JENNIE McGRAW-FISKE

(From a bust in the University Library.)

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE

Published Monthly by Editors Chosen from the Senior Class of Cornell University.

VOLUME XII.

OCTOBER 1899—JUNE 1900.

ITHACA, N. Y.
1900.

INDEX.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Cornell Magazine

October, 1899

CONTENTS.

The Cornell Magazine

JENNIE McGRAW-FISKE.

S a little child I used to admire most heartily, a photograph, which my mother had, of a beautiful woman, the same photograph from which the medallion over the door of the University Library is copied. Later, when I came to Ithaca to visit, I was shown the beautiful red-roofed mansion on the hill-top, and told the sad story of its builder's death. Since I have been in the University I have noticed, time after time, inscriptions bearing the name of Jennie McGraw-Fiske, yet I find few persons who can tell me more than the simplest facts about her life. It is because I feel that we ought to know something of one who has done so much, and who hoped to do so much more for Cornell, that I have attempted for my own satisfaction to gather up from many different sources the story of Mrs. Fiske's life.

John McGraw, her father, who is known to us as the donor of McGraw Hall, began life most humbly. His father, a weaver by trade, came over from Ireland in his youth and settled near Dryden. John was early sent to work as clerk in a Dryden store. From this he went into the mercantile business and later speculated in lumber. He was a man of great business sense, and when he died left a fortune of over two millions. His first wife, Jennie's mother, was Rhoda Southworth, a daughter of John Southworth, a millionaire merchant of Dryden, and a grand-daughter of John Ellis, who was always known as the "King of Dryden."

Jennie McGraw was born in the village of Dryden, in September, 1840. Before she was seven years old, her mother died, and, shortly after, her father married a younger sister of her mother, Amelia Southworth.

When a child she was sent to a private school, taught by a Miss Bishop. The school was held in a room fitted up for the purpose in the old Southworth house, directly across the street from the McGraw homestead. The school was for the Southworth children and Jennie alone. Somewhat later she went for a short time to the Seminary at Canandaigua, which was at that time a very popular school for young ladies.

When she was about ten or eleven years old her father moved to Westchester County. From his home there he went to business in New York and Jersey City. The residence was then in a suburban place, but would to-day be within the city of New York. While the family were living in Westchester County, Jennie attended Pelham Priory, an Episcopal school for girls.

In 1857, Mrs. McGraw died and shortly afterward Mr. McGraw came to Ithaca. While here, Jennie, who had a natural fondness for study and a pure literary taste, and who, as a cousin of hers said the other day, "was always studying," continued her lessons. She was tutored in German by Professor Hart and in French by Mrs. Corson.

When she was about nineteen years old she went abroad for the first time, with the family of Mr. A. C. McGraw, of Detroit. Mr. McGraw was accompanied by his sons and his daughter Isadore, a young woman of about Jennie's age. Mr. McGraw took a house in Berlin and the family lived there for more than a year, the young people all studying together.

These few facts are all that I have been able to learn of Jennie McGraw's life until she was about twenty. Her friends and relatives speak most lovingly of that part of her girlhood which is not told by dates or names. She was a beautiful young girl, quick, vivacious, and bright. She had a most tender and loving nature, always simple and unaffected. Her girlhood was never wholly happy. She had neither brother nor sister, and hardly a memory of her own mother. Her father was kind and indulgent, but a quiet and reserved man, somewhat inclined to be severe with his lonely, sensitive child.

After the return from her first trip abroad, Miss McGraw passed several years in Ithaca. The years that she spent with her father and step-mother in the big brick house at the head of Tioga Street, were quiet and uneventful ; yet they were perhaps the most busy and useful years of her life. Many different activities occupied her ; her social duties, her studies, which she still continued with private tutors, and her charities. The opening of the University brought to Ithaca many brilliant men and women, among whom Miss McGraw found most congenial friends. With her father, she became deeply interested in the educational experiment, as it was then considered, and, a lover of books and of knowledge, she tried in every way to help the poor and struggling institution. It was her gift of chimes, since become so potent a part of Cornell life, that on opening day hung on a rude scaffold near the unfinished buildings, and, after the speeches of Ezra Cornell and his co-workers, rang out over the lake and valley the news that another University had opened. For years these bells hung in the tower of McGraw Hall, until when the Library was built they were transferred to their present place But Miss McGraw's energies were not all spent in furthering intellectual interests. She took an active part in the charitable work of the town especially that connected with her own church. The "Students' Guild," an organization for the relief of sick and needy students, found in her a friend and helper.

In 1875 she took another delightful trip abroad. This trip was doubly pleasant because it was unexpected. Mr. McGraw offered to send her and her cousin Miss Lettie McGraw and in two weeks time the young women made all their preparations and sailed with some friends of the family. In London they parted from their friends and after visiting, for a short time with acquaintances there, they started out alone. They journeyed through England and Scotland, stopping wherever and for as long a time as they wished. Then they visited France, Italy, and Spain, spending together a most happy year.

They had but recently returned to America when, in 1877,

John McGraw died, leaving his daughter a fortune of over two million dollars. The death of her father broke, for Miss McGraw, her only close tie and left her without a real home.

Before his death her father had suggested that she might some time like to build such a home as would best please her in every particular. Acting upon this suggestion she chose a site near the University, overlooking the city and the lake, and there she planned to build a most beautiful residence.

When the house was well started she went again to Europe, this time for several years. She went through Norway and Sweden, spent some time among the peasants of Normandy, stayed for a while in Switzerland, and wandered everywhere her fancy suggested. Everywhere she went she added to the collection of art works which she was gathering for the adornment of her new home. Her taste, which was exquisite, had full play here, and many marvelous and beautiful things were stored away until she should return to America.

On the fourteenth of July, in 1880, she was married at the American Legation in Berlin to Professor D. Willard Fiske.

Miss McGraw had known Professor Fiske in Ithaca. Through President White, whose warm friend he was, he had been called to the position of Librarian of Cornell University and held that position from 1868 to 1880. A remarkably versatile man, a man of strong enthusiasm, he also held other positions during his connection with the University. At one time he was Professor of the North European languages, with especial reference to the Norse and Icelandic languages, of which he was a profound student. He also taught German, and at another time gave a course in the Persian language. He was the director of the University Press, and the college periodicals of the time contain many graceful verses and bright sketches from his pen.

After their marriage, Professor and Mrs. Fiske went to Egypt in the hope that there Mrs. Fiske might regain her rapidly failing health. The trip was in vain, and, thinking that the air of home might benefit her, they sailed for

America. As she drove from the station to her husband's home on the campus, she saw for the only time the completed mansion she had so carefully planned. At the home of her husband she lived only a few weeks, full of hope and courage and of thought for others to the very last. She died September 30th, 1881, and was buried from the great house, which in life she had never entered, mourned by all Ithaca, who had loved her as a charming girl, and a true, earnest woman.

Mrs. Fiske's will, which she had made scarcely a year before her death, was characterized by the same thoughtfulness and care for others that marked her life. Relatives, both near and distant, friends and servants, all were remembered with greater or less bequests. Her church in Ithaca and the Ladies' Union Benevolent Society of Ithaca each received ten thousand dollars while the Inlet Mission received five thousand. Among various other missions she divided over a hundred thousand dollars. In memory of her grandfather, John Southworth, from whom a part of her fortune had been inherited, she left a large sum to be expended in the building and maintenance of a public library in her native town, Dryden. Cornell University, which had always interested her, was remembered most liberally in her will. For many years it had been her plan to build a hospital for the students, and for that building she left fifteen thousand dollars, with an endowment of twenty five thousand dollars. Besides this she made a bequest of fifty thousand for the improvement of McGraw Hall, and another of two hundred thousand as a library fund, the income of which was to be used in support of the library.

While the personal bequests and those made to missions and charities were probably all fulfilled as Mrs. Fiske had planned them, her other purposes, when not entirely thwarted, were in part spoiled by the selfishness of those whom she wished to benefit.

The Southworth Library was for ten years accommodated in a remodeled dwelling house on the corner of South and Union streets, in Dryden. In 1884 was completed the per-

manent home of the library, a pretty little gray stone building upon one of the principal streets of the village. From the outside the building is very attractive, its miniature clock tower and sandstone walls reminding one of a reduced copy of our own University Library. Within, the library is most attractively fitted out with reading rooms, card-catalogue, and all that goes to make a modern library pleasant and convenient. The number of volumes in the library somewhat exceeds seven thousand, all carefully selected. Unfortunately, differences of opinion among the villagers as to Mrs. Fiske's intention in excluding, from the purposes for which the funds of her gift could be used, "the salaries of officers and servants thereof," have caused a tiresome lawsuit and the closing of the library for some time. The trustees held that the people of the village should pay for the services of librarian and janitor, but they were unwilling to undertake even that small portion of the expense.

Mrs. Fiske's intended gifts to Cornell fared even more badly; the University never received any of the money from her estate. To accomplish the overthrowing of her wishes a very long and complicated lawsuit was begun which has been the subject of much spoken and written argument and explanation. Briefly, the facts are these: in January, 1883, there was a judicial settlement of the estate. In September, 1883, a petition was presented by Professor Fiske opening the decree of settlement, to which later her kinsmen, being heirs-at-law under her father's or her own will, were admitted as participants. The will was contested on two principal grounds: first, a provision in the charter of Cornell University which limited the property it might hold to three million dollars; secondly, the provision in the statute which forbade a wife, having a husband living, to bequeath more than one-half of her property to religious or benevolent purposes. The question of the amount of property already held by the University was complicated through Mr. Cornell's purchase of State land scrip and his promise to pay all profits resulting from it into the State Treasury for the University. A decision of the case favorable to the

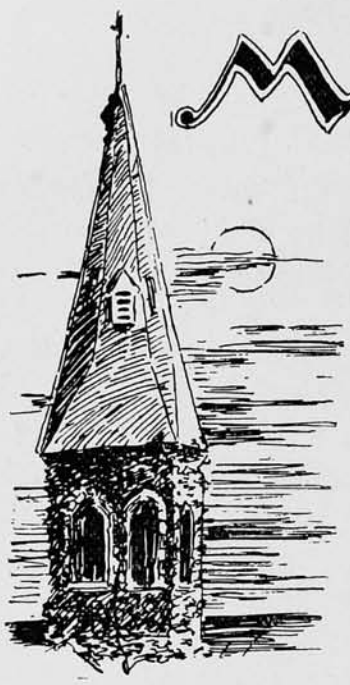
University was reached in the Probate Court in May, 1886. From this an appeal was taken to the State Supreme Court, which, in August, 1887, reversed the judgment and decided that the University had already reached the limit of the property it could hold and therefore could not take any of the property left by Mrs. Fiske. From this judgment an appeal was taken by the counsel of the University to the Court of Appeals, by which a decision, sustaining the contestants, was rendered in 1888.

Through the generosity of Mr. Sage the University was not allowed to lose the benefits of Mrs. Fiske's bequest. He built and endowed, in her memory, the large and beautifully equipped library which has become the center of Cornell academic life. Her plan for a student hospital was destined to go longer unfulfilled, but after nearly twenty years the sons of Cornell's ever-ready benefactor gave, as a memorial to their father, the beautiful Sage residence to be used as the Cornell Infirmary.

The life of Jennie McGraw-Fiske was not a life which left behind it a lasting mark, save on the hearts of those who knew and loved her best. She was not a heroine nor a great scholar, and there are few enough who will stop to think merely of a lovely woman, "full of good works which she did." Even those whom she benefited or tried to benefit will probably forget to whom honor is due, for her work was always of the self-effacing kind, and only too often entirely thwarted. Surely though, in the words that are graven beside the library door, it may be said:

"The good she tried to do shall stand as though 'twere done,
God finishes the work by noble souls begun."

Adelaide Taber Young.



Ma Felix

MY how ma chil'en was grow awp ! Ah mos' can' b'lieve ma leetly Felix was go away for der colledge—ma leetly bebbe Felix. It ain't seem like on'y tudder day ah wheeled yer in der kerridge," old Jules Tabeau had exclaimed brokenly to his son as they sat in the dingy station of the factory town waiting for the train that was to bear Felix away for his first year at college. "Ah want ma Felix ter be der mos' greadest man possibly, mebbe pres'dent. Py all means don' do naw wickedness—study like der hard work. Make ma broud of ma Felix."

The memory of his father's parting injunctions and the anticipation of the meed of praise and honor, which he hoped would be forthcoming at the end of his college course, had tided Felix over many a little crisis and period of discouragement in the first weeks of college life, when the sound of the bell in the tower of Old East reminded him of the factory bell at Rumford, and he longed to be with Babette and the rest of the happy home-circle.

Even in so short a time as one semester, the brilliant mind and extraordinary application of the little Canadian had attracted the attention of his instructors, and they had commended him for his industry. This praise had served only to spur him on to still greater efforts ; and, one day in May, Old Jules was the happy recipient of the news that Felix had won the freshman classical prize.

In his enthusiasm, Felix had looked upon the classical prize as the most worthy of freshman honors. He had thought with the attainment of this ambition would come the new dignities of a man of influence in his class ; and he

would be constrained no longer to stand timidly on the outskirts of the noisy groups of his classmates, that daily assembled in the portico of Old East to discuss ways and means of bringing low the arrogance of the Sophs. But for some reason inexplicable to Felix, this new honor seemed to remove him further from the interests and sympathies of his fellows.

Ever since the memorable game with the Sophs, when Andy Fergusson had pulled them from the jaws of defeat by his timely home-run, Felix's ideas of what was the most agreeable experience in college life had been undergoing a change. Nothing, it seemed to him now, could be equal to the pleasurable emotions engendered by a great victory on the athletic field, which one has been a great factor in winning.

