to be actively grateful.

So the schoolmaster went away, and considered how he could best economize, that his scanty salary might support these added burdens. He did not go much to see her, it was too much of a pain, just because he loved her so, to see that wasted frame,—that pale face from which every trace of beauty had long vanished. Besides he felt that she did not care to see him, it was indeed a bitterness that he could help her best by remaining away from her. He gave up even the few luxuries in which he had formerly indulged, bought no more books, and sold those he already had, let his clothes get shabbier and thinner, and denied himself everything. Even then he could not give her what he wanted, he longed to give her all the luxuries of life, to see her in a home, where she might never lift a finger, that gradually she might regain the happy look of her girlhood days.

So it went on for two or three years, and as the children grew, their wants grew also, and the schoolmaster lay awake nights trying to devise some plan by which he might add to their comforts. He grew thinner and more frail, his eyes more hollow, and intense —he had a troublesome cough; but he took little account of all those things, for was not she growing younger again, and more winning than ever in her helpless dependence upon him? He began to feel strong, and he would not have been human had he not cherished a faint hope,—yet unbreathed even to himself, that sometime,—she might come to care for him.

It was on a Christmas eve, three years from the time he had

found her, that the schoolmaster started out to see her, carrying with him a few gifts for the next morning. His heart was full of the joyous thought that she had begun to care for him a little, that she did depend upon him, and the spirit of Christmas was upon him, perhaps for the first time in all his life. When he reached the house and saw the light gleaming from the windows, he paused a moment outside. He would see her through the window before venturing in, and he pressed his face to the pane. What was it he saw that caused him to start backward, while a low moan of agony escaped his lips? Within, sitting upon a chair his money had purchased, before the fire fed by his care, sat a man holding Margaret in his arms. She was sobbing helplessly, while the man's lips were moving as though he were speaking. The schoolmaster made an effort to recover himself and strained to catch the words. "Can't you forget and forgive, Margaret?" were the words he caught. "I know it was pretty mean to leave you that way, but I mean well now, I've got an empty pocket-book as usual, but we'll go out west and make our fortunes; come, you'll forgive me, little woman, won't you? I've been terribly lonely." "You look pretty comfortable," he went on, "King's been supporting you, has he? Well, I don't know that I could do better than settle down here then." "No, no," said Margaret, "we must not stay here." She had womanliness enough not to let the schoolmaster support her any longer, but she smiled faintly. She evidently did not realize the full enormity of her husband's desertion, and his matter of fact return. She had realized it at the time, but now it was over, and she was pleased that he should return, and was ready to forgive him,—not because she loved him particularly, but because there seemed nothing else to do.

Outside, the schoolmaster leaned against the wall breathing heavily; he had heard the man's words, and felt despair and hatred strike him through like a knife. They would go away, Margaret suggested it herself; she had not a thought of him, of how he had toiled for her, and lived for her these past years. His mind was confused with the suddenness of the blow, and scarcely knowing what he did, he moved slowly away, turning mechanically in the direction of his home. He went in, in the darkness,

stumbled up the narrow stairs and flung himself into a chair. Outside the snow was falling softly, gently, like a benediction,—as some one has said. It fell in all its white purity, over the sad earth, as if to hide the sadness for one blessed night, but the snow brought no benison to the schoolmaster. Alone he sat, motionless in the stillness, while an endless train of thoughts and emotions swept through his being. He lived his whole life over in that night,—that life so little tinged with joy,—colored so deeply with despair. Silent he sat and the night wore on. When the rosy dawn of the Christmas morning broke through the grey dawn of the eastern sky, and the sun touched the new fallen snow till it glistened as with hosts of diamonds, and shone through the window into the room where the schoolmaster still sat motionless, it fell upon a face from which the cares of life had vanished forever, and which wore a look of silent peace. He had struggled with despair and had overcome. The schoolmaster was dead.

—*Alice Percy.*

HERE AND THERE.

THERE are perhaps few sentiments which one can feel more keenly than loyalty to Alma Mater. As soon as the preparatory school is entered, the door of the chosen college seems to stand open waiting for its future students, and the class year is reckoned long in advance. Once fairly launched in the stream of academic life, loyalty to Alma Mater is still keen. The Freshman must wear the college colors and sing the college songs; the Sophomore must shout the college yell. With the zeal of soldiers each athletic contest is watched, and the student goes home happy only if Alma Mater has won. Soon the college life begins to slip from the grasp of the student, and all the eloqueuce of Commencement oratory loves to expend itself in farewell speeches of gratitude and future pledges of service to Alma Mater.

The whole theme of the gracious mother and her loyal children is one around which all poetic fancies are wont to cling. It is certainly a pretty sentiment and a worthy emotion but, standing in the heart of a great University, one is sometimes tempted to test it all and see what it really means. If the college colors were

not chosen, and the college hymn had not yet been composed,—suppose one were led back to days before the time of athletic contests, what would this college loyalty then mean? What one ought first to ask, is the college toward which it turns? It is not a ribbon nor a name to which student loyalty reverts; it is a group of serious scholars eager to instruct and guide their fellow-students. Put aside the vagueness which veils the term, and what is college loyalty but a personal loyalty toward a College Faculty?

One cannot call it wholly a loss to analyse college loyalty thus. We are simply coming back to see the broad granite ledges on which the dust and soil and superficial growth of a few centuries has rested. It is necessary to face thus the foundation. There has been danger in the cant use of vague terms of college loyalty. It was very pretty to hear them fall from a Senior's lips on some hot June day, or to read them in open print; but for them to be real and have an element of the eternal in them, one must know their simple foundation. Personal loyalty after all is the greatest loyalty, and every college has a right to demand it for the academic body, who give their service to its students.

This analysis of the spirit of college loyalty brings its full meaning before one. It has two sides. The college gives, but it also demands. The students have a duty to the college. Loyalty must prove itself. Every college wishes not empty profession but an allegiance that expresses itself in high standards of scholarship. Then college loyalty resolves itself into its simple meaning, this must be its emblem:—honesty, high integrity, absolute faithfulness in each daily duty.

THE MONTH.

The formation of the Woodford Debating Club is certainly a step in the right direction. It is in the direction of a better literary spirit at Cornell. We have become so decidedly practical that no time is found even to discuss literary or political subjects. When there is such a discussion it is invariably in monologue. The dialogue is dead. The restricted membership of the club, twenty five being the limit, throws the responsibility of a creditable discussion upon every member.

On February 14, occurred the formal dedication of the Law School building as Boardman Hall, with appropriate ceremonies in the afternoon and a reception in the evening.

Banquet week passed off more quietly than usual. There were rumors of one ante-festal battle, but no disturbance occurred at the banquet. A more notable event was the Law School banquet, an institution which arising in our own day, has already gathered to itself traditions of wit and eloquence which are fully lived up to.

NEW BOOKS.

Hume's Treatise of Morals, and Selections from the Treatise of the Passions. With an Introduction by James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., Instructor in Logic, Ethics, and Psychology, Columbia College, New York. Ginn & Co., Boston.

The present volume is the first of the Ethical Series, edited by Dr. Sneath, of Yale University, and published by Ginn & Co. As stated in the prospectus, each of the volumes of the series will be devoted to the presentation of a leading system in the history of modern ethics, in selections or extracts from the original work. Besides this book on Hume's Ethics, the series will contain volumes on the ethical systems of Hobbes, Clarke, Locke, Kant, and Hegel.

The enterprise is by no means unique. Not to mention the *Selections from Berkeley* by Prof. Fraser, and the *Philosophy of Kant* by Prof. Watson, both of which have been used extensively as text-books, a series of Modern Philosophers, several volumes of which have appeared already, is being published by Henry Holt & Co., also under the general editorial supervision of Dr. Sneath. The appearance of these two series of volumes of selections is significant. It shows at least that among progressive teachers there is a wide-spread dissatisfaction with the old-fashioned method of teaching the history of philosophy and of ethics. In one way or another the student must be brought into direct contact with the authors in question, instead of reading about them in the histories of philosophy. These volumes are not offered as a substitute for the complete works of the philosophers, when there is time to read and study the latter. They are prepared "with special reference to undergraduate instruction and study in college," as explicitly stated in the prospectus of the Ethical Series.

While much may be said in favor of such volumes of selections, we mnst confess to rather a strong prejudice against them. After all, the selections are in an important sense the editor's interpretation of the author's meaning. Different critics will select widely different passages as indicating the true drift of a philosophical work which is susceptible of different interpre-

tations. Again, the student does not see things in their true proportions, as he would by using a complete edition, even though he were required to master only such portions as the instructor might designate.

Dr. Hyslop's volume on Hume's Ethics can hardly be called a volume of selections. It contains the whole of Hume's original treatise on "Morals," (Book III of the *Treatise of Human Nature,*) together with a portion of his work on the "Passions," sufficient to indicate his position on the subject of freewill, which, it will be remembered, is neglected in the treatise on "Morals." Probably it was wise on the whole to choose the original work, rather than the revised form of 1751, particularly as the latter contains no essential change of view. It is to be noticed, however, that the book on "Morals" in the *Treatise* is about sixty percent longer than the *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, while the style in which it is written is by no means so clear and elegant as that of the latter work. Moreover, the present book's "excuse for being" is not so evident as would be the case if the *Inquiry* had been chosen. There is no respectable cheap edition of the *Essays*, while the Clarendon Press edition of the *Treatise*, with its magnificent sixty-page index, can be purchased for a sum not greatly exceeding the cost of this little book. Like the other volumes of the forthcoming series, the present one is provided with a bibliography, a biographical sketch, a critical introduction, and an index. The introduction, which occupies about fifty pages, is a careful and suggestive criticism of Hume's ethical position. For the very reason, however, that it is a criticism rather than an exposition, it is hardly calculated to serve as an introduction to the text.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston :

Two Satires of Juvenal. With Notes by Francis Philip Bach, M.A.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London :

Mâlmôrda : A Metrical Romance. By Joseph I. C. Clarke.

Nullification, Secession, Webster's Argument, and the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions, Considered in Reference to the Constitution and Historically. By Caleb William Loring.

The Tuscan Republics (Florence, Siena, Pisa, and Lucca) with Genoa. By Bella Duffy. (The Story of the Nations).

Whist Nuggets. Selected and arranged by William G. McGuckin. (Knickerbocker Nuggets).

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

Andersen's Märchen. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by O. B. Super, Ph.D.

From Ginn & Co., Boston :

Hume's Treatise of Morals, and Selections from the Treatise of the Passions. With an Introduction by James H. Hyslop, Ph.D.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. APRIL, 1893. No. 7.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager*, Box 1691, Ithaca, New-York.

A JAUNT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

TO every pioneer of civilization whom like myself the freak of nature has assigned to the frontier posts in the far West, there appears, during his Sisyphus-like toil, an encouraging, comforting star, the three months' summer vacation. It shines brighter to him than to his colleague in the East. To him it means a temporary absence from an atmosphere in which honor and distinction, treasures ponderable or imponderable, are to him things unattainable. It matters not, whether he arouses his torpid mental powers to new life in the sunbeams of Europe or searches for a field adequate to his scientific interest. The field for naturalists is immeasurable; botanists and zoologists find plenty to do, and for geologists no section of the country promises such a rich harvest of new facts and observations as does this part of western America with its natural wonders.

For various reasons I could not go to Europe that year, so I decided to continue still further my studies, which I had begun some time before, in the philology of the Indian languages and on this account to go to the reservations in Wyoming and Idaho.

Pleasure and business were easily combined. The Yellowstone

Park lies between the two, somewhat to the north. Since it can not be reached from Wyoming by railroad, there was nothing left for me but to make the journey on horseback.

Now, I was troubled about finding a traveling companion, since it was impossible for me, on account of my inexperience in that mode of traveling, especially for such a distance, to go through a country, as yet but little improved and swarming with adventurers and tramps. My acquaintances were either otherwise engaged or could not come. A friend from the East, who had come to Salt Lake City expressly for the purpose of joining me in the expedition, feigned bad health when he heard of Indians, and steamed away immediately to California, seeking a health resort.

As I was compelled to hire some one, I happened to think of my red-skinned friend, Jim, whose closer acquaintance I had made the previous year, on the occasion of my presence at an Indian mission, during the Christmas holidays. For an abundance of both money and flattering words, Jim had been my guide through the labyrinth of Indian phonetics, with a perseverance seldom found in an Indian, and had always proved faithful. He exerted himself in making clear to the suspectful fellows of his tribe the reason of my presence. I was indebted to him for the acquaintance of a handsome, light-footed Indian maiden, who with modest, blushing cheeks allowed me to lead her out for a quadrille *à la* war dance, which, for diplomacy's sake, I was compelled to dance with them that Christmas eve.

In company with a rather slightly civilized savage in his national dress and a freshman from Berlin, Köpenickerstrasse, as decidedly tame, who with his father had lately emigrated to the New Jerusalem and joined the Mormon Church, he had been my *vis-à-vis* in the square which was rendered complete by their fair partners. Often, when in my bachelor's reveries the more unusual experiences of a rather eventful life pass before me like a phantasmagoria, I smile at this odd, unconventional scene. Yet I never feel any remorse, I confess, since I read Francis Parkman's recollections; in rare moments of extreme vanity I feel even inclined to be proud of it, since I was told that Indian warpaint is occasionally used for daubing *soi-disant* escutcheons. Oh, shades of royal blood, sturdy old Sitting Bull, sentimental

Pocahontas, or thou, bravest of all braves—in spite of your ominous name, Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Mother-in-law—have mercy on human folly and don't wreak vengeance on a degenerate race, for Happy Hunting Grounds' sake! But, *pour revenir à nos moutons.* I could trust Jim; and further, he was accustomed to a wandering life and was very handy. He had made various similar trips; among others, he had accompanied Major Powell on his expedition into southern Utah. He also knew every nook and corner between Salt Lake City and both reservations.

Upon inquiry, Jim declared that he was ready to serve me as a guide. For a moderate amount he would furnish two pack-horses, as well as a horse for himself. Since he lived in northern Utah, I directed him to meet me on a certain day at Logan, whence the expedition was to start. In the meantime I had bought a good saddle horse and was taking very long daily rides for practice. The other equipments were cared for, as far as I was not sure of obtaining them at Logan. First, there was a tent with folding poles, so as to easily fasten it on the horse; then two pack saddles with two roomy side bags for the reception of provisions; and various strong boxes for photographic and writing materials. These, together with shot gun, Winchester repeating rifle, and ammunition, I sent to Logan by freight.

Commencement was scarcely over and the Horatian "Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis" was still ringing in my ears, when I departed from the city of the salt sea, accompanied by the best wishes of my good landlady and by my dog "Carlo." He was a handsome, but badly spoiled pointer that during the past winter I had subjected to my amateur attempts at training. Neither threatening looks nor the whip could cure his disposition to chase around after rabbits and all kinds of four-footed creatures; he would attack every sparrow on the street.

Early in the morning I rode out the street toward Ogden, along the shore of the Great Salt Lake, in which just the day before I had floated like a cork and had strengthened myself for the long journey. In the afternoon I took a little rest at Ogden; I had traveled forty-five miles, the latter part of it through sand knee deep; and in addition, a fearful storm had begun just as I was coming in. Later in the evening I went ten miles farther to the

Sulphur Springs, the waters of which are much used by the inhabitants of Ogden and where a good hotel invited me to rest. My horse needed it badly; Carlo, too, had changed the wild gallop with which he had frolicked around me at first into a crawling gait.

The next day I proceeded farther, but could not reach Logan, as I had wished; for after going about forty miles I was compelled to give my horse a rest, since besides a twenty pound Mexican saddle and my little one hundred and seventy-five pounds it had to carry considerable baggage. I would have liked to stop at Copenhagen, a little village, the architecture of which, without the name, revealed the fatherland of the inhabitants. It seemed as though it was deserted; it was Sunday and all were at church; some children playing on the street seemed to know no English. So I was forced to get lodging in the neighboring Wellsville, very much to my sorrow, for I had scarcely fallen asleep, when the young people of the town treated the hostess to a charivari, continuing until a late hour.

As well as I could tell from their ambiguous remarks, the occupants of the miserable house, who by the way were all 'feminini generis'—seemed to be mixed up in a polygamistic scandal.

The following morning I reached Logan; Jim had not yet arrived. I spent the time in completing my equipment; blankets, ropes, cooking utensils, as well as provisions for about a fortnight were bought. On the way to the depot to get my box of freight, I met Jim in a fantastic garb. He rode a particularly fine "pinto" mustang, with feathered headstall; a piece of shaggy bear skin served as saddle blanket. His face, shaded by a wonderfully formed head-gear, contrasted in its dark yellow tint with the bright blue of his linen clothes; a Colt revolver of the largest calibre peeped threateningly from the cartridge filled belt. Had my New York friend followed me, here, at all events, he would have fled. I joined in the laughter with which he accompanied the greetings of my Indian friends from Washakie; my riding costume and my unshaven beard must have affected him similarly.

Behind him trotted the two pack-horses of Indian breed, excellent animals of astonishing endurance. In the course of my

journey I became sorry that I had not procured such a horse. The Indian pony is small and compactly built, usually uncomely and rough in appearance, but often a fine animal. As they spend their early years on the prairie and in the mountains, they are accustomed to rough ground, they take without hesitation any obstacle, never stumble, and. always shun the holes with which the prairie is filled. They are satisfied with scanty food, and they know how to find it where their civilized brothers look about at loss. A daily journey of fifty miles, with two hundred pounds on their backs is no exertion for them. Often, when wearied out at evening, we stopped and looked about for a feeding place for the horses,—this summer was unusually dry—Jim galloped in a zigzag up a steep hill two or three hundred feet high, down on the other side, and then came back the same way, without his horse showing signs of exertion. Another special advantage is the small cost. Should one be lost or hurt, as is easily possible on such a trip, it costs only $15.00 or $20.00. Later on I bought a fine pony from the Arapahoe chief, Black Coal, for $12.00. He weighed scarcely six hundred pounds, yet he carried me the whole journey through the Rocky Mountains.

On account of his tried qualities I kept him for future use. He passed the winter in the open air, often 10° below zero. Whenever he was kept in the yard too long, he would jump the high, sharp-stalked fence and run off to the neighboring hills, whence from time to time he would come back to get some oats.

By afternoon, our purchases were all made; the stable keeper helped us in packing; and away we went into the Logan Cañon. The toll gate man—toll is taken here to keep the road in order—very much agitated, told us that a bear had recently been seen, and begged us to stop and, if possible free him from this dangerous neighbor. Since we hoped, or rather feared, to see enough of these fellows later, we left the bear and gate keeper to their fate. At sundown we stopped to set up our first camp. A widening of the cañon, in which we had ridden all the time, offered good grazing for the horses; we crossed a swollen stream and made ourselves comfortable. The packs were laid around in circle, and in the middle a lively fire was soon blazing. At supper Jim showed his talent as a cook; he knew how to make excellent

bread, in the skillet, and the meat that he broiled on the gridiron always had a splendid flavor. I took charge only of the coffee sack and tea can, since he was too generous with it to suit me; he said very naïvely, as once with regard to an over-seasoned soup: "he liked it so." However, one must give more attention to the horses than to the inner man. Where there is plenty of grass they are simply tethered by long ropes, or at least the leader. Unfortunately this does not often happen, and besides the supply of ropes gives out in time; then it is necessary to hobble them. The hobbles are two leather straps with buckles, united by a short, strong chain, which are put on the fore feet. The horse can move but slowly, yet many become accustomed to this hindrance and gallop long distances. Only a few are fettered thus. One of them has a bell fastened to him, in order that they may be more easily found in the woods.

After eating I lighted my pipe, and as we lay about the fire Jim began to relate stories of his roving life. He did not continue long however; the day's fatigue, the thought of the morrow's journey, and a good share of natural laziness soon put him to sleep. I followed his example very soon. The rushing mountain torrent on the one side, and the snoring Jim on the other, quickly lulled me to sleep. "The White Chief," "The Deerslayer," and all the leather-stockinged figures which long ago had aroused my youthful fancy appeared now in my dreams, which were occasionally disturbed by the howling of the coyotes and by the shout with which my companion strove to quiet the horses.

Before the first sunbeams penetrated into that narrow valley, encompassed by high mountains, I was up. Jim was nowhere to be seen, and there was no sign of the horses. I spent the time in catching a mess of fine trout for breakfast. After half an hour I heard the approaching bell, tinkling in the way characteristic of a horse galloping while hobbled. Jim's voice could soon be recognized. He gave expression to his joy at finding the horses in wailing tones with which the Indians express the whole scale of his feelings whether joy or sorrow.

Breakfast was soon ready and the packs put in order.

This first camp was too interesting to me to be left without some souvenir; so I took a photograph, in which Jim, of course, was the chief figure. He always knew how to pose very artistically.

It requires much care to arrange the pack saddle so that the blankets will not get displaced, and so to divide the load that in going up and down the mountains it will not slip; the arranging of the cords, also, needs a practiced eye. Fortunately nature has given me a good portion of it, else I would never have made myself independent of Jim's bossing proclivities. All being ready the march began without delay. I went first, the pack horses followed; Jim formed the rear guard. This was the regular marching order to the Wind River reservation, in Wyoming, about four hundred miles from Salt Lake City, which distance we covered in thirteen days. Most of the time, we followed the old emigrant trail, over which the first settlers had gone to California. During the first two days the Indian often rode in front, for he knew some short cuts through the mountains. At noon we would usually stop for two or three hours' rest, and a little before sunset would choose a place suited for camping over night.

After a long ride through the eastern part or the Cache Valley, the most productive in Utah, and upon the heights of the enclosing mountains, we stopped, the second evening, in the edge of the forest. Before us lay the sandy plain which surrounds Bear Lake. Grassy meadows extend all along the border of the woods. I tethered my horse; Jim hobbled the three others. While we were preparing supper night came on. The ride through the shady woods had not wearied us, so we lay talking near the fire.

The fate of some emigrant families that, many years before, had been captured and tortured to death by his tribe, probably interested Jim as well as myself, for neither of us noticed that the snorting and stamping of the horses and the assuring tinkle of the bell had ceased for some time. It was nearly midnight when we noticed it. Jim guessed what was the matter immediately; the horses had slowly gone back the way we had come.

My horse alone stood there, whinnying, now and then. We started out through the woods, at once, listening from time to time. After a long scramble and many tumbles over logs—it was pitch dark—we reached the narrow path. I struck a match; at the first gleam of light, Jim's sharp eye discovered that they had gone in this direction. A little further on we heard the bell; we hoped to be able to overtake them, but Jim's long drawn, "Whoa! whoa!" had the opposite effect. They tore away down toward

the valley. Jim threw his red blanket into the bushes and in a moment disappeared.

I went a little further on, sat down on a stump, relighted my pipe, and intently followed the race, which in the stillness of the night could easily be done, thanks to the bell and to Jim's powerful lungs. After half an hour both became silent; I waited a while longer, and then, as I had received no answer to my repeated shouts, I took the back track. If it had not been for Carlo's pitiful howling, I would not have found the camp, for the fire was entirely out.

Jim came back soon enough to share some new made tea with me. He had headed the horses off. His own rather wild pony had escaped, the two others had been caught. About four o'clock in the morning, he rode back again; about ten the last runaway was in its place.

In the afternoon, we started once more, and towards evening were in the midst of the barren plain, so characteristic of certain portions of western America. Only artificial irrigation can make the soil productive. The plain is, here and there, covered with sage brush as are most of the ranges of hills in it. The bitter taste of this brush keeps animals from eating it; it serves as food for sheep only. The soil in low places where water has stood produces a reed-like grass, which, in the place of something better, is greedily devoured by the horses. By the small streams, also, good grazing is found.

Numberless colonies of prairie dogs people these regions: fine sport for Jim, who expended his supply of cartridges on them. I have often admired his accuracy; he seldom missed, which requires a good shot, taking into consideration the distance and the smallness of the dog, about as large as a guinea-pig. Carlo enjoyed himself still more with them. He made his feet sore by two days' chasing. The challenging squeaks of the little animals, sitting in front of their holes, made him forget his swollen feet. Quick as lightning he would rush off, only to pass over the little things as they disappeared in the holes. Finally he became sharper and adopted other tactics. With an indescribably sheepish look he went past, seemingly without noticing them, in order to turn quick as an arrow and extinguish the life of the little creature. Jim occasionally fastened one to his saddle, in order to

broil it in the ashes at the next camping place, with hide and hair on, to serve as dessert.

After crossing Bear River, east of the lake, we took an easterly direction towards the tributaries of Green River. For a number of miles we rode along the Oregon Short Line Railroad to Ham's Fork ; small herds of cattle enlivened the treeless plain. In one place several animals, dead and injured, and some terribly mangled, were lying near the track ; the train had run into a herd. On leaving the railroad, we said farewell to the last traces of civilization for a week. Ten miles northeast from the station, the tent was pitched in the rich grassy valley of Ham's Fork. It was Sunday afternoon, and we wished to enjoy half a day's rest. Jim was attending to a bucket of fine trout ; the cooking had been left to him for some time, as he did it willingly and to my perfect satisfaction. I had, therefore, taken upon myself the care of the horses. Towards evening, I went out to drive them in, to change the hobbles, and to put the bell on the leader. I had taken off all the chains and was about to hobble one of the horses, when frightened by something they all galloped away. Jim, who was fishing close by, tried to head them off ; but they ran around him, and before he had gathered his wits they were disappearing behind the range of hills. We hurried to the top of the hill ; they were grazing below, near a herd of cattle. We endeavored to slip upon them ; but no sooner did the cattle see us, than away they raced in wild stampede, tearing the horses with them. When Jim had recovered from his first despair, he gave me a round lecture for neglecting his advice ; he had particularly warned me never to let the horses all loose at once. Good advice comes high. The horses had long disappeared from view ; only a cloud of dust showed the direction they had taken. In his despondency, Jim first proposed that we return home ; the railroad station was only ten miles away, he said. After I had encouraged him a little, better ideas came into his mind. About half a mile from our tent there was a little ranch, hidden in the bushes ; there I should get a horse. As I was not certain about the position of the house, I asked him to go ; his ironical answer that no one would trust a horse to him, an Indian, showed me that his advice was the only way out of the difficulty.

So I started and hastened as fast as possible to the river. I had

no time to spare, even to take off my boots; for the sun had already gone below the horizon and only for a short time could I follow the little traveled trail to the ranch. Arriving on the other side of the river I found I had lost the wagon tracks. I hastened back to the other side to hunt a better way and by means of the field glass get my bearings as to the position of the house; but it was completely hidden by the trees. At random I went through the river again and sought to make my way through the thickets into the open field. After half an hour's labor I gave up the attempt; the bushes were too thick and thorny, and besides a breeding place for mosquitoes. At every movement of the twigs they poured out by thousands; it was almost impossible to breathe. When, extremely exhausted, I reached the river, I heard Jim's well known whoop and the trampling of the horses. He was not a little proud of this fine piece of work. He had followed the stampede still further; the horses separated from the cattle and began to graze; he slipped up to the quietest, jumped on it, and drove the whole lot back.