To-night, as Felix climbed to his bare little room in the dormitory, he felt his isolation more keenly than ever before. On his way home from the boarding club, he had come upon a group of his classmates discussing excitedly the latest move of their rivals ; for that morning, very much to their chagrin, they had discovered the Sophomore numerals painted upon the most inaccessible part of the water-tank at the Aggie station. Felix would have joined them in their deliberations, but they had ignored his presence.

As he stooped to unlock the door to his room, he noticed for the first time, the name, "T. D. Faxon," carved in the door frame. "Faxon—Faxon" the name seemed familiar to him. To be sure, 'Teddy' Faxon, '74, the man whose name had been handed down in the traditions of the college as having *climbed the spire of the chapel, to fasten his class flag at the top.* This passing thought had left its suggestion ; and it was characteristic of Felix, that once a course of action was open to him, there could be no turning back, even if defeat were almost certain.

The moon was coming up behind the row of elms that skirted President's Row as Felix slipped quietly out of the dormitory and walked quickly in the shadow of the trees toward the chapel. He had just time to dodge behind a

buttress, when Doctor Dunham, the proctor, came around the corner of the building and stood listening, only a few yards from his place of concealment. It almost seemed to him, as if "Proddy's" sharp eyes were penetrating his hiding-place. He was relieved to see the proctor walk slowly away toward his room in Old East.

High above him shining in the moonlight, Felix could see the gilded arrow-head of the lightning-rod. What if the rod, torn from its fastening by his weight, should precipitate him to the ground. Perhaps, when he had reached the top, his strength would fail him and he would fall to be crushed on the flags below. These and other grim visions occupied his mind until he saw the light in Proddy's room had been extinguished.

Now that the time had come for the accomplishment of his purpose, Felix dispelled from his mind all the gloomy thoughts of the moment. Relieving himself of the unnecessary burden of shoes and coat he began his perilous climb, supported only by the trembling lightning-rod.

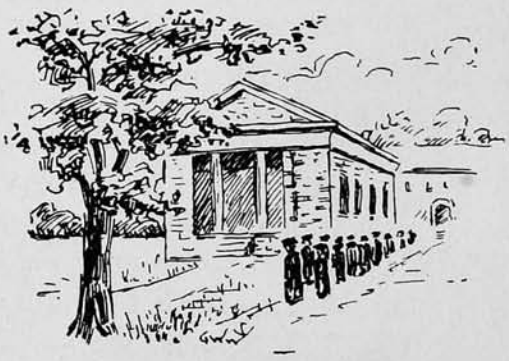
In the belfry Felix delayed a moment to rest. Below him lay the beautiful expanse of campus deserted and silent save for the watchman going his rounds, his lantern flickering in and out among the buildings like a phantom will-o'-the wisp. To-morrow in the portico of Old East they would be cheering his name.

With his hands clasped tightly about the rod, Felix swung himself lightly out of the belfry window and began his tedious ascent, stopping now and then upon some jutting stone-work to ease the terrible strain on his muscles. Finally the top of the spire was reached. Now came the most dangerous part of the undertaking. In order to fasten the flag securely to the spire, it became necessary for Felix to maintain his difficult position by entwining his legs about the rod, his hands being in constant use. Once, when he had nearly finished, the cord that he was using to tie the flag in place fell to the ground, and he was obliged to tear his handkerchief into strips to take its place. At length the class flag, over which Babette had spent so many weary hours, was waving gently in the night breeze.

"There's been something on my mind all through the exercises this afternoon, and I'm glad of this opportunity to tell about it," Andy Fergusson, the class historian said, as he finished reading the last sheet of his manuscript and turned with an air of excitement to his classmates, grouped about him in the shade of Wingate Oak. "As I was going to my room this morning after chapel, Doctor Dunham called me into his room and gave me the flag, which you will all remember as the one that was placed at the top of the chapel spire by some mysterious personage, who, through praiseworthy modesty, had until this noon kept his identity secret. Before I came here this afternoon I took up the flag again and discovered the solution of the mystery. On this bit of torn handkerchief is the name of our honored valedictorian, F. D. Tabeau."

Then, Old Jules, sitting dreamily beside Babette on one of the front benches, heard the college slogan, with *Tabeau* at the end, ring out again and again from lusty throats. He had not grasped the significance of all that he had seen and heard that day; but had been made extremely happy by each new triumph of his "leetly Felix."

Manon.



TRUANT BOY.

O, the deep, deep green beneath the sheen
Of the sun on the summer trees!
And the peeps of blue that twinkle through
The leaves blown white in the breeze!

Full stretched beneath the welcome shade
I'll dream the long day through
Of winds that sing, of songs that fade,
Far-lost in unknown blue.

A bird that gladly, madly sung,
A ripple's sudden wink,
A rough black pine that overhung
Where dragon-flies in silence swung,
And cows stepped deep to drink;
A field soft-colored as a dream,
And sheep all sunny-backed,
A rock that flashed a stolen gleam,
An azure sky, cloud-tracked;—
These have I seen this golden day,
Dreaming its fragrant hours away.

Yet if perchance some gray-grown sage
Has asked, "What has he learned?
What has he read on Nature's page?
What wisdom has he earned?"
In faith I cannot answer him
Such task—who would have dared!
I needs must cast a truant look,
And answer, "Unprepared".

John O. Dresser.

A SECRET.

HAZEN STREET.

IT was after midnight. The wick was short, and the light burned low. It shone directly upon the weary face of David Page as he sat in his chair asleep, his head resting on a table strewn with thesis slips. A ragged copy of Aristophanes lay open before him, and a White Book marked *62* in large blue figures had fallen to the floor. As the chimes struck the half-hour, the light gave a farewell flicker and went out. A mouse began to gnaw in the corner. Occasionally it crept out as far as the table and rattled the pages of the White Book. It even ventured to nibble the shoes of the dreamer.

But he did not stir. He was once more a little curly-headed boy standing by the kitchen stove watching his mother. She was frying doughnut boys and girls, with black beans for eyes.

"There, that's enough, Davy. Run along and study your lesson like a good boy. Davy be a big man some day and go to college. Maybe he be president."

The scene shifted. It was Exhibition Day at the village school. Father and mother were there looking proud and happy. His name had been called out before the whole audience and he was speaking:

"When I'm a man, a man
A lawyer I'll be, if I can
And I can."

Again he saw the old school house. This time he was graduating at the head of his class. His oration was "Success". When the little world of Shed's Corners heard it, they said, "He'll get there."

Outside a storm was rising. The mouse had crept away to its hole. The tin roof rattled and the loose, rickety win-

dows began to shake and bang. David Page awoke with a start, gazed about and went to the window. He looked out. It was black. The wind was furious. Great branches swayed to and fro helplessly. Now and then the fierce howling stopped, and the wind would begin a low wailing, a monotonous, melancholy moaning and sighing. It brought back to David Page all the bitter misery of the present. For years he had courted and worshipped fame. He had delved and drudged for her sake. Now the truth was dawning upon him, a junior, that he had mistaken inclination for talent, that he was almost stupid, that he could never be great, even to the world of Shed's Corners. The problem of existence was as dark to him as the blackness into which he gazed. If he could have just one honor. He had never been even on a C. U. C. A. committee.

HILLSIDE FARM.

"Ter think he's a keepin' it secret from us, Ezra, and that Mills boy says he's sure ter win the prize."

Ezra Page was bolting the kitchen door for the night. His hands shook more than usual. His wife sat by the window rocking and wiping her eyes on her blue checked apron. "There, Hanner, do stop. There's nothin' ter snivel over as I can see. Guess Davy 'll be took back some when we walk up after the debatin' to complerment him. 'Twill be a great joke," the old man chuckled. "But no more than he's playin' on us. It's high time we had a trip, and this is a grand chance in Davy's last year ter see Ithaca and the sights. Guess I'll wear my stove-pipe hat. 'Twill make a good impression on them perfessers."

"I would, father. Clothes do count more than they used ter. Guess I need some new mits and a new umbrell. I heerd Davy say it rains more than it ought in Ithaca, and I wouldn't want ter spile them trilliums on my bunnit."

The old man commenced to wind the kitchen clock. "Hanner, I allus told you that a feller that took ter larnin' like Davy would set the North River afire some day."

"Yis, yis, Ezra." The rocker went faster than ever. "I allers knowed he wuz a big gun ter Cornell, but ter think of his debatin' fur a prize. Speaking never did run in the family. But come ter think, how he would arger when he wuz a little chap. Seems like sometimes, he'd arger me clean out of my faculties. I do hope he'll take ter preachin'."

THE ARMORY.

The band was playing. David Page had debated for the '94 Memorial Prize with distinction. There were whispers in the audience that he had a chance of winning.

"Did ye ever heerd sech speakin?" said Hannah Page to the woman in the next seat, the wife of Professor X—. "Thet's my boy. Bryan can't be a circumstance. Suppose you know Davy. Terribl' smart. Won a state scholarship. Looks jest as my brother Henry used ter."

"There, there, Hannah."

Ezra was clutching his wife's arm excitingly.

"There go the jedges. Why, I declare fur it, if thet feller thet wuz beside me, I wuz talking ter, ain't one of 'em."

LEHIGH STATION.

"Well, Ezra, we shied out of that hall slick. I wouldn't have Davy know we wuz ter his speakin' fur the hull farm. 'Twould kill him. He looked so white and desperit like when they told the winner. Wonder why he didn't git it."

"Hanner," said Ezra Page solemnly. "I be ter blame fur that. I repeated Davy's hull history durin' music times ter thet jedge settin' next ter me. I even axed him if he thought Davy warn't a winner. I hed no business to done it. Sech things work like a jury."

L. J.

"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

O kiss the blistering edge of a hen-coop might seem at first sight to act rather absurdly. But when you do it out in the middle of the tropic ocean, with the meridian sun murdering you and the soft-soap-like water swaying your hen-coop (your only stay between the soapy water and the boiling sun) insanely back and forth, you aren't to be so very much blamed. When, moreover, you do it because in your mad solitariness you have for a time forgotten all about the girl you love and her peril off in one of the sunk vessel's leaky small boats, you aren't to be blamed at all. Yet the act itself is really rather absurd.

All this is what Mr. Cole, the narrator, does in *Dead Men Tell No Tales*, E. W. Hornung's latest book. If we were to say that Mr. Hornung in this story hasn't come up to the brilliant standard of *An Amateur Cracksman*, we should still leave room to say that he has at least in this new book produced many brilliant situations and a fairly comprehensible story.

But—did he or didn't he? *He* is Mr. Cole. He married somebody or other. That is certain. The question is, did he marry Eva Denison or some one else. It isn't easy to decide. Hornung has looked out for that. He has wilfully tried to make you puzzle over the question. This sort of thing won't help the circulation of the story, we think; people mostly like their endings cut and dried.

To some of the points:

1. When the boat was burning and was pretty soon going to blow up from its stored gunpowder, Eva looked at Cole wistfully. Now, looks of this kind are reserved for girls (Eva was a young thing) who love and would like to show it, but don't quite dare, because to reveal would be unmaidenly. Gitl, in Cahan's *Yekl*, looks "wistfully" when she is trying to find out whether Yekl loves her.

2. Miss Denison took a lot of trouble to talk with Cole in the garden, when both their lives were in danger. For this there's no motive unless she loved him.

3. She *said* she loved him because of the stalwart words which he uttered when she asked him whether he loved her well enough to give her up, if it would be for her welfare.

4. At the very tail end of his book, Mr. Hornung lets *Cole's wife* say: "Then why did you want to give me up to him?"

It seems to me these considerations make the answer plain. Yet, since the reviewers are saying that there is a doubt, don't accept my solution too confidently.

In one of the paragraphs above I referred to A. Cahan's Yekl. Jake, the Yankee cloak-maker; Yekl, the Russian blacksmith, is the name genesis that accounts for the fancy title. *Yekl* is a story of the New York ghetto. As such, sprinkled with American words dressed in Russian Jew trappings of *sh's* and *tz's*, it isn't always intelligible. Nor is it artistically and smoothly constructed. Yet its love story is very plain; and its teaching, which is nowhere formulated in definite language, is such as one often sees hinted at in a three or four line newspaper item. A bit of ghetto life caught vividly and put down roughly, it is worth notice. (D. Appleton & Co., p. 190.)

The Lion and the Unicorn (Scribner's). Davis always does his things well. You have to acknowledge that, no matter what the things are. Whether you like the sort of thing is another matter: *The King's Jackal* didn't "strip" very well, it wasn't much of a story, yet it was done well. There is a good deal more story-pabulum in the new volume, whose title comes from the first story. This was printed in the Scribner summer fiction number; the other four stories we have not seen before. Altogether, for the stories themselves and the telling of them, this book is good. Furthermore, Christy has done some illustrations that are worth looking at by themselves and are doubly worth notice in connection with the text.

If Mr. R. H. Davis does things well, and, in his new

volume, has had something to do well, Mr. Bliss Perry has done something better. His stories, *The Powers at Play* (Scribner's), have more substance and are deeper experienced; the author knows life more truly and more thoroughly. It is because of different temperaments that the two volumes are so entirely different. For ourselves, we like Mr. Perry's better. In the good old phrase, you may have a treat if you'll read the sane, coherent, spirited stories in this volume. You may possibly remember some of them, as "His Word of Honor" and "The White Blackbird," from your magazine reading. One, "The Incident of the British Ambassador," is almost precisely like Jesse Williams's "The Cub Reporter and the King of Spain," in plot; it is interesting to see the difference in the working out of the plot.

The Tory Maid, by H. B. Stimpson. (Dodd, Mead & Co., $1). The romance of the colonies is still shedding its glamor over the American author eager for a hearing. Mitchell, Johnston, Churchill, De Forest, and now Stimpson have all written overlapping stories of the Revolution, that is, stories which overlap in time. In place they vary, as you recall; Mitchell's (*Hugh Wynne*) is of Philadelphia and a fighting Quaker, Johnston's (*Prisoners of Hope*) is of the old Dominion and a deported soil-worker, Churchill's (*Richard Carvel*) is of a wealthy Maryland planter, De Forest's (*A Lover's Revolt*) is of a Massachusetts countryman. Of these, in place-setting Stimpson's comes nearest to Churchill's *Carvel*. The style is of the Hope school. A paragraph such as this which we quote from *The Tory Maid* might well come from *Zenda*: "There was a moment's hesitation and then a flash of white arms, and the softest caress—ah, such a caress that the memory of it will go with me to the grave. And then she was gone." Sentences like this last abound in these latter-day romancists, fond of love and fighting, zealous for the honor and steadfastness of their heroes and heroines. We like the cult.

"Nothing was lacking to make it truly romantic." *When Knighthood was in Flower*, page 171. (By Charles

Major, The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, p. 249). Next to *Harum* and *Carvel* in the booksales comes *Knighthood.* It is a romance of the sixteenth century, the story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor. Following pretty closely the lines of the actual historical facts, the author has yet happily given to his work all the freedom and vim of a purely imaginary story. By the autobiographical form which is almost universal in these romances, and by the still further device of having the narrator a late English descendant of the original teller, Mr. Major has deftly avoided the possible blunder of too archaic and obscure language. The text with which we started might be developed by a brief glance at some of the characters in the story and then at the incidents. Charles Brandon, HERO, poor gentleman of Henry VIII's court, is a later Bayard, an earlier Capron; he is bold, cautious, steadfast, fiery, manly, the noblest among men. Mary Tudor, HEROINE, sister of the King, is eighteen, with emotions as the Bay of Fundy, the fairest among women. The teller, Sir Edwin Caskoden, is little, truehearted, and pompous; Lady Jane Bolingbroke, his devoted, is lovable and provoking. Then there are kings and queens and dukes and such things. Among the incidents are a sharp duel in which, a father and son being first killed by a vaunted swordsman, the third opponent, a younger son, pierces the unfair coat of mail and slays the villain; a wild gallop to the coast in attempted elopement; a fierce melée on board ship when the king's sister is in male clothes; a hurried forty-league-in-twenty-four-hours ride from Paris to Dieppe. Surely "nothing was lacking to make it truly romantic."

At first I thought *The Short Line War* (By Merwin-Webster, The Macmillan Co., p. 334, $1.50) was to be another of the historical romances, set, however, in the Civil War period, like *Red Rock*, instead of in the Revolutionary War period. After finishing the first chapter, I found I had conjectured this too soon. This chapter hurries one coolly through the years 1748–1890, with brief paragraphic pauses at great-grandfather, grandfather, and father of Jim Weeks.

Then for somewhat longer pauses it gives us Jim's life from 1861 to 1890. Then comes, in the rest of the book, the main story, Jim Weeks's railroad war. After the fight at Gettysburg, where though hit Jim didn't drop but stood on till victory, he became a railroad man. As such his tenacity counted. Through this story of one of his many railroad fights the author leads one with breathlessly brisk jumps that are as exhilarating as the morning cold tub. Yet the style is, we fear, that of the journalist rather than that of the novelist; the book is a decidedly good extended sketch. A two-generationed love story goes along with the battle for the control of the M. & T. road. Pardon one little quotation: "He took the note out of his pocket and read it through twice, and then smoked over it comfortably for some time before he began vaguely to wonder why Mr. McNally didn't come back. Five minutes later he glanced at his cigar ash. It was an inch and a half long. 'That means twenty minutes,' he said thoughtfully, and then it dawned on him that things had happened which were not down on the schedule." A good many things happen in this book which are not down on the schedule.

In a former issue we said that authors often use adverbs in reporting conversations to bring out the character of personages in the story. *The Fowler*, a new novel by Beatrice Harraden, bearing Dodd, Mead & Co.'s imprint, frequently shows this device. In the very first chapter an old-young man, not yet named, twice speaks "quietly" in response to rather excited women. This mode of speaking, under such circumstances, limits his character for all time.

The Fowler begins well. A good beginning means much; two-thirds of the popularity of *Harum* depends on its beginning. *The Fowler* continues well. It is positive and well organized. The characters, particularly the women, talk in energetic jerks like this: "I think you are a nasty, selfish, ungrateful, unreasonable, and wicked monster. I am ashamed of you." To which the man replies "Thank you, my dear, for chiding me. I deserve it." Which citations go to show that a philosopher in feeble health is but a

pillow in the hands of The Nurse—something to be well shaken up. Further: "Upon my word, I do think you are one of the densest people I ever met. I can't see where your intelligence comes in. I suppose you use it all up for your books." Still further: "All the intellectual people I have ever met have been entirely without a gleam of intelligence, but you are the worst. However, as I said before, let us trust that they put it into their books—though I doubt it! If they do, of course that is another matter. For one can't eat one's cake and have it." The dialogue, then, makes this book very readable.

By Mr. George S. Hilton's book, *The Funny Side of Politics* (G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, p. 315), we are impressed anew with the futility of interspersing printed speech with "laughter" and "great laughter". The volume consists mainly of anecdotes and illustrations, that, told in Congress, have caused our national lawmakers to laugh. We realize only too well from numbers of the selections that a good anecdote depends far more on the teller than on the story itself; that a cold bracketed "laughter" doesn't take the place of a smile or a gesture. Nevertheless, we may find much to be amused at in the volume and much to learn. Two things only have we room for, both interesting us in their light on Diction: "A man from Nebraska complained to me that electricity has 'dehorsetized' the horse, and he was wanting a law passed by which the horse could be 'rehorsetized'" Another man, a farmer, unable to sell wood one year to Senator Palmer of Illinois, who had taken to using soft coal, complained thus: "'Gosh! I heard you was trying to demonetize silver, and now you are trying to defuelize wood.'"

Except for *The Funny Side of Politics*, all the books thus far mentioned are fiction. Six other books which we are to notice may be glimpsed together. One is Mr. Grant Allen's *European Tour* (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The writer is rather strenuous in advocating a year abroad for a young fellow who's just ready for college; if a choice is necessary, the foreign year will be better than the college

year—so thinks Mr. Allen. He naturally would. It is his business to write books that are midway between Baedeker and Britannica; they furnish one compactly all that's essential regarding the history, arts, buildings of any specific European city. In the book in question one is taken neatly through the Continent and England. This much may be said for the author: if you don't agree with his point of view, you'll at least like the quality of his work. Another is Mr. Robert Grant's *Search-Light Letters* to "A Young Man or Woman in Search of the Ideal", "A Modern Woman with Social Ambitions", "A Young Man wishing to be an American", and "A Political Optimist". (Scribners.) A third is Mr. William P. Trent's *The Authority of Criticism*, and other essays. (Scribners.) The fourth is *China*, in the "Story of the Nations" series, of which we last year called attention to *Austria*, by Sidney Whitman. *China* is done by Robert K. Douglas; he leaves the earlier period of that country to a later volume, in this one covering the time from Marco Polo on. This book is from the Putnams, as is Emerton's *Desiderius Erasmus*, in the "Heroes of the Reformation" series. Both *China* and *Erasmus* are of the substantial stamp that characterizes the Putnam books. The sixth is Mr. W. B. Cairns's *Introduction to Rhetoric* (Ginn & Co., Boston, p. 270). Not trying to startle any one by alarmingly new treatment of his subject, Mr. Cairns has, nevertheless, done well to print this book. It is a sane and sensible presentation in well-proportioned compass of certain fundamentals that the beginner is not likely to find stated quite so clearly and sensibly elsewhere.

Lastly we note the latest issues in the Doubleday and McClure "Studies of Great Authors" and "Little Masterpieces." The books in both these series we quite approve of: the selections are well made, texts are given complete, the typography and binding are neat, the form is exceedingly handy. The present volumes are Lamb, Thackeray, and DeQuincey in "Little Masterpieces", and "Philosophers and Scientists", "Novelists", "Poets", and "Historians and Essayists" in "Studies of Great

Authors". Look at one of the volumes, say, Lamb. The "editor's introduction" surprises you by the delightfully veiled and thus cutting way in which it disposes of the "Particular Characteristics", taught by the laboratory method in Mr. Clark's *A Study of English Prose Writers* (nowhere mentioned at all by title, you may be sure, in Mr. Bliss Perry's paragraphs). Then you find the Editor's conception of the function of his volume: "It is meant to be slipped into the pocket and pulled out when one feels like reading Lamb." Joy and delight that the publishers are doing such things as this for us nowadays, joy and delight that we may thus have our Lamb and our Thackeray, our Irving and our Hawthorne.

C. R. Gaston.

NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

It was noon of a hot day in July. All morning the men had worked, stopping only now and then to wipe the sweat from their foreheads, or to call the boy with the dipper and water-pail. The telephone wires were being put under ground. There had been much delay, but at last the work was underway and the men were kept busy every minute.

When the noon bell struck, pick-axes and shovels were quickly dropped and just as quickly dinner-pails were taken up. A whole hour for rest. How good it seemed! Jack Derrigan gave a sigh of relief. The first thing to do, of course, was to find a shady spot where the noon meal might be partaken of in comfort. He looked around with scrutinizing eyes. Ah, yes, there was the very place. That house over there whose front door looked as if kept for Sunday use only was supplied with a back door. This was located but a short distance from the sidewalk, as if it would say even to Sunday callers "You can just as well use me; I'm nice and handy here, only a few feet from the street." Leading up to the door was a cement walk and this walk, shaded both by the house and by large trees, would form an excellent resting-place.

Jack walked slowly towards it. He must try to make this an hour of unalloyed rest, though thoughts of his little brother sick at home would keep presenting themselves, try as he might to think of other things. He established himself comfortably and opened his dinner-pail. There was cold bread and meat and, as an extra treat, jelly, which he could spread on the crackers. Jack appeared well pleased with the fare. That was surely enough for anybody. Just then another of the laborers, an old man with a gray beard came along. "Any room for me, Jack?"

"Sure, Tim, ye didn't be supposin' I'd need all this place fer meself. Sit down man. Ye're clane gone too, I'm thinkin'."

"That's a fact, we've been at it stiddy till our bones ache." And thus the conversation went on, interrupted only

by an occasional pause when one or the other would stop to take a bite. Jack was glad of company. It kept his thoughts away from home.

Presently a woman passed them with a bicycle which she proceeded to wheel up to the front steps. Leaning it against the house she then turned around and looked at the men who had presumed to occupy her walk. She looked steadily for about a minute, then went in through the front door. By this time the good-natured Irishmen began to perceive that they were evidently in the way.

"Come on Tim," Jack said, "I guess she's after wantin' to take the velocipede in. We're in her way," and having put the remainder of his lunch back into his pail, he rose and walked along. Tim stopped long enough to finish his meal, then he too started. Jack had sat down upon the curbing of the next yard, so Tim joined him.

Jack looked at the house they had just left. Yes, sure enough the woman had come out and was wheeling the bicycle along to the back door. "Well, that's all right," thought Jack, "only she needn't 'a looked at us so almighty hard. How could we've known she lived there," and he turned to resume his conversation with Tim.

For a few minutes they talked on. Jack had apparently forgotten the remainder of his lunch. Slowly a smile began to dawn o'er old Tim's countenance. "Say, Jack," he exclaimed, "we must 'a made a terrible muss down there. The old lady's out a sweepin' off after us." He gave his friend a sly wink.

Jack wasn't feeling quite so good-natured, however. "She might 'a waited till we went back to work," he muttered, pulling off the cover of his dinner-pail with great energy.

Just then the door of the house in front of which they were sitting opened and a gray-haired old lady announced succinctly, "There's a lot of hot coffee in here. If you'll step in, I'll have some ready for you in a minute." Would they step in? It didn't take the old lady long to find out, for the men rose before her speech was fairly ended. Coffee! They'd feel better for it all the afternoon. Why, they needed something good and hot to give them energy

and strength. Till he was taken sick Jack's little brother had always brought him something hot at noon. Both men welcomed the invitation and gave material evidence of their appreciation of the coffee. After they had drunk their fill, they proceeded, with many words of thanks, to the curbing again.

By this time the woman next door had come out with a pail of water and a long-handled brush, and was carefully scrubbing the former resting place of the two Irishmen. Jack watched her contentedly and with a kind of grim amusement.

The one o'clock bell rang. Jack and Tim rose quickly, ready for work. "The Lord be praised" said Jack looking at the woman who was still scrubbing vigorously, "all women ain't her sort."

E. W. J.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF PARENTAL FAIRNESS.

I shall never forget the morning in my young boyhood when I tasted my brother John's cup of coffee. I had always thought it would taste exactly like mine. Imagine my youthful astonishment when I found there was a good deal more cream in brother's cup and quite a little more sugar than in mine. With a dazed feeling of the uncertainty of earth, I tasted again my own generous cup and could scarcely believe it possible that the just and impartial mother, in what I had always considered her absolute equality of distribution, could put more cream and more sugar in brother's cup than in mine. Since then I have learned that few of us are infallible.

PERTURBED.

The blank lines at the top of the blue book had all been filled out with unusual precision. This I noticed as I stood in the aisle answering questions.

Subject of the examination.....English.
Number of the course.....Entrance.
Date of examination.....June 14, 1898.
Signature of the student.....Susan Emily Wills.

Having gone thus far alone and with assurance, the girl paused, perturbed. Sub-freshmen generally worry when they reach the second of the headings; they are unable to decide what "course" entrance English is. But Miss Wills had safely filled out all the headings with tranquility, even with an admirably poised understanding.