With true Indian cunning, Jim made use of this performance to his advantage, to obtain a sufficient rest. He pretended to be too much fatigued to do anything the next day. After supper it began to rain; we lay comfortably in our tent, and pursued our philological studies.

Early in the morning, I was awakened by a shout from Jim; new misfortune! A pack horse had tangled its head and its hind feet in the rope and, in its struggles to get free, had fallen into a water hole. Hearing it thrashing around in the water, he ran out and called me, while he held its head above water. We soon freed the poor beast from its dangerous position. It must have lain in the water for a long time; lively rubbing with the saddle blankets soon brought it to its feet. We decided to rest a second day, as besides it had not yet cleared up.

This day passed very quickly. I completed my system of the conjugation of the Shoshone language. The pauses which I was obliged to allow my companion occasionally, he made very interesting by short stories and by his religious speculations, which gave me a key to the Messiah craze, that later on led to the upheaval among the Western Indians.

Jim is a Mormon, though only a theoretical adherent of polygamy. His restless disposition and the scarcity of squaws among the Shoshones have kept him from establishing a harem. Besides, hard experience had removed all desire for fancying the "Ever-womanly" too much.

He is married and has a little redskin for an heir to his name and fame. His worthy better half was a termagant, who considered her wifely obligations of little weight, and who finally ran away with her paramour. As Jim had found out they were both living on the Wind River reservation.

This accounted for his readiness to accompany me. He wished to revenge himself upon the destroyer of his domestic happiness, and I should help him to get his wife again.

I fear the sport-loving reader would be wearied if I should carry him in thought over the whole journey with me. Our trip was full of very interesting incidents; but my leisure time is too limited to relate them, even shortly.

The only game we saw during the first days was the sage hen, a sand grouse, which lives chiefly on the sage brush covered prairies. This imparts an unpleasant flavor to the meat, particularly that of the old chicken. The young, which at this time, the last of June, are about the size of a common chicken, make a fine fry, differing in taste but little from a pheasant, especially when they find their food on the grassy river banks.

This bird weighs about five pounds. It is very easily shot, since it is not shy; that is, where it has not yet been hunted. It permits the hunter to come quite near, runs before him like a tame turkey, and finally rises somewhat clumsily. On the dry plateaus of the West they are very abundant; near Green River they are found in countless flocks. On the Big Sandy, a tributary of the Green River, where we stopped at noon, their numbers became fabulous; the place was like a poultry yard, so that the dog paid no more attention to them. With two shots I killed six, four of them at the first. Jim could not be restrained from venting his thirst for slaughter upon two more which he knocked over with a stick. "Sage hen" was on our bill of fare every day and we were heartily glad, when on reaching the mountains, this blessing ceased and something else took its place.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE MESSAGE.

A wind came whistling down out of the North
Saying "Listen, my friend, to me.
Where the snow-owl blinketh
Sits thy sweetheart and thinketh,
Thinketh, my friend, of thee.

"As I blew with my brothers down out of the North
From the Pole and the Frozen Sea,
From her window she calleth
'Where thy snow-flake falleth
Sits my loved one, far from me.'

"Ho! I bear thee her message down out of the North
As I whistle and romp with glee
Where the white bear growleth
Where the gaunt wolf howleth
Thy loved one sits thinking of thee."

Herbert Crombie Howe.

SPECTACULAR BENEVOLENCE.

"JIM, ain't we in it?"

"You bet we is! Does we know where we's at?—well, I guess yes. Have you saw de lates'? Guzzy's agoin' ter do de gran' wid de overcoats nex' Monday. Me an' you Bill, kin work 'em all, sure."

"Jack Kurr got ahead o' us on dat misshun rackit, dough. He's ben goin' fur t'ree weeks ter two o' 'em, an' he got candy and lots o' stuff from both o' 'em."

"Oh, dat don't 'mount ter nuthin' much, nohow. Say, goin' ter Riotville ter-morrer? It'll be a reg'lar picnic. All de t'ings 'll be giv' out in a big crowd, and we kin git a good share."

"'Course I'm goin'. We got ter make de mos' of dis w'ile it las's. Dey won't be nothin' like dis berry agin' fur a year."

* * * * * * * *

Yes, poor little chaps, who can blame you if you do make the

most of your opportunities for good cheer? Human nature everywhere is prone to take all it can lay hands on. Many an unscrupulous adventurer has found the source of his fortune in the readiness of his victims to attempt to get much for little. So what wonder that you, the driftwood of a great city, are lured from the path of steady endeavor to chase after the chances of comfort and enjoyment at the expense of every pretended friend? The lives you must lead, harsh and utterly unlovely, without the sweetening influences of homes, schools and churches, make it impossible that you should be more sensitive or wiser than you are. Little street Arabs, with wits sharpened on the grindstone of unavoidable poverty, light indeed must be the censure given you when you appropriate almost any means to eke out your uncertain incomes as newsboys and bootblacks.

The reader has been permitfed to overhear a dialogue in itself sufficient to point a moral, but we had better follow "Bill" and "Jim" further, and let them show us the harvest of which they had to make the most.

To-day they were among the earliest applicants at the office of the *Daily Chronos*, where that journal, "in accordance with its annual custom and its usual generosity and public-spirited care for its deserving employees" (as the columns of the *Chronos* itself modestly informed an interested and applauding public), was to distribute to its newsboys tickets that would "entitle each holder to the gift of a suit of clothing selected by himself from the large and varied assortments of those enterprising and deservedly popular people's furnishers and outfitters, Shoddy, Sold & Rueit, etc., etc.

The announcement of this disinterested and benevolent purpose of course drew a crowd of street urchins, all eager to assist in the distribution, many of them not overscrupulous about any little chicanery necessary to establish doubtful claims on the generosity of the *Daily Chronos*. After the sifting process had been carried on till the number of boys to be provided with suits was reduced to manageable limits, the next step was to organize the crowd into companies before leading them on parade in different directions to the fulfillment of their dreams. At last even that task was accomplished, despite the scrambles of every boy to be the very first

in the line, and then the crowded city streets were treated to a further reminder of the beneficent charity of the *Daily Chronos*. That enterprising journal can hardly be accused of failing to get *quid pro quo*. Those boys were nothing if not good advertisers, for they made the streets ring with cheers for the *Chronos*, until the casual listener must have thought that surely here was a journal worthy of all support if it shared its profits thus with its humblest employees. All other business was perforce suspended in the stores they invaded; they were the centers of attraction for thousands of curious eyes, no onlooker was allowed to be oblivious of the fact that the great and only *Chronos* was the giver of good gifts; the boys selected indiscriminately all sorts of suits, good and bad, heavy and light, substantial and flashy; the storekeepers added presents of toys, handkerchiefs, gloves, caps, suspenders, or something similar; there were more cheers for the *Chronos* and the storekeeper;—and the delectable performance was brought to a close.

This was but the beginning of unsolicited favors showered on "Bill" and "Jim" and their fraternity during the week of the Christmas holidays. Now there was a distribution of toys paid for by a popular subscription raised by the *Daily Lightning*; now a chance at a free lunch provided by city missionaries (the boys had hard work to stomach the prayer meeting accompaniment inflicted by the "gospel sharps"); now gifts of overcoats by an "enterprising clothing house"; now presents of picture books by a rival "enterprising firm." An unvarying feature of every such occasion was fulsome proclamation in the newspapers (often in notices paid for by the line) of the "unexampled generosity" of the "large-hearted donors."

Nor did advertisers skilled in catching the public eye fail to utilize other means of distributing charity. Sunday-schools, orphan asylums, and all sorts of institutions for the care of the unfortunate or irresponsible, were visited and thus made to do duty as public sign-boards for "enterprising firms." Hundreds of turkeys were publicly given away to the poor at well advertised times. Newspapers took the lead in directing sympathy for the beaten Riotville strikers to the raising of thousands of dollars to be poured into the famous town, when it was clear to every candid

observer that there was nothing like a sufficient amount of need to call for the movement and that the large expenditure must inevitably contribute to the encouragement of pauperism.

But quite the most striking single event of the season was a great free dinner for the newsboys and bootblacks of the whole city, given by the *Daily Dux*. More than seven hundred and fifty boys of all sizes, sorts and conditions were collected and marched in a tumultuous, cheering procession to a large building, within which they were privileged to indulge in a grand stuffing match.

It was a sight to touch the heart of the most unfeeling—and to rouse the ire of a saint. There were faces marred by scars and bruises, limbs deformed and distorted, hands begrimed beyond redemption, heads innocent of comb or brush, bodies pinched by cold and hunger, eyes devoid of intelligence—the whole aspect of the poor creatures pleading for an opportunity and encouragement that their blinded souls might develop into something of nobility and power. And merely to feed such human beings like a drove of animals! There were faces stamped with evil cunning and brutal instincts—the heritage of a degraded origin—marking the criminals of the coming day. There were faces filled with open-eyed wonder, as yet only half-receptive of the debasing influences of their pitiful lives. Occasionally there was a jolly face whose owner could never long be downhearted, whatever his hardship. Now and then one saw a sturdy fellow, with the undoubted mark of active business intelligence, taking his free dinner as a stroke of good fortune enabling him to put by just so many more pennies. Not a few of that great crowd were evidently sons of well-to-do parents, drawn in by the drag net of a well-advertised chance to get a dinner for the trouble of eating it.

This mass of potential personalities were put through their paces (this is no figure of speech, but a pitiful fact), in a remarkable way. The circle of spectators must have been delightfully edified to see a line of seven hundred and fifty boys marched into a building two by two, kept under the constant surveillance of twelve or fifteen policemen, turned loose to eat or spoil a supply of food that would have sufficed for twice their numbers, ravenously endeavoring to gobble everything in sight, riotously struggling to carry away as much as possible in pockets, hats and

hands, and then hustled out into the street with scant ceremony by unsympathetic policemen—all, from the first coming to the last going, within forty minutes by the watch!

The next edition of the newspaper responsible for this exhibition was of course filled with a glowing account of the affair, and all its contemporaries gracefully yielded the palm to the *Daily Dux* as the prince of spectacular charitable entertainers.

Where were these things seen? Never mind where. To be sure, I had in mind for a text events observed during the celebration of the Christmas holidays in a certain city, but there is no need for localization. The scenes described could be paralleled in almost every large city in America. Their evils are as widespread as the phenomena of co-existent wealth and extreme poverty.

Let no one suppose that I am blind to or underestimate the good incident to ample private and public charity. For the present purpose, I am emphasizing one side of a complicated matter. When there is suffering, all our best human instincts demand its speedy and generous relief. It may even be that all the cases of alms-giving, about which I have written, had their source partly (or perhaps primarily) in the sincere desire to be helpful to the unfortunate. There can be no doubt whatever that some good was done by each and everyone of these expenditures. But, however conceived, all experience shows that such heedless giving, and such indecent display of it, can not but be productive of most serious evil.

Here is where this question should appeal to university men and women who have the training and the wish to appreciate the difficult problems of poor relief. A flood of debasing influences are constantly let loose by ignorant sentimentalists and pious frauds who make mockery of that spirit of loving helpfulness which is the essence of all charity worthy the name. One might almost say there are swarms of people attempting to bring to present literal fulfillment the spiritual law, "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The unfortunate poor, lacking the comforts of a decent physical existence, are sought out by their "friends" (whose benevolent purposes are advertised in the newspapers *ad nauseam*) to become the recipients of pretentious doles—on forfeiture of that wholesome independence of spirit which

is the most valuable quality of an honest soul and the only security of an enlightened society.

University men and women should understand better than any other class that the best giving is not the mere giving of alms, but the giving of one's self. Charity which undermines the character and self-respect of its recipients does more harm than good—is not charity at all. The fellowship of a strong and sympathetic personality, waking into life the dormant powers of discouraged manhood and womanhood, must be the saving influence for the very poor and very miserable. This is the justification of movements like the university settlements, and it is the condemnation of spectacular benevolence.

—*C. A. Duniway, '92.*

SONNET.

Charleston, thy brow is crowned with holier wreaths
  Than laureled ones that tell of victory,
  Though these be wanting not. There are to thee
The garlands woven from the love that breathes
From human hearts, where, deeper down than seethes
  Tumultuous care and worldly vanity,
  There pulsates to the music of the sea
The memory that suffering bequeaths.

Such sacred wreaths are fadeless, and endure
  Throughout Time's changes, mellowing more and more,
    Stained with the heart-throbs of humanity :
And as thy Southern skies above thee, pure
  And golden, and the ocean on thy shore,
    Shall this love crown thee to Eternity.

—*Robert Adger Bowen.*

SEA WINGS.

ANY one who sits in the Battery on a clear day, and looks over the beautiful waters of New York harbor will see a great number of various crafts, from the great ocean greyhound which unites the continents in six days, to the little skiff in which some urchin is captain, mate, and crew. All sorts of craft are plying between different points. On all these, except the tugs, and Sound or River steamers, may be seen either spread to the breeze or closely folded on the spars, large pieces of cloth. They may be patched and discolored, or whole and white, but in either case they are the wings of the great sea-gulls of trade.

Since the great improvements which followed the application of steam to ocean navigation have been introduced, most persons think that the days of sails are numbered, and that even now their use is very slight. But it must be remembered that steamers have only partially displaced sailing vessels, and that all ocean steamers are obliged by law to carry sails. Although these sails are so small in proportion to the size of the steamers that they are of comparatively little service, they are large enough to require much labor and material in their construction.

Looking again toward the vessels on the bay, we notice that the sails are of various shapes. The boy's skiff is probably propelled by a triangular-shaped sail, technically a mutton-leg ; the sloop or schooner sailing near has a combination of triangles and trapeziums ; while the ship that is being towed up stream would exhibit, if she spread her canvas, an array of trapezoids and triangles. Which form of sail is most ancient is difficult to say, but probably either the triangular or the square—which differs little from the trapezoidal—was the first sail to propel the clumsy barks of our ancestors. As a result of practical experiments extending through centuries, there have arisen two principal styles of rig for vessels. These are the square and fore-and-aft-rigs. The former is the rig of a regular ship.

Such a vessel has three or four masts, each of which is made up of several distinct pieces of timber, held in place by iron bands. Across the masts the yards are suspended horizontally, and upon these are hung the square sails. These sails are not absolutely

square, but are trapezoidal in shape, being larger at the bottom than at the top (longer on the foot than on the head). Between the fore-mast and the bowsprit are suspended on wire ropes, called stays, the triangular jibs. There are certain other sails used in light winds, but they are not so important as those already named. Some advantages of this rig are: the masts can be replaced at almost any foreign port, because they are composed of comparatively short parts; the sails being numerous are none of them so large as to be unmanageable, and can easily be adjusted to suit any wind that blows. Consequently, this rig is preferred for long voyages, and is employed either alone or combined with the other, on nearly all deep water vessels.

Fore-and-afters have anywhere from one to five masts. They carry jibs much like those of square-riggers, but their other sails are quite different. Each mast is furnished with two spars; the boom, which hangs a few feet above the deck; and the gaff, which is hoisted from the boom nearly to the top of the mast. The space between the mast, boom and gaff is trapeziform in shape, and is filled by a sail—fore-sail, main-sail, or spanker, according to the mast which supports it. Above the masts proper are the topmasts, between which and the gaffs are spread the triangular topsails. This rig is the favorite, and indeed, has no rival, in the American coasting trade. It is much less clumsy than the square-rig with its multiplicity of ropes and yards; and is especially well fitted for sailing "on the wind," that is, against the wind. The larger sails are heavy to hoist, but this is now often done by machinery; and when once up, they can be handled with comparative ease. This rig is used universally on sailing yachts. The *America* is a fore-and-after; and the sloops which will race for the cup next summer, whether they have keel or centre-board, will both have the fore-and-aft rig.

But after all the different kinds of sails are distinguishable, they still look to those unacquainted with their mysteries merely like big pieces of cloth. For those who are curious to know more of them, it may be worth while to inquire into the materials of which a sail is composed, and the manner in which it is constructed.

If any one will stand upon the top of some lofty building when the wind is blowing a gale, he may, by a vigorous exercise of his

imagination, gain some conception of the strength required by a spread of cloth containing five thousand square feet, or more, supported only by ropes and spars along its edges, when presented to a hurricane. Strength was long ago recognized as an essential quality of sails. But with strength there must go a great degree of pliability and lightness, for otherwise the sail would defeat its own end. To ascertain what material best meets these requirements, various kinds of textile fabrics have been tried. Hair has been used to make sail-cloth, but without success. Hemp has found some favor, but is not so satisfactory as linen, which half a century ago was used almost universally, and is still chiefly employed in Europe. But in this country the large production of cotton and the various improvements in manufacturing have made possible the composition of a superior quality of sail-cloth—cotton duck—at a low price. This material is now the favorite with the American skipper, and possesses many qualities which commend it to the world. Especially is it valuable for fore-and-aft sails, because it can be made extremely hard and stiff, which gives the sail a tendency to "set flat as a board."

Cotton duck is made in three widths. Yacht duck is fourteen inches wide; ordinary duck twenty-two; and United States army duck (which is used to make tents for the army) twenty-eight and one-half inches. Parallel to each edge, and three-fourths of an inch to an inch and an eighth from it, there is a blue thread woven in the cloth. This is the stitching line which the sail-maker follows. The first two kinds of canvas are made in twelve or fifteen different weights, running from two or three o, the heaviest, up to ten or twelve, the highest. The mainsail of such a sloop as the *Mayflower* or *Volunteer* is made of number one or o; and the canvas is "beaten up" just as hard as possible. Cotton duck is easily affected by damp weather, which makes it much harder than it was before, and sometimes renders the heavier kinds almost impervious to the stitching needle. The immense light sails of the racers are made of twills, or sometimes of a still lighter and finer material, a sort of silk.

Omitting a consideration of the manufacture of the duck and rope of which sails are composed, let us go to a sail-loft where the sails themselves are made. With the hum of the machinery set

in motion by the industrial revolution sounding in one's ears, he may well expect to find a sail-loft merely a repetition of other factories where great machines are doing the work of men, and the mechanic has given place to the machine-tender. But a fortune still awaits the man who shall invent iron sail-makers; for except in the manufacture of very light or very cheap sails, hand-labor has not yet been displaced by machinery.

Turning from the street we ascend stairs carpeted with sand from the feet of those who go up and down, and having for a balustrade, a well worn rope. At the top of the building we enter a loft. The floor is perhaps fifty feet in width by seventy-five feet in length, and is as smooth as the floor of a ball-room, all waxed and ready for a dance. In one corner is the desk of the proprietor, perhaps separated from the rest of the loft by a light partition. Near the office is the cutting table, on which lie large books filled with the drafts of sails. At the head of the stairs are two large doors in the wall, which open to allow the ingress or egress of sails. Next to the doors are several shelves on which canvas is piled; and beyond these, other shelves on which is an assortment of rope. Some of this rope came from St. Petersburg; for with all his ingenuity, the Yankee has not yet succeeded in making anything that will entirely take the place of "Russia bolt-rope." Arriving at the corner by the shelves, we find an upright plank, extending from floor to roof, through which there is placed at a convenient height to turn, an iron crank, which is used to "turn out" rope to make it pliable and soft. From this corner we pass along a side lined with more rope and some old sails to the next corner where is an assemblage of rubbish, professionally known as the "shaking heap." This is the gold mine of the proprietor, for he has already been paid for most of the small pieces of rope and duck which compose it, and will sell them again, by and by, after they have been assorted and packed by the boy. Leaving the "shakings" we pass along the third side, which quite likely is obscured by heaps of old sails piled against the wall awaiting repairs. Along the remaining side may be seen the clothes of the men, for every true sail-maker exchanges his outer garments for a pair of overalls before he goes to work. There too we shall find shelves holding little boxes which contain iron and brass rings;

and further on the twine chest with a separate compartment for each size of twine.

Having casually looked about the shop, let us go to one of the workmen who sit near, and examine his tools. He is seated on a wooden bench six or seven feet long, and fifteen or eighteen inches high. As we approach, if he is not working for a hard master, he will raise his eyes from his work, and gladly show us his implements of toil. Upon his hand he has a palm. This consists of a piece of leather which passes around the hand and has a hole for the thumb. On the side within the hand is a piece of rawhide, through a small hole in which may be seen two or three round indentations in an iron plate which catches the needle at every stitch. Upon the bench are a knife and a piece of wax, and through holes in one end of it are stuck certain wooden implements called fids, which are used to shove between strands of rope. In another hole is a small piece of rope to which is attached a hook that keeps the canvas from slipping. Over the end of the bench hangs a bag containing twine—the thread of the sail-maker—and at the back are one or two tool bags. Putting his hand into one of these, the workman will draw out his needle-case, which he especially enjoys showing to any fair visitor who may be interested. This case is a strip of light canvas six or seven inches wide and a foot or more long, lined with red flannel. Unrolling this the sail-maker will display his needles arranged according to size, from the large roping needle four or five inches long to the little stitching needle of not more than half that length.

Now that we have in mind the place and tools which are connected with sail-making, we can follow the manufacture of a sail from the measuring to the bundling up and passing out of the great doors. Suppose we take a mainsail for a schooner. The captain comes to the loft and says that he is ready to be measured, whereupon the "boss" takes a piece of marline and goes with him to the vessel. Arrived on board, the sail-maker with the help of some sailor marks on his line certain distances—length of spars, masts, etc.,—which he needs to know. This done he returns to the loft, and measures the distances with his tape-line. From the figures thus obtained he constructs his draft in one of the large books we saw on entering, making due allowance for

stretching. Those who have a superficial knowledge of the subject consider sail-making much easier than working in metal, because sails will stretch while metal will not; but they forget that this very fact makes it more difficult to calculate on canvas, which stretches, than on metal, which is inextensible.

From the draft thus constructed, the master mechanic proceeds to cut out his sail. Now if the schooner in question is very small, or if the loft is unusually large, the task is by no means difficult; all that is necessary is to mark out the sail on the floor and cut out on the marks—cutting by a pattern like a dress-maker. But if, as often happens, the size of the sail makes this impossible, a much more involved process is necessitated. This consists in ascertaining the length of each cloth in the sail, and the angle at which the cloth should be cut at each end. When a problem like this, whose solution involves a considerable knowledge of mathematics, is presented to a man who has never gone beyond the bounds of arithmetic, he has but one resource, and that is to fall back on some inherited rule. By doing this the sail-maker is enabled to cut out his large sails. After getting the figures he needs by means of his rule, he cuts out one cloth after another, measuring each one by the preceding, and making marks at intervals on the selvedges as he measures. The cloths are numbered in succession from the outer end of the boom toward the mast, 1, 2, 3, etc., and are laid in a pile for the workmen.

One of the sail-makers then takes numbers one and two, and stitches them together, the selvedge of one cloth to the blue line of the other, keeping the marks even. After one and two are stitched, and also three and four, they are joined by putting two and three together. In this way the sail grows, until at last the joining seam is reached, and all hands get on that; then if there is a slow man, let him be careful.

After the sail is together, all hands push aside benches, and make as clear a space as possible in which to spread the sail. One edge after another is then measured, trimmed if necessary, and turned over to form a "tabling"—a hem, the ladies would say. Sometimes separate strips of canvas, called bands, are sewed on instead of "tablings." Places are marked on the seams to show where the reef-points are to go, and then each man gets his bench again and takes his place around the sail.

When the "tablings" have been stitched down, marks are made at the proper intervals to show where the holes are to be worked. These are now made mostly of iron, though for certain places yarn holes are still used. The making of a hole from a rope-yarn consists in so manipulating a single yarn as to transform it into a short piece of endless rope. The holes—the sail's button-holes—are worked in by means of a large needle threaded with several parts of twine twisted together and waxed; and when done they make a very neat appearance.

The next thing is to sew the ropes around the sail. This is the most difficult task which ordinarily falls to the journeyman; for unless the length of the rope bears just the right proportion to the length of the canvas on which it is sewed, the sail will not "set." While this is being done, the boy is cutting off pieces of rope four to six feet long, and "whipping" the ends with twine to keep them from fraying out. These ropes are the "nettles," or reef-points, which will be very essential when the wind blows hard. They are put in the sail by being passed half-way through iron rings that are worked in the seams; and are held in place by several stitches of heavy twine.

The ropes having been sewed on the workmen proceed to "fit" the sail, that is, they cover parts of the rope with canvas, and fasten various iron "thimbles" in certain places for attaching the sail to the spars, and for reefing. Next the ropes around the sail are stretched and measured. Then all hands bustle about spread out the sail, and lay it in, making deep folds. This done, they roll it up as snugly as possible, making it into a bundle which resembles the traditional sea-serpent. Rope-yarns are tied around it at intervals; and now the sail is ready to be let down out of the great doors into a cart that is waiting below. With much pulling and exertion the monster is sent forth; the sail-makers close the doors, seize the brooms, and soon have the floor as clean and bright as when it first met our view.

—*Herbert L. Fordham.*

THE HYPNOTIC STUDENT.

IT was on a lake steamer that I first met John Benton. I was traveling from Cleveland to Duluth, and about an hour after leaving the former place we passed very close to a large yacht running under full sail. Many of the passengers moved to that side of the boat to get a better view of the stranger, and I among the rest. As I leaned upon the rail, watching the yacht's graceful progress through the water, a sudden lake gust caught my hat and whirled it away over my head. An exclamation on my part, a quick movement from a man standing seven or eight paces below me, the flash of a cane through the air, and my derby lay upon the deck, battered but safe.

"Lucky I had that stick in my hand, or a Lake Erie sturgeon would have worn your hat to-night," said my benefactor, as I thanked him and smoothed the crushed crown. "But I'm afraid I smashed it pretty badly. If there had been a little more time to think, I needn't have hit at it so hard."

I assured him that the hat was not seriously damaged, and with this novel introduction we fell to talking. He was a young man about twenty, fairly good looking, with high forehead, and deep-set black eyes looking out from under his projecting brows. It was the play of those eyes that particularly struck my attention as we talked. They changed with his every mood. Grave, then gay, then soft, then almost fierce; now full of questioning interest as he listened, and again beaming with enthusiasm as he spoke. They seemed to exercise a sort of fascination over me, and I am afraid I paid less attention to what he was saying than to the way he was acting it out with his eyes.

"William Bedford," repeated he after me, as we exchanged names. "And you are not going to Duluth are you?"