Yet now she was in doubt. Appealingly she glanced at the instructor and, conscious of the minutes that were fleeting, breathed, solicitously: "Don't you furnish paper to write on?"

"Why, you write in that book."

"Oh."

Possibly a few other of the troubled queries may be edifying:

"Do we need to put anything in here?"

"I want to go into the Classical Course. Do I write that there?"

"Shall I write English here again?"

"Must I put anything here?"

"Do I leave that blank?"

ON B——R STREET.

"Sor–r–r?"

The query came in the unmistakable deep-toned, vibratory, old-man voice, the voice of him whom one sees shuffling along the streets with his swinging tin pail in one hand, his pick or his shovel over his shoulder.

The room whence the query strode forth bore out the Irish-old-man theory. It was a box-sized room, slant ceilinged, dormer windowed, scant. It was a stuffy, clay-pipish smelling room with a bed, a wash-stand, and one chair. In the half-dark I couldn't see what the bed was like; probably it had straw ticking. The voice came from a face which was deep in the dark, an outlined round lump against the white counterpane and pillow. Its owner's clothes were scattered about near the door, there being distinguishable only a nondescript bluish jumper and a single, stained, ill-smelling sock.

When, jarred by the exasperated voice, I came to bethink myself, I remembered that she who let me in down-stairs at the front door, obviously the daughter of the house, looked as if she might be of Irish forbears. I remembered, too, that she had told me that Mr. H's room was the "second door on the right up-stairs." Apparently she counted number one as the door in the *front* of the up-stairs hall. The hall takes a sharp turn. Not noticing a door before the turn, I had counted the second after the turn. Consequently, when I demanded boldly with a sounding thwack on the door: "Are you there, Charlie?" I was met with an aroused, reproving, non-comprehending "Sor–r–r."

G.

A SUMMER MEMORY.

I KNOW a little mountain-circled lake
  Where I have idled many an hour away,
Drifting upon its bosom, half-awake,
  Watching the sunbeams o'er its wavelets play ;
Breathing the sweetly-scented summer air,
And dreaming day-dreams, free from every care.

Or when from out the sky the full moon shone
  Unclouded, or perchance by vapors thin
Half-veil'd, I'd drift again,—and not alone,—
  And idly thrum upon my mandolin,
And hear the answering notes of a guitar
Awake the echoes o'er the lake afar.

But now, alas ! those golden hours are sped,
  And live again only in memory ;
Yet the remembrance of those pleasures fled
  Through all the future will abide with me.
O come again, ye days of careless ease—
Come once again, ye nights of melodies !

F. Monroe Crouch.

TOM JONES AND HIS ACQUAINTANCES.

AT this time when the literary world is suffering from a deluge of character sketches and psychological novels, it may be interesting and perhaps refreshing to take a retrospect of a century and a half and examine briefly the delineation of character in what may, I think, justly be called the first great English "novel of manners"—that ever fresh, ever charming and ever entertaining work of fiction, "Tom Jones." Without further and more elaborate introduction, then, I shall rapidly discuss the most important of the *dramatis personae* in Fielding's masterpiece.

"Tom Jones" is especially noted for its mysterious and intricate, yet, withal, skilful plot—a plot which Coleridge's famous verdict ranks with that of "Oedipus Tyrannus" and with that of Dryden's "Alchemist" as the best three plots in the world's literature. Yet, though we may say that the telling of the story is the main thing in the book, character-drawing plays an important part in "Tom Jones," though on the whole we may say that it is subordinated to the telling of the story.

And the first thing that strikes us in regard to the persons in the novel is their reality. They are no puppets—they are creatures of flesh and blood like ourselves. Some have been inclined to call Fielding's character-drawing superficial. Leslie Stephen opposes this view, saying: "Fielding's great novels . . . . are intended, in our modern jargon, as genuine studies in psychological analysis." Let us look somewhat closely at a few of the more important people in "Tom Jones." It is natural to begin with the hero, or rather, with the person who "plays the title role"; for Mr. Stephen says, in another place in his essay, that Fielding's "stories, like 'Vanity Fair,' may be described as novels without a hero." Even if this statement is not true, it is an open question whether Mr. Jones, though nominally

a hero, is a hero *de facto.* Certainly heroic standards are of no very exalted character if he can satisfy them. What qualities must a real hero possess? Mere physical strength and manly beauty are not the only essentials. Some moral and mental attributes are necessary. Lofty ideals and right principles, and a life lived as nearly as possible in accordance with these ideals and principles—these are what makes a man a hero. A hero in this sense Tom Jones assuredly is not. A real hero, too, must command our respect and admiration, not demand our pity; though he may and should excite our sympathy. There is no doubt that Tom Jones does the latter two: it is equally indubitable that he does not do the first. Who can respect or admire a man who is so given to the gratification of a brute appetite as he is—who is saved from being a libertine only by the lack of cruelty and calculation in his make-up? Who can respect or admire a man who is so devoid of honor that he can allow himself to be supported by his mistress? It is true that he is placed in trying situations—under extraordinary temptations; but the soul of a real hero could resist them. Ah, Tom, Tom! you have your good qualities—you are kind, brave, generous, magnanimous, tender-hearted to a fault; but you lack the constancy—the moral courage to be a hero. We like you despite your failings, and we are glad to see you happy at last after so many misfortunes; but we cannot look up to you. You are too human; there is not enough of the divine about you. But it is this human quality which Fielding has so well succeeded in imparting to him that makes him seem a real man if not a real hero. We can understand the man perhaps, better than we could the hero. And in making him so perfectly natural, Fielding manifests his art. But so much for the "hero" who is not a hero.

Who that has read "Tom Jones" can ever forget Sophia Western—Sophia, the beautiful, chaste, lovable, loving, tender, yet resolute, heroine? If the hero cannot command our respect and admiration, the heroine most emphatically can. It is only the knowledge, we had almost

said, that it is impossible for humanity to attain absolute perfection that prevents us from calling her a perfect woman. This is, perhaps, an extravagant estimate ; but one thing is certain—the sex would be better to-day if they conscientiously imitated the model of true womanhood set for them in Sophia Western. She has many virtues, and but very few faults. An exalted idea of filial duty is one of her most prominent traits ; but it will not allow her to become a slave to her father's wishes. She obeys him gladly in everything reasonable and natural ; but she will not sacrifice her happiness forever, by marrying a man whom she detests, in order merely to gratify her father's selfish ambition to aggrandize the family wealth, no matter with what misery to his daughter. And when the crisis comes—when she must either flee from her father's house or be forced to obey his commands, she has resolution enough to adopt a course which she considers right—to choose the former alternative. For this action she deserves, not condemnation, but commendation. And during her flight and her subsequent sojourn in London, she preserves an admirable dignity and courage.

Sophia, too, is thoroughly modest, as her actions and her frequent blushes show. She does nothing that is not maidenly, although some think that she is too eager to throw herself at Jones—that she yields too suddenly and unreservedly in the end. But it takes all of Tom's earnest vows and supplications and a good deal of paternal authority on Squire Western's part in seconding her lover's appeals, before she consents to the marriage. As to her chastity, in an age when more women lacked it than possessed it, no breath of slander ever comes near that, though it so narrowly escapes being violated by an unscrupulous plot. Tom Jones swears to his idol's virtue, and we can believe him, with the knowledge we have of her character. And we must not forget to number among her good qualities the fidelity with which she defends her mother's memory from the vile and unmanly language of her father, even at the risk of enraging the latter.

And Sophia is no lifeless model of virtue. It is true that she is the most idealized character,—with the possible exception of Squire Allworthy, of whom we shall have something to say later,—in the book ; but she is real for all that —infinitely more real than many of the women in fiction who have been copied after her. Truly, in Sophia Western, Fielding has created a *living* paragon of womanhood. Her almost only fault is, perhaps, her lack at times of self-assertion ; but her flight from home proves that she does, after all, possess some spirit.

And now as regards the minor characters ; how natural they, too, appear ! Can we not see Squire Western, the gruff, coarse, illiterate, blustering, unreasonable, irascible, yet kind-hearted and courageous country magnate, with his queer speech and prejudices ; Partridge, the simple, ignorant, pedantic, scheming, cowardly, faithful "companion", with his ever ready scraps of Latin ; Lady Bellaston, the selfish, intriguing, sensual, fashionable "demirep" ; Honour, the foolish, ridiculous, calculating maid ; Molly Seagrim, Black George, the landladies ; can we not see them all living before our eyes as we read ? It is our own fault, not Fielding's, if we cannot. He has made them real. But we purposely omitted Squire Allworthy and Blifil from the list, for a good reason. They seem to be personifications, rather than persons. Allworthy is ideal, not real—"a type rather than a character." Fielding wanted to honor his friends and benefactors, Lyttleton and Allen, by holding up their virtues to the public eye. He accomplished his purpose by amalgamating their virtues to form the character of Squire Allworthy. The result may have been flattering to the gentlemen above mentioned ; but Allworthy suffers in naturalness from the process. "He remains," says Mr. Austin Dobson, "always a little stiff and cold in comparison with the 'veined humanity' around him."

Blifil, too, is an "ideal" creation, if we can use the adjective in a distorted sense to imply the consummation of baseness. (We might liken him to the devil, if we were not afraid of insulting His Satanic Majesty.) Certainly his

villainy is diabolic. Earth is not the place for such vile hypocrisy and black ingratitude as his. But we cannot slander mankind by thinking of him as a human being. Fielding himself would not have cast such a reflection on humanity by intending him for a real person, had it not been that he considered hypocrisy, deceit, and ingratitude as the most loathsome vices in the world. This attitude of mind led him to exaggerate when he came to paint Blifil—hence the latter's unnaturalness. Mr. Austin Dolson thus admirably sums up this character : "Fielding seems to have welded Blifil together, rather than to have fused him entire, and the result is a certain lack of veri-similtude, which makes us wonder how his pinchbeck professions and vamped-up virtues could deceive so many persons."

From the foregoing discussion we see that in the novel Fielding has studied character truly and faithfully, and has given us a definite and accurate impression of his persons as living creatures. Or, if the reader is still in doubt, let him get the book and read it, and I am sure that he will then agree with me. And if anyone who has not yet been introduced into the entertaining circle of Tom Jones and his friends—and enemies—shall be persuaded by these few remarks of mine to make their acquaintance, I shall consider my efforts well rewarded.

F. Monroe Crouch.

THE APSE OF CHAPEL.

[*Courtesy of Alumni News.*]

ENRICHMENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY CHAPEL.

THE fitting acknowledgment of the many gifts to Cornell University, by the late Henry Williams Sage, is the important addition to the Chapel in the form of a memorial apse in which he and his wife lie buried.

Before this enrichment, the chapel was a plain, wooden cruciform structure. A second bay has been added to each transept and a semi-octagonal apse at the rear, which enlargement restores the cruciform plan.

The arches, supporting the double gabled roof, are all carried upon two pillars one on either side of the nave. In this way, the architect, Professor Charles Babcock, has given an air of great spaciousness to the interior, thus affording from all points an uninterrupted view of the elaborately enriched apse, which is the most prominent feature of the enlarged chapel.

At the opening of the college year, one half of the important scheme of decoration in the apse is completed, that is, the ceiling in Venetian mosaic, on which the workmen have been engaged during the entire summer.

The decorations, designed by Mr. Chas. R. Lamb, have been carried out by him, with the assistance of his wife, Ella Condie Lamb, his brother, Frederick S. Lamb, and his friend, Mr. Chester Loomis, an old Cornell man, who was requested to associate himself with the work.

The half-dome of the apse is also a decoration in mosaic; the triangular spaces between the ribs are filled with great figures of angels outlined in gold, on a ground of intense blue. The angels stand among the branches of a conventional vine, the grapes of which are inlaid with silver. The composition as a whole represents the Triumph of the Cross.

The divisions of the half-dome have been given by the architect, and have been frankly recognized by Mr. Lamb.

But in the eight feet of wall space between the windows, and the marble bench which surrounds the apse, an awkward problem confronted the decorator. The ribs of the half-dome are supported upon corbelled pilasters, which do not descend lower than the sills of the windows. This left the angles of the lower wall to be treated by the decorator according to his best judgment.

A similar problem occurred in St. Thomas Church, New York City, where the decorator, Mr. LaFarge, carried his pictorial treatment along both sides, without in any way recognizing the angles, as though he would hang a piece of tapestry. The appearance of solidity of the wall has been destroyed, and, as there is nothing to guide the eye to the proper perspective centres, the whole composition is disturbed and broken up. Mr. Lamb has avoided such an unfortunate result and in doing so has converted a blemish into an additional beauty. He has cut off the angles by panels one-third the width of the intervening spaces, and in each of these panels, has placed a standing figure, which is carried down the lines of the ribs and the supporting pilasters.

The larger compartments are filled by groups of three figures each, separated from the single figures by pairs of slender saplings, which convey the idea of a grove. The upright lines of the figures and the trees divide the space rythmically and emphasize and enrich the architectural ordonnance.

This wall decoration plays an important part also in the color scheme. The golden sky, back of the figures, focuses, as it were, the lines of gold in the mosaics of the half-dome, and the dark green of the floor is echoed in the foliage that fills the greater part of the background. In the figures themselves, there is no discordant note. Everything is kept in a single, rich, but sober key, and is appropriate to the uses for which the building is designed. As the University is not dominated by any religious body, it was decided that the decorations should symbolize the secular as well as the religious education.