"Yes," said I, in some surprise.

"You have an uncle, Mr. Loveland there?"

"Yes," still more surprised.

"Well, I have heard of you. A friend of mine lives near your uncle, and he wrote that you were coming about the same time I was expected, and said we might run across each other on the way there. Thanks to your hat, we have."

And so I became acquainted with John Benton.

By the time we reached Duluth we felt almost like old friends. We discovered that there had been considerable similarity in our lives. Each of us, having been in business for a year or two after leaving school, had determined to go to college, and more than that we had each chosen Helden College as our Alma Mater. We already considered each other as class-mates. My visit came to an end before his did, but ere we separated we had made arrangements to room together at Helden College for the next year.

Some three months later saw us snugly ensconced in a suite of rooms in one of the big Helden dormitories, and plunging into Greek and mathematics with all the fervor and resolution of a freshman ambition, destined, alas, all too soon to fade. John was a much quicker student than I, but neither of us at heart had much passion for hard work ; and so it didn't take us a great while to get over our resolution to pose as the intellectual giants of the class. We gradually dropped back into an easy, happy-go-lucky frame of mind, and an occasional "dead flunk" became more the subject of jest than of regret. It was a great consolation to recall the oft repeated assertion that the most brilliant men in college rarely amount to much afterwards, and we had a vague notion that the converse of this proposition must necessarily be true, as well. And, indeed, if the men who were *not* famous for scholarship in college were to be the successful ones, we had good grounds for the anticipation of a tolerably brilliant career.

One evening we had just finished playing bézique. Luck had run steadily against me, until the declaration of a double bézique by John, for the second time during the evening, ran out his score. Then I had refused to contine the game.

"What's the use in playing against a man who holds cards like that all the time?" I growled, rather sulkily, and laid hands upon a guitar to soothe my ruffled feelings.

John slowly gathered up the cards, then drew an easy chair to one side, put his feet up to the register, and tilted back with an air of placid comfort and self-satisfaction that was decidedly unpleasant. He sat thus some minutes.

"Well, what are you thinking of now?" I asked, as I stopped thrumming chords to change the tuning of the instrument.

"Did you ever experiment any with hypnotism, Will?" said he.

Just at this instant my B string snapped, and a few remarks that I made for my own benefit prevented immediate attention to his question. While the disaster was being repaired he repeated it.

"With hypnotism? No. Why? It's nonsense." And I stretched the new string viciously.

"I'm not so sure of that. I studied it quite a good deal last year, and believe in it thoroughly. I have considerable hypnotic power, myself."

I looked at him incredulously. "You?"

He answered without a smile.

"Yes, I. And more than that I believe you are a person whom I could control in that way. I'll try it, if you are not afraid."

This rather nettled me.

"Who's afraid? I'm not afraid that you or anyone else can hypnotize *me*. And I'd like to see you try it. You'll find there's nothing in it."

"Agreed," said he, quietly. "Shall we begin now?"

This proposal staggered me. But I would not retreat.

"Now, or any other time. It's all the same to me."

I laid aside the guitar. He went into the chamber and brought out a straight-backed chair which he placed in the center of the room.

"Sit here," he commanded.

In spite of myself I felt a little nervous and cold. But I smiled what was meant to be a very sarcastic smile.

"Now," said he, "I can't control you if you set your will against it, and I should waste my energy for nothing in trying. But if you will honestly try to remain passive, I will see what I can do."

"He is already afraid of failing," thought I. But I agreed to do as he wished.

He bade me look steadily at his eyes. I did so, and never had they seemed so to fascinate me. They burned and glowed like living coals. A mist came before my eyes. It vanished, and my body felt dull and lifeless. It seemed as though *I* were somewhere else, but that my body sat there in the chair. In a kind of dream I heard John say:

"Take your guitar down from that peg, and play the 'Kirmess March.'"

I felt a vague surprise, for I remembered leaving my guitar over in the corner by the bookcase. However, turning in the direction he indicated, I saw it hanging from the wall and concluded I must have been mistaken. Taking it down, I tuned up the new B string, which had flatted a little, and began to play. All at once I became conscious that there was something the matter with the instrument, and cast my eyes down upon it. A laugh from my room-mate startled me and thoroughly brought me to myself. I was holding a tennis racket in the most approved position, and trying to reach impossible chords upon its tightly drawn stringing! John was beaming down upon me in triumph.

To say that I was surprised and humiliated would be putting it very mildly. After the first shock of the discovery had worn off, I besieged John with questions about his strange and marvelous power. He could not tell me much. He had discovered and developed it as a result of somewhat extensive reading upon the subject. Many persons, he said, were not susceptible to its influence. Further than this he could tell me little.

I retired that night full of a new and strange respect for John Benton.

Some few evenings after this we were down to Floyd's together. "Old" Floyd, as he was generally known, kept the leading café in the town, and it was a favorite resort of Helden students. We smoked and chatted a while, after a light supper and then started out. As we gained the street there arose an outcry from the next corner, a mingling of the slogan of freshman and sophomore.

Only too anxious to take part in a class "scrap," we hurried to the scene of battle. Just before we reached the little knot of half a dozen struggling men, there was a cry :

"Here come the 'cops' !"

Being too few in numbers to stand their ground against the officers, the participants in the fray took to their heels down a side-street. We came panting up just in time to run into the arms of a couple of policemen, who, with that vigilance so peculiar to the guardians of college towns, had come up too late to catch any of the real offenders, and now proceeded to lay hands upon the bystanders. Our precipitate appearance upon the scene told hardly for us, and in spite of expostulations and threats we were compelled

to accompany our captors into the presence of that terror of offenders, the great Police Justice.

That worthy was in no very good frame of mind toward student rioters, as street encounters between the underclasses had been rather frequent of late. So we were already condemned in his opinion when the officer had stated our offence.

"Caught 'em runnin' away, after we had busted up a street fight, yer Honor," was the concise and trustworthy account of us given by the elder of the two officers.

We ventured to amend this arraignment, in that we were running toward the officers when stopped, and had just come up to see what was the matter.

The younger officer said, with a pleasant grin, that he guessed "they wuz too scairt to know which way they *wuz* runnin'." His Honor intimated, with a lofty wave of the hand, that it made very little difference; that "in law you should consider the intention and not the act."

Here John was so unfortunate as to suggest that his Honor was thinking of equity rulings, which hardly applied to the case of misdemeanors. This blunder sealed our fate.

"Young man, what do you know about law? Do you make it your business to correct this court? Both of you stand committed without bail. Not another word. Officer, remove the prisoners."

And in righteous indignation the offended deity removed his spectacles and glared at the venturesome youth.

But John stood unflinchingly, and looking him steadily in the eye said, in a resolute tone:

"Judge Baker, may I have a word with you in private?"

A blank expression succeeded the fierce stare upon the judge's face, he seemed to hesitate an instant, and answered, almost mechanically:

"You may. Bilson, you need not remove the other prisoner until we get back."

Then he arose and moved slowly toward an inner door, still keeping his gaze fixed upon John, whose eyes never left the judge's countenance. They disappeared for about five minutes and then returned. Judge Baker addressed the senior officer sharply:

"Bilson, why didn't you tell me these gentlemen were not in the rush? If you aren't more careful hereafter I shall have you reported. Gentlemen, you are discharged, and I am very sorry that my officers were so hasty."

And he bowed us out with every sign of respect, while his subordinate stood in open-mouthed astonishment.

I had scarcely been able to keep from screaming as soon as I realized that John had the judge under hypnotic control, and once we were outside I set no bounds to my wonder and admiration. Benton was trembling like a leaf.

"It was awful hard work, Will. If he hadn't taken off those glasses just as he did, we should have slept behind bars to-night—sure. I couldn't hold his eye while he was looking through goggles."

And lest our friend should change his mind, we set out for the college at a lively pace, and did not feel really safe until behind our bolted door.

The mid-year examinations were nearly upon us and we found it advisable to brace up in our work. In consequence of a decided falling off in our bézique playing and visits to Floyd we found it possible to give fairly accurate recitations in everything except ancient history. This work was in charge of Mr. Bane, a young candidate for Ph.D., who was personally well versed in the subject, but was woefully unfit for teaching it. The study was a grind of the worst description and recitations were as dry as a bone. The Aryan family became a kind of nightmare, and in our efforts to trace its development we became involved in a labyrinth of rites and relationships which seemed to have neither entrance nor exit.

One morning John was called to recite and succeeded in answering his question in a rather creditable manner. At least so I thought. The instructor raised some allied question, and John paused a moment to consider. A boy at one side made some half-audible remark, and John very naturally glanced in his direction. Mr. Bane thought he was looking for assistance, and flamed forth:

"Mr. Benton, no one in my class is supposed to get assistance in recitation from any fellow student. It is entirely out of order, and under no circumstances can be tolerated. Mr. Benton, you may sit down."

John was too much surprised to defend himself and took his seat

with a set face, pale and angry. After the class he attempted to make an explanation, which Mr. Bane received so coldly that Benton's wrath rose higher, instead of being appeased.

As we passed by a group outside the door, a youth named Weterling, a brilliant student but with too sharp a tongue in his head, said audibly:

"There goes that ass Benton. How Bane did sit on him this morning!"

A slight flush was the only sign John gave that he had heard this mean-spirited speech. But as we entered our dormitory, he said, with meaning and deliberation:

"Well, I will get even with Bane and that Weterling if it takes me a year to do it."

I felt that I shouldn't like to be in the shoes of either.

A few mornings after this we entered Mr. Bane's recitation-room after most of the class had assembled. The seats were arranged in a semi-circle about his desk, so that those sitting on the two ends of the curve were directly facing each other. John glanced about the room until his eyes rested upon Weterling, who was sitting near the opposite extremity of the circle. Then he stepped forward and took the seat right across from his intended victim, in a position where he could watch every movement of the latter, and fixed his gaze upon him.

Weterling soon became conscious that Benton was looking at him, and tried to avoid meeting his glance. But in spite of everything he could do, his eyes would wander back in John's direction. After a few minutes fruitless struggle to overcome this impulse, he ceased to resist and gazed fixedly at John with a curiously inexpressive countenance.

I had watched this little scene with close attention, and when I saw that John's power had conquered I felt a sincere pity for poor Weterling in spite of his offense. But a natural curiosity to see the outcome of such a strange situation kept me from interfering. After a few others had been called upon, someone was unable to answer a question, and Mr. Bane turned to Weterling with a confident air and said pleasantly:

"Well, Mr. Weterling, will you tell us about the settlement of southern Greece?"

Weterling started, made an attempt to gather himself together,

and then, with a kind of despairing gesture, he answered slowly and as if with great effort:

"Mr. Bane, I was too near 'phazed' down at Floyd's last night to prepare any of to-day's lessons."

There was dead silence for an instant after this audacious confession. A few started to laugh, but the majority of the class were speechless with astonishment. If a thunder-bolt had fallen, Mr. Bane could scarcely have looked more bewildered. For a moment he was utterly at a loss, and then said huskily:

"That is a very strange statement to make here, Mr. Weterling. I don't understand your intention at all."

Weterling sank back dazed, slowly realizing his humiliation, while the recitation proceeded. But everyone felt that something very strange and unaccountable had happened and a general feeling of constraint prevailed. All were visibly relieved when the hour was at an end. Poor Weterling slunk off by himself, as if glad to get away from the sight of men, and for the rest of the day he did not appear.

"Do you think he deserved anything so bad as that?" I asked of John.

"No, I don't suppose he did. But the experience won't hurt him."

If John Benton possessed an ordinary conscience he had it under admirable control.

Examination week was at hand. It was the custom at Helden, in many subjects, to occupy the last recitation or two in a short oral quiz, the results of which had no inconsiderable effect upon the term mark. In the department of Ancient History, on these occasions, the teacher occupied a small inner room to which the students were admitted by twos, were asked a few questions each, and then dismissed to make room for another couple. As our names stood next to each other in alphabetical order, John and I went into the presence of Mr. Bane together.

My turn came first and I made a terrible mess of the questions he gave me. When I finished, he sighed eloquently, and entered a mark opposite my name, that from the motion of his pencil looked suspiciously like a 40. I felt sad. John stepped forward.

"Mr. Benton, you may give a short account of the institutions of the ancient city?"

John started off swimmingly, while I sat moodily tracing with

my eye the cracks in the floor, and wondering why Fate had not made me a Gibbon or Macaulay. As my room-mate went on he became less fluent, and finally stopped altogether. I found a sort of dismal pleasure in the thought that probably our marks in Ancient History would bear a striking resemblance to each other. John started once more and began to rattle off some nonsense about Cecrops, and the wives of Solomon, and Jason's expedition after the Golden Fleece, which had no more to do with the ancient city than a game of hand-ball. I looked up in surprise, expecting to hear an explosion from Mr. Bane. Instead, that gentleman was looking placidly at the speaker with every sign of interest, and occasionally giving him nods of encouragement, which considering that it was an examination, were exceedingly improper.

At first puzzled, it flashed over me that John was using his hypnotic power upon the unfortunate instructor.

"What won't he do next?" I thought, and awaited the conclusion of the strange scene.

John stopped speaking, Mr. Bane said "That will do, Mr. Benton," and made an entry in his register, that, from the pleased expression on his face, was evidently of quite a different value from mine. John and I left the room together.

"What a scheme for getting through examinations! It beats cribbing all hollow."

John smiled.

"Yes, but I would'nt try it on anyone but that Bane. He'll never have the satisfaction of conditioning me, if I can help it."

"No, perhaps not. But he'll condition me bad enough for both of us. Why, I don't know enongh about that stuff to injure a two-months-old baby."

John stopped short.

"Say, old man, I've got a stunning idea! Let me hypnotize you before you go into the written examination, and fill you up with facts so that you can pass it. Let me try and see if I can do it. Do."

I hesitated. Such a proceeding could hardly be defended on ethical grounds, and, too, I was a little fearful about trusting myself again under hypnotic influence. But what a brilliant idea! And Bane such an infernal bore! The remembrance of the 40 I had just received, tipped the scale. *My* conscience was becoming controllable, too.

"I'll do it, John. But I don't see how you can make it work."

We decided it would be best to practice a little, first. So, about three that afternoon, John put me in the proper condition, and slowly read aloud to me about half a dozen pages of the analysis in the back of our Ancient History, before he released me. Then at six o'clock he again placed me under his control, and suggested that I recall what he had read to me. With a little difficulty I found myself able to do this. We now felt assured of the success of the experiment.

The analysis which covered our work for the term consisted of somewhat less than twenty pages of matter, and John read this over to me twice while I was in the hypnotic state, about two hours before the examination. We took seats near each other in the examination room, I surrendered myself to his control, and he suggested that I recall and make use of such parts of the analysis as were appropriate to the question-paper we had before us. Without much trouble I succeeded in filling out an admirable examination-paper, and left the room, after John had finished also, filled with elation at the astounding success of our venture.

John was not so elated.

"It's all very well for you," he said, "but I couldn't hypnotize myself, and I made a cold flunk on half the questions there. If my oral don't pull me up I will be as badly off as you would have been."

But Fortune was kinder to us than we deserved, and the excellence of John's oral and my written examination sufficed to give us each a bare pass. And in justice to ourselves let it be said that we made, and pretty steadily kept, a resolution to do enough study in the future to get through examinations without the illegitimate use of either physical or psychic aids.

John's hypnotic power, however, was yet to serve us in better stead than ever before. With the approach of spring a perfect mania for sign-stealing took possession of the college. Of course this passion has always had an existence among college boys, but never had it been so prevalent, or displayed itself so daringly at Helden before. No matter how large or securely fastened a sign might be, it was in constant danger of disappearing under the very eyes of its owner. At last the Faculty felt compelled to take steps in the matter, and a rigid rule was passed that any student caught appropriating signs should be forthwith suspended. This made the

marauders more cautious, and complaints became fewer in number.

One bright moonlight night John and I were returning from the town. As we turned a corner a few blocks distant from the college, what should meet our eyes but a brand-new sign, fastened upon a post, and announcing that Mr. Moses Jacobstein would henceforth clean and repair gentleman's clothing for the trifling sum of $1.50 per month for each customer.

"Let's swipe Moses's sign and then sell it to him next time he comes around after 'old clodings,'" suggested John.

"Better not," I cautioned.

But John had already laid hands on the unhappy advertisement, and torn it from its fastenings.

"If any of the faculty see you—," I began, but John tucked his prize under his arm and trudged cheerily away. Seeing that expostulation was useless, I followed. We were almost half way across the campus, when suddenly a door opened not twenty feet away and a tall figure came directly toward us. It was too late to run or dodge, and we kept straight on with the sign between us, hoping to get by without attracting too close attention from our interceptor, whom we recognized as Professor Wolcott, head of the French department. But the moonlight, shining full in our faces, revealed our suspicious burden to the professorial eye.

"Ah, young gentlemen, what have you there? You are not carrying home a sign, I trust?"

And he stopped just in front of us.

If I had been alone I should have thrown myself on his mercy, or have taken to my heels. But John returned his scrutiny steadily, and replied:

"Why no, Professor. It is against the rules to steal signs, isn't it?"

Professor Wolcott was a little taken aback at this naïve query. He was looking full into John's face, which the moonlight revealed as plainly as day.

"Yes, of course. But what have you under your arm?"

John slowly drew forth the sign, keeping his piercing eyes still fastened upon the professor.

"This? Why, this is a back-gammon board. Did it look like a sign?"

The professor seemed doubtful. But John held Moses's shingle

up in the moonlight with such a convincing air, that he slowly assented.

"It did look like a sign at first. I see that I was mistaken. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but we have to be very strict, you know."

We saluted him respectfully as he moved away.

"Caesar's ghost! but that was a close shave. I was afraid he couldn't see my eyes in the moonlight. If this sort of thing keeps on I shall have to quit college and set up as a professional hypnotist."

But we were too thankful to have escaped, to exult very much in words. That half minute in the moonlight did more to inspire me with wholesome respect for the sanctity of my neighbor's property, than any number of fine-spun discourses upon *meum* and *tuum* could have done. And if I never took another sign while I was in college, it was because I am blessed with a vivid memory.

This was the last prank John played at Helden with his hypnotic power. Before the end of the year the death of his father called him home, and he never returned to college. A good opening was offered him to study law in a western city, and he accepted it. We seldom exchange letters, for the demands of busy life leave one little time to keep up college friendships at a distance; but I hear of him occasionally as a successful and rising lawyer, in the far west. But sometimes of an evening I like to sit and think of him, and wonder if he uses his strange gift to help him win his cases, as he did to get us out of scrapes when we were freshmen together at Helden.

James Parker Hall.

HERE AND THERE.

THESIS month is upon us. All during vacation the scratching of pens and the rustling of leaves has floated on the holiday hush of library and law school. Now, through all the clamor of Sibley and the tramp of changing classes runs the steady undertone of clicking type-writers. Soon the beloved thesis will be finally disposed of, and the man of '93 will heave a sigh of relief and make him ready for the festivities of commencement.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. MAY, 1893. No. 8.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief;* business communications to the *Business Manager*, Box 1691, Ithaca, New-York.

A JAUNT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

[CONCLUDED].

THE scenery of the plains has a character all its own. The endless snow-white stretch of alkaline lands, arched by a cloudless sky whose intense blue reminds one of Italy; the thought that one is the only human being in the midst of this unlimited splendor;—one must have seen and experienced all this in order to understand the sublimity of God's world! The scenery richly rewarded me for the hardships, the chief of which was lack of water, on account of which the horses especially had to suffer much. Many times we were compelled to stop at little pools, but the water was so strongly alkaline that the thirsty horses would not drink it. Jim called it "soda water," so that I was very badly misled at first, for I had heard of springs, in this region, which were impregnated with carbonic acid.

Here we fell in with the first antelope. They were so shy that they would not allow us to approach nearer than three hundred paces, and as soon as we stopped in order to shoot, they disappeared at full speed. To be sure, a swift horse of good endurance

can overtake them; but as we both wished to reach the reservation as soon as possible, we left them unmolested. Several times we surprised some as they browsed in the low ground near us. Our horses noticed them first and stopped with pricked up ears; we had no time to get ready to shoot, however, and we did not care particularly to get one, for we had plenty of provisions with us. Once a fine buck, about the size of an European stag, leaped out before us from a ravine. He was so frightened that he turned directly toward my horse. I, likewise, lost my presence of mind for a moment, or I could have easily shot him from the saddle with my revolver. Before Jim, who on this occasion was carrying the Winchester, could jump from his horse and prepare to fire, the buck was out of sight.

We struck Green River, about fifteen miles south of the ferry. All the rivers were very low, on account of the dry summer; so we hoped to reach the other side without ferrying. That morning a hunting Indian had joined us. By means of a hearty dinner we secured him to search for a ford for us. He would not make the attempt with one of his lank little beasts, so he undertook it with my long-legged nag, and by following a shallow place, cutting diagonally across a bend of the river, he reached the other side. This sand-bar was about three hundred yards long and the water over it came half way up the sides of our horses, so we had to arrange the packs accordingly. The saddle bags were water-tight; but for precaution's sake the salt, sugar, etc., were placed on top. In our usual marching order we crossed; that is, I first, then Jim, who, not knowing how to swim, was afraid of the liquid element. We got over without accident. Carlo, whom we left to his fate, was carried down by the strong current. As the banks a little further down were perpendicular, I was anxious about him; but he reached the low shore and came running to us, barking joyously.

From here the way was eastward still; south of Fremont's Peak, which for days had served as a guide, we had to cross the Rocky Mountains. On the horses' account I was glad to reach the mountains again. At our first camping place Jim shot an antelope. We were about to prepare supper, and the horses were grazing before us on a marshy plain. Suddenly they pricked up

their ears; the Indian looked intently around and, in spite of the darkness, saw an antelope; it was impossible for me to recognize a thing. I handed him the rifle, which was lying near me; he fired, and his broad smile told me that he had hit the mark. It was a yearling about the size of a roe. Jim cut off a sufficient portion of venison. The flanks and loins did not taste well; the venison was too sweet. As we did not wish to increase the load of our horses, we took only a hind quarter, which soon acquired the proper "haut gout," the rest we left for the coyotes.

After a long ride during the two following days we came to the Indian agency. Jim knew how to arrange so as to enter under cover of night, that no one should see that he had to drive the horses. His sensitiveness at being taken for a servant was often greater than was agreeable to me. His personal pride frequently got him into such comic situations that he aroused my mirth. If any one saw us packing the horses,—which seldom happened, since we traveled through an uninhabited section nearly all the time,—he endeavored to play the boss. If we met any one on the road, he would drop back as far as possible in order to create the impression that he was an Indian brave traveling by himself. In outward appearance we differed but little; I was sunburnt enough to pass for a redskin, and my old clothes, the faded, flopping sombrero, and the gay-colored moccasins, which I had put on in place of my uncomfortable boots, certainly would not reclaim me for the Caucasian race.

The time of my arrival was badly chosen, for my purpose, at any rate. It was the time of the change in the administration. The Indians, who did not like to give up their old agent, regarded with suspicion every "Washington man," for which I was very naturally taken. However, I knew how to remove their doubts. I smoked a modern pipe of peace with as many Indians as possible, the Arapahoe chief, Black Coal, and the Shoshone chief, Washakie, and invited them to a dinner at my tent.

Interesting as my adventures among the redskins might be to many readers, I must here, for reasons before given, desist from telling them. The following journey to the source of the Wind River, and from there beyond the Rocky Mountains, was the most romantic; I will describe it in a few lines.

After a fortnight's stop at Ft. Washakie, we started out again with two weeks' provisions. Two fine ponies, bought here, served me, by turns, as riding horses; my bay was degraded to a pack horse. Ninety miles northwest from the agency, we stopped at the last post of civilization. Here lived an old trapper, "old man Clark," one of those typical figures of the West, who are rapidly disappearing before the advance of civilization. For twelve years the old fellow, now about seventy, had lived here. There was a roomy log house, a large stable for his horses, hay sheds, etc., all built by himself. Behind the house was a mountain of splendid elk antlers. For several hours this talkative old man entertained me with his hunting adventures. He showed me his hunting record; very few hunters have such trophies to display. I counted nearly two hundred bears, which he had killed, two kegs of bear grease attested the truth of his stories. He gave me a bottle of it as a souvenir; it now ornaments my mantle piece. As my thanks I took a photograph of him and his idyllic hermitage, lying at the base of the mountains. After my return to Salt Lake City, I sent him a picture. A month later, I received an answer; he had killed six more bears in the autumn, and asked if I would not accept a skin as a gift. Since then I have heard nothing of him. I wonder if Mr. Bruin has taken revenge on him!

The old trapper carefully described to me the way to Yellowstone Park. My good map was of much assistance to me, from now on. Three years before, President Cleveland, on his western tour, had travelled the same route. General Sheridan with two hundred soldiers had cut a path through the wilderness. It was mostly overgrown again, yet it could be easily seen. This path wound along Wind River to Togotee Pass; we must follow it first.

In the afternoon of the first day the chain of our adventures began. Just at the entrance to the mountains, Carlo, who was always snuffing around everywhere, stirred up a mountain lion which leaped out near the horses. It was a strong, full grown animal, running towards the woods with huge leaps.

I raced after him, at the same time drawing my revolver; Jim behind me. Suddenly the lion disappeared, my horse stopped short, and I saw a wide and deep chasm before me. While we

were debating what was to be done, the lion appeared on the other side and hurried towards the woods close by. The temporary bridge, built by the soldiers, had fallen down long ago, and we were obliged to make a wide detour to reach the trail again. Carlo very wisely staid by us. But for the ravine we could have chased the lion to a tree and could easily have shot him.

From here the two days' journey, through rugged, thickly wooded mountains to Togotee Pass, began. Further up in the plain of the small plateau, we lost the trail; from this on I was compelled to depend on the map and compass. Jim had never been here; but a friend of mine, who had made the same trip eight years before, had given me his field notes. About noon we reached the summit. Just before me a deer appeared; Jim, who had the rifle, hit it at two hundred yards, at the first shot. The deer fell, but soon got up and went slowly toward the timber. Jim wished to show me his skill with the revolver; the six shots struck very close to the deer as it was going along a rocky wall. Another shot from the Winchester finished it.

We stopped here for the noon rest. Some of the venison was packed in snow in order to protect it from the flies. The elevation of this place was so great that in spite of the July heat (15th July) the snow had not all melted. The flies disturbed the poor horses so much that they could not eat. We adopted the only means for protecting them; a fire was kept up with damp wood in order to make as much smudge as possible and drive the pest away.

In the afternoon we went down the other side into the valley of the Black Rock River; about evening we struck the path of the Sheridan expedition, and soon ran across their camping place. Not far away lay the remains of a moose, which, according to Jim, must have been shot that morning by the Indians. He had noticed their trail before.

The broad river valley, with its luxuriant meadows, seemed an ideal place for a summer ranch; its seclusion and inaccessibility had, so far, kept the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep away; nowhere was a trace of civilization to be seen. It was a paradise for the horses, which soon disappeared, with loud tinkling bells, in the openings of the woods. Our camp was in an open place, protected on one side by two rocks, and about two hundred paces

from the willow covered river bank. After a hearty meal, in which the fresh venison made a much wished for change, we lay by the lively crackling fire; I was smoking, as usual, and Jim was cleaning his revolver. It was quite late and the moon was just rising over the tree tops. Suddenly Jim stopped his work, looked intently at the rocks near us and whispered to me: "What's that?" I could always depend on his eye; his terrified expression and trembling voice made me suspect that danger was near. From my position I could see nothing; but before I could sit up, Jim cried out; "a bear! shoot him!" I sprang up and saw Bruin turning around within three steps of me. The blazing fire showed of what kind it was; it was a young yearling grizzly, about the size of a large Newfoundland dog. Snatching up my Winchester and hastening after the bear as it trotted off, I drew a bead on it at fifty yards, at the moment it was disappearing in the willows. I fired, the bear turned and appeared at the edge of the bushes. In order to see it better, I hurried behind our fire, with my rifle ready; but Bruin did not show up. Carlo was roused from deep sleep by the shot and immediately started on the track. He was barking loudly on the bank of the river, I whistled him off. A careful search the next morning showed how the bear, following the skirts of the woods, had run into our camp, without seeing or scenting us, behind the rocks. Blood was nowhere to be found; I had missed in the darkness.

From here the route was over almost untraveled paths. We took a northerly direction in order to reach Buffalo Creek. After three hours hard riding, through the forest, along the clearings and the foot paths made by deer, over fallen trees which, on the rugged descent to the next river valley, offered a dangerous obstacle, we crossed the river at a place where, eight years before, my friend nearly lost his life. The strong current whirled his horse around and swept both far down stream, before a bend brought them to shore. This year the water was too low to make crossing dangerous.

We followed now another little tributary, which showed us the way to Two Ocean Pass. Game was quite plentiful in these secluded valleys. Often we encountered grazing deer, and grouse were in plenty and afforded a welcome change in the bill of fare.

About noon of the third day we came to the source of the little river, in a hollow of the pass, about three hundred feet below the plateau. The scene spread out before us was of bewitching beauty. I am sorry now that I took no photograph of it. Before us lay a clear mountain lake, into which several little glaciers extended from the steep heights; some giant trees which had bidden defiance to the storms were reflected in the crystal water. Above this wild, romantic picture arched a cloudless sky. Four large elk, with huge antlers, looked down from a safe height upon the intruders. Jim wished to make a day's stop here, in order to supply ourselves with fresh venison; but, thinking of the purpose of my journey and of the long distance to travel through, I insisted in going on.

We had to try now to get upon the heights. Through the field glass I could see a path leading along the cliff directly ahead of us. To my great disappointment—for I had advised following that direction—the level shore ended in a perpendicular wall, and that so gradually that we had gotten into a tight place before we realized the situation and thought of turning back. The two unloaded horses had climbed higher up and were knocking down great boulders which went whizzing by with thunder sound. With difficulty we turned about, and following Jim's seldom failing instinct we arrived, after an hour's hard work, at the summit, Two Ocean Pass, so called because it forms the watershed between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. It was an undulating plain overgrown with heather; here and there in hollows the snow remained unmelted, and a raw wind made a halt at this height, twelve thousand feet above sea level, somewhat unpleasant. As we had to let our horses rest, we pitched our camp in a protected place. Something else had especially decided us to remain for a few hours; large herds of elk were grazing up here, a good opportunity to replenish our larder which, owing to a miscalculation in the length of our trip, threatened us with starvation in the near future. Unluckily, in our morning's march, the front sight had been knocked off my rifle; but the factotum, Jim, soon repaired the damage with a wooden bead, the accuracy of which we proved by a few test shots. Then I started. I had only gone over a few hills when I saw a herd right opposite me coming down

the slope. I dodged behind a rock immediately, yet the shy game had seen me and they grazed slowly away. I wished to wait until they had disappeared behind the hill and then quickly hasten after them, in order to get a shot at shorter range. I had miscalculated, however; they stopped in full view. My time was limited, so I raised my folding sight, judged the distance at about four hundred yards, and pulled the trigger. The ball struck in the sand close in front of them. The herd dashed off for a short distance; a bunch of about a hundred stopped upon a snow-drift. I fired again, this time with the five hundred yard sight; one fell, the rest in rumbling flight galloped away toward our camp. When I reached the place I found a yearling dead; the ball had pierced the spinal cord just back of the head. While I was busy getting some of the venison, Jim appeared. The herd had gone by the camp, and had rudely awakened him from his mid-day nap.

It was already about four o'clock when we broke camp in order to descend to the Yellowstone River. In a quarter of an hour we had arrived at the brink of the cañon. But how to get down? The cliffs went down sheer to the river, which wound along the narrow valley like a silver thread. This fearful ravine was probably about 1500 or 2000 feet deep. We rode along the edge about half a mile, until we came to a steep slope covered with large pines. Jim rode down into the open to reconnoiter; after a long half hour he returned with the report that everywhere steep rocks made the descent impossible. We then rode back to another place, which Jim had carefully noticed before; many tracks of elk, deer, and mountain sheep led down into the abyss. Jim advised to spend the night upon the summit as it was already seven o'clock; but as it began to snow and a bitter cold wind was blowing over the barren height, he was easily persuaded to make the attempt so late. The cliff went down in several terraces. After the first slope, which consisted mostly of sand, on which the horses, sitting on their hind quarters, glided quickly down, we came to a place where we must either pass over a snow-covered ravine or make use of a sloping ledge only two feet wide. Jim decided on the latter. One after another the horses were brought down. Then we proceeded in this neck-breaking attempt. I

thought at length that we had about reached the bottom of the valley, when an entirely unexpected trouble presented itself; the last declivity was a vertical wall, over which a little stream fell for about one hundred and fifty yards. Meanwhile it had become dark; return was out of the question, and as little could we think of spending the night on the cliffs, on account of the horses. Jim disappeared in the bushes, came back in a few minutes with the information that a path led down at the side, and then left me in order to catch his pony which, taking advantage of his absence, had started back up the mountain. There was no time to be lost. I left my intelligent pony to itself and crept along the path leading one of the pack horses by the halter. Several times it had to jump down upon a narrow ledge from one five feet above, which it did without misstep. It was worse for my big bay, which was unaccustomed to such mountain climbing. On account of its greater height, at the last leap, the pack saddle struck the overhanging rock and pushed it over the cliff, with its fore feet still clinging to the ledge. Since I had lost all my bearings in the complete darkness, I knew not what was to be done; I pulled on the halter with all my strength, and soon the groaning old bay worked up again. Jim soon returned with the runaway, and under his leading, by lighting the way from time to time with burning pine knots, we reached the longed-for valley of the Yellowstone.

The next morning, when we inspected our animals, it appeared that the horse had hurt its leg in the fall; but as it was only a flesh wound we decided to go on at once. I climbed up on the last cliff again to look at the situation by daylight. Jim joined me. What passed in his mind, as we looked down from above, I know not; for, after the Indian fashion, he never expressed himself with regard to impressions of any kind. I must confess that the complete absence of all fear can be ascribed only to the fact that the darkness of the night hid the danger of our position.

On our advance, we soon came to the place where Jim had looked down into the valley the evening before; it was a sheer wall about eight hundred feet high. During the first day riding was very difficult in this narrow valley; often we had to ride in the river bed. Gradually it widened; yet the way was constant-

ly obstructed by fallen trees, so that we could go but slowly. The abundance of the fish of the Yellowstone was quite welcome ; in a few minutes we could catch enough trout for a meal. Game was scarcely to be seen ; yet we found constantly increasing numbers of bear tracks. Twice Jim, who undertook the leadership in this difficult place,—usually we relieved each other, as constant watching for paths is very wearisome,—ran up on bears that hurried away. Before we came to the Park, where hunting of any kind is forbidden, we experienced our chief adventure.

It was about noon ; Jim was in front ; each of us leading a pack horse. Suddenly he stopped, sprang to the ground, and motioned to me to hurry up to him. In front of us was a clearing, with only a few scattered bushes. On the other side, close to the woods, a lot of rocks towered up. Before them stood a large bear, with two cubs of the size of a large poodle dog, busily digging roots. In spite of the short distance—seventy-five yards—they had not discovered us. The rifle cartridges were in the pack saddle, and it would have taken too much time to get them. Each of us had three shots in his revolver. I whispered to Jim to attack the bear on horseback, and dashed at it, Jim behind me with the characteristic whoop, in which I joined lustily. I must here relate a peculiar incident, as much as it smacks of hunter's talk. Carlo had started a deer which, in its fright, ran right upon us at the moment—we were hidden on that side by bushes—when we rushed out. It ran close in front of our horses and right at the bear, which had immediately risen on her hind feet, and turned short in front of her pursued by Carlo, that consequently took no part in the following fight. In order to make our actions more plain to the reader, I will here mention two important things: first, not every horse can endure a bear, but will get uncontrolable and throw his rider, which is wonderfully easy for an Indian pony to do, as those who have seen Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" know ; secondly, the bear is such an active, swift-footed beast, that whoever judges him by his appearance—and the novice does that instinctively—will be badly mistaken. Jim understood this and called out repeated warnings. I was perfect master of my horse and could rely upon it, and that the pony was not afraid of the bear it showed at once. At five yards' distance I stopped ;

the bear stood upright before me, growling and beating the air with her paws; the pony was quiet and allowed me to take good aim with my short 45 cal. bulldog. I fired; a tuft of hair flew in the air, and the bear snapped at her shoulder. At the same moment Jim fired. Quick as lightning the bear came at us, and we had to whirl about and gallop away as fast as we could. Leaping over a large fallen pine, we both lost our hats. I looked around, the bear sniffed at them and took up her post behind the tree trunk, the two cubs some distance away. We turned around, the old one still lay behind the log. We fired again and both missed. With a giant leap the bear came over the tree and followed us a short distance. After repeating the attack a third time we were out of ammunition. I followed the bear as she slowly drew back towards the woods, until Jim called me back; he had cornered a cub. The little fellow had climbed a small pine, whence it continued whimpering at us. Without having killed the old one we could not capture it; at every attempt to bring it down it raised a loud cry. Jim rode off to get the Winchester while I, from my horse, drove the little fellow into the top, in order to keep him from getting down. After Jim's return I considered it best to make an end of the cub in order, at least, to take home the skin as a trophy of the fight. For Jim's horse did not stand shooting with the rifle, nor could he have pulled the cub down and taken it along, and neither of us wished to wait for the old one, on foot. Jim proposed that I should watch, while he should easily drive the youngster to the open river bank and there catch it with his lasso. But scarcely was it down from the tree when it dashed off and disappeared in the woods, Jim following at break-neck speed. Just then Carlo appeared; he was put on the track and soon stood frantically barking before a narrow crevice. The Indian reached in, but drew his hand out with a loud oath; the little beast had scratched him. Armed with a heavy glove, he tried it again, but without success. We gave up the bear hunt and set up camp but a short distance away. Upon my complaint of letting the bear escape, he answered, with a jolly laugh, "We have had our fun, anyway!" His description of this bear hunt, afterwards, brought me into good repute with the braves of his tribe.

Among other interesting experiences, we struck the well worn

trail of the Park Buffalo, the last of their race. After some difficult traveling along the east shore of the Yellowstone Lake, we reached the river which, by the name of Lower Yellowstone, flows out at the north end of the lake. On the sandy shore we saw countless tracks of bears, some of very respectable size, whose close acquaintance we were very glad not to make. Bears were so numerous in the Park that year, that the government considered it necessary to have the soldiers shoot some of them.

It is not my purpose here to describe the wonders of the Yellowstone. Before I close this short account, I will relate a little adventure we had before we returned to civilization. The Park is divided into eastern and western halves by the Upper and Lower Yellowstone and the lake. Most of its natural wonders, especially the great geysers, are in the western portion, to which the tide of tourists naturally turns. The eastern half is a perfectly trackless wilderness. For three weeks we had not seen a human being, and we were very anxious to proceed more rapidly and to cross the river as soon as possible. Near the beginning of the river, Jim proposed to build a raft in order to carry the baggage over. The stream is about one hundred and fifty yards wide and a third of it so deep that the horses must swim, as we had ascertained. Jim's knowledge of hydrostatics was very deficient, and my attempt to make a boat of the tent was fustrated just in time to keep the packs from sinking entirely. Half of it fell into the water at the first trial, and we were forced to spend the night here in order to dry our clothes. The next morning, a new surprise! Jim, who was sent out after the horses, came back with the information that they had swum across the river. Jim, not knowing how to swim, generously left it to me to fetch them back. I fasten a rope around my waist and enter the water; this early in the morning it is so cold that I come back in a hurry. We fasten some logs together and wait until the warmer sun makes staying in the water more endurable. On the other bank, about a quarter of a mile away, lies a fashionable hotel. Sitting behind the bushes, we see two young ladies with mamma, aunt, or some kind of a chaperone, come to the shore and there, opposite us, march steadily up and down, evidently in order to strengthen their lungs, affected by the last ball season. Otherwise philan-

thropic enough not to disturb such innocent pleasures, it seemed to me that, considering our vexatious position, some selfishness was allowable. I had Jim crawfish out of the bushes and I joined in a fearful warwhoop with the real Indian accent. The stratagem was excellent; I observed its effect through the field glass. Even now the picture of those beauties taking flight rises before me. The red silk parasols were hastily closed and at a lively but awkward trot the whole company betook itself to the protection of the hotel.* Now we had to act quickly, before the alarm was sounded on the other side. We found our horses, and by a few words explained the situation to a messenger, sent out from the hotel. We returned unmolested, swimming the horses over. After dinner we found an easy ford a mile to the north, and so arrived again among men.

Upon the return trip, I remained two weeks among the Bannock Indians on the Ft. Hall Reservation. Most of the adventures go to the account of poor Carlo, whose wonderful leanness had caused general mirth in Yellowstone Park. Once he attacked a porcupine; his jaws were fearfully stuck up with spines; it took us several hours before we could relieve him of his pain. Another time he came in too close contact with a polecat; he was in bad odor with us for the rest of the journey.

The last two hundred and fifty miles I left behind me in five days, and reached Salt Lake City again after an absence of eleven weeks. I was joyfully received by my friends, for whom my adventures afforded a welcome change from the stale Mormon politics.

H. Schmidt-Wartenberg.

University of Mississippi.

---

* Many of the tourists have never seen an Indian, certainly not in Adamitic costume. Besides, Indians are not allowed to visit the Park; Jim, though, was protected by my official papers.

THE HOMECOMING.

The wet West wind soughs thro' the trees,
  The oak-leaves sodden lie,
All overhead, before the breeze,
  Grey clouds go scudding by.

But blithely strides yon sailor-boy
  And hums a salt sea song,
Then laughs aloud for very joy,
  He's been from home so long.

"My widowed mother now will greet
  Her sailor son again,
Our supper by the hearth we'll eat
  And hear the dripping rain.

"I'll tell her all the tales I known
  Of far-off Eastern lands:
I'll see her eyes, still loving, glow
  And clasp her withered hands."

So slyly slips he through the gate
  And tries his mother's door—
She sits not by the blazing grate,
  She will sit there no more.

The sad West wind soughs thro' the trees,
  The oak-leaves sodden lie,
All overhead, before the breeze
  Grey clouds go scudding by.

Herbert Crombie Howe.

HIS FIRST PAYMENT.

THERE is a tragedy in every life we meet, known or hidden, that sooner or later comes to light, perhaps not till death has given us one swift glimpse of it, then drawn the curtain forever. The story I tell is true, if any of the characters yet live I must beg their forgiveness for telling it, but it has long followed and haunted me and seeks a voice, however feeble, to speak to the world. It was in the early days of the gas excitement in our middle States, when drillers coming west from Pennsylvania through Ohio and Indiana searching for more oil, by accident came upon gas, and a whole section of country went wild over it and was enriched by it, repopulated, regenerated. We had struck gas and the town was on the alert waiting for some fresh miracle to turn our find to account. We were waiting for those mysterious birds of prey, the "boomers," whom we half longed for, half dreaded. It was an exciting day when the first rush of gas set the town in a blaze of excitement and sent its people in a wild crowd down to that little hole in the ground that meant so much to us, but it was little more exciting than the day the boomers came.

There were three of them, different as men, civilized men, ever are. One was tall and very dark and slender, gray in his black hair, emaciated, not strong physically, but who might have been anything (to see and hear him). The other I knew best. He was a young doctor with a wife, in this business the Lord knows why. He, too, was tall, fair, broad shoulders that stooped a little, intelligent, pleasant, unfortunate evidently. His mystery I never knew, nor did any one. He came into the story from nowhere, played his little silent part and one day he and his sick wife went away to nowhere again, no man knew whence or whither or why. The third was a short, heavy, common, everyday man. He had no romance about him. He sat down town after supper, smoked cigars and told stories and was as uninteresting as the rest of us. He does not come into the story either save as a lay figure.

These three men represented that fearful yet fascinating thing,

the syndicate. The word was new and awe-inspiring to us then. It has grown more common since and we no longer say it in a whisper. But then it was veiled in clouds and darkness and mystery wrapped it about like a garment. The head of the syndicate was a brother of the leader of the trio, the tall dark man, whose name was Grayson or something of that sort. It makes no difference to the story what his name was. These Graysons were great people in the next state ; the one we had with us had once been a State Senator or a Congressman or something that commences with a capital letter and demands respect. But he had fallen in with Misfortune, who is a great leveler down, never up. Misfortune had brought him to this, that he led this forlorn hope to our town to option all our property for the syndicate it represented, which, when the time came, was to take up these options, boom the town, sell the property and depart with the profits, which to us seemed a great and feasible scheme. These three men were at the last ditch it seemed. They worked like mad and they actually bought the whole town with few exceptions, to be delivered on the first day of October, when the syndicate would step forward, take up the options and we and they would grow rich together.

They did not talk so much about their affairs, there was with them the air, I fancied somehow, the forlorn hope have just before the charge, a sort of fierce repression. The older man was sick most of the time, but his fierce will seemed to hold him up, and that dream or sight of some future gain that would again enable him to face the world as he had once done. So for two months or more they optioned here and there and yonder until their pile of papers must have been a very pretty sum for the syndicate to cash. They gave a man almost what he asked for his property, they haggled over no petty details. Heaven knows they bought cheap enough even then in that sleepy little country town, where we knew little of corner lots or additions we afterwards learned. They took everything offered and went after more, all summer and into the fall, and as October first approached they grew more eager, their eyes shone at their approaching salvation.

But it was not to be. At the last their syndicate refused to

accept their options. The first of October came, but with it no money, no assurances, no redemption of options. They begged time—a month—and hurried here and there renewing their options. In most cases they did, but it was a trying time. They vowed on their honor the first payment would be made November first. They had assurances, pledges, that would be redeemed and those options cashed. And the morning of November first would see the first payment. They had no such word as fail in their fierce eagerness. The time approached fast and as the winter came on these men still wore their summer clothes, which said they were truly in close straits. They were poor and desperate, and we could see they were at their last hope.

I was sweeping out the drug store one morning. It was clear and cold, and I was reflecting how the snow had creaked under foot on the way down and how early it was for snow, when of a sudden the doctor came in with a look on his face that something had happened. He was the sort of a doctor we all call "Doc;" rough, hearty, good natured, not too intellectual, but conscientious as young doctors are. If they lose in after life the personal interest they have at first in each patient because they are so few, they seldom amount to anything. If they keep it in its entirety they work themselves to death. But this man had not outgrown that interest, and he had a look that startled me. He dropped in a chair and asked me for God's sake to hand him a drink of whiskey. I asked him what was wrong. He laughed queerly, with a choke in his laugh.

"Nothing, much; old Grayson made that first payment this morning. That's all."

Then I remembered it was the first day of November. But it was six o'clock. "His first payment? This early? You're crazy. How was it?"

"Yes. He killed himself about one o'clock. Twenty grains of morphine and an ounce of laudanum. He's alive yet. I've been there four hours." That fierce wave that comes over us when we feel a fight hopeless rang in his voice. "God knows I don't want any more of it. He can die and be damned." He was almost hysterical.

The doctors worked hard with him, but of course to no purpose. He died before noon.

It all came out in the next day or two. His story was true. He had been prominent in his state and had met reverses. His brother went up as he went down, and came at last to be head of this syndicate which had sent this man and his companions to option the new gas town, giving them assurances of taking up the options and making them sharers of the profits in the deal. Then the syndicate found a better field for investment and dropped this. It was unfortunate for their agents, they wrote, and they were very sorry. The brother wrote briefly they had decided to abandon the enterprise. It was the last card the men had left in their hands in their game against Fate. They played it and lost and the old man dropped out.

Then his wife, who had abandoned him when fortune turned against him, came the day after the funeral to see if there were any effects that could be turned into money. God knows there were not. She didn't stay . Public feeling was rather against her, and if she had been a man she might have been hanged. Men were rash and inconsiderate in those days.

This is the story. It is short and hard, and perhaps this is not all of it. This is all we knew, and we shrank from knowing more, this was so bad and so true. "They say" said there was a story about the other man, the one who was not married. But it is strange that when "they say" says there is a story about a man, that story is nearly always bad, so we asked no questions. "They say" tells few stories that are good. Perhaps it does not know any, or perhaps it is ashamed of good stories as too tame, or perhaps they are too common and so uninteresting. "They say" says there is more to this story, but I do not know nor want to know. This is bad enough and we will let the rest die.

Wilbur C. Abbott.

CUR NON MOPSE?

(ECL. V.)

Because in olden time along the shore
Of Chios, or before in Thessaly,
Still dreaming, man might grow to follow thee,
Full many glorious forms, O Muse, you wore
Throned in a thousand vales ; whence evermore
Like Syren voices echoes creep to me
In whisper of the dreams that yet may be
Amidst the rout that makes this hideous roar.
Though barren ghouls would every grace refine
Tearing the flesh from all the Sacred Nine
Leaving some ghastly shapes to please us here,
The fulness and the flower of your time
Shall I forget, to form a ragged line
Of bristling prose to grate the public ear ?

G. W. Ward.

OUR POSITION IN THE EVOLUTION OF POETRY.

"EACH generation speaks its sentence, plays its part in the world's drama and passes from the stage."

With these times, when we hear so many laments over the decline of present day literature, and the gloomy prophecies that with the deaths of the poets of the nineteenth century, poetic genius will have passed from earth ; patience becomes uncontrolable and might indeed be pardoned for arming herself in defence of our age. At least let some loyal souls turn their arguments against this tide of growing pessimism.

We mourn with the rest, over the deaths of those distinguished as our last great poets ; but as there is no loss so great but that Nature furnishes a means of assuaging our griefs, let us take hope from a prospective view, and behold through the meshes of this present veil of doubt, the first gleams that herald the dawn of another literary epoch ; advancing by the steady process of nature

and conforming to the universal law, wherein all "history repeats itself."

About three centuries ago, an equally unhappy prospect appeared for the literary conditions of England; but scarcely had these fears been transmitted to the people, before Genius lighted the torch of Shakespeare with a flame that illuminates the greatest dramas of the nations.

We do not find in the realm of any art, a great genius towering with every age. In the course of human activity we trace the cyclic movement of every principle, and not until all the conditions of any movement are completely developed, do we find the perfect and exalted expression of that underlying principle. When the fighting spirit of the Greeks had been spent in its long course of war and conquest, the people were touched by the divine influence of art. It was then Homer came forward with his immortal Iliad to lay the foundation of a vast literature. With the tranquility following the erection of power in Rome, Virgil was born to glorify the life of a new nation. Sustained chiefly by the influence of these great models, poetry grew on the downward slope for many centuries, until it fell into the decay which forms the dark period of transition between ancient and modern literature. Here with the epoch of the Crusades, the myths and idols of paganism were obliged to yield to the heroic age of Christianity. The people began to seek after a truth which the popular sources could not offer after promises of a higher happiness capable of outlasting the decay of states; after eternal possessions, the gain of which might improve the individual and society. With these spiritual developments, the mind was ready for the opening of the new paradise which Dante presents us in his *Divina Commedia.* From this fountain-head, a wide current of thought springs forth, weakening in its onward course until Shakespeare marks the line by his dramatic movement, and opens a still broader field by the final overthrow of those ancient barriers, the unities.

In training this poetical evolution we observe, that while the genius of one nation declines, under the force of varying circumstances, it is, by a compensating principle, repeated in another country in periods that shorten with each repetition, and every era is the outcome of a new course of thought. If from these obser-

vations we derive a rule, we may expect at any time the succession of another leader of the poetic world ; and may we not reasonably hope that that genius will have birth upon this soil, to weave his fancy about our national themes with a charm that shall give America a worthy position in the ranks of fiction ? Let us be assured, that as soon as our minds outgrow the bounds of present fancy, we shall find our leader waiting to transport us into the yet undiscovered realms of invention. As the complications of the Seven Year's War proved the great military genius of Frederick the Great, and the demands of American Independence called forth the generalship of Washington, so the needs of the approaching conquest in the field of literature will likewise give us our poet-general.

To-day many deep thinkers of political science declare that the public discontent of the past few years forecasts a powerful social revolution as necessary to purify the life of our government, and to apportion to the individual his share of the general wealth due him as his birth-right. If these theories, which gain strength every day by the numerous anarchical revolts, are accepted, then we must find ready apology for the decline of poetry. For this literature, as it has flourished in its highest forms, presumes a healthy condition of public life. It cannot prosper in the discontent that people feel with the laws which have come down to them during years of corruption, and if men are morally and mentally in an unsettled condition. A happy life for the public, is the important consideration, and to secure the means and requisites for this, is the first and most serious duty of a conscientious citizen.

In the reaction consequent upon the past period marked by a vast outflow of high literary thought, it is but natural that the creative tendency should turn in another direction. Then by the conservation of this mental energy, we may account for the unprecedented impetus in the lines of science and invention. This is truly the universal age of reason when the inductive and deductive rules are made a basis of study from childhood, until they become incorporated as a part of every mental movement. This general tendency to the cultivation of the reasoning powers, must drive poetry into the background ; for the fancy finds no satisfaction in the deepest requirements of a more active nature. The mythology

in which the poets live contains no mysterious secrets of scientific discovery. It is not agreeable entertainment nor the mere play of imagination, that will ever drive the wheel of human progress. Then while the universe is opening its doors to us, we ought for a time, to be reasonably contented with receiving knowledge and defer the dreams of fiction until science shall again have closed its doors.