The left hand group of figures represents the Sciences: Astronomy between Biology and Physics. The right hand group is that of the Arts: Architecture, standing for all the plaster arts, between Literature and Music. The central figure of Philosophy, supported by two genii, lifts his eyes from the scroll which they hold, to Religion, as typified by the ceiling figures already described. The single figures between the groups are "Man" and "Woman", "Truth" and "Beauty."

The tombs of white marble will slightly rise above the dark green marble floor of the apse, and be marked with the personal names and dates. Between them, a wreath of oak leaves and ivy, the old symbols of "Strength" and "Remembrance," encloses the date 1899. The inscription inserted in gold mosaic in the marble floor in front of the tombs reads as follows:

In this Apse
Erected by the Trustees to his memory, rests
Henry Williams Sage
with his wife
Susan Linn Sage.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XII. October, 1899. No. 1.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly during the college year. Subscription price, $1.00, payable in advance; $1.25 after January 1, 1900. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address all books for review and all matter for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief*, 120 Oak Ave., Ithaca; business communications to the *Business Manager*, 132 Blair St. Printed by Andrus & Church.

Entered at the Post Office, Ithaca, N. Y., as second-class matter.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE first issue of the Cornell MAGAZINE will be sent to everyone. All those who do not wish to subscribe will confer a favor upon us by marking the copy refused and returning it to Andrus & Church.

Attention is drawn to the fact that the MAGAZINE is to be illustrated this year by one of the best artists of the student body.

The leading article of the next issue will be an illustrated account of a Cornell man's experience as a hobo, which should interest all.

The MAGAZINE is the only literary publication in the University, and the price has this year been reduced to $1.00 that it may be within the reach of all.

E. G. CHEYNEY, *Business Manager.*

Physicians' Directory.

W. H. LOCKERBY,

Specialties, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and intubation of the Larynx. Office. 24 E. Seneca St. Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone F 162.

ELMA GRIGGS.

Office and Residence, 109 E. Seneca St. Telephone, 145. Regular hours.

JOHN BEERS HAWES, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence, 12 E. Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 145.

EUGENE BAKER, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. 10 West Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 2 to 4 and 8 to 9 p.m. Telephone connections.

DR. DAVID WHITE,

Hours 1.30 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m. Office, 56 E. State St. Residence 201 Prospect St. Telephone at residence.

EDWARD MEANY, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office over Post Office. Office hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. Telephone, 176 B and 176 F.

CHARLES P. BEAMAN, M.D.,

Office on cor. opposite Post Office. Hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4 and 7-8 p. m. Residence, 506 E. Seneca St. Telephone, residence, 184; office, 184 B. Surgeon to Cornell Football Team.

CHAUNCEY P. BIGGS, M.D.,

Office, Ithaca Trust Co. Building (second floor); residence, 17 E. Buffalo St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.; Sundays, 4 to 5 p. m. Telephone 143 F.

DR. PAUL R. Brown,

139 E. State St. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 189 F.

JOHN WINSLOW, M.D.,

Office and Residence northwest corner East Seneca and Quarry Sts., always open. Regular hours, 8 a. m., 2 to 4 and 6 to 7.30 p. m. Telephone.

DENTISTS.

DRS. J. B. & F. B. HOWE,

1 and 11 Bates Block, Aurora St., Ithaca, N. Y.
Telephone 18 B.

H. B. HAMILTON,

Dentist.
73 East State Street.
Hours. 9 to 12, 1.30 to 5.

DR. C. J. McCLURE,

Dentist.
Opposite New Ithaca Hotel.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

THE ALBERT TEACHERS' AGENCY,

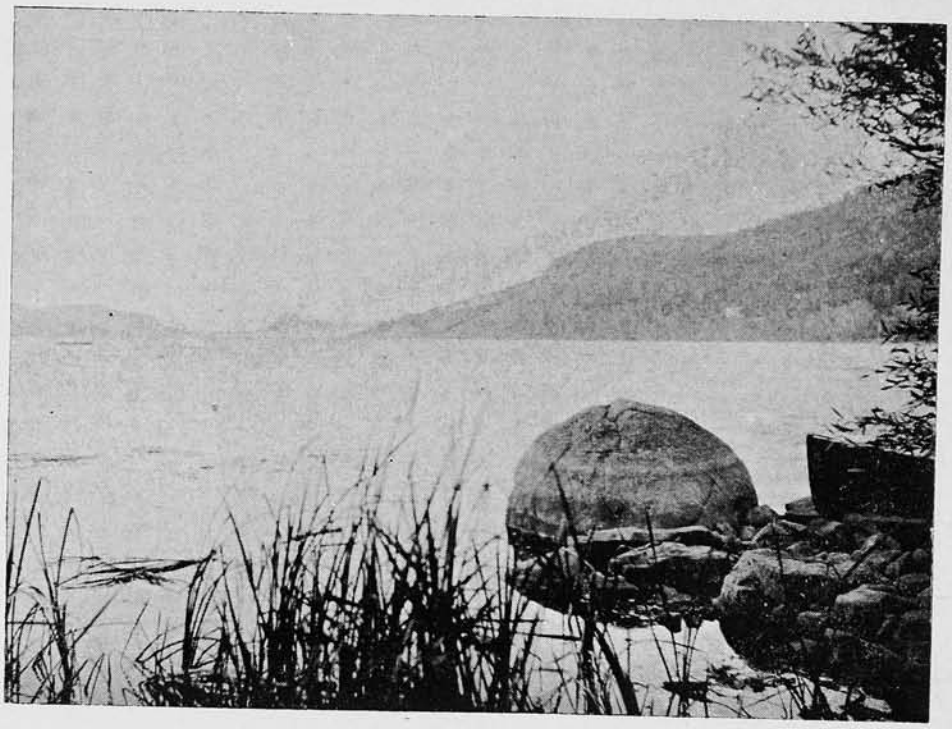
Central Music Hall, Chicago. Established fourteen years. We have frequent opportunities of filling sudden and unexpected vacancies at this time of the year. Address
C. J. Albert, Manager.

IF you are a teacher seeking advancement and worthy of it, or if you have had no experience but want to be a teacher, and if you know how many places the School Bulletin Agency filled, and how it filled them, you would register in it, and keep registered. Illustrations and testimonials sent on application.
C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1899

Sunday Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. Leave Ithaca at 12.15 noon, and 9.30 p. m. Arrive at Ithaca, 7 a. m. and 5.10 p. m.



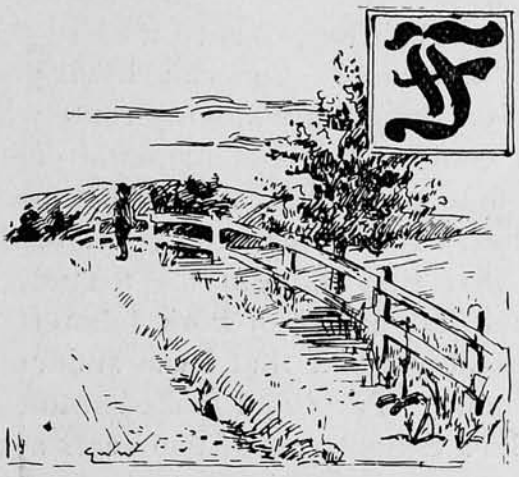
COUNCIL ROCK, ON THE "GLIMMER GLASS."

CORNELL MAGAZINE

IN THE VALLEYS.

FROM CAMPUS TO BEET-FIELD.

Sugar beet camp on the
Susquehanna, nine miles west of Binghamton,
Saturday evening, June 24, 1899.



FROM Ithaca and the lake country I have come into the valley of the Susquehanna, and found employment in the beetfields of the Beet Sugar Co., of Binghamton. I am now sitting at one of the long pine tables under the dining tent. Outside, the rain falls steadily and ever and anon a gust of wind stirs the old maples overhead, sending a shower of heavy drops beating down upon the canvas roof. The camp is deserted save by the cook and two boys, the workers having gone up to Binghamton to draw their week's wages.

Now let me return to the beginning and relate how I happen to be here. I left Ithaca last Monday morning and started on my tramp eastward. Such a trip had long been appealing to me, and appeals at some time or other, I believe, to every man and woman. It offered promise of roving through field and forest, over country road, through village and city. It meant a view of new scenes, new persons, new occupations, and better than that, I confess, an oppor-

tunity for a short time to fight for a living. In addition there was the desire, fostered probably by reading Mr. Wyckoff's, *The Workers*, to see personally what chances a man has to obtain work. In every respect the trip bids fair to fulfill all its promises.

The morning of the start was bright and warm; with curiosity and but few, if any, misgivings for the future, I swung out along East State street till it melts into the country highway leading to Slaterville Springs—and to the Hudson. The farmers were making their morning journey into the city with produce and many of them greeted me with a bow and a genial word; one of them, riding in a good looking buggy, even called out, "I'd give you a lift, if you were goin' the other way." At another time a wagon with a half dozen laborers and their tools passed me and the driver volunteered, "Goin' our way? You can ride if you are." He was turning off to Brookton while my route was straight ahead, so that I could not accept his kind offer. These incidents I mention to show the attitude men took toward me this *first* morning. It was pleasant yet it made me, unwillingly, believe that they thought me a student out on a short tramp rather than an out-of-work laborer.

It was here where the road forks off that I was suddenly surprised by hearing my name. Turning I looked into the smiling face of a Cornell Law School man of two years ago, bicycling to Ithaca and to the Senior festivities; the first of the Cornellians that it seems I am destined to meet.

It was a quarter of ten as I passed out of Slaterville Springs, after inquiring the way to Lisle at the village blacksmith's. The road was heavily matted with dust and the sun was beginning to beat down with all his summer strength, so that I was glad that I had decided to carry neither pack nor parcel. It would have been a useless burden, and, I find, highly "unprofessional" of a man "on the road." Without a pack, I cannot, of course, have a change of underwear, but there is plenty of water for a daily bath, and plenty more in the streams to wash my week's laundry, with heavens full of sunlight to dry the clothes.

The necessaries of the trip I carry in the pockets of my heavy jacket,—a piece of soap, a comb, handkerchief, razor and small mirror, needles, pins, some court-plaster, half a dozen quinine pills, and twenty-five cents—the last taken upon the solicitation of my family who pleaded that it would be needed for writing material; but who really, I suspect, feared I should starve.

Under a wide spreading apple tree I ate at noon a part of my lunch, taken to furnish subsistence till I should get beyond the neighborhood of Ithaca where I feared questioning farmers. Shortly after, beyond Caroline, I overtook my first "road acquaintance." He was passing a country school-house whose bell was ringing for the afternoon session. He himself, a Whittier barefoot boy, was not going to school, but to mend the fence in the sheep pasture. For him and his bright chat I shall always have a cosy corner in my memory.

(It's too dark to write more. My humble rôle hardly permits my asking the cook for a lantern, a privilege belonging only to the boss More in the morning.)

Sunday morning.

Leaving the barefoot boy, I stopped at a farmhouse pump. A farmer working in the yard spoke to me, and talked at length about farming, telling me, among other things, that I might get a job with a man named Jones about a mile that side of Richford. From the first he seemed to take it for granted that I was looking for work, regretting with friendly solicitude that I was a little early for haying, and thereby set at rest my misgivings that I was carrying a student atmosphere about me.

Beyond a turn in the road, I rested in the shade while a country lad of social nature stood in the sunlit road for fully half an hour and gave me a child's history, treating of subjects ranging from his grandfather's business to the location of his swimming hole. He was going to Richford and volunteered to guide me and point out Mr. Jones's farm. We saw my prospective employer in the barnyard. To this man I now made my first application for work, hailing him from the road, "Do you want a hand?"

A shake of his gray beard and a brief, pointed "nope" sent us on again to Richford, where my companionable guide and I parted company.

A high, steep hill takes the road to Lisle out of Richford. While I was resting before making the ascent, a tramp who figures later, passed by on his weary way, and afforded me my first view of one of my kindred. I made the ascent and before long overtook him. He had just finished a newspaper lunch, and walked a mile with me but with little conversation, when I spied a farmhouse with all the appearances of a good place to rest for the night. A little creek ran below the road (a good place to bathe I thought, if I could get work here), next came a meadow, and then the unpainted house and barns, surrounded by trees.

(One of the boys at the end of the table is playing "There'll be a hot time in the old town" on a harmonica. He is about eighteen, comes from Pennsylvania, and is drifting about accompanied by his brother of fifteen or sixteen. "Sweet Marie" and the "Wearing of the Green" follow in quick succession.)

I left my tramp and asked a boy at the farmhouse for a drink, the first step in making acquaintance. I took a cupful of the cool water from the well and ate most of my lunch (leaving for the morrow a slice of bread) while the farm boy went out with a shepherd dog and brought home the cows. The farmer himself soon came down from the fields, a small featured, dark complexioned, little man who addressed me quite civilly and went in to supper. While he was milking the cows after supper, I asked him if I might sleep in the barn over night. He consented, so I waited. After milking I asked, "Do you want any help on the farm?"

"No," he replied, "I'm keeping more now than I can afford." My short-lived hope of working here was dissipated.

The night's chores were now finished; the milk hung in the well to cool, the horses and cows had been sent out into the pasture. At the invitation of the farmer I joined him on the side-porch, a mere platform, and here this man who had

been working hard since five in the morning brought out his fiddle and began to play old tunes. His little son took from the mantle a harmonica, while the little girl of fourteen or fifteen was told to play the melodeon. The little girl had a classical name and a repertoire that embraced a wonderful collection of sentimental songs. One that the farmer thought particularly good was "The Deacon." It told of a deacon who went calling upon another man's wife, and the chorus wheezed forth from the melodeon somewhat like this,

One sweet kiss,
Oh ! what bliss !
Don't ever miss
That first sweet kiss.

(The boy at the end of the table wishes to know why I am writing so much and what I am laughing about.)