Still, in a wider sense, we can say that at no period has the taste and inborn feeling for poetry been more universal than at present. Everyone breathes the air of poetry and grows to feel it a necessary part of his existence. Yet this silent devotion to the Muse does not exert itself to more creations. We find satisfaction in the expressions of the great souls who have lived before us ; for the heart of poetry is the same and beats with the same motives throughout the ages. Then although at present, each nation does not have a galaxy of poets surrounding her throne, it does not prove that our love for the art is perishing. Living authors are by no means an indication of the sentiments of the time, they rather indicate a healthy state as ready to embrace the finer perceptions of creative art.

If the noble lords and fair ladies of mediæval days were delighted by the recitals of their minstrels, it was not because of an over-excellence of the songs but because their minds had not yet been opened to the great world beyond their castle-walls. Fancy the dignitaries of our courts being entertained by the rehearsals of one of these representative songsters. The contrasting effect would be illustrative, not of the lack of poetic feeling, but of our higher development in intellectual culture. Strip the troubadours of the extravagant colors thrown around them by many centuries, and we shall find our present poets, the so-called "jingling serenaders," holding no inferior light to their celebrated predecessors.

We are all overcome by a certain charm which every work acquires with age. It is when letting our mind wander through the long labyrinth of years, that it leads into the many by-ways of fancy. Compare the architectural wonders of the Columbian Exposition with some European Cathedral of the Renaissance period, and note the impressions. The modern structure, though far more elegant, strikes us with its outward beauty; but it lacks the artistic

soul that responds to our deeper admiration. This halo of beauty gathers about the work only after many storms have battered the walls and deepened their scars to awaken our sympathies. The same it is with names in literature. While they live in our midst, we regard them as having a common life with our own; but let them descend to us through some old and treasured volume, and our imagination at once clothes them with a sacred majesty. This is one chief reason that our late poets gain from us so little appreciation.

> "Seven Grecian cities fought for Homer, dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Taking this fact for an illustration, who can prophecy how many of our now obscure poets will be raised to noble rank, when a century shall have matured the fruits of their thoughts.

Finally, what shall be our attitude towards an age that fosters us without the "soothing murmurs of the Muse?" Shall we make our complaints against Nature as if she had illegally reclaimed her gifts by not extending the poet's reign to a score of centuries instead of years? In one respect, she does not give example to her ambitious children by striving with every age to outrival the wisdom of the preceding generation. She is more economic in her plans; extending her designs over the sweep of infinite time, and from her reserve of force brings forth a genius to light the pathway of progress only at regular intervals. Then, so long as we are assured of her gifts, let us not yield to the impatience of the greedy child, who, though told that his food is under preparation, breaks into violence because he does not instantly have it in hand.

The years of human progress are rolling steadily onward and when the present clouds of anarchy have passed away, literature will be marked by a new epoch, inspired upon the basis of a republic, purified and redeemed.

Emma S. Miller.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

"GOOD-BYE; be careful about what you permit to get into the paper."

"I will. Pleasant journey. Good-bye."

The editor of the *Little Valley Republican* was setting out on a a two weeks' trip to Albany and New York for recreation and relief from mental strain—a vacation which his poor physical condition imperatively demanded. The *Republican* was the oldest paper in the county, and had among the profession at least, the reputation of being one of the most influential and ably-edited weekly journals published outside of the cities. The editor, who had seen considerable experience in metropolitan journalism until obliged to leave that field in order to preserve his health, was a near relative of mine. Owing to this fact I had been "brought up" in the printing business. Beginning with folding papers and other tasks of the printer's "devil" I had worked as compositor, pressman, job-printer and reporter, and at the time of which I am writing I occupied the position of book-keeper—or assistant business manager, if you please. Besides this professional experience, I had been, while at school, the founder and editor-in-chief of the *High School Eagle*. Having been graduated only a few months previously, I possessed a fairly good idea of my own attainments, and was longing for the time when I might use them for the benefit of my kind. It was, with secret joy, therefore, that I bade good-bye to my employer. I fondly believed that my opportunity had come for throwing upon an unappreciative world a few stray beams of light from my pent-up store.

The first day of my editorship had only begun when a well-appearing young man walked into the office and requested an interview with the editor. I proudly granted him his desire. The young man was an agent for an encyclopedia and wanted some advertising in return for a set of encyclopedias. I was pleased to accept the offer, and our conversation then taking a personal turn, learned that my visitor was a Columbia College graduate. Being anxious to go to college myself, I was naturally interested by that fact alone and before the conversation closed I

had decided that my caller was a man of sound worth, and so took pains to invite him to call around again.

A few hours later an elderly gentleman came in and laid before me a wedding notice, asking that it might be printed "in your valuable paper." I obligingly gave him my assurance that it would appear in the next issue of the *Republican*. (Let it not shock the gentle reader to be informed that most descriptions of weddings, etc., are furnished by the persons interested). Upon reading the account left by the old gentleman, I found I had promised too much ; for the article was so ingeniously written as to include several passages highly eulogistic of a patent medicine made and sold by the groom. Not to be outdone in sharpness I headed the article "Marriage and Medicine," and sent it up to the compositors.

The following day I had to lay aside my editorial dignity and assist the boys in some press work. I rolled up my sleeves, put on an old apron and started feeding the power Campbell at a rate of 1,200 an hour, hoping that none of my "literary" friends would happen in to catch me in that inky, greasy outfit. But the Fates were averse, and in the course of the morning my old teacher walked into the pressroom. Upon apologizing for my appearance, I was somewhat comforted by the teacher's remark to the effect that the man made the office, not the office the man, as Epaminondas said, I believe. But I forgot all about that happy maxim when, an hour or two afterward, my college friend stalked in and stepping up to me, inquired for Mr. Wair. I replied, somewhat confusedly, that I was the gentleman he was looking for.

"The devil, you are!" he ejaculated.

"You hit it exactly," I answered. "I am the printer's 'devil' at this moment and no one else." With this rally I regained my composure, and was able to meet my new friend on easy terms.

At this time the *Republican* was running a series of local notices and funny gibes for the Tulip Soap Co. The "ad." for that week, if I remember right, was something like this :

—— —— of this office, Providence permitting, is going fishing next Sunday, but as (he or she) will take along a cake of Tulip Soap, there will be no danger of drowning, etc.

In the blank spaces I wrote "Miss Marguerita McAllister," the

name of a young lady on the *Republican* force of compositors. The opportunity for a joke was too good a one to let pass unimproved.

A day or two later I was engaged in "throwing in," or distributing type in the composing room. In the course of the afternoon I found in one of my "handfuls" this Tulip Soap item. A smile started on my lips, which gradually diffused itself over my whole countenance, until by the time I had reached the first line I was ready to burst out laughing. The other compositors, who for some unaccountable reason seemed to be watching me rather closely, likewise appeared to be greatly pleased. I looked at the name—it was my own.

"Thunder and lightning," I exclaimed in amazement, "who changed that name?" I frantically rushed for a printed sheet. Alas! it read, "Mr. Afred F. Wair, of this office, is going fishing next Sunday," etc. My joke had been turned upon me only too cruelly.

With the exception of a number of annoying typographical errors, the Tulip Soap "personal" was the only fault to be found with the first issue of the *Republican* under the new *regime*.

The next week, while looking over the exchanges for copy, I found, in a leading journal of a neighboring town, an article touching a certain memorial of the Indians to Congress. As Little Valley was situated on the Indian reservation, I thought the article a good one for our paper and accordingly clipped it. Without stopping to dig into the several resolutions and petitions of the memorial, I concluded that the accompanying editorial comments, which praised the Indians for their long suffering and many other virtues, were quite in line with the thought of our people, and so I penned an introduction to the memorial, saying that the Indians were making substantial progress toward civilization, and should have the aid of every honest citizen in obtaining their rights from Congress. I did not then realize what I was doing.

The editor returned. He commended me for the excellence of my work. But when he read that article on the Indian question, his opinion of my editorial ability underwent a great transformation. Within a few days he received a letter from our congress-

man at Washington, saying that the Indians were making great capital out of the endorsement of their claims by the *Republican*—the most influential paper of the district. An apology and explanation of my blunder came out in the very next issue of the *Republican*, and the congressman was able to defeat the proposed legislation, which would have seriously crippled all the villages on the reservation. I learned afterward that the article which I clipped was not an editorial utterance, but was the production of a former resident of our village who, out of spite for fancied ill-treatment, had taken up the cause of the Indians.

My belief that anybody can run a newspaper—a belief that is shared by most people—had received a rude shock. I began to think that there were other problems connected with the newspaper business besides the mere filling up of a definite number of columns every week. It became clear to me that the faculty we call judgment or tact, should belong in a superlative degree to the man who would run a successful newspaper, and I vowed that until my mind had so matured as to contain somewhat more of this prerequisite, I would not again undertake "An Experience as a Country Editor."

A. F. Weber.

THE LEGEND OF ARBUTUS.

Far along Cayuga's borders, where the water-lilies bloom,
Where the tall and stately pine trees give the air a faint perfume,
There in all their sweet, wild fragrance pink arbutus blossoms grow,
Where the Huron and the Mohawk wandered years and years ago.

Drifting where the dusk of evening falls alike on earth and sky,
'Mid the dark woods, overhanging I can hear the night bird's cry;
On my paddle blade, like tear drops hang the waters of the lake,
And I listen, half a-dreaming, to the sound the ripples make.

On the bank, 'mid shadows dusky, sits a figure old and quaint,
Where in spring time, 'neath the snow, the sweet arbutus blossoms faint;
While I'm drifted near he tells me, talking from the tree-clad shore
Legends of the wild arbutus in the dreamy days of yore.

The Indians have gone. Lake Cayuga, around whose shores they once built their camp-fires and across whose waters they

once floated in their graceful birch canoes, has forgotten the stroke of the Indian paddle and the echo of the Indian war cry. But their legends still linger among us; quaint, romantic tales that could only originate in an Indian's mind and seem most fittingly told in the Indian's fanciful language; tales that live along the lake shore and in the forest; tales that the pine trees almost seem to tell as the summer wind whispers through their branches.

Among the quaintest of these stories is the legend of arbutus, which I learned from an old Indian basket-maker. It runs as follows:

Many, many moons ago—so long ago that the turtle who learned the story from his great grandfather has since grown old and died—there lived a lonely old man in his lodge beside a frozen forest stream. His hair and beard were long and white with age; he was clothed in warm furs, for it was winter. Everywhere the trees and streams were covered with ice and snow. The winds whistled and moaned through the forest, searching every bush and tree for birds to chill, and seeking an entrance at every lodge, and the old man went about searching in the snow for wood to keep up the tiny fire in his tent. But wood was scarce and at last he returned in despair to his lodge, and crouching over the embers of his dying fire, he prayed to Mannaboosho that he might not perish.

As he sat there the wind blew aside the leather flap of his tent and a beautiful maiden entered. Her cheeks were as red as the wild roses, her large eyes glowed like the eyes of a fawn at night, and her hair was long and black as a raven's wing and touched the ground when she walked. Her hands were full of sprigs of budding willow, her head was wreathed with wild-flowers, her clothing was of sweet ferns and grasses and her moccasins were of white lilies. When she breathed the air of the lodge became warm.

The old man said: "My daughter, you are welcome. My lodge is cold and cheerless, but it will shield you from the storm. But who are you that you dare to come to my lodge in such strange clothing? Come sit here on the mat by my side and tell me of your country and your victories and I will tell you of mine, for I am Manito." Then he filled a pipe with fragrant tobacco, that he might smoke as they talked, and began: "I am Manito. I breathe and the waters of the rivers stand still."

The maiden answered, "I breathe and the flowers blossom in all the plains."

The old man said, "I shake my white locks and the ground is covered with snow."

"I shake my locks," said the maiden, "and warm rain falls from the clouds."

"The old man said, "When I walk about the trees shed their their leaves at my command; the animals sleep in their burrows, and the birds rise from the water and fly to warmer lands."

The maiden replied: "When I walk about the flowers lift up their heads to smile at me, the trees cover their nakedness with a cloak of green, the birds come back, and all who see me sing. There is music everywhere."

While they talked the lodge became warmer. The old man's head dropped on his breast and he slept. Then the storm died away and the sun came back. A bluebird perched on the top of the lodge-pole and called to the river: "Say-ee, say-ee! I am thirsty." And the river answered: "Come and drink, I am free!"

As the old man slept and dreamed the maiden passed her hands above his snowy head and he began to grow small. Streams of water ran from his mouth, and soon he was nothing but a small mass upon the ground. His clothes turned to green leaves and the maiden, kneeling near, took from her breast the most beautiful pink-white flowers and hid them about under the leaves. She breathed upon them and said: "I give you all my beauty and my sweetest breath, and all who would pick your blossoms must do so on bended knee." Then the maiden smiled and moved away through the woods and over the plains, and all the birds sang to her, and where she stepped, and nowhere else, the arbutus is found.

So from the gentle strife between winter and spring comes the delicate arbutus. Its leaves are the gift of winter; they lie there in the darkness beneath the snow until Spring smiles upon it and their chilly covering disappears. Its blossoms come with the Spring and its breath is the breath of Spring, and so modestly do the flowers hide beneath their green leaves that one must indeed kneel to find them. The arbutus never blooms except when Spring is passing by; it never blooms except where Winter has been.

Edward A. Raleigh.

RELATIONS BETWEEN WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

HUMAN affections defy analysis. Countless instances might be cited of the self-sacrificing devotion of one human being to another, between whom there appeared to be almost no tie, save a binding link of sympathy or love. The world is more cognizant of an example of strong affection where it chances to be associated with those who have become dear to the great heart of humanity. Such an instance is that of William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. We have another instance of devotion between brother and sister in the case of Charles and Mary Lamb, which, however, did not seem to be so high in character nor to bear so fair fruit as that of the Wordsworths.

Dorothy Wordsworth was about a year younger than her brother William. They were the children of an attorney who had attained to some success in his profession. The mother died when the children were about six years of age. After that the family became scattered. William was sent to school in North Lancaster, and from there in due time he went to Cambridge. Dorothy was sent to live with her grandmother at Penrith. As children the two had shown a strong affection for each other, and although they were now separated, they always spent the school vacations together, and their love for each other did not diminish. In his early writings, Wordsworth makes frequent allusions to these happy days spent together at vacation time.

After receiving his degree from Cambridge, and being as yet undecided as to his future occupation, Wordsworth determined to go to the continent, and so spent a year in France. This was during the excitement of the French Revolution, in the issues of which he took a lively interest. He had high hopes of the benefits for the human race to be derived from the results of this great agitation, but in this he was doomed to disappointment. He returned to England soon after the terrible massacre of September, 1792, with a heavy heart. At this critical period, his sister's influence and help proved of the greatest benefit. Edmund Lee in his "Dorothy Wordsworth" thus speaks of her influence: "By

her tact she led him from the distracting cares of political agitation to those more elevating and satisfying influences, which an ardent and contemplative love of nature and poetry cultivate, and which sweet and kindred human affections strengthen and develop." . . . . Her clear insight and womanly instincts saw deeper into the sources of real satisfaction, and her helpful and healing sympathy came to his aid.

The necessity of choosing some occupation now forced itself upon him. Their father, although a successful man, had not left the family any means. He had died when the children were about twelve years old, after an illness of several years. He had formed no plans for the future of his son William, and thus we find the latter at the age of twenty-three without any definite purpose in life. He and his sister had a cherished plan that they longed to put into execution, but they had not the means to do it. They wished to own a little cottage where they might spend their life together in sweet communion. The letters that passed between them during these years of partial separation, likewise their letters to friends and the verses they wrote, bear evidence of the warm affection that existed between them. A line from one of the sister's letters to a friend reads thus: Speaking of her brother she says, "you must forgive me for talking so much of him, my affection hurries me on and makes me forget that you cannot be so much interested in the subject as I am." It was not until 1795 that the brother and sister could put their plan into execution. A dear friend of Wordsworth named Calvert died, leaving to the latter a legacy of nine hundred pounds. This sum, together with the little money William and his sister possessed, enabled them to purchase a cottage at Racedown Lodge, near Dorsetshire, and thus to enjoy the fulfillment of their cherished plan. From this time to the end of their lives, they were the closest companions. It would appear that from an early age, Dorothy had resolved to devote her life to her brother. She might have married and made a home for herself; she might have given herself up to literary work, and won for herself an independent name; but she chose rather to act unselfishly, and to unite her interests with those of her brother. With a true woman's intuition she may have seen that he needed just that support which she could give and did

give; and she may have felt that her brother would be able to give more to humanity by combining her power with his. How completely they were absorbed in the life of each other during these years from youth to old age is known from their writings. Lee says, "Her journals are Wordsworth in prose just as his poems are Dorothy in verse."

The Wordsworths early became acquainted with Coleridge, and in 1797 they changed their place of residence so as to be near to him, and although Dorothy always had a deep love for the first little cottage, still she soon yielded to the charms of their new home. In 1797 they formed the acquaintance of Charles and Mary Lamb, who were also friends of Coleridge.

Dorothy accompanied her brother to Germany in 1798. On their return they found a home in the beautiful lake and mountain district of England, now so celebrated. Here they were brought into closest communion with Nature, which they both loved so well.

In 1802, Wordsworth married a cousin, Miss Hutchinson, but this addition to the household caused no change in the relations of brother and sister. Now, two women instead of one came to have a place in the heart of the poet, and through their kind sympathy he seemed to gain renewed strength and courage. With regard to the binding tie between William and Dorothy, Lee well says, "she was a part not only of his life but of his imagination. He saw and felt through her." Indeed she was a soul to whom he could appeal to help him learn the subtle meanings of the book of Nature. Through her influence, his spirit became more gentle and kind; so that it would seem, that to Dorothy, for her unselfish, sisterly devotion, the world still owes a debt of gratitude; for it was due in part at least to that devotion that some Wordsworthian songs of Nature and of Humanity were sung as sweetly as they were.

—~~*J. S. Tompkins.*~~
W. H. a

HERE AND THERE.

IT is hard for the actors in a drama to judge fairly of its merits. It is hard for us now to estimate fairly the university life of the present year. But as we look half critically, half sadly, at our own drama just before the curtainfall, and think of the scenes that have gone before, we may venture an opinion, and trust the future not to reverse it. The year, in more ways than one, is a marked year. It has wound up the first quarter of a century of the University's life with a grand flourish. To make use of a well-worn phrase,—if the fates were still manipulating mundane affairs, we would say the three had put their heads together and had arranged for a fitting climax.

But before going further, we must make another observation. No good historian would be likely to waste his time in trying to get at the "deep underlying forces" of the present; and as the department is not now and never was blessed with such a perquisite, much less will it attempt the impossible and effect the ridiculous by any mining operations for hidden forces. If there are any such, they are at full liberty to proceed to work unmolested in the dark, and to come to the light in their good time and pleasure.

But there are some plain open things that can be seen with half an eye. Some of them are too plain and open to be mentioned, except as Cicero used to mention facts which he declared must be passed over.

In the first place, there is the beginning of a new university administration. Significant in its partially successful attempt to make the state recognize its attitude toward student orders and student self government, significant in the general confidence and sympathy which it enlists from the student body. In the next place, student sentiment has finally condemned the "rush," with gratuitous aid of the authorities, and it has passed on into history and "the place shall know it no more." It had its day and generations, like all of us, and then was eliminated. The same student sentiment has brought about a phase of student self

government, and if kept at high pressure it may make the new movement successful. It is at best but an experiment, but as an experiment well worth a trial. One of the most frivolous objections ever conceived is that urged against the declaration to be subscribed to the examination paper, which is considered an insult to the manhood of several "honorable men." One might as well feel insulted when asked to take oath in court as witness; rise up in honest indignation at the conductor of a railway car for demanding tickets and thus questioning one's intention to pay. At the same time there are certain weighty objections to the scheme. It is a pretty phrase that no student need appear as witness against another, but no court would for a moment entertain evidence of rumor and general reputation; and a student court must have evidence brought before it by actual witnesses, if it is to be anything better than an inquisition. The only hope for the new order of things lies in this, that every student in an examination shall feel the eyes of his co-workers fixed on him, ready to brand dishonesty. It is an acknowledged fact that in certain technical courses wholesale deception is carried on, and is considered quite in order. The question arises, how is student sentiment to be raised and how are students to be brought to retribution, when the laxity is so general? A remedy must be sought at the source of the evil. The new movement must be accompanied by a system of examinations better accommodated to the capabilities of the examined.

In athletics we have taken a wondrous study, track athletics, football, baseball; and even lacrosse has made a feeble start. This advance has made possible the new attitude toward the athletic world, the independent spirit which despises begging recognition from the Eastern repositories of athletic fears and traditions, but, conscious of the strength of the cause, bides its time. This is a transitional period for Cornell, where she passes from the rank of a lesser institution to a proud position among the first; and athletics reflects this progress.

A perhaps less appreciated, but none the less significant step is that taken by the women of the University, an advance which in some of its manifestations has sent a chill to the heart of conservatism. The springing up of societies and clubs as never before,

and especially the daring and successful dramatic attempt of a few weeks ago, mark a renaisssance. Positions have been sought and won on the Junior and commencement stages ; and similar efforts to secure editorships have met with more or less success. It is pathetically amusing to note in a certain class of individuals the hopeless bewilderment, the open consternation, the appealing look to high heaven, the freely expressed fear that the last barrier will soon be down and the floodgates be loosed forever. When the time shall come which these things protend, when the *Sun* and *Era* and MAGAZINE and *Sibley Journal* and *Cornellian* and the Junior and the Commencement and the Woodford stages all shall be lost, then there shall be an exodus of the chosen people from the land of Egypt, and to the enemy shall be left undisputed what the emigrants could not hold.

But seriously, we can see neither the unpropriety nor the practical disadvantage of having women on the college editorial boards, with the possible exception of the hustling "daily." Any individual who makes objections as to the other publications is several centuries behind Cornell. The only course, however, to secure such representation should lie through the channel that the men are obliged to take, so that competing under like conditions the women, if successful, may win like respect. Greater doubts exist as to the representations of women in oratorical contests, that is to say, on the Junior and Woodford stage. These doubts have no bearing on the right of women to compete if they choose, but on the practical difficulty of establishing a test for judging between a man and a woman's speaking. A vastly different style is expected in the two cases, and whether this difference might not confuse the judgment, if not render a fair decission impossible, is a question that cannot be settled by mere citation of similar contests in other institutions.

Yes, "the world do move," and Cornell has moved with it. If we fear a one-sided development, and think of the great progress in engineering, we meander through the new halls of law and of archæology. If we fear that the men are getting the all in all we look down the registrar's list of scholarship, and consider the new awakening toward the general life of the University on the part of the women.

THE MONTH.

THE chief athletic topic of the last few weeks has been the good showing of the baseball team. The preliminary practice was fairly encouraging, and a benefit performance at the Wilgus gave the team a good financial start. The first game of the season, Cornell 21, Syracuse 0, promised well for the batting. The team has so far lost two games, one to the Binghamton team and one to Princeton, each game by one run. Pennsylvania and Georgetown have been each defeated once, and Lehigh twice. Each member of the team deserves great credit for his work.

The following members of the class of '93 will compete for the Woodford prize: A. L. Andrews, A. G. Eames, C. E. Ladd, Harlan Moore, C. H. Stoddard, E. I. White. The result of the competition will be by no means a foregone conclusion.

A noteworthy Sage College event was the performance of a dramatization of "The Princess" by a number of the young ladies. The audience was large and enthusiastic. The costuming and stage settings were in every way artistic and the participants sustained their parts with considerable skill. It would be well if from this beginning could arise the custom of an annual dramatic performance by the women of the University, as a counterpart to that of the Masque. The latter organization has announced a presentation of "David Garrick," to take place during Commencement week.

Of the new *Cornellian* editors, three out of seven are in the so-called general courses. The uninformed will be pleased to learn that this is in the direction of progress.

The advocates of the plan for "Student Self Government" have been gratified by the consent of the Faculty to give the plan a trial. The proctor system at examinations is to be abolished, and student sentiment will be relied upon to preserve regularity. The plan has been highly successful, it is said, at other institutions, and there is no reason why a similar success should not be attained at Cornell. Entrance examinations, so far as announced, will be conducted on the old plan.

Sibley College is to be enlarged at once by a new building. The

expenses are to be met by the generosity of Mr. Hiram Sibley, Jr., who has contributed $50,000 to this purpose.

It has been recommended by the executive committee of the Board of Trustees that beginning with the year 1894–5 graduate students be charged the same tuition as other students in the corresponding courses. The expectation is that the recommendation will be adopted.

The following will be the commencement speakers: C. B. Hadden, T. C. Henderson, C. M. Lillie, Miss S. A. McNulty, C. E. Murphy, and from the Law School, A. L. Olmstead and Mrs. M. K. Brown.

NEW BOOKS.

A Greek-English Word List. By Robert Baird, Professor of Greek in Northwestern University. Ginn & Co., Boston.

One of the disadvantages of acquiring a Greek vocabulary by accident, as the words happen to appear in the text, is that the author read may be misleading or the memory capricious, so that the words best remembered may be far from most serviceable in after reading. As not all words can be equally well remembered by the average mind, particularly by that one which has not yet begun to concentrate on one line of study, the ideal plan must be that the words of commonest occurrence in normal Attic prose be known unerringly, and that this nucleus be increased secondarily by those words whose infrequency makes them of minor importance. We can then avoid the disappointment, so often met with in reading Homer, of learning that the word with which we are so thoroughly familiar occurs only once in the whole literature, while its temporarily forgotten neighbor occurs in every author.

Professor Baird has collected such a nucleus, and its compactness and the absence of that which is not wanted, compel instant recommendation. His list comprises about one thousand Attic words. In the first place they are given in groups, arranged by any principle that may assist the memory: by synonyms, by opposites, by roots. A few cognates in Latin and English, and some English derivatives are given, all of these of an obvious nature, as is best for an elementary book. Following this list, which is made very clear by the use of different kinds of type, is an alphabetic index, giving merely the Greek words and the pages on which they are respectively defined.

From the teacher's point of view the book has already received favorable comment; it may be added from that of the student that it is a profitable possession; an occasional half hour spent in running over its pages would be a good exercise for any one engaged in reading Greek.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston:

Abraham Lincoln. By John T. Morse, Jr. In two volumes. (American Statesmen).

From Ginn & Co., Boston:

A Student's Manual of a Laboratory Course in Physical Measurements. By Walter Clarence Sabine, A.M.

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

Les Enfants Patriotes. Par G. Bruno. Edited, with notes, Vocabulary, and Appendixes, by W. S. Lyon, M.A.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. JUNE, 1893. No. 9.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents. Address matter intended for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief*; business communications to the *Business Manager*, Box 1691, Ithaca, New-York.

GREEK TEMPERANCE.

IT is always instructive to compare our own methods of thought and conduct with those of other nations and other times. Our ideas of moral questions are thus enlarged, and the points of view from which we regard them greatly increased in number. Obviously, it is the most flagrant sort of pedantry which always insists on holding up the antique or foreign model for admiration. But it is an equally reprehensible narrowness of mind which refuses to be instructed by this same antique or foreign model. Granting that in a particular instance the ethical standards of a certain race or age are wrong, they are nevertheless worthy of consideration. "We too often forget that not only is there 'a soul of goodness in things evil,' but very generally also, a soul of truth in things erroneous."

Especially remunerative is a comparison of our moral conceptions with those of the ancient Greeks. The ideas on any subject of a people that produced one of the richest and noblest literatures in the world's history, that laid down artistic canons that have stood the test of centuries, and whose thinkers are among the most acute and profound in the wide domain of philosophy, must surely

be significant. And it is the purpose of this brief dicsussion to define what may be called the Greek ethics of drinking; so that the reader, using the data furnished, may draw his own inferences. In view of the recent agitation of the temperance question in Ithaca and in the University, such a treatment seems to be timely.

In the first place let us ascertain as accurately as may be, the facts in regard to the use of intoxicants among the Greeks. It is certain that they had no distilled liquors. In fact, with the exception of water, the Greeks of the classic period knew no drink except the οἶνος ἀμπέλινος, the wine of the grape. It is true that in Africa, οἶνος κρίθινος a kind of beer (literally, wine of barley) and in Asia, οἶνος φοινικήιος, or palm wine, were quite generally used. But we have no evidence of the use of these beverages among the European Greeks. This οἶνος ἀμπέλινος seems to have been a common article of diet, as cheap and as universally indulged in as tea or coffee with us. Boeckh, in his *Public Economy of the Athenians*, says that wine was the cheapest of all the necessaries of life, ten gallons costing only four Attic obols, or about twelve cents. When we consider, too, that this was ordinarily diluted in the proportion of two parts of water to one of wine, we can see how very inexpensive it must have been. Aristophanes mentions wine as one of the commonest necessaries of life, along with wheat and barley bread, salt fish, peas, etc. Even in Sparta, where symposiums were forbidden, wine was a table beverage, as is shown by the fact that every citizen was required to bring a certain portion of it to the public tables.

So we may assume without much fear of contradiction that wine was drunk at the family meals as much as beer is by the Germans to-day. Hence, in this phase of its use, it can hardly be regarded as an intoxicant. It was drunk to excess only in the symposiums, excepting of course the Dionysiac festivals. There were no places of public resort corresponding to the modern bar-room, where men met for the sole purpose of drinking. An Athenian invited his friends to dinner, and after the dinner came the symposium, which was regarded as quite a separate affair. Guests were often present at the symposium who had not partaken at all of the δεῖπνον, or dinner. There can be no doubt that the feasters often took more than was good for them. "I should imagine," says Plato,

"that a drinking assembly is likely to become more and more tumultuous as the drinking goes on; this, as we were saying before, will certainly be the case." The Symposium of Plato, one of the most finished products of Greek literature, is a description of one of these gatherings, and reveals their many charming social features. On this occasion, the revel was protracted to a very late hour. One by one the guests succumbed to the genial sway of Lyaeus, and were either slumbering on their couches, or had staggered off home. But Socrates continued his discourse to the two or three that were left, who were rather too drowsy to follow his argument very closely, till early in the morning, when he quietly departed, and spent the following day in his usual manner. What a truly beautiful and inspiring picture of the great philosopher, who embodied so many of the excellences of the Athenian type of character, easily outdoing such compeers as Alcibiades and Aristophanes in the performance of an important social function!

So the best and wisest of the Greeks, in their appreciation of the principle "*Dulce est desipere in loco*," sometimes carried their devotion to Bacchus too far. Drinking ἀμυστί, that is, draining a certain quantity of liquor without taking breath, was occasionally indulged in. And whereas, for table use, the wine was ordinarily mixed with water in the proportion of one or two to three, the ἴσον ἴσῳ, or half-and-half mixture, or even a larger portion of wine, was by no means uncommon at the drinking-bouts. It is not at all improbable that such illustrious ornaments of Hellas as Pericles and Sophocles sometimes suffered from κραιπάλη (headache), and thoroughly understood the "difference in the morning."

As to the frequency of these symposiums, it can only be said in general terms that they seem to have been of quite common occurrence. An expression that Plato used with reference to revelry, νεανικώτερα τἀγαθά, leads us to believe what we should naturally expect, that banquets of this sort were most frequent among young men. Alcibiades, in the Symposium of Plato, when he broke in upon the feast of Agathon, had evidently just come from another. It appears, too, that women in their retirement were somewhat given to the intemperate use of wine, although the statements of Greek writers to this effect are probably exaggerated. Athenaeus,

after quoting from the comic poets in corroboration, says on his own responsibility that this was a common fault of women. A writer in the Anthologia Palatina says, ἅτε πᾶσα γυνὴ κεκρατημένη οἴνῳ. According to Ælianus, women of every age in Miletus and Massilia were forbidden all use of wine.

But despite the fact that all classes drank freely, at times immoderately, it is doubtful if the Greeks had anything in their social organism corresponding to the modern drunkard. As has been said before, they had no distilled liquors and no bar-rooms. That many permanently injured their health by long continued debauchery, admits of no question. Xenophon in the Œconomicus, speaking of different kinds of slaves, mentions οἱ δοῦλοι οἰνοφλουγίων, the slaves of intoxication. But there is no passage in Greek literature, so far as I have been able to find, that warrants the belief that there were known at that time as results of the excessive use of strong drink, those diseases with which we are so familiar, the insane craving, the utter paralysis of the mental, moral, and physical being. There is no mention of bloated, blear-eyed wrecks, such as are to be met with every day on the streets of a modern city. A Greek died from over-drinking in the same way that he died from over-eating; not because he was suffering from any such acute nervous disorder as delirium tremens. This much is certain, that drink was not the curse to the laboring classes that it is now. Poor men did not spend all their substance for liquor and neglect their families. It is worthy of notice, also, that the Athenians, and the Greek peoples in general, who were not slow to adopt sumptuary legislation in needful cases, had no laws regulating or restricting the sale or use of intoxicants. The fact that the laws of Lycurgus forbade symposiums is of little importance; Lycurgus proscribed symposiums for the same reason that he proscribed silver and gold coin, because they were a foppish luxury, unworthy of his military state.

Having now, as it were, a perspective of facts, we are ready to consider ethical conceptions. As might be expected, the same authors speak both in praise and dispraise of wine, according to the point of view they take. Euripides in the Bacchæ says that Bacchus "Gave men the wine that every grief dispels," in another place, that "Drinking is sire of blows and violence." Homer tells

how "Strengthened with meat and wine a man goes forth," but in another passage, Odysseus is warned that luscious wine will be his bane. In Plato, there are many expressions of opinion on both sides of the question. In the first book of the Laws, wine is spoken of as "That which leads mankind in general into the wildest pleasure and license, and every other folly." But in the very next chapter it is said that wine was given man "As a balm, and in order to implant modesty in the soul, and health and strength in the body." Socrates in Xenophon's Symposium says that men are like plants, which, when the Gods make them to drink in too great abundance, are unable to rise from the ground and to let the breezes pass among them, but which, when they imbibe just enough moisture, flourish and bear fruit; that in like manner, the cares of men, when their spirits are moistened by wine, are lulled to rest. On the other hand he advocated total abstinence for youths under eighteen, precisely as many parents in modern times forbid their children the use of tea and coffee up to a certain age. Plato, in his ideal government, would have as symposiarchs, or masters of revels, sober and well conducted men, in order to maintain moderation and discipline. He recommended symposiums for two principal reasons. First, in order that young men, since in their cups they tend to become bold and impudent, might learn to resist these tendencies and thus discipline the spirit; and second, since men when drunk display their true natures, that each might know his neighbor's character without having to learn it by hard experience. But he said that in case the State made drinking an amusement only, he would go farther than even the Cretans and Spartans in his restrictions. But it is interesting to note that Plato was enough in sympathy with the old Greek religious spirit to countenance intoxication at the feasts of Dionysus (*πίνειν δὲ εἰς μέθην οὔτε ἄλλοθί που πρέπει πλὴν ἐν ταῖς τοῦ τὸν οἶνον δόντος θεοῦ ἑορταῖς, οὔτ' ἀσφαλές.*—Laws VI, 775).

It is evident from the foregoing quotations that the Greek idea of temperance in the use of strong drink was only a phase of their fundamental moral conception of temperance or self-mastery (*σωφροσύνη*) in all things. It is true that we cannot take many of Plato's doctrines, for instance, his rather whimsical notions about the educational value of symposiums, as embodying in any degree

popular views. But there can be no doubt that the conception of σωφροσύνη, as we find it in Plato and Aristotle, is simply a philosophical abstraction of an idea inherent in the Greek mind, which lay at the foundation of all Greek moral thought and action. Σωφροσύνη (translated by Leopold Schmidt *Sinnesgesundheit*) was the "golden mean" between the two extremes that are possible in all conduct. Hence we find the word used with various meaning by various writers, according to the ideal of right living that happened to be present to the mind of each writer. Herodotus and Thucydides employ it as an antonym to ἀβουλία, ill-advisedness; whereas, in Aeschylus, the same term usually defines the character of those who have purified themselves by sorrow and repentance. In Xenophon's Memorabilia, it means self-control, that is power of mastering the passions. In Plato the significance of the word is different "accordingly as the arbitrary classification of the virtues instituted by the Sophists is regarded, or the essential oneness of virtue, corresponding to the personal point of view of the philosopher, is emphasized" (Schmidt). At times, Plato simply mentions σωφροσύνη as one of the virtues. In the Gorgias, it is the inner harmony of soul that shows itself and is realized in the outward act. In the Statesman and in the Laws, it characterizes the modest and temperate qualities of a good citizen. Aristotle's understanding of the term is about the same as that of Socrates in Xenophon, but he lays even more stress on the fact that "by it is meant not so much a strenuous resistance of the desires as a natural and moderate indulgence of them" (Schmidt). "The man of perfected self-mastery (σωφροσύνη) is the mean with respect to these objects—*i. e.*, pleasures; . . . . he regulates his desires by the dictates of right reason." (Nich. Eth. III, 13).

The Greek idea of right conduct, then, was *moderation* in everything; *illam mediocritatem tenere, quæ est inter nimium et parum.* As a philosophical doctrine, it had the profoundest influence on ancient thought, being embodied in some shape or other in the teachings of all the schools, although they made different applications of it. In Horace, *aurea mediocritas**, an expression

*"Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula."

that has introduced itself into the idiom of every modern language, is the constant theme. This conception, of course, is the direct opposite of Christian asceticism, which finds its fullest development in monkish cults, and the central idea of which is the utter rejection of all bodily comforts and pleasures. The Greek thought that the health of the body was a necessary concomitant of the health of the soul, if not actually identical with it; whereas the Christian ascetic imagines that the body must be mortified in order that the soul may rise. Hence σωφροσύνη in the use of wine was the moderate and wholesome enjoyment of a gift of the gods, intended as a blessing, but which might be turned into a curse by human perverseness. It is noticeable, furthermore, that the individual was held responsible in case he became a "slave to intoxication"; that no attempt was made to shift the blame to the maker or seller of the wine. In case a man by his intemperance injured himself or his offspring, for the effects of heredity were recognized (Plato, Laws II, 674), he as an individual was guilty of a sin against society and the state. Wine was freely given to young men. Their proper or improper use of it was a test of their character.

It is worth while to consider if this view of the "temperance problem" has any applicability to the present state of things. We must remember, it is true, that drunkenness did not play the havoc among the Greeks that it does among us. As an offset, however, to this consideration, it must be borne in mind that scientific men are coming to regard the craving for strong drink among the lower classes as a result of insufficient nourishment, and hence as a pathological rather than a social phenomenon. With these limitations, the conditions are much the same. Should we not seriously reflect, then, whether the Greek idea of individual responsibility be not applicable to-day? We are confronted in this as in all moral questions by the law of compensations. We cannot remove a vice without removing a virtue. The highest types of character are developed under the strongest temptation. And it is a question whether morality in general would be benefited by the removal of the temptation to indulgence in drink, admitting this to be possible. It is the grand biological law that the individual organism must shift for itself, and, if it survive, must overcome its

natural foes. Man, in his moral, as well as in his physical life, is no exception. Moreover, σωφροσύνη, *moderation* not *abstinence*, as exemplified in the life of such a man as Socrates, is a phase of moral action, if not to be emulated, at least to be instructed by and to admire.

Homer James Edmiston.

HYPERION.

Vast forms as passive as the insensate stones
Loom, monumental to the young gods ire,
While through low thunder of Titanic groans
Steals the first music of Apollo's lyre.

Anna McClure Sholl.

BOATING AT CORNELL.

BOATING has long been regarded as one of the institutions of Cornell University, and deservedly so, too, as a formidable list of hard-fought victories on the water abundantly demonstrates. But preëminence in aquatics has not been won by the oarsmen of Ithaca through mere chance—by spasmodic effort in single years on the part of enthusiastic athletes. It has been the result of the exercise of good judgment in the selection of the personnel of crews, of faithful training and earnest work in the boat under varying conditions and circumstances, of superior coaching, and lastly, though by no means least, of a determination on the part of the oarsmen not to recognize the possibility of defeat.

Rowing in its present high standard at Cornell has not been of mushroom growth. The development of the sport can be likened to the transition of youth to manhood—as it has advanced in years, it has acquired vigor and superiority, overcome faults of immaturity and firmly established itself in the regard of the student body. Boating has been popular with the undergraduates of Cornell from an early period in the life of this young University. While it is not included in the curriculum, and preëminence in the art of mov-

ing rapidly through the water in a shell boat does not perhaps prove the excellence of the course of mental instruction provided by the faculty, still it is an undeniable fact that aquatic fame, won by its sturdy crews in many a closely-contested race, has attracted much public attention to Cornell University, and, in the earlier years of its history, secured for it a celebrity that was of actual benefit.

The world generally—including even the most conservative element in it—has long before now reached the sensible conclusion that the development of mental power is largely dependent upon the physical body, and that the successful so-called "man of brains," in nineteen cases out of twenty, began his life with a sound physical foundation—a strong, vigorous body and good health. Without the latter the application and worry that invariably attend the struggle for "bread and butter" which faces the average alumnus when he leaves his Alma Mater, are liable to break down the man; and then, when it is too late, comes the realization of the serious mistake made in student life in not paying more attention to the cultivation of the muscles and the powers of endurance. It must be admitted that the expert athlete is perhaps not the ideal pattern to be followed in student life, but it is believed that the profound and learned scholar of mature years will heartily endorse the statement that the young man at college who indulges to a reasonable extent in physical exercise and takes pride in the development of a formidable pair of biceps while not neglecting his studies, is, after all, the model student and has the brightest prospects before him. "All work and no play" is not a good rule to follow. Study and exercise are both essential, but each should have its proper place.

Emergencies are liable to arise at any time when brawn is absolutely essential for protection from bodily harm if not for preservation of life itself, but an encouraging sign of this progressive age lies in the fact that public opinion is growing stronger and stronger in favor of supplementing brains with physical strength. An unanswerable argument in favor of athleticism and outdoor sports in early life, more particularly during the period of a young man's attendance at college, lies in the inexorable law of Nature itself. The prime of physical power is reached long before

that of mental strength, and when development of the body is undertaken in more mature years it has invariably been found to be attended by so many discouragements that satisfactory results are rarely attained. The man is too deeply engrossed in his life-work to take the time required to build up a strong physique from the foundation; besides, it takes more effort to accomplish the same development as the individual advances in age. With the large chest expansion and formidable muscles obtained in young manhood only a small amount of exercise is needed in later life to prevent retrogression.

Cornell University is to be congratulated on having in Dr. Jacob G. Schurman a President who is friendly to boating. He fully recognizes the value of that manly outdoor sport as an important adjunct to University work; he is a firm believer in the necessity of a sound, strong body to sustain successful mental development, and by both speech and action he has done much to encourage aquatics at Cornell. At the same time, President Schurman, by the public expression of his liberal and progressive views concerning physical education and through the interest he has never failed to manifest in all other subjects identified with the student body, has established a bond of sympathy between the undergraduates and himself the parallel of which, it is safe to say, cannot be found in any other University in this country. It is also most gratifying to note that the general sentiment among the other members of the Faculty is in entire accord with the views entertained by President Schurman.

To return to boating at Cornell. When the University was founded there was in existence a club composed of Ithaca men which rejoiced in the possession of a lap-streaked six-oared gig. The writer recalls the envy which upon more than one occasion inspired him as he admiringly watched Captain Eb. Treman "stroke" this craft down the Inlet, and wondered if it would ever be his privilege to assist in creating a white-ash breeze which could propel such a thing of beauty and life through the water. But, practically, boating was established in 1870 through a visit to Ithaca by that distinguished Englishman, Hon. Thomas Hughes, M.P., whose "Tom Brown at Oxford" reflects so attractively and accurately the interest and affection the author has al-

ways shown in boating and other manly out-door sports. Many alumni will recall the baseball game played at that time on the old Willow avenue grounds between two Cornell nines in order to afford the visitor his first opportunity to witness the typical American pastime; and they will recall, too, how afterward he took off his coat and actively participated in a football game just to show "how we English fellows play the Rugby game." Mr. Hughes expressed surprise that boating was not popular in Ithaca, where the natural advantages for the sport were so great, and he urged the students to organize clubs. In remembrance of his visit, and as an incentive to aquatic racing, he presented a silver "mug" to the students to be competed for by rival crews. To big-hearted, sturdy and manly old Tom Hughes, then, Cornell is largely indebted for its start in rowing—in fact, he might properly be called the father of the sport at the University. Soon afterward The Tom Hughes Boat Club came into life. At a mass meeting held in May, 1871, the students organized The Cornell Navy and decided to build a boat-house at the Inlet. Sufficient money was raised through subscription to purchase the lumber, and a structure twenty by seventy feet was built by the students themselves, without any outside assistance whatever. There was enthusiasm for you!

Early in the following year—1872—The Tom Hughes Boat Club and the Navy were united, Cornell was admitted to the intercollegiate association, class crews were formed, a second-hand cedar shell was purchased from Yale, and a so-called "coach" was secured to train the 'Varsity crew for the college regatta at Springfield. But the interest taken in boating among the students generally was not then sufficient to secure the funds necessary to defray incidental expenses, and the contemplated trip was abandoned. Nevertheless, an interesting race was rowed between the 'Varsity crew and one from Union Springs, with Charles E. Courtney as stroke. The story of how the latter secured his racing craft is amusing. His club's treasury, never plethoric, was at that time extremely low in funds, and the purchase of even a second-hand shell was out of the question; but Courtney's ingenuity and fertile brain came to the rescue. Learning that on Owasco Lake there had once been a racing shell, he walked across country to Ensenore

and found the object of his hopes completely submerged in a creek and half filled with mud. For the munificent sum of two dollars this four-oared wreck became his. It was raised, carefully transported to Union Springs, and within two weeks the brawny oarsman and skillful mechanic had made out of it quite a respectable craft. The internal appointments were rejuvenated, and a paper bottom, shellaced and varnished, kept out the water. In this Courtney with his crew defeated Cornell. If the tales were true that were told by the '72 'Varsity crew men of the training rules they were subjected to, and the absurd "ideas" on rowing which they were compelled to follow in boat practice, no wonder that they were beaten, and fortunate it was that Cornell did not that year compete at Springfield.

In 1873 boating may be said to have taken a new lease of life at Ithaca. Hon. Andrew D. White, president of the University, with characteristic generosity presented a new cedar six-oared shell to the Navy which, up to that time, had struggled on the waters of Cayuga lake in lap-streaked craft and a wooden shell without sliding seats. The disagreeable and painful emotions experienced, and long afterward felt, in a very sensitive portion of their anatomy, by the unfortunate oarsmen who were compelled, in order to secure "a good reach," to rub over a fixed seat instead of enjoying the advantages of the modern sliding appointments, may be readily imagined. Harry Coulter, a professional oarsman, was engaged as coach, James F. Gluck, afterward elected alumni trustee, presented the Navy with a magnificent challenge cup, and funds were not lacking to pay all expenses. Cornell, for the first time, met other college crews at Springfield. She did not make a favorable showing, owing to the fact that a most unfortunate position was drawn in the race, and, as one of the crew aptly put it afterwards, "we dug sand out of the bottom of the river at different points along the course." Yale, Harvard and Wesleyan beat Cornell, and in the single scull race Charles S. Dutton was also defeated.

From bad to worse! That seemed to be the aquatic fate of Cornell up to and including 1874. At the intercollegiate regatta, the location of which had been changed from New England to Saratoga, Cornell could not secure a better place than fifth at the

finish, and in the singles Edward L. Phillips, Cornell's champion sculler, was beaten by representatives of both Yale and Harvard. Col. J. B. Sprague donated the Sprague challenge cup this year, and the Sprague Boat Club was organized.

Persistent effort, backed up by brawn and intelligent skill, will eventually have its reward in boating as in other manly sports. Undaunted by past defeats, Cornell determined in 1875 to retrieve previous aquatic misfortunes. And most successfully did she carry out that determination. Under the clever training of Captains John N. Ostrom and John Lewis, strokes of the 'Varsity and Freshman crews respectively, two "sixes" were sent to Saratoga to represent Cornell University. The twelve men who occupied seats in the boats well knew that upon the result of their efforts probably depended the very existence of the Cornell Navy. Continued defeats would surely demoralize the boating interest at Ithaca, and it is believed this thought made the men work, both in training at home and in Saratoga, as Cornell oarsmen never worked before. The coaching of a professional or of any experienced oarsman was denied them, and they were compelled to work out, unaided, their own salvation. Fortunately both Ostrom and Lewis, the captains of the crews, were remarkable men—remarkable in devising a novel style of rowing, in which a sharp, hard "catch" was one of the principal features, remarkable in possessing great endurance and strength themselves, and remarkable in selecting men for the other seats in their boats who were enthusiastic, strong, willing and plucky. Before leaving Ithaca for Saratoga the 'Varsity crew defeated a hurriedly organized "six" from Union Springs, and that fact, in itself, inspired the confidence among Cornellians that their representatives would acquit themselves with credit in the intercollegiate regatta.

The year 1875 was full of surprises for the colleges which sent their aquatic representatives to Saratoga. But little attention was at first paid Cornell when her crews arrived at their quarters at Snake Hill. Wiseacre oarsmen were entertained by the peculiar stroke which made the Cornell crews so conspicuous when on the water. Yale and Harvard, self-contained and self-sufficient as they had always been, bestowed no serious thought upon the men from Ithaca. The Cornellians could not point in the retrospect to

brilliant aquatic achievements; and, as the New England oarsmen reasoned, of course they couldn't win. But they did. On July 13th stout-hearted "Jack" Lewis with his five sturdy men won the Freshman race, over Harvard, Brown and Princeton, and on the following day, to the wonderment of the college world, Captain Ostrom and his crew carried the colors of the red and white first across the finish line in a field of thirteen 'Varsity crews. Ithaca gave the victorious oarsmen a rousing reception upon their return home. The double victory of the Cornell crews created an enthusiasm among the good people of the Forest City which had never before been equaled.

It was at Saratoga in this year after the 'Varsity race that the slogan "Cornell! I Yell! Yell! Yell! Cornell!" was invented. And all who were in Saratoga will never forget the vigor, to say the least, with which this new college cry was fairly howled from one end to the other of America's greatest watering place. A University capable of winning two American intercollegiate championships in as many days was certainly entitled to a distinctive cheer of its own, and so it was that the now famous and ear-piercing cry of Cornell came to have its origin. It was a noticeable fact that before the races were rowed the carnelian and white were rarely seen in and about Saratoga. The popular colors were blue and crimson. "But, oh, what a difference in the morning!" When the sun rose on Cornell's victories it was observed that the prevailing decorations combined red and white. After the 'Varsity race, pent-up Cornell enthusiasm could stand it no longer! The double success was celebrated in a manner which, if a trifle boisterous, was none the less sincere. A procession of students, in which all the colleges excepting two generously united, met the victors just outside of the town, and not only escorted them through the principal streets of the village but actually invaded the leading hotels and marched through the grounds, the piazzas, the halls, the parlors and the dining rooms. The aristocratic guests stood agog! But there was no help for it. The students were determined to celebrate, and they celebrated.

The New York *Tribune* had the following to say, editorially, upon this surprising double victory of Cornell at Saratoga over the older American colleges:

"A boating correspondent of the *Tribune* gave warning some time ago that the Cornell University crew were likely to put their competitors to some trouble, and the prediction was strikingly reenforced by the splendid victory of the Freshmen of Ithaca, on Tuesday; yet the public was certainly not quite prepared for the result which brought the carnelian and white colors first to the line yesterday also, and so heaped upon the youngest of the rival colleges both the highest honors of the week. It seems but yesterday that the flag of Cornell appeared for the first time at the college races; it is actually only two years since a regular crew was organized at the college. Last summer Cornell was fifth among nine; in 1873, out of the discreditable confusion and uproar at Springfield, it was no easy matter to disentangle the position of any of the boats, even the first place, on that occasion, being erroneously assigned for some time to Harvard instead of Yale; Cornell, however, was placed pretty near the end of a string of eleven and we believe the highest place claimed for her was the fifth. At all events, neither last year nor the year before did these sturdy young fellows show their adversaries much reason to be afraid of them. The superb feat they have now accomplished is the result of sheer dogged hard work, perseverance, and well-directed ambition. They have studied their own faults, and labored heroically to overcome them, and the whole country will hurrah for them in the hour of their triumph, knowing that this is a victory of real American pluck, knowing too that nothing could do more to rouse a healthful spirit of emulation among the colleges and stimulate interest in the art of rowing than this extraordinary success of a new college in striding right up within two years from the rear to the very front."