Musical genius seems to abound in the locality. The elder son soon came out and taking the fiddle played in his turn. A neighbor from the hills came in and—ye musical gods !—he also played the fiddle. The mother alone was not musical. She was a stolid individual, very doubtful about me. She had seen me with the tramp ! and informed her husband, for he asked me where "my pal" was. I disowned the latter immediately, but the wife I could see was not wholly satisfied, and easily persuaded the farmer that it was not safe to leave me in the barn on account of the danger from fire. I was on the point of pushing on when the farmer informed me that it was all right, he had a place for me upstairs. I accepted his hospitality, but would have preferred the barn.

I stayed over night and the next morning hoed a patch of

sweet corn in payment for lodging and breakfast. Seven o'clock found me again on the road. A milk station attracted my attention and, while standing nearby, a young farmer called out to me, "Do you know where I could get a good man for haying?" I understood the hidden query in this question and told him that I was looking for a job.

(The boy wishes to know if I am going to write this tablet "clean through". He wishes to go fishing with me.)

Upon my reply, he told me to get into his wagon, whereupon we started for his farm. Haying would not begin with him till this week, and he proposed to have me do small jobs for a week in payment for my board, and then give me $1.00 per day through haying. I think I should have accepted if he had not been accosted by a farmer to whom he owed money, due the Fourth. The two had a long conversation and at parting my prospective employer said, "I'll pay it if I have to kill a pig to make it," whereupon I began to have doubts about my pay; I will need money if I am to see the Hudson. This, together with my desire to get on a little farther, induced me to refuse his offer, and glad am I that I did.

Leaving him, I was again on foot for Lisle. In Yorkshire a young carpenter patronizingly advised me not to go to Lisle for work. He had worked there and it was "a dead town." I solemnly drank in this advice and by ten o'clock was in Lisle. Here I tried to earn a dinner by mowing a lawn. I had noticed a woman on one of the main streets give up in despair an attempt at grass cutting, and asked permission to do the work in return for some dinner. She refused, however, saying that the grass was too dry. I confess that I was surprised and a little taken aback, having expected with some confidence to be allowed to do the work, and wearily I went out to the road again, and in a field beyond the town I ate my last slice of bread with some wild strawberries for dessert.

This noon my fortunes took a decided turn. My plan heretofore had been to strike directly east through Triangle and Greene, and endeavor to get work on a farm before

night. However, some boys at Whitney's Point told me that a shoe factory in Lestershire, Binghamton, was advertising for workers, so I decided to give up my old route and to try factory work, taking the road that afternoon for Binghamton, twenty-one miles south. Before starting I inquired the route by road of a railroad station employee, who directed me, and then, looking me over somewhat critically, said: "Why don't you take a freight?"—rather an astonishing question for a depot employee to ask. I did not accept his advice and was rewarded by a walk over a most beautiful stretch of river road. Approaching Chenango I met my second Cornellian, a graduate student in history, and in my delight at seeing a friend I forgot my rôle and spoke to him. This I regretted afterward as it would have been a good opportunity to test recognition. He told me that he was visiting in Chenango, which news made me afraid to stop there for a supper job, lest I should fall upon his friend's house. I passed, therefore, through Chenango Forks and across the river. There is a railroad crossing at this latter place and, I infer, many tramps, because the persons whom I now began to ask for work (sawing, splitting wood, or hoeing) immediately refused. One man doing the night's milking questioned me closely and then informed me that I told a pretty straight story, but that he knew my "pal" had just passed by. This I denied, of course, but he refused to let me do anything and dismissed me with "You're takin' to the business pretty young, aren't you?" His was one of the last houses on the road, and I hastened past the others with no desire to try again.

The sun was sinking well down into the west, and I was hungry. I had my twenty-five cents but determined to go on as though I hadn't a cent. Three more miles over a hilly road were traversed before I reached the little village of —. Singling out a house with a large lawn, I walked up the gravel path to the rear of the house and met the combined attack of five dogs. Stuffing my felt hat down the throat of the largest, a mastiff, I managed, while intimidating the others, to keep the big one quiet until a woman

from the house came to my assistance, and called off the dogs. I asked for some work for supper and she brought out a cheese sandwich, but when I had finished and asked what she wanted done, she guessed there wasn't anything. I gently insisted upon work in payment for the sandwich, but she said there was nothing at all to do. I could not argue with her the injustice of her terms, but—hereafter I'll do the job first or go without the sandwich.

It was near sun-down now and Binghamton was eight miles away, so I began to look for a resting place. Two miles more and there appeared alongside the road an old barn, which I entered. The stalls were unoccupied and the place had that dry, dust covered appearance that denotes the unused barn. I clambered up into the loft and was gladdened by the sight of two small cocks of hay. I chose the larger of these for my bed, thinking that, if the owner *should* come, he would draw from the pile partly used, and burrowed a hole into the farther side.

Through the cracks in the barn came the last of the western glow, while from the north a star or two peeped questioningly through at me. I remember thinking that this was the night of '99's senior ball—and felt quite comfortable. A vague suspicion, however, began to creep over me when I heard in the distance a carriage coming down the road. It drew nearer and nearer and finally stopped at my barn. I heard the barn door opened and could distinguish the voices of the owner, his wife, and his child. The two latter walked away, while the husband cared for the horse. At last I heard, what I had long been expecting, his feet ascending the rungs of the loft ladder, and wondered if I had chosen the right cock of hay. My wondering ceased abruptly when I heard and felt a pitchfork plunged into the top of my pile of hay. All the hay above me seemed to be drawn off. I could not look up without moving, so kept quiet and waited. He said nothing, so I concluded there was still some covering above me. In a moment the fork came in again, more gently this time, and again I could feel the hay leaving me and instinctively felt for my shoes

in order to have them with me if anything should happen. Nothing did, however, and soon the hay fork was clattering against the side of the barn as the owner made his way down the ladder.

But I was not to be left in peace, for an hour later, I should judge, another carriage drove up and I heard the voices of two men, one of whom was my acquaintance. Up in the loft I concluded that my friend had seen me and gone for help to make a dignified capture. They both entered the barn, but merely to put up a second horse and to my relief did not enter the loft. The shrieking whistle of a D. L. & W. locomotive beside the barn awoke me at another time with a start, and once again the return of the friend for his horse made me wide awake. Only a few loose boards were between me and his hand and I recall how he talked to his horse, calling him a good fellow and asking him where this and that bit of harness was. After that I slept.

I awoke as the sun poked the first bit of his bald head above the hills and sent his warm rays streaming through the cracks full into my face. The wind had blown from the north during the morning hours, and I was stiff and cold, while, I have to smile now as I write it, my teeth were almost chattering. Once out on the road I began gradually to warm through in the sunlight. A farmhouse nearby sent out a delicious odor of coffee and flap-jacks, but my offer to hoe (their vegetable garden needed it) for some breakfast was curtly refused. This refusal, together with the remembrance of my experience of the night before, discouraged me to such an extent that I quickly walked the three miles into Port Dickinson, a suburb of Binghamton, before I summoned courage to try again.

This time I was successful. An active old man weeding in the garden immediately accepted my offer, although saying I need not work if I did not want to ; and gave me, seated on his back steps, a bounteous breakfast, in return for which I worked till nearly ten cleaning out his beet garden. Then his wife came out and told me I could go

into the strawberry patch and pick for market. There were a number of pickers already at work and I was soon on my knees making my way up one of the strawberry aisles. By noon I had earned twenty cents, my first money wages of the trip. I ate dinner with the farmer, who questioned me closely. I told him I was going to Binghamton to try for work in the shoe factory. He said that it might be difficult for an inexperienced hand to get work in the factory, but that I might get work in the sugar beet fields if I could stand it. I told him I would look up the beet fields if I was not taken on at the shoe factory, thanked him for his interest, and at parting was grateful for his hearty "Good Luck!"

Arriving where the Chenango flows into the Susquehanna, I washed and shaved in order to make a good appearance at the factory. This done I walked into Binghamton and almost met my third Cornellian. Keeping a sharp lookout going up State street, I spied a Cornell woman sauntering down upon me not fifty feet distant. Fortunately a side street was right at hand down which I turned and made a dignified escape, I believe, unrecognized. The walk out to Lestershire was two miles in length and at its end this sign confronted me at the office door, "Apply between 9 and 10 a. m. for work." There was nothing to do but come back to the city and wait till morning.

In the city I spent five of my twenty cents' earnings for food and was directed to a fifteen cent lodging house on Hawley street. My room was about six by nine and I lay down in my clothes, but not, for some time, to sleep. On the same floor with me were at least three men in a drunken sleep, two sick and groaning and another snoring heavily. "Guests" kept arriving during the night, and I remember one saying, "It isn't much, but it's better than a fence-rail."

"Twenty-two minutes to six! all who want breakfast early, get up!" shouted in the stentorian tones of the burliest landlord in the business woke me Thursday morning. I had no money for breakfast, but proceeded to "get up,"

dressed by pulling on my hat, and by six was out on the street on my way to the shoe factory. By nine o'clock there were a number of men and boys on hand ready to apply for work, and we were all told that the company was not taking on any more hands that morning. I was disappointed to be sure but not greatly surprised or discouraged. It seemed as though I had turned from my route to no purpose, but while in the city I decided to try some of the other factories, and if I found nothing, to go out into the country where I could get work for my supper.

I first applied at the office of a large sash and blind factory and was courteously told that they wanted no one. While I was looking for the works of a large iron manufacturing concern, a workman, to whom I had spoken, said that I might get work with the Beet Sugar Co. This being the second time I was referred to this firm, I decided to try them immediately, so made application at their city office and was directed up the river three miles to the manager. It was nearly twelve when I reached the sugar factory and beet fields after a hot walk. In answer to my request for work the field boss said, "I've taken on five more men this morning and I guess I've got enough. You'd better go back though and see Mr. Duke, the manager. He just left here a few minutes ago. You may get a job in the fields down at Vestal." Back over the three miles to the city, to be wrongly directed, and have to twice traverse the length of one of Binghamton's streets. As I finally came into the vicinity of the manager's home, a man came from a house nearby. Something seemed to tell me that this was my man, and having learned to take every chance, I asked, "Does Mr. Duke live near here?"

"I'm the man," he answered abruptly, whereupon I metaphorically shook hands with myself.

I explained my business, as we walked down the street together. We would have been good subjects for a picture of capital and labor. He was a large, prosperous looking fellow, dressed in a neat business suit; while I walked beside him with a ragged blue shirt open and torn at

the throat, an old brown coat thrown over my arm, dusty shoes and trousers, hungry face, and surmounting all a gray slouch hat.

Capital wanted Labor, so I was engaged to work in the beet fields about nine miles below Binghamton.

(The boy at the end of the table observes, "He's writin' to his girl.")

I arrived at the fields in time to take supper with some forty men and boys in the tent I am in at present. The company has erected three large tents, employs a cook, and boards the men for thirty cents per day. The boss told me he would regulate my pay according to my work, the schedule running from fifty cents through to a dollar and a quarter. Since the first morning, I have been up in the band wagon and draw full pay, which leaves me, with board deducted, ninety-five cents.

The work consists of weeding, hoeing, and separating the beets so as to leave only one in each hill. We are on our knees ten hours each day, and the strain on the muscles of knees and back is severe ; but the six o'clock whistle at Union is sure to blow, and the camp fare, ham, bread and butter, beans, potatoes, and coffee, while plain, is good and wholesome.

I shall probably remain in this place a week or ten days and then move eastward once more. Next Sunday I shall have completed my first full week's work and shall be able to write something of the life and the men here.

Mac.

PHILLIP NORTON, CHAIRMAN.

S Phillip Norton walked up Central avenue one keen, clear autumn day (just at one o'clock), two things were impressed upon him. These things, though he had taken that same walk at least once a day for two years, he had never noticed particularly before One was the considerable rise in the ground between Sage Cottage and the Library, the other was the discord in the music which the chimes had begun to play.

"What a hideous jangle," he said to himself, as he remembered what some one had told him about its origin. "Jennie McGraw didn't have a very good ear for music if that was her favorite tune. Tune! why there's no tune to it."

It was very unusual for Phillip to be in a bad humor. Even the men whom he passed commented upon it. "What's the matter with Norton? He looks as if he had troubles of his own." Some one called to him, "Say Philly, don't you know it's lunch-time?"

Oblivious to all, Norton ran up the Library steps. These "one o'clocks" with their chattering were as bad as the music. Tossing his hat into the window between the doors of the two cloak rooms, he hastened into the big reading-room. His face cleared a little as he saw that it was almost deserted. Securing a big pile of books from the reserve shelves and the stacks, he hastened down the aisle next the alcove. He established himself at the last desk in the row, and in a few minutes was deep in the volumes before him.

Unusual as it was for Phillip to be in a bad temper, it was still more strange for him to be studying at lunch time. To-day, however, he had a good reason. He had made no preparations for to-morrow's "prelim." The Library possessed but one copy of each of the necessary books. They were in great demand, for the class was large. Phillip knew that his only chance to secure them would be at lunch-time.

Now he settled down to hard work. The prospect of a three or four hours' "grind" was very welcome in his present state of mind. To explain this it is necessary to go back a little.

Phillip was chairman of one of the most important class committees. On most questions which had arisen, the six other members had been divided equally into factions representative of two divisions in the class. It had been necessary for Phillip to cast the deciding vote. Thus far, losses and gains had been about equally divided. No question of right and wrong had arisen until now, when a matter of class policy was to be decided by this committee. The precedent which they were expected to follow, had made many Juniors feel ashamed in other years.

Until that morning, Phillip had thought but little about it. Certainly the "Radicals," as he dubbed them, were right, and he would vote with them. Probably some of the "Conservatives" would come over too. Early that morning, however, the leader of the latter party had come to him.