The banner year of boating at Cornell was 1876, although, comparatively, the sport was then in its infancy at the University. The very cockles of the student heart had been warmed by the glorious double victory at Saratoga the year previous, and aquatic enthusiasm ran high. Captains Ostrom and Lewis—the latter now pulling No. 5 in the 'Varsity crew—were deservedly the most popular students in college, and it was regarded then as no small distinction to be known as a rowing man. The crews went into training early in the spring. Captain John Mason organized a

freshman crew of great promise, and boating stock was so high that, practically speaking, "it was out of sight." Yale, after suffering defeat at Saratoga in '74 and '75, had peremptorily withdrawn from the Intercollegiate Association, while Harvard, in a more manly fashion, had announced that she would compete in the races of the Centennial Year, after which she, too, would positively retire from open competition with American colleges. With this uncertainty regarding the future existence of the college organization, Cornell realized the necessity of scoring a clean sweep at Saratoga in July. Entries were made in the 'Varsity, the Freshman and the Single Scull races, and every effort was made by the Navy's representatives to acquire the greatest attainable speed on the water.

The story of the Intercollegiate Regatta at Saratoga in 1876 is told in a few words. Three championship races won on the same day, July 19th—'Varsity, Single Scull and Freshman in the order named. In the first Cornell in 17:01½ defeated Harvard, Columbia, Union, Wesleyan and Princeton. Charles S. Francis in the sculling event led Harvard, Columbia and Princeton. Time 13:42¾. Best intercollegiate record and not since equaled. Cornell was successful in the Freshman race over Harvard and Columbia. Time 17:23½. The races were rowed on smooth, dead water, and a singular fact in connection with them was that Cornell took the lead at the start in each contest and kept it to the finish line! Cornellian spectators seemed to fairly go wild in their enthusiasm after each race as victory followed victory. They pushed into the lake as the winners rowed towards shore and by manual force compelled the oarsmen to ride upon their shoulders back and forth in front of the grand stand where the different college men, with their ladies, were seated, while they made the welkin ring with the now well-known Cornell slogan—"Cornell! I Yell! Yell! Yell! Cornell!" "Gar" in the New York *Times* described as follows the reception accorded the winners when they arrived in town:

"The return of the winning crew to Saratoga was the most elaborate and superb affair which has been developed by any regatta at Saratoga. One hotel sent its entire band to meet the party at the hill above Congress Spring, and that point was the nucleus or starting place of the procession. The Cornell boys,

greatly increased in numbers from the morning, mustered thickly with flags and brooms, to which the college colors were attached, and as soon as the crew arrived in one of the public four-horse stages, fell in behind them, or rather behind the boats, which followed immediately after those who had rowed them so victoriously. Several policemen led the way, and then came the band playing a martial air. The stage and conveyance with the boats came next, and then in due order, open column, came the Cornell boys followed by those who invariably cheer victory and abandon defeat. The hotels were draped with the red and white of the victorious college, and the piazzas were lined with beautiful women waving their handkerchiefs, clapping their hands, and uttering cries of welcome. The procession moved up Broadway, but the band fell out of the ranks and forming on the piazza of its hotel played in honor of the second crew a doleful air known as 'Farewell Harvard,' but which in reality is that song well known to Englishmen, 'My lodging is on the cold ground.' It was exceedingly lugubrious, and the foreigners, who did not know what it meant, nodded their heads intelligibly, and said in French, 'That is wail for the vanquished. What a happy idea.'"

The Cornell oarsmen returning to Ithaca after the Saratoga races were greeted most cordially by Cornellians and their friends at all the principal towns passed—at several points depots and streets were densely packed. An immense throng had congregated at Auburn, addresses of welcome were made, colossal bouquets presented to the oarsmen by the ladies of the town, and a full regimental band accompanied the party to Ithaca from this point. Union Springs was most generous in its reception. Cannon boomed and the village band industriously played while the special train remained at the station. Courtney's boat club demonstrated that its hospitality was commensurate with its aquatic prowess. Col. Morgan magnificently entertained the entire party at supper in his residence at Aurora, and Ithaca was reached shortly after dark. It fairly makes one's blood tingle now, seventeen years after, to recall the stirring scenes of that memorable evening. Such a reception! Words are inadequate to describe the occasion. The town had simply gone wild, and the money expended in pyrotechnics in honor of the event was certainly of

no insignificant amount. The procession was a mile long, and it was estimated 10,000 people had assembled in the Park, where addresses of welcome were delivered by Hon. W. W. Esty, president of the village, Hon. S. D. Halliday, Alumni Trustee, Hon. W. L. Bostwick, Dr. Potter and Hon. J. H. Selkreg. Subsequently the campus, brilliantly illuminated, was visited and President Andrew D. White serenaded. That gentleman in welcoming home the victorious oarsmen said, in part:

"I extend to you in behalf of the Trustees, of the Faculty, of the students, and as the present feeling of all our friends here and elsewhere, a most cordial greeting. It was my pleasant duty one year since to extend to you a greeting similar to this. That was a memorable occasion—a happier time I never knew. I must say this excels that. There are reasons why this is a more delightful occasion—more satisfactory to you, certainly more satisfactory to us and to every friend of the University. First of all, although that was a victory unprecedented in the annals of university regattas, certainly this is unprecedented, for you have swept the field completely. And there is another cause—it lies in the fact that last year it might be said that it was chance; no person will hazard that belief now. I say that in public opinion there is a change, a striking change. The country is asking why is it that you have won these victories in all the consecutive fields. It may be said to be one fact—that everything is done here to stimulate the personal vigor and personal ambition of every student, whether in scholarship or in athletic exercise."

The Saratoga winners then proceeded to Sage College, where laurel wreaths were gracefully presented by Professor Crane, in behalf of Mrs. Henry W. Sage, to the captains of the crews and the single sculler, and refreshments were served at Sage College.

With Cornell's triple victory in 1876 ended the Intercollegiate Rowing Association of American Colleges. In two years the wearers of the red and white had won twelve silver cups, ten championship flags, and thirteen diamond and ruby jeweled badges from one single Association! In this same connection it might be well to re-publish the comments at that time made by the New York *Times*:

"The regatta of 1876 therefore closed with every event won by

Cornell, a conclusion highly honorable to New York. It is to be hoped that in the new association which is about to rise from the ashes of the Intercollegiate, Cornell will not be excluded, for it is notorious that Cornell is the bugaboo that scared Yale from the contest. The Yale men do not hesitate to say that the advantages of Cornell are so great that no other crew stand any chance with them. And yet Harvard rowed them gloriously, and made them show their best work on the last mile, surprising everybody by the splendid turn of speed they exhibited themselves at the wind up. Still it cannot be denied that the remarkable and altogether shameless conduct of Cornell in making a clean sweep of everything in the Centennial Regatta is an excellent proof of the sagacity of Yale in leaving the association, and thus avoiding inevitable defeat. New York is sorry that her colleges will row so famously that the New Englanders have no other alternative to escape defeat than fleeing from the encounter. But this new college will do it, and if the association is maintained, will continue in its evil courses. So that, perhaps, the children of the East are very wise in smashing the association so as to escape certain defeat. We are sorry. We apologize to Harvard and Yale for the intemperate conduct of young Cornell, that would not be satisfied with anything short of all the flags, and commend them for their prudence in retiring from a conflict in which apparently they consider they have no chance."

In 1877 Cornell was unsuccessful in securing a single race. The next year she early in the season challenged both Yale and Harvard for an eight-oared 'Varsity race, but all efforts to bring about a meeting were unsuccessful. Yale tersely replied, "Your challenge is received and refused." This discourteous and unsportsmanlike action forcibly reminded one of the spanked child who, after the administering of punishment, had no inclination to place itself in a position where there was any risk of further intimacy with the rod. Harvard declined to row Cornell, but in refusing courteously gave reasons for so doing. Harvard, however, consented to a Freshman race with Cornell. The event, the first race in "eights" in which the University had ever participated, came off at Ensenore on Owasco Lake, and resulted in a victory for Cornell. The Cornell Navy owned no eight-oared

shell, and was obliged to borrow one from Columbia College in which to row the event. The shell reached Ithaca less than three weeks before the race. This same year the Cornell University crew carried off the honors in the National Regatta at Saratoga, and Capt. "Jack" Lewis had a walkover in the Intercollegiate single-scull race given under the auspices of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen.

Victory is, unfortunately, often the precursor of defeat in boating, and the truth of the statement was verified in the history of aquatics at Cornell. The rowing men, very sanguine of their ability to vanquish all comers, grew careless in training, allowed petty jealousies to interfere with good fellowship among the personnel of the crews, and, as might be expected, the fortunes of the Cornell Navy for several years thereafter were varying. The less said about the disastrous European trip the better. Victory was certain at Vienna, and probable at Henley, had the Cornell boat not contained a second Judas. It was not with surprise that a few years later the writer read of this traitor's arrest, conviction and sentence to State Prison for committing a most ghoulish crime.

Passing over the various successes and reverses of several years we come to 1885, which marked a new era in boating at Cornell. The services of Charles E. Courtney, the professional oarsman, were engaged in that year, and, I believe, continuously retained ever since, as coach and trainer, and from then until now not a single defeat has been recorded against the Cornell Navy. While I would not take from the gallant oarsmen themselves one jot or tittle of their hard-earned laurels, and while I certainly appreciate at their proper value the advantages of good water and the big hill which does so much toward developing the leg muscles and lung power, I must be permitted to publicly express the opinion that to the intelligent and careful coaching of Mr. Courtney the Cornell Navy is more indebted for its phenomenal and unbroken record of victories during the last eight years than to all other causes combined. And it is an undeniable fact that Courtney's influence upon the oarsmen, the Freshmen particularly, has always been excellent. He not only frowns upon intemperance, but will not tolerate immorality in any form. He is impressed with the be-

lief that mental and physical training go well together, and the chief object of a young man's residence at college is to improve his mind—in other words, study first, play afterward. Courtney will not, knowingly, permit a man to occupy a seat in either the 'Varsity or Freshman crews who is behind in his University work, and he recently remarked to me he had observed that the rowing men who stood well in their classes invariably proved conscientious, faithful oarsmen, and could always be depended upon "when the pinch came." "Give me good students," he added, "and I will make you fast crews. They have ambition, and that is a quality winning oarsmen must possess." The loyalty to and unbounded confidence in their Mentor shown by the boating men generally clearly indicates the hold Courtney has on the supporters of the Cornell Navy and augurs well for its continued prosperity.

Recollections of later-day victories are so fresh in mind that they hardly need recital in this article to emphasize the fact that Victory has been emblazoned on Cornell's aquatic banners for the last eight years and there never has been any occasion to substitute for it the word Defeat. Records have been broken by our crews with pleasing frequency. In 1889 the 'Varsity crew won the Sharpless cup at Philadelphia and made the world's record for one and one half miles, time 6 min. 40 sec. The Freshmen in '90, at New London, under the very noses of the New England Universities—in fact defeating the best Yale Freshmen crew ever organized—scored the best Freshmen time on record—11 min. 16¼ sec. Another world's record, that for three miles, was established by the Cornell 'Varsity crew in the intercollegiate race over the same course in 1891, time 14 min. 27½ sec., while the following season the record for the Passaic river was lowered by the 'Varsity eight to 7 min. 21 sec.—one and one half miles.

When one considers the unvarying aquatic successes of Cornell during these later years it seems almost incredible that such pre-eminence in boating could be acquired in so short a time and from the disheartening environments of the little rickety student-made boat-house at the steamboat landing. The oarsmen of to-day can hardly realize the discouraging conditions that confronted sturdy John Ostrom and "Jack" Lewis and the other crew men back in

"the seventies," nor can they readily understand how much effort it required then to evoke the enthusiasm demanded for successful training and development of speed. With Courtney as "coach," with improvement in boats and sweeps and with convenient boat-house accommodations, it is not surprising that the Cornell crews of to-day row in better form and faster than their predecessors and are better qualified to defend the aquatic honor of the University against all comers. In this connection, however, I trust I will be pardoned if I express the hope that the crews, present and future, will not allow over-confidence in their ability to defeat opponents to beget listlessness and loose training. Neither Courtney nor any other "coach" can teach crews to row fast unless the men themselves are willing to make the personal sacrifices demanded in strict training and are desirous of being taught. Nine times out of ten an exaggerated opinion of ability is fatal to success in any outdoor sport, and especially is this true in boating. Past victories will not win future races.

It is believed the views of many friends of the Cornell Navy are indicated when the writer expresses regret that the Cornell 'Varsity crew is to row next month the University of Pennsylvania on Lake Minnetonka near Minneapolis, for the intercollegiate championship. There is no valid reason why the question of championship should not be decided on home waters; there are several good reasons why it should. Cornell, with its phenomenal record of continuous success for the last eight years, should not in a championship contest take the chances of men getting out of condition by the long journey to the Northwest, change of water, etc., and of possible damage to the boat in transit. Then too, the race should be rowed where the undergraduates who contribute toward the support of the crew could have an opportunity to witness the event. The matter of championship should be determined at home, after which, if the oarsmen so elected, there could be no objection raised to a pleasure trip to Minnesota—or to Alaska—with an incidental exhibition race with the University of Pennsylvania crew. In the case of Cornell, it strikes me, under the former arrangement, we have everything to lose and but little to gain. In a certain sense, the scheme flavors too strongly of "hippodroming" and giving aid to boom a local

regatta in "the wild and woolly West," and too little of deciding, with proper college spirit, the question of intercollegiate championship. This criticism is made in no captious spirit and solely, as it is deemed by the writer, with the best interests in view of boating at Cornell.

The present Commodore and those associated with him in the management of the affairs of the Cornell Navy are, undeniably, energetic, zealous and faithful in their efforts to advance the aquatic fame of the University, but in this instance it is believed it was an error in judgment on their part to consent to the Lake Minnetonka contest, as it is now arranged, and for the reasons enumerated. Honest criticism should always be welcome even if it is not regarded as sound; and in the sincere hope that this spirit will prevail with those directly and actively interested in the management of the Navy's affairs, the writer ventures to give his personal views upon a subject in which he takes deep interest.

With such a long list of victories to its credit, Cornell is naturally desirous of enlarging the circle of her races. Persistent effort for years to arrange a 'Varsity race with Yale and Harvard has proved unavailing. Occasionally Harvard and Yale have offered to row Cornell in Freshmen "eights"—and these events have always been won by the latter—but, for reasons known best to themselves although generally understood by all men, the New England universities have never been willing to meet Cornell on the water since the Saratoga regattas of '75 and '76. While the bars of exclusiveness have been taken down sufficiently to allow Columbia to compete with them, they have not been opened wide enough to permit Cornell's entry. Last summer Cornell, in a friendly spirit, challenged Yale and Harvard to row on any course, for any distance and at any time. The invitation was not accepted. Casper W. Whitney, athletic editor of *Harper's Weekly*, thereupon published the following:

"It is greatly to be regretted that Yale and Harvard should not have opened the freshman race at New London to Cornell; the same reason given for refusing a 'Varsity race does apply since the event has been thrown open to Columbia. It is really much of a loss to college aquatics that a university so preëminently qualified to test its strength on the water with the best in the country

should be confined to events that are more or less walk-overs for its crews. Cornell's Freshmen crew should unquestionably be admitted to the New London Harvard–Yale–Columbia race, provided, of course, its members are governed by the same general university regulations as the Freshmen of other colleges, and to bar it seems hardly sportsmanlike.

"The best interests of college boating likewise demand a race between the 'Varsity crews of Harvard, Yale and Cornell. The 'Varsity rivalry between Harvard and Yale is recognized, and that they should be indifferent to rowing any other crew is readily appreciated. The marked success Cornell has had on the water, however, and the wonderfully fast time her crews have made, seem to demand a test of the two systems of rowing, which are totally at variance one with the other. To persist in a refusal is prejudicial to our national school of rowing. Cornell is willing to row either Harvard or Yale, at any place, at any time, and for any distance ; it seems to me as though such sportsmanship should receive some recognition other than continual rebuff."

Friends of the Cornell Navy earnestly hoped that a race might be arranged for this summer either in this country or on the other side of the Atlantic, between the Oxford and Cornell 'Varsity crews, but at the present writing there seems to be no likelihood of such a contest between English and American aquatic skill and brawn. The Oxford–Cambridge race occurs early in the Spring. At such a time it would be manifestly impossible for our crew to cross the ocean and meet the Englishmen on the Thames, and it could hardly be expected that the winners at Henley would be willing to remain in training without a let-up until July to row Cornell in England. It is barely possible that another year, through early correspondence, a four-mile race between Oxford and Cornell might be arranged to take place on the Thames in August. This would give the Cornell oarsmen sufficient time in England to become thoroughly acclimated and to return home before the beginning of the University year. Such an event would be of absorbing interest ; it would attract international attention and show the relative merits of the English and American University rowing as well as give the boating world an opportunity to ascertain the comparative values of wooden and paper racing shells, and old-

country and Yankee style of boat rigging. If Cornell could win such a contest and return home the acknowledged college champions of the world, it is believed the old New England college "exclusiveness-in-rowing" would receive a shock which, while it might result later in self-created, humiliating embarrassment, would be regarded with entire composure by the American college world at large,—a just and discriminating public which always admires pluck and manliness wherever is may be found, on the broad waters of Cayuga Lake, the Charles river or the sinuous Connecticut. However, under the free institutions of this glorious country with its untrammeled liberty in speech and action, Harvard and Yale, if they so elected, might even then preserve their self-sufficient prestige in boating by continuing for an indefinite period to dwell in all the glory of their solitary grandeur!

Below is appended a list of victories won by Cornell on the water, and which, while it may be incomplete, is sufficiently formidable to be regarded with genuine pride by every friend of the Cornell Navy, and to claim for the red and white the respect of every fair-minded and manly boating man in America, in and out of college:

Intercollegiate regatta, Saratoga lake, July 13, 1875.—Freshman six-oared race. Time, 17 min. 32 1-4 sec.

Intercollegiate regatta, Saratoga lake, July 14, 1875.—University six-oared race. Time, 16 min. 53 1-4 sec.

Intercollegiate regatta. Saratoga lake, July 19, 1876.—University six-oared race. Time, 17 min. 1 1-2 sec.

Intercollegiate regatta, Saratoga lake, July 19, 1876.—For Cornell University, Charles S. Francis, single scull race. Best intercollegiate time on record, two miles, 13 min. 42 3-4 sec.

Intercollegiate regatta, Saratoga lake, July 19, 1876.—Freshman six-oared race. Time, 17 min. 23 1-2 sec.

Freshman eight-oared race, Owasco lake, July 17, 1878.—Time, 17 min. 13 3-4 sec.

National regatta, Saratoga lake, July 9, 1879.—Four-oared race, one mile and one-half. Time, 9 min. 15 sec.

North Hector regatta, July, 1879, four-oared race.

Lake George regatta, Lake George, July 17, 1880.—Four-oared race, one mile and one-half. Time, 9 min. 12 sec.

Cazenovia regatta, four-oared race, May 25, 1883. Time, 11 min. 57 sec.

Intercollegiate regatta, Lake George, July 4, 1883.—University four-oared race. Time, 11 min. 57 sec.

For Childs championship cup, Philadelphia, July 19, 1887.—Four-oared race.

Amateur rowing association, Newark, N. J., Passaic river, July 11, 1887. Four-oared race.

Intercollegiate regatta, Worcester, Mass., July 5, 1887.—Four-oared race, one mile and one-half. Time, 9 min, 38¾ sec.

Childs championship cup, Philadelphia, July 19, 1887.—Four-oared race.

People's regatta for Downing cup, Philadelphia, July 4, 1888.—University eight-oared race.

Intercollegiate regatta, New London, June, 1889.—University eight-oared race. Time, 16 min. 4 sec.

Philadelphia regatta, eight-oared race, July 4, 1889.—Time, 7 min. 3 sec.

Intercollegiate regatta, for Sharpless cup, Philadelphia, July 5, 1889. —University eight-oared race. (World's record for one and one-half miles). Time, 6 min. 40 sec.

Ithaca Intercollegiate regatta, Ithaca, June 18, 1890.—University eight-oared race. Time, 17 min. 30 1-5 sec.

Intercollegiate Freshman race, New London, June 24, 1890.—Eight-oared race. Time, 11 min. 16 1-4 sec. Best Freshman time on record.

Intercollegiate regatta, New London, June 26, 1890.—University eight-oared race. Time 14 min. 43 sec.

Intercollegiate regatta, New London, June 27, 1891.—University eight-oared race. (World's record for three miles). Time, 14 min. 27 1-2 sec.

Amateur rowing association regatta, Passaic river, May 30, 1892.—Eight-oared race. Time, 7 min. 21 sec. Record for that course.

Intercollegiate regatta, Ithaca, June 9, 1892.—Freshman eight-oared race. Time, 10 min. 56 sec.

Intercollegiate regatta, Ithaca, June 15, 1892.—University eight-oared race. Three miles. Time, 17 min. 26 sec.

Charles. S. Francis.

"IF SHE BE MADE OF WHITE AND RED."

(*Love's Labor's Lost*).

I was in love with a farmer's daughter
  Ever and ever so long ago.
Many the summer eve I sought her,
Many the ways and wiles I taught her,
Many a gift of my heart I brought her,
  Ever and ever so long ago.

Hidden away in the heart of the hills
  Ever and ever so long ago.
There, where a musical chasm fills
The drowsy land that her father tills,
Sweet and clear as the mountain rills,
  Lived she ever and ever so long ago.

But a merry life has the maiden led,
  All since the ever and ever so long ago.
For, not so true as she solemnly said,
Some score of lovers she found instead,
Alas, she was all of white and red,
  Ever and ever so long ago.

G. W. Ward.

FEATURES OF GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

THE German student has no examinations to pass at first, he enters on certificate in everything, even in English. His learning consists mostly of Latin, of which he has read about as much as American students at the end of the Sophomore year, Greek, some mathematics, and a thorough knowledge of German literature and theoretical religion. It is probable that our large universities in America would compare more favorably with those of Germany than would our intermediate and preparatory schools compare with those of the same grade. The pupil in the Gymnasium is a hard working youth with little time or opportunity for

idling. But with the student it is different. His first examination is three or four years in the future, he has a number of years of hard work and strict obedience behind him; for the first time he is in possession of absolute freedom, which he proceeds to exercise with characteristic German thoroughness.

There is no class room work for the student, no recitations; that has all been left in the preparatory school. What he learns is acquired by listening to lectures and by solitary work in his own room. But at first neither attending lectures nor solitary work troubles the average student. If he is very wealthy, he joins a "Corps," a society the object of whose members is to cultivate friendship, drink untold quantities of beer and to "hold their honor at a wary distance." Other classes of societies, the "Burchenshoften" and "Vereine" are made up of students whose purses are not so long, and are not so exclusive, but the quantity of beer and honor requisite for the maintenance of a "Vereinsbruder" is about the same as that necessary to keep the body and soul of a "Corpsbruder" together. These societies play nearly the same part in the life of a German university that the fraternities do in America. They are the descendants of those societies which formerly played such an important part in the history of Germany. Under the leadership of some eloquent professor, excited, impetuous masses of students have more than once made the government anxious, the students often injuring their cause as in the case of the fanatical Sand who murdered Kotzebul, and often moving the hearts of the whole nation, as did Fritz Reuter telling of his seven years of imprisonment. The part played by German students in politics certainly bears out the statement of a Cornell pedagogue who used to insist that a student by himself was a very rational human being, but that a crowd of them were certainly possessed of the devil. Certain of the ceremonies of the societies undoubtedly had their origin in former times of political disturbances, as for instance the boring of all the cups through with a sword and swearing eternal friendship to each other and faithfulness to "Vaterland." The songs of the student are many of them of a stiring national character and probably have had as much to do with making good soldiers as the strictness of military service. They stir and thrill any one, but particularly a German.

Although the societies have no houses of their own, the members come regularly together to practice sword drill, to game and to "kneipen." If there is any one in an American university who does not know the meaning of "kneipen" he should at once inform himself in regard to that most important of all words to his brother German student. The participants in a students' Kneipe sit around a long table with the president of the society at one end and the "fox major" at the other, song follows song and glass follows glass, cigar follows cigar, till voice, head and atmosphere have gotten into a decidedly thick and muddled condition. The younger members of the societies are called "foxes" and are under the special charge of the "fox major," who is supposed to keep them at least as quiet as the rest of the company at the Kneipe, and to prevent misdemeanors generally. The ordinary punishment is drinking a half or full glass of beer without stopping. This method of punishment is much more effective than may appear at first, for the chastisement administered a number of times in close succession puts the refractory member in a condition to be carried gently out and conveyed home. One may be edified by the sight of one future pastor ordering a brother, also dedicated to the service of the Lord, to drink himself drunk. But lest the foregoing give too harsh an impression, it must be stated that a quantity of beer sufficient to put an American company out of control of the police would not produce the slightest effect on the same number of Germans.

A stranger looking for the first time at a crowd of students gathering to read the announcements of the bulletin boards would probably be first struck by what look like different colored handleless frying pans on the heads of the men belonging to the various societies. Instead of the fraternity pin the cap and band of the society colors worn over the breast are the signs by which the "Burschenshaften" are known. The second peculiarity that the stranger would observe would be the peculiar marks on the faces of certain students, looking much as if they had had the misfortune to meet with an energetic tabby in a fit. But after a closer acquaintance the inquisitive stranger would learn that the bearer of the aforesaid scratchy looking scars was very proud of them and that he had acquired them in defending his honor. The student,

like the rest of Europeans, has inherited many of his ideas and customs from the knightly times of the middle ages and a peculiar, vague and indefinable idea of honor is one of them. Dueling is as much an established custom as matriculation or attending lectures, and although strictly forbidden both in the army and university is in reality allowed. When the Kaiser in a recent speech said that it would be almost impossible to think of a student except with a sword in his hand, he expressed the sentiments of his people. However the form of attempting to stop them is kept up, and if the police find any company dueling, spectators and participants are forthwith marched to prison. As you approach the out-of-the-way building where the duels are fought you are closely scanned by a sentry, who is placed outside the door to watch for suspicious characters (suspicious characters are all those who look like professors or policemen). The room where the "Mensur" is fought is usually large and lined with tables where numerous students are drinking, eating and conversing, waiters are hurrying to and fro and every one seems to be in a contented and cheerful state of mind except those who are about to perform. The duelers stand facing each other, the right arm done up in a bed tick, most of the body covered by a leather apron, and large iron spectacles protecting the eyes. Each man has his second and his physician, a judge sees fair play and counts the wounds. The second of the challenging party calls out "auf die Mensur," the other replies "Fertig," the other "Los," a number of blows are exchanged and then a halt is called. The judge runs up to see what cuts have been made, and then the same performance is repeated. The blows are given with great strength, and to the unaccustomed observer it is surprising that one or both heads are not chopped off. Blood flows freely, a cheek may be partly cut away exposing the teeth, an ear may be half cut in two, but serious injuries are very seldom, almost never the result. If at the end of fifteen or twenty-five minutes neither has fainted or been obliged to retire on account of injury, the combatants shake hands, and the judge announces the wounds made by each. The one having made the more marches out first, followed by his more damaged opponent, then the seconds and then the doctors. The spectators return to their beer and preparations are made for the next match.