"Norton," he said carelessly, "that tax question is to be decided to-night, and the committee is equally divided. We expect you to vote with us of course."

"Why, Fowler?" Norton looked a bit surprised.

"Because we want to win, of course. You know you have the deciding vote."

"And if I don't choose to vote that way?"

"Then you're betraying your party. You weren't put on this committee to vote against us, and you know it."

"I made no promises to any one." His gray eyes flashed.

"Now, see here Norton." Fowler had had dealings with his chairman before, and he knew when it was wise to stop or change his tactics. "You know you're our choice for President next year, and you know that's the biggest honor in this University. We're the party that's going to win, too. Either you or Stewart will be our candidate, and Stewart in my own private estimation is n. g. And it isn't too much to say that you'll practically vote yourself in or out of the

Presidency to-night. We don't want a man that will prove traitor in that fashion. Of course, you're with us. But I have an eight o'clock and it's quarter after now. See you to-night at the house."

"I'll think about it," Phillip said slowly.

"And conclude to vote with us, I know." Fowler departed, sure of victory.

For a long time Norton gazed into the space from which Fowler had vanished. The class Presidency! Fowler's assertion to the contrary, it was a great surprise. Yes, it was the biggest class honor in the University. He would vote himself out of the office if he voted with the Radicals! Perhaps his idea of the right and wrong of the question had been somewhat far-fetched. Anyway he wasn't going to lose the Presidency for a little thing like that. Of that he was decided.

There was no time to think about it now, however. Besides, no further thought was necessary. He had decided. There were a long walk up the hill and a nine o'clock awaiting him. As he retied his tie, he watched his hands in the mirror very carefully, never glancing above them. When he turned away, however, he flushed, then looked back defiantly into his own eyes in the glass.

He was busy until twelve o'clock. Then a talkative companion on the way to lunch kept him from thinking very earnestly. On his way back, the avoiding of the "one o'clocks" and the thoughts of Ithaca's miserable hills and the discordant chimes served a like purpose.

For nearly two hours, Phillip was lost to all save the books before him. Then he looked up, to find that the seat beside him had been taken by a girl who was studying diligently with her hands over her ears, to shut out the sound of the whispering of a man and a girl across the partition. Who was it that she recalled to Phillip's mind? Suddenly he remembered a country school house, where a little girl studied across the aisle from him, always with her hands over her ears. How her blue eyes used to flash when he teased her. What straight-forward clear eyes they were,

when her curls were poked back and one could see the eyes plainly. He remembered how they looked at him one day when she saw him cheating. After that he never dared to look straight into them again.

But this wasn't his "prelim." at all. Somehow those blue eyes kept getting between him and his book. He didn't want to think of them. The savage look came back to his face. When his foot struck that of the man opposite, he rejoiced that the partition obviated the necessity of begging his pardon, and had a wicked sense of satisfaction in feeling that the man was waiting for those very books.

Another hour's hard digging finished his work, and he handed in the books at the desk. When he reached the outer steps he paused a moment, then started down the avenue, only to turn back swiftly in the opposite direction. He strode briskly across the campus, past Lincoln and the Sibley buildings, then across the Triphammer bridge, and out toward Forest Home along the further side of the gorge. He took a savage sort of delight in the roughness of the path. When he reached Forest Home, he broke into a run. As a Freshman, Norton had aspired to the Track Team. Though he had failed to win a place, he had never lost his fondness for a brisk run. For several miles he kept up an even pace, then turned back to the little hamlet. Thence he walked slowly home along the well-worn path on the south side of the gorge. When about half way back, he stepped down to the little path that runs along the edge of the dam.

The surface of the water was beautifully smooth. The sun had gone down, and the rosy after-glow had begun to fade. Still he could see dimly the reflection of the trees on the opposite bank. The roar of the falls came but faintly to his ears. Except for that everything was still.

Phillip realized that he might as well think out now "that pesky vote business." To lose the class Presidency for such a little thing! That Stewart fellow was such a scamp. Surely it would be better for him, Phillip Norton, to have it. Then he seemed to see again in the depths of the darkening

water a little girl who brushed back the curls from her eyes to look straight into his own. Those blue eyes said, "For shame."

Suddenly the Library bells sang the three-quarters. Before the last note was fairly struck, the chimes rang out. Jennie McGraw's favorite tune again! It sounded very different out here though. Perhaps it was symbolic of the busy University life, harsh and discordant when one was in the midst of it, but harmonious and united from a distance. Phillip smiled when he thought of his walk up to the Library at noon.

Then he started toward the campus. It was dinner-time now and the committee met at seven. When he reached East avenue, the chimes were playing his favorite University song. He hummed it softly as he swung across the green. As he passed the Library he sang slowly with the big bells:

"We'll honor thee, Cornell,
We'll honor thee, Cornell.
While breezes blow and waters flow,
We'll honor thee, Cornell."

All through dinner, with a curious insistence a pair of blue eyes flashed and smiled before him. Now, however, he looked straight into them.

When the Committee met that evening every member was present. The Radicals did not look hopeful; the opposite side was almost elate. When Norton appointed Brown, the leader of the Radicals as teller, the man said to himself, "It's only a form to take a secret ballot. Everyone knows just how it's going to go. We've lost, and our class will be another to follow a wrong and foolish precedent." When the votes were counted, however, six members of the Committee looked very much surprised.

The Radicals had won, 4 to 3.

Elsie Singmaster.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ADVERTISING.

O the newspaper reader of to-day in search of house-rents, or eager for the best bargains in dress goods, no thought of the great development in the art of advertising suggests itself. Look at the earliest newspapers, then glance at those of the present day. The early papers consisted of a few closely printed pages with but little, if any advertising. The modern newspaper seems, at first glance, all advertisements. It depends upon this display of big type to fill half, and frequently more than half of its numerous pages. Advertisements are the chief source of revenue of the modern newspaper. No man could make a paper pay which depended alone on the money obtained for the sale of the paper. Yet it is only within the last hundred years that people have come to realize the value of advertisements as a source of profit to both paper and business man. A brief sketch of the development of advertising may, then, be of interest.

Almost every article upon advertisements gives the name of a different paper as the one in which the first newspaper advertisement occurred. One article states that the earliest advertisement appeared in the *Mercurius Politician* of 1652. From that date, then, until the present time, there has been a slow but gradual increase in the number and variety of advertisements, though it is within the last century that the increase has been most marked. People have come to realize that by putting a notice in the paper they can secure the attention of the public and win for themselves a larger business.

In 1675 Sir Roger L'Estrange issued a weekly paper called *The City Mercury*, distributing one thousand copies free and depending on the advertisements to reimburse him. Evidently the time was not yet ripe for this, for the plan didn't succeed. Shortly after this John Houghton came upon the scene. He went systematically to work soliciting advertise-

ments. He expressed in his paper his belief as to the advantage which schools, houses, and lodgings about London might obtain from a little advertising. Gradually he induced many of the trades and professions to advertise. This was in the seventeenth century. During the eighteenth century but little improvement was made upon Houghton's methods. In 1702 the *Daily Courant*, the first daily paper, was issued. This contained no advertisements at first, but gradually began to secure them.

It was not, however, until the establishment of the *London Times*, in 1788, that modern newspaper advertising really began. Exactly contemporaneous with this paper, was the first New York daily, the *New York Journal and Register*. The greatest development has been undoubtedly in the United States. The papers at the time of the Revolution were full of advertisements, political and otherwise. Since that time there has been no lack of advertising in the newspapers.

A few of the oldest advertisements are sufficient to show how great has been the progress along this line. The very earliest ones seem to have been a personal affair with the editor as well as with the advertiser. Here are two: "I want a pretty boy to wait on a gentleman who will take care of him and put him out an apprentice"; "I know of several curious women, who would wait on ladies to be housekeeper." Evidently the editorial "we" is a more recent development. If brevity is the soul of wit, the following early advertisement is not without humor:

"Last week was imported,
Bacon by Mr. Edwards,
Cheese by Mr. Francis,
Corral Beads by Mr. Paggen."

Balzac in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* says: "It would seem that pain, or the fear of pain, is the most active stimulant (to advertising), and vanity the next, for the boldest appeals to credulity are made by those who profess to cure disease or improve personal appearance." The following advertisement as early as 1660, would go to prove

that Balzac knew whereof he spoke : "Most Excellent and Approved Dentifices to scour and cleanse the Teeth, making them white as Ivory, preserves from the toothache ; so that being constantly used, the parties using it are never troubled with the Toothache. It fastens the Teeth, sweetens the Breath and preserves the Gums and Mouth from Cankers and Imposthumes. Made by Robert Turner, Gentleman ; and the right are only to be had at Thomas Rookes, Stationer, at the Holy Lamb, at the east end of St. Paul's Church, near the School in sealed papers, 12 d. the paper. The reader is desired to beware of counterfeits."

These few examples of the art of advertising in its early stage are quite unlike the highly decorated sheets which are now placed before us. Cuts, first used by a New York furrier about thirty years ago, have come to play a more and more important part in all advertising schemes. Pictures are used as appealing more powerfully to all classes than the simpler type. There are, in fact, large advertising firms whose business it is to draw designs for advertising purposes and to give advice as to the best manner of advertising. These firms employ men of great skill and ability. As a consequence business men place their advertising in the hands of these specialists and are relieved from all further trouble or responsibility.

To this point, then, has advertising been brought. The contrast between the old advertisements and the modern ones, illustrated, and in the hands of specialists, is striking. The progress of this art during the first hundred years after the first advertisement appeared was extremely slow. The last hundred years, however, has shown great development until at the present time the country-side itself is adorned by advertisements. *E. W. J.*

AT TWILIGHT.

A SUDDEN breath of change wafts o'er the earth,
Mysterious, sombre. Where all with life was bright,
The cheerful things of day have hushed their mirth,
Their place swift taken by the things of night.

In yonder field a hundred crickets shrill.
A preying bat sweeps down from 'neath the eaves.
A loon despairing calls. From o'er the hill
A farm-house watch-dog deep-voiced answer gives.

The hill's dark blue has deepened and the glow
Of western sky has faded dim, until
The valley's cheerful lights now seem as though
They met the stars above the vanished hill.

Robbed by the darkness of its moss and vines,
The gorge has grown more deep, more vast its walls;
Black as the depths beneath, a group of pines
Stands clear against the white mist of the falls.

The water's mighty roar seems more profound,
More full of mystery, as fades the light,
Then stiller grows. Hushed is each other sound.
Another day is closed, now falls the night. *E. S.*

TOLD IN SIX LETTERS.

I.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Mar. 22, 189–.

My dear Minx :

Do you know one Gordon Barrington? Answer at once.

Yours,

ADELAIDE.

II.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 17, 189–.

My dearest Minxie :

I know I deserve to be punished, but Dearie, you'll forgive my delay, won't you? The reason for it is that I have bought a new wheel, and I'm on it all day long, only, jinkety, I wish you were here to ride with me. My wheel has twisted spokes, a metal guard, and its color is pale blue. My bicycle skirt is gray, and my boots are dark brown.

As I was saying, I ought to be whipped for keeping you in suspense all this time—especially about Gordon Barrington. Two weeks ago I received from New York a so-called Genie-board which is warranted to tell the truth about your future. Miriam and I asked it whom you were going to marry, and it spelt out the name Gordon Barrington. Isn't it strange that this fellow should exist, you found him in last year's register, you say. I don't know what it can be that controls the Genie, unless it be the mind—but in this case we couldn't have been thinking of Mr. Barrington, because we had never heard of him. Now do hurry up and meet him; Miriam and I are awfully anxious to hear of your engagement. You remember we promised two years ago to be bridesmaids at your wedding, and we want the chance to fulfill our promise.

Minx, it's dinner time, and I'm hungry. Write soon to your loving

ADELAIDE HARVEY.

III.

ITHACA, NEW YORK,
April 23, 189–.

My dear Adelaide:

After waiting and longing in vain for four weeks I have at last received an answer to my letter. Hoping you will profit by it, I shall set a bright and shining example by answering at once. What a ridiculous coincidence is that of Gordon Barrington. You know, of course, that I have absolutely no faith in anything that smacks of horoscopy and fortune-telling. Yet it is remarkable in a way, that your marvellous Genie-board should have spelled out the name of a man who has been a student at the same university as myself. The funniest part, though, is that since the man is a graduate of Columbia of the class of '82, he must be, by the kindest reckoning, at least forty now, old enough to be my father. He was here one year as Fellow in history and candidate for Ph.D., and has besides won Phi Beta Kappa, so he must have brains. If you should see a wise looking widower, or bald, spectacled bachelor wandering at large, let me know; it may be my future spouse.

But enough of this foolish subject. Let me tell you something more interesting and less remote. My sister Joan met me in Chicago during the Easter holidays, and came with me to Cornell to stay for the first few weeks of the spring term. We had, on the trip, quite a novel traveling experience. Ithaca has pretty bad railroad connections with the rest of the world, as all admit, but Joan and I certainly chose the worst connections possible. We left Chicago Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and were to meet the Black Diamond at noon the next day. Fools that we were, and unused to Sunday travel! We never considered that the Black Diamond observes the Sabbath; and at noon Sunday we were stranded in a dot of a village with a classical name, and saw no way of getting out of it until twelve that night. For a time we walked about the town debating how to while away the time. In fifteen minutes we had seen all there was to be seen of the hamlet. It boasted one

hotel, but such a one as you would not care to patronize. So, at a little white cottage overrun with climbing-roses and flaunting the sign "Board by Day or Week," we inquired of a short, fat lady sitting on the porch whether we might stay until our train was to leave. She was quite ready to take us in when she heard our story, and after pouring some undrinkable tea, she showed us into an angular, chintzy room. At midnight she kindly offered to take us to the station, for which I forgive her the tea and chintz freely. As we were sitting in the dingy depot that evening, waiting for our train, the door suddenly bounced open and a well-dressed young man carrying a suit case, entered and walked to the ticket-office, which he found closed. Then he turned to the time-piece, which stood still at six o'clock, pulled his watch from his pocket, and compared the two with a scowl on his face. Somehow, another's discomfiture is always amusing to the looker-on, and Joan and I could hardly suppress a smile. The young man now looked in our direction. With our duenna, in her apron and sunbonnet, we were the only other people in the room. Addressing Mrs. Higgins, who looked sympathetic, he said, "Could you kindly tell me when the train for Ithaca will arrive?"