The cause of duels are of two kinds: trials of skill between members of different societies, and those fought to satisfy the demands of honor. Two students coming in opposite directions in an elevated condition may run into each other, and if neither is willing to apologize, the blot on their characters can be washed out only with blood. If one man stares at another for any length of time a "Mensur" is the result, in fact all insults real and fancied are settled by the duel, the idiocy of which can be compared to nothing except the statement made in one of the American college papers a short time ago to the effect that the fists were the proper means of avenging an insult.

There is another sort of duel fought with sabres that is of an entirely different character. Here the body is without protection, and the end of the affair is sometimes the death of one of the combatants. What is known here as the American duel is a kind of manslaughter that certainly never could have originated in America and certainly never flourished there. The duelers draw lots to see who shall commit suicide, a charmingly simple way of disposing of a quarrel. But when the kneiping, dueling days of the first semesters are passed, the "Bursch" withdraws from his society as an active member, and then begins the solitary, painstaking night and day plodding that has made Germany the schoolmaster of the world. The thoroughness, industry and application of the German scholar are too well known to need description; here it is that the generality of American students would suffer in comparison; there is no working for marks, no electing of "snaps," no "cribbing his way through," the very possibility of these does not exist. The competition of educated men is so close, every branch of learning is so far developed and specialized, that unless a young man have both native talent and thorough equipment a position is very difficult to obtain.

The universities stand in such a relationship to each other that students may spend their years of study in as many as they will and not lose any time thereby. In winter Berlin and Leipzig are a generally chosen, and in summer the beautiful locations of Heidelberg, Tübigen and the smaller universities are more attractive.

Upon matriculating (the method of which has been inherited

from the middle ages, and is a performance requiring much patience, handshaking and German) the students receives a small book which contains the "Vorschriften," which being translated means "Rules and Regulations for the Guidance of Students." The ordinary modes of punishment besides suspension and expulsion are money fines and imprisonment. The university disturber of the peace is not incarcerated with the common herd. If a policeman has occasion to arrest a student, he walks politely up to him, touches his hat, asks to see the "student card," takes down the name and address of the miscreant, and as politely withdraws. The next day the student receives a note from the rector, asking him to appear before the University Senate; the case is tried, and if imprisonment is the penalty, the officer of the university whose business it is to take charge of such cases marches the offender off and locks him up in the university jail, where he serves out his sentence in studying, drinking, smoking, cutting extravagant designs on the table, and receiving visits. The friendships, whether of men in or out of the societies, are true and lasting, and make one of the best features of university life, as is true the world over. On account of the many senseless ideas in regard to propriety, the young German has but little opportunity to become really acquainted with any young woman except his sister, if he happens to be supplied with this article of luxury, and consequently is likely to spend much sentimentality on members of his own sex.

Of all American customs that which most fills the average German with wonder and a mild kind of horror, is the admission of women to the universities on an equal footing with men. That the female mind is capable of mastering Latin and Greek is more than our Teutonic brethren like to admit, and most of them are like the man who never could feel at ease in the presence of a woman who knew the multiplication table. America may not be able to produce the music or works of art of Europe but in her sensible, educated, attractive women she need fear no comparison. The freedom of relation between young men and women in America has gone far to give a more healthy and natural as well as a higher and purer tone to those relations. Let us hope that the students at Cornell who still deride the "Co-ed" may soon all

graduate or die and give place to men of deeper insight and broader cnlture.

As the candidate for his final degree goes up for his final examination, his heart beating hard under his dress suit and his anxiety divided between the tilt of his stovepipe hat and his scientific knowledge, he is not a creature to be envied. The examinations, as a rule, are severe and make an important landmark in the stndent's life. If successfully passed he announces to the world what a sanguine Cornell senior telegraphed to his parents at the end of his final examinations, "Educated."

John Lovejoy Elliott, '92.

A GLIMPSE OF HAWAII.

THE delightful climate, the picturesque scenery, the marvelous growth and beauty of vegetation, the ease and luxuriance enjoyed in this land, have gained for the Hawaiian Islands the well-deserved appellation of "Paradise of the Pacific." It is remarkable how much Sandwich-Islander has been thought of as synonymous with heathen and cannibal; and extremely amusing to find how many imagine that, not long since, boats landed upon these islands to be met by hordes of lean, naked cannibals who gesticulated wildly and indulged in anticipatory smacking of the lips. Nothing exists to show that the Hawaiians were ever cannibals. On the contrary, the natives are a peaceful, generous people,—a muscular race with brown skins and intelligent countenances. They are wonderfully hospitable and they welcomed the first foreigners and gave them freely the best of their food and shelter. Their lands are now largely held by the whites, but the same kindly smiles grace their friendly faces. They bear no malice. A deep interest in the natives' welfare is felt by the whites, who give freely to all deserving charities. The Hawaiians indeed look upon them as the protectors of their land.

The influence of the missionaries has been transmitted and a most intense religious interest prevails. The native churches are models of simple and hearty worship. So generous are the Kanakas that in some churches collections are taken but once a month.

So far is Hawaii from being a land of savages that world-wide travelers say of it, as did Mark Twain, "No other alien land in all the world has such a deep, strong charm for me." Tourist travel is rapidly increasing, for nowhere is there more attractive scenery, the grandest of which is the great volcano of Kilauea. This is in many respects the most remarkable volcano in the world, not only because it is the largest active crater but because, even in the intervals of its greatest activity, it can be closely inspected. For instead of being times for fear the periods of unusual activity are rather for celebration. Hundreds hurry to visit the goddess of the volcano, as she then appears in her greatest glory. Many camp near the river of lava as it flows down the mountain, and, so it is said, boil their kettles by placing them on holes broken in the crust of the molten mass. This is possible since when the live lava runs off in streams a crust is formed immediately and will in most places support a man's weight.

In going to the volcano, one climbs four thousand feet without appreciating the elevation; passing through luxuriant tropical forests one comes abruptly upon the very brink of the crater. Here comfortable quarters and good living are to be had at the "Volcano House"; and one may be a peaceful, observing neighbor to this terrible mountain builder, and look upon the processes which have fashioned the crust of the earth.

Standing on the brink of the vast amphitheatre, whose massive walls are seamed by many an earthquake, we may see the lavas welling up from the bowels of the earth, surging in the pits, spreading in ropy streams over the main bed of the crater, or dancing in frenzied delight at their escape from the dungeons of Pluto, and leaping into fountains many feet high. It is not with surprise that we learn that "Pele," the goddess of this volcano, was the most feared of all the objects of worship of the ancient Hawaiian. Animals and often human beings were cast into the lake of fire to allay the anger of this raging deity. As one stands in the presence of these "rock-consuming fires," he is moved with indescribable awe and wonder, and not alone the child of Hawaii can see the divinities of more than mortal power in this home of "Pele."

It may be of interest to know that a cyclorama of Kilauea is at the World's Fair and reports claim it to be most realistic.

Nestling among shady trees, almost hidden in the dense greenery of a pretty valley, lies Honolulu, the capital and the only city of size. The roads are over-arched with wide-spreading trees, many of them rich with bright blossoms. The air is perfumed with odors of heliotrope, roses and gardenia. Here all seems ease. Yet it is a prosperous city of twenty-three thousand inhabitants; (about one-fourth of the entire population), with well-built structures, electricity, street railways, telephones, and a refined, cultivated and cosmopolitan society, whose social life is equal to that of many of our larger cities.

To-day Hawaii stands in the front line of nineteenth century civilization, with a public school and judicial system, and with educational and industrial facilities excelled in but few countries. The postal and commercial facilities are ample and reliable, affording communication between the islands and with the rest of the world.

The products for export are sugar, rice and fruits ; sugar being the ruling interest. In 1890 the foreign commerce of Hawaii exceeded $20,000,000, and the exports from San Francisco to Hawaii was greater than to any other Pacific country. Doubt as to annexation, with other forces, has for a time checked the remarkable prosperity of the past decade, but the islands' future success is assured, since they have by their strategic position the control of the commerce of the North Pacific ocean, to be enormously increased when the Nicaragua canal shall be completed. Americans are by far the strongest element in the country, holding four-fifths of Hawaiian wealth, nine-tenths of her foreign commerce, and carrying eight-tenths of her freights in their ships.

The climate is said to be the most perfect in the world. The heat of the tropical sun is tempered by the trade-winds. It is a perpetual spring. The flowers are perennial, the foliage is ever green. The days are warm and pleasant, the nights cool and favorable to sweet rest. There is not an overcoat in the place, and one can look over the roofs and not see a chimney. The mercury seldom goes above 80° or below 60°. And nature has made all picturesque. In Honolulu especially, the houses have wide, spreading verandas, and are surrounded by spacious lawns covered with tropical shrubbery.

The whole-hearted hospitality of the islanders having been once tasted, the slightest allusion to Hawaii will produce the most pleasing sensations of which memory is capable. All that have visited these sunny isles to know their worth, to enjoy their charms, (and to meet the many "queens" not yet dethroned), feel that we should be gaining a prize by annexing this "Paradise of the Pacific."

Martin McVoy, Jr.

HERE AND THERE.

SO much has been said this year about student honor in examinations and student self-government that it is strange no one sees a solution of the problem. It is very simple. The examination system itself should be abolished. As long as the student's marks depend on this one trial, and as long as student honor remains in the present stage of development, where it is not absolutely incorruptible, just so long it will be impossible to eradicate cheating completely. If, on the other hand, a student's standing is made to depend on his work through the term, it will more nearly represent his ability and faithfulness, for he surely cannot carry on any system of deception throughout a whole term which will blind the teacher as to what he really is.

Aside from this consideration final examinations should be relegated to things of the past. They are not productive of good and are productive of much evil. One of the evils inherent in the system is the opportunity it affords for many to neglect their work through the term by a special effort, cram enough knowledge into their heads to pass in the subject, and this knowledge, having served its purpose, then passes quickly away. It is not necessary to expatiate on the evils of the "cram-system" for they are apparent to all. It almost seems safe to say that there is no surer way to forget a thing than to cram it up for an examination. The mind revolts from an overdose of knowledge and refuses to assimilate it. Another more important, very serious defect is that it tends to make the student lose sight of the real value of what he is learning and think only of the examination. The examination

is made an end in itself, and all knowledge that does not have a direct bearing on this seems worthless. Again, when a student relies on an examination to make him look up little points and references in connection with his work, he is apt to leave it to the very last; while if he knew that he would not do it at all if not immediately, he would do it at once, that is if he were really interested in the subject.

It is urged that a student who does thorough work need not fear an examination, and hence does not need to cram. This may be true to some extent, but the examinations are made of such a character that he needs an especial preparation for them. He is at a great disadvantage if he does not have this, for the majority of students will continue to cram as long as this system is in vogue, and he cannot afford to be behind the others. Furthermore a student may be tired out or in ill health at examination time, or he may have two or three hard examinations in one day, and be unable to do himself full justice. In this case his mark is a false estimate of his ability.

It is asserted that a proper review of a subject is beneficial and clinches the student's knowledge of the matter. Yet how absurd it is to suppose that any one can get a proper review at examination time. He should review before examination week, it is said, but recitations continue up to the very day that examinations begin, and the student who is devoting his best energy in preparing his daily lessons is apt to need all his time for his current work, and finds none for review until examinations are actually upon him. Review is necessary, but why should it not be done in class? If the last week of each term were devoted by all departments to a review of the term's work instead of being devoted to examinations as is now the custom, decidedly more practical benefit would be derived than is now the case.

It is further asserted that students will not do the work if they think there is to be no final examination. But they should be made to do the work, and that too from day to day. Instructors should be more strict in regard to daily recitations and more exact account should be kept. This means more work for the teachers, a more exact knowledge of their students' habits of study, a more careful estimate of their ability.

This plea for releasing the student from examination trials is not meant to bring about easy work and slight requirements, but rather harder work and increased requirements. Surprise prelims, if rightly managed, are excellent tests. Of course, in this case, they should not be made so difficult as when a date is set. When there is a date assigned for a prelim, it is a question only as to how much one can learn in a given time. A student should be given to understand that he is held responsible for all that is discussed in the class and that he may be called upon for it at any time. Then when a prelim comes the question will be as to how much one is learning from day to day, and the faithful student who gets his lesson from day to day has the advantage, as it is right that he should. What is not learned from day to day in the class-room and the study is never learned at all.

Students who do laboratory and shop work are not required to pass examinations. They have a week longer vacation than the others, and are judged entirely on what they do during the term. In many courses students are exempted from the examination if they attain a certain standing. In others, especially in advanced work, the professors in charge have declared themselves satisfied with the work of their classes without the formality of an examination. If a final test is absolutely required, why not have it in the form of an essay or original investigation of some kind by the student? He would be doing something of absolute value to himself and would not be wasting his labor. This has already been done in some cases. That is as it should be, and it is to be hoped that the day will soon come when the University will throw off the whole system, and students will be encouraged to study for study's own sake, and not for the sake of "passing up" a certain amount of work.

THE MONTH.

THE new editors of the MAGAZINE will be Messrs. H. L. Fordham, H. J. Hagerman, J. P. Hall, J. K. Lathrop, and A. F. Weber. Mr. F. W. Love has been chosen business manager.

President Cleveland has accepted the invitation of the University to be present at the celebration of Cornell's twenty-fifth anniversary, to be held in October.

Cornell came out second best in the Pennsylvania-Cornell games, May 20, owing to weakness in field events. The totals were, Pennsylvania, 80½ points; Cornell, 45½. At the Intercollegiate Games, held in New York, May 27, Cornell increased her total standing in the Association fifty per cent by scoring a half point.

The musical clubs of Sage College gave a musicale on Saturday evening, June 3, to a large audience. As a beginning, the performance promised very well, though the character of the selections made success unnecessarily precarious. In connection with the dramatic performance of a month since, this denotes the rise of a new spirit of enterprise among the women of the University.

Michigan has been defeated twice at baseball since last writing, and Williams once more. Between these games occurred two overwhelming defeats by Harvard and Brown.

The *Cornellian* of '94 appeared May 30. In some respects the best that has yet appeared, it still leaves some improvements to the newly elected '95 editors.

NEW BOOKS.

Cap and Gown: Some College Verse. Chosen by Joseph La Roy Harrison. Boston: Joseph Knight Company.

Mr. Harrison's collection of college verse is a 16mo. of not quite 200 compact pp., and contains over 200 pieces, selected from the publications of twenty-seven colleges. The pieces are, for the most part, short, clever, and of good technique. Love and fun, according to a triolet from the *Williams Argo*, that figures as legend, are the chief elements in these pages; there is considerably more love than fun in the verses Mr. Harrison has chosen, a preponderance that somewhat misrepresents the state of the case with college verse *in situ*. Perhaps he found the love so much better than the fun that it was easier to offer a good collection of the former.

Cornell readers will be most interested to know how we have fared in comparison with other colleges, and whether Mr. Harrison, as a Cornell man, has exhibited any local bias in his selection. There are thirteen pieces from Cornell, all from the *Era*, which seems to have been the only publication consulted. The writers whose names are given are W. G. Barney, F. Clay, J. A. Hamilton, R. J. Kellogg, F. M. Larned, H. E. Millholen, and J. Van Wagenen, Jr.; four pieces are given without the writers' name. This represents our share in American college verse as six per cent. Some atten-

tion to other Cornell publications might have increased this figure. The general selection has been good, and the book speaks well for the knack of the college versifier. The poems here presented have, as it were, been winnowed twice; once by the editors of the papers in which they appeared, and a second time by the compiler of the book, so it was to be expected that they should possess some merit. The necessity of bringing a great deal within moderate compass, and selling it at a moderate price, has injured the book as a book; the external appearance, though gaudy but not neat, being not worse than the poor paper and crowded printing of the interior. Would that the compiler had followed the example of the *Cornellian* editors, and allowed the fastidious the choice of an *édition de luxe.*

Alternating Currents: An Analytical and Graphical Treatment for Students and Engineers. By Dr. Frederick Bedell and Dr. Albert C. Crehore, of Cornell University. New York: The W. J. Johnston Company, Limited. London: Whittaker & Co.

The great and growing importance of alternating currents renders it absolutely necessary that the electrician and engineer should understand the principles upon which this branch of electrical science is based, but up to the present the absence of a connected treatise of the subject has been a very serious handicap.

The present work is the first book that treats the subject in a connected, logical and complete manner. The principles are gradually and logically developed from the elementary experiments upon which they are based, and in a manner so clear and simple as to make the book easily read by any one having a fair knowledge of the mathematics involved. By this method the student becomes familiar with every step of the process of development, and the mysteries usually associated with the theories of alternating currents are found to be rather the result of unsatisfactory treatment than due to any inherent difficulty. The first fourteen chapters contain the analytical development, commencing with circuits containing resistance and self-induction only, resistance and capacity only, and proceeding to more complex circuits containing resistance, self-induction and capacity, and resistance and distributed capacity. A feature is the numerical calculations given as illustrations. The remaining chapters are devoted to the graphical consideration of the same subjects, enabling a reader with fair mathematical knowledge to follow the authors, with extension to cases that are better treated by the graphical than the analytical method.

A Student's Manual of a Laboratory Course in Physical Measurements. By Wallace Clement Sabine, A.M., Instructor in Physics in Harvard University. Ginn & Co., Boston.

This book is a working manual to be followed by the student in performing elementary experiments in general physics, and is primarily intended for use in one of the preparatory laboratory courses in Harvard College.

There is little chance for novelty in such a work, and its merit can therefore only reside in the lucidity and conciseness of exposition of old subject matter. With brief introduction, the author starts the students with the familiar experiments with the micrometer screw and spherometer, concluding the dozen or two mechanical experiments with the torsion pendulum. Sound and heat are then rapidly treated with some half a dozen experiments each, and then light at greater length ; the simpler experiments with lenses and prisms being followed by experiments with flame and spark spectra, and that of the sun. The list of experiments is then completed with twenty-five well arranged experiments in magnetism and electricity.

The most distinctive and valuable features of the book are its omissions, for we must confess that it is usual to find such a book lumbered up with information which could well be found elsewhere, and too often with much which is never wanted at all. The omission most appreciated by the true scientist is the lack of such particular and detailed directions in regard to the adjustment and manipulation of apparatus that the experiments could be mechanically performed by a perfect numskull, without a thought as to why and wherefore, and with no idea as to what he had done after the completion of the experiment than he had before he started it. The principal and essential directions are here clearly stated. The student must do the rest.

In keeping closely within its territory, theoretical discussion is omitted, and simply that given which directly bears upon the experiment at hand. The book purposes to fill a particular field, and does it. This exclusion of the theoretical may, however, be carried too far, so that results obtained may lose some of their value for lack of interpretation. For instance, in experiment No. 29 directions are given for the experimental determination of the curve of Croling. A reference to the theoretical shape of this curve would add much to the knowledge obtained by the student from the experiment. This is again shown in the experimental determination of equipotential lines and lines of flow—experiment No. 55.

Such theory as is essential to the performance of the experiment as the law for the vibration of a pendulum, is generally stated in the introduction to the experiment. The value of the work would be greatly increased if references were given in footnotes to the complete discussion of such subjects in standard works. The scholar who is not inclined to take arbitrary statements on faith might then satisfy his thirst for the full truth by following up these references. However, brevity and completeness can scarcely ever be found hand in hand.

In the statement of these laws, which appear before many of the experiments, a distinction might well be made between the empirical (as the law of Ohm) and the theoretical (as that of the pendulum). It is too common in text-books for an empirical fact to be so stated that the student, thinking that he should be able to derive it by purely *a priori* reasoning, is sorely puzzled.

On the whole the book is one we can recommend for its accuracy and perspicuity. The work of the author has been done with care and thought, and the printer has aided him with good mechanical execution. The work forms an excellent manual for preparation for more advanced physical research.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London:

Napoleon, Warrior and Ruler, and the Military Supremacy of Revolutionary France. By William O'Connor Morris. (Heroes of the Nations).

Outlines of Roman History. By H. F. Pelham, M.A., F.S.A.

The Story of Poland. By W. R. Morfill, M.A. (Stories of the Nations).

From Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, New York and Chicago:

Latin Lessons, Designed to Prepare for the Intelligent Reading of Classical Latin Prose. By Henry Preble and Lawrence C. Hull.

From George H. Ellis, Boston:

Phillips Brooks in Boston: Five Years' Editorial Estimates. By M. C. Ayers, Editor of the Boston "Daily Advertiser." With an Introduction by the Rev. W. J. Tucker, D.D.

From Ginn & Co., Boston:

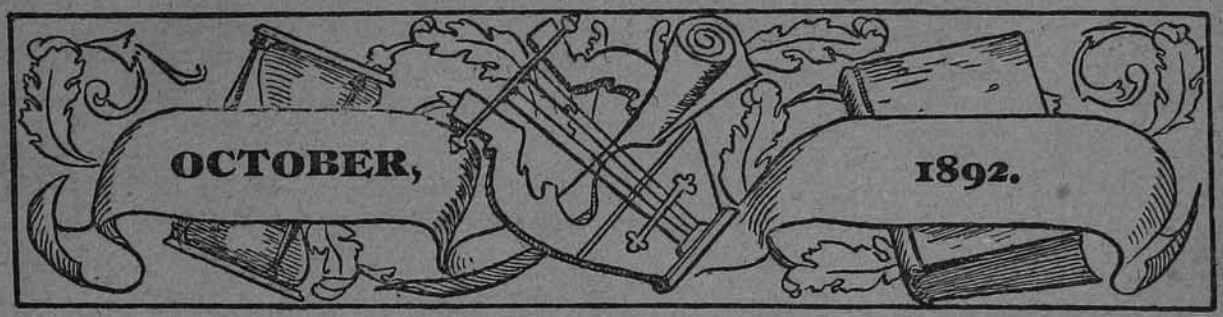
Leigh Hunt's What Is Poetry? Edited by Albert S. Cook.

A Student's Manual of a Laboratory Course in Physical Measurements. By Wallace Clement Sabine, A.M.

From the Joseph Knight Company, Boston:

Cap and Gown: Some College Verse. Chosen by Joseph La Roy Harrison.

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE



CONTENTS

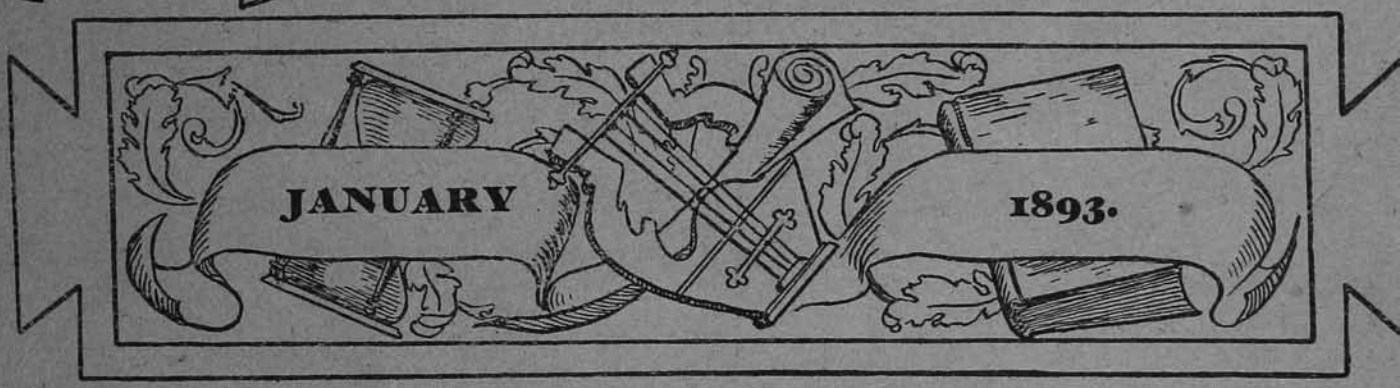
THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

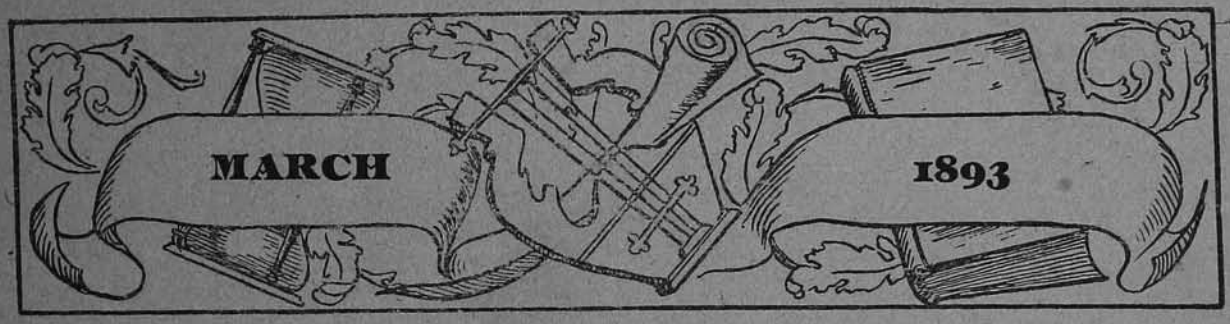


CONTENTS

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

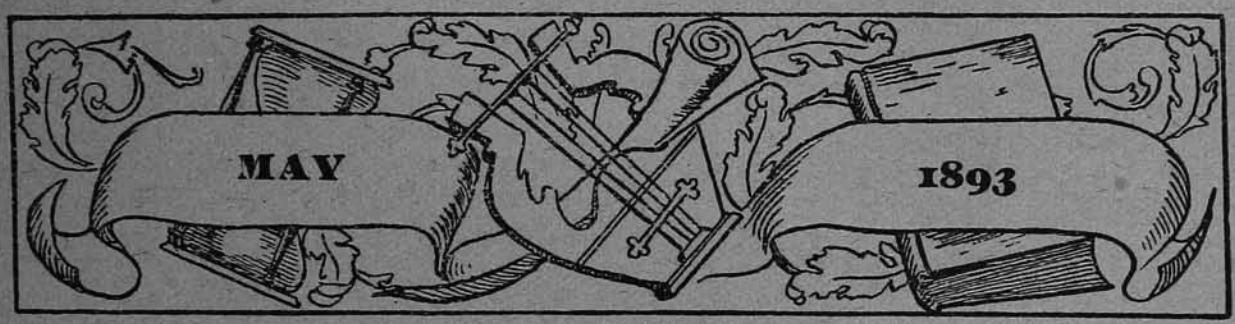


CONTENTS

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE



CONTENTS

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

CONTENTS