"Soon, I guess," said Mrs. Higgins. Then she turned to us, "What time did you say it would be?"

"It is scheduled for eleven-fifty-two," said Joan with her most dignified air. She can be very sedate when she chooses.

"Ah, I thank you," murmured the young man as he lifted his hat again.

He was about to leave when Mrs. Higgins arrested him. "Are you goin' to Ithaca?"

When he said he was, she added, "I wonder if you could sort o' look after these young ladies. They're goin' to Ithaca too, an' it ain't pleasant travelin' alone in the night."

"If they are willing, I should be only too glad," he said and came back at once.

The well-meaning informality of Mrs. Higgins amused

us, so that even Joan was less reserved. And besides, it is an advantage to know that a young and good-looking gentleman is "sort o' lookin' after" you. So by the time our train came, we felt assured of our safety during the rest of the journey. Arrived at the next station, only a few miles distant, we changed cars, and as all the berths in the sleeping-cars on the new train were taken, the young man, who had reserved one for himself by telegraph, gave it up to us. At six the next morning we reached Ithaca. From the carriage he had called for us, we heartily thanked the young man, who seemed sorry to leave us.

Thus ended our adventure.

Not a very big one, nor very exciting you will say, but I assure you it was not unpleasant. Joan thinks he is too dark to be handsome, but she is only a few shades lighter herself. Any way I don't agree with her. I wish I knew his name, but I presume I shall never see him again. Give my love to the people at home, especially to Miriam, and write soon to your

HELEN IRWIN.

IV.

Ithaca, N. Y., May 13, 189–.

My dear Adelaide:

I had intended to answer your dear letter at once, but having Joan here, and my regular work to keep up at the same time, you will understand that I was busy every minute. I have wanted to write in order to tell you the interesting sequel of our train adventure.

Last week our cousin, Will Endicott, took Joan and me to the military hop. He said he had asked a friend of his, who was visiting Cornell, to complete our party, but since "Barry," as he called him, was slow in dressing, we were to meet him at the Armory.

As we were walking over from Sage, we saw a man coming up Ghost Hill and crossing Central Avenue at a round pace. As he came under the electric light Cousin Will called out, "Hello, Barry, step this way! I want you to meet my cousins, the Miss Irwins, Mr. Barrington."

As Will gave the name, I felt myself blush furiously, for I remembered the Genie-board's prediction, but I assured myself with the reflection that my new acquaintance did not look forty.

After we entered the little side-door of the Armory, Joan and I slipped into the girls' dressing-room to remove our wraps and see that our hair was still in curl. I had kept myself from observing Mr. Barrington's face; besides, it was dark without, and in the Armory he had remained behind me. So when we came out again to go downstairs, I was surprised beyond measure to see standing beside Cousin Will, waiting for us, the young man of the railroad adventure! He recognized us, too, and we joked about our first meeting. After this we felt quite well acquainted. I was relieved to discover that he was not the old gentleman who was at Cornell last year; still I wondered whether he knew our Gordon, and before long I found out. We were dancing the first waltz together and enjoying it to the utmost. Mr. Barrington was saying that the college had a great advantage in co-education, and that he considered Cornell a fine place anyway.

"Is this your first visit?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, "though I have always heard a great deal about this grand institution, the school of Cornell."

"I see you know even our songs," I laughed.

"Yes, my uncle, who was here last year, taught me a few of them. But isn't it glorious dancing to this music! I believe I shall never grow tired of the 'Serenade' waltzes." I agreed that the music was lovely, but I wanted him to talk about his uncle, not about serenades. So, by gently bringing back the topic of conversation to where I wanted it, I found out that my partner in the dance was also a graduate of Columbia, but of a recent date. He is, moreover, the nephew and namesake of the middle aged Fellow in history. So here is another Gordon Barrington. Which do you suppose did the Genie-board mean? You had better consult the omniscient block of wood once more, as I don't want to waste my young affections on the wrong man. With love and a kiss, I am your

HELEN IRWIN.

V.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 20, 189–.

Dearest Helen:

So you have found each other! Miriam and I are perfectly delighted. Of course the young Mr. Barrington is the right one. Your own common-sense could tell you so, but we have the confirmation of the Genie-board to prove it. Oh, dear Minxie, I am just too happy! And to think that we should have predicted the whole romance before-hand! I enclose a sample of white mousseline de soie. Tell me how you would like it for the brides-maids' dresses. Don't you think huge black plumed hats, white gowns, and great bunches of pink sweet peas would be just the thing? Aren't you coming home this summer? Otherwise this will be the third year that we have not seen you, and we miss you dreadfully. Miriam sends her love and says she will write at once, though you owe her a letter. Good-bye, Minxie; I live in hopes of seeing you in a few weeks. Yours,

ADELAIDE HARVEY.

VI.

Ithaca, New York, May 30, 189–.

Dear Adelaide:

I am coming home on June twentieth, so you may have personal revenge if you wish. I feel reluctant yet compelled to confess that not a word of the yarn I have been telling you is true. No Gordon Barrington is enrolled in last year's register. Joan and I met no young man on the train. As far as I know, Gordon Barrington was not at the military hop. I concocted the whole story to cure you of your belief in Genie-boards, and can only hope for your forgiveness. I solemnly swear and testify that I speak the truth now.

Signed, HELEN IRWIN.

E. G. K.

THE SCENES OF "THE DEERSLAYER".

"On no sweeter Lake
Shall morning break or noon cloud sail:
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil."

UCH must have been the thoughts of the two frontiers-men, Deerslayer and Hurry Harry, to whom Cooper introduces us in the opening scenes of *The Deerslayer*, as they broke through the bushes that fringe the shore of Otsego Lake and the "solemn solitude and quiet repose" of the "Glimmerglass" met their gaze. "On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods." On the opposite shore was an unbroken forest of "Rembrandt-looking hemlocks, 'quivering aspens', and melancholy pines."

These two hunters were standing on the point now known as Hutter's Point, situated about six miles north of Cooperstown, N. Y., on the western shore of the lake. This point has now been partially closed off and on it has been erected a very pleasant camp-house. Should we to-day stand on this point and gaze about us, we too might break forth into Deerslayer's very exclamation, "This is grand! 'tis solemn! 'tis an edication of itself to look upon!" And should we cruise about the lake, we would feel too as Deerslayer did when he exclaimed, "This is a sight to warm the heart!" For the scenery is practically the same to-day as it was in the days when Hutter laid claim to the ownership of the lake. The western shore, to be sure, has been cleared off to a great extent and settled, while numerous camps dot the shore. But, thanks to a very generous lady into whose possession nearly all of the eastern shore has come, these forests of hemlocks and pines are almost untouched and one may drive for miles in the cooling shade.

The first thing that arrested Hurry Harry's gaze was a peculiar looking object, situated considerably to the north of the point from which the canoe had been launched. This object, "too small for an island, and too large for a boat", yet standing "in the midst of the water", was the abode of Thomas Hutter, to which "these gallanting gentry from the forts" had applied the name of Muskrat Castle from the peculiar trade of its owner. Cooper is somewhat inaccurate in placing this "castle" on a shoal, which, as a matter of fact, lies a mile or more to the north of Hutter's Point and almost exactly in the center of the lake. Its position is now marked by rushes; at times when the water is low, rocks project above the water. We could almost fancy that these were part of the ruins of this old castle, long since fallen to decay. Of course, however, we know that, while there was and is a shoal, the castle existed but in the mind of Cooper.

Leaving the scene of the castle and the shoal behind us and journeying down the west side of the lake, we note, as the first point of interest, the site of the Indian camp, where occurred the trial, escape, and recapture of Deerslayer by the Indians, and where occurred the wholesale slaughter of the Huron tribe of Rivenoak by the English troops, at the end of Deerslayer's torture. This, I think, can be identified with what is now known as Five-Mile Point, in which is situated a rather famous hostelry, known as "Tunnicliff Inn." Back of this inn, the mountain rises abruptly to descend into a very picturesque glen, known as Mohegan Glen. It was probably up this mountain or hill that Deerslayer ran and hid himself under the log at the summit while his forty pursuers charged down the hill and up the next incline before they noticed that the trail had been lost.

Situated two miles south of this point is a sister point, which figures prominently in the action of *The Deerslayer*. It was on this point that the simple-minded Hetty landed to go to the Indian camp and procure her father's release and that of Hurry Harry. It was on this point, too, that the rescue of Wah-ta-Wah was effected by her Delaware lover,

Chingachgook. This point, which was cleared by Judge Cooper, and of which the novelist was very fond, is now the most popular picnic-ground on the lake. It still bears the name of Wild Rose Point, though it is more often called Three-Mile Point. Picnic tables stand now where the camp of the Hurons once stood, and on the elevation in the rear, from which our heroes saw and heard Wah ta-Wah among her captors, stands a dancing pavilion, the scene of many pleasant gatherings of the young people of the neighboring towns of Cooperstown and Richfield Springs. The spring of which Cooper speaks in the novel is still there and in the rear of the elevation murmurs the mountain brook in its deep gully. Cooper himself was very fond of this spring; it was here that he requested to be brought, three weeks before his death, when he took his last drive along the lake shore.

After Hetty had landed on Wild Rose Point, she prepared for herself a bed of dry leaves, and on this spent the night. In the morning she continued toward the Indian encampment, situated to the south. After going about a mile in this direction, "she reached a brook that had dug a channel for itself into the earth and went brawling into the lake, between steep and high banks, covered with trees. Here Hetty performed her ablutions; then drinking of the pure mountain water, she went her way, refreshed and lighter of heart, still attended by her singular companions," *i. e.*, the bear and her cubs. Probably there is no glen along the shores of Otsego Lake that possesses more of the wild beauty of nature, than this charming spot where Hetty stopped. Cooper's description leaves little to be said of the nature of the glen. High, precipitous rocks, worn and beaten by the weather, and covered with moss and lichen, rise on either hand, while at the extreme end of the glen, the water tumbles down a steep wall of rock, forming the beautiful Leatherstocking Falls. Cooper's description is slightly misleading in one point, for the brook really does not enter the lake between steep and high banks. It flows quietly down through the pastures and meadows, entering the lake at what

is known as Brookwood Point, the residence of the late James B. Jermain, of Albany, N. Y.

The camp towards which Hetty was journeying was situated near the bay to which Cooper gives the name of "Muskrat Cove." This name, however, is now applied to a bay just north of Brookwood Point, while the first bay is known as "Half-Mile" or "Blackbird Bay." No more perfect description of this bay could be given than that which Cooper gives, when Deerslayer and Hurry Harry are looking for the ark. Says Deerslayer: "'But here is the end of the long point you mentioned and the 'Rats' Cove' can't be far off.' This point, instead of thrusting itself forward like all the others, ran in a line with the main shore of the lake, which here swept within it in a deep and retired bay, circling around south again at the distance of a quarter of a mile and crossed the valley, forming the southern termination of the water." 'Twas on this point that Deerslayer shot at the deer. At the extreme inner portion of the bay was situated the Hurons' camp in the beginning of the narrative.

Continuing this search for the ark, Deerslayer and Hurry Harry coasted along the southern shore of the lake, going towards the source of the Susquehanna. "'I've not been down at this end of the lake these two summers,' said Hurry, standing up in the canoe, the better to look about him. 'Ay, there's the rock, showing its chin above the water, and I know that the river begins in its neighborhood.' The men now plied the paddles again, and they were presently within a few yards of the rock, floating towards it, though their efforts were suspended. This rock was not large, being merely some five or six feet high, only half of which elevation rose above the lake. The incessant washing of the water for centuries had so rounded the summit that it resembled a large bee-hive in shape, its form being more than usually regular and even. Hurry remarked, as they floated slowly past, that this rock was well known to all the Indians in that part of the country, and that they were in the practice of using it as a mark to designate the place of meeting, when separated by their hunts and marches."

This rock, which was to be the meeting place of Chingachgook and Deerslayer on the evening of the second day, is situated at the very spot where the Susquehanna begins its long journey to the ocean. It is situated about ten or fifteen feet from the shore, and when the water is low, one can walk out to the rock on some projecting stones.

"Council Rock," as it is now called, is but a large gray boulder, having numerous small clefts in it, and fairly well marked with the initials of visitors to the spot. At low water it projects about two feet out of water, but in the spring of the year is entirely submerged.

Such are the important scenes of the action of *The Deerslayer*. But there are in this region a few other points which are of interest to readers of Cooper and are thus worthy of mention.

Visitors to Otsego Lake are attracted by a large stone tower, built in imitation of a Rhenish tower, on the eastern shore, about two miles north of Council Rock. This tower, known as Kingfisher Tower, was erected by a wealthy resident of Cooperstown, on Point Judith, near the spot on which one might suppose the ark to have been stranded after the abandonment of the Muskrat Castle. The ark was discovered stranded on the eastern shore, where it had long before been driven with the prevalent northwest winds. It lay on the sandy extremity of a long, low point, which is situated about two miles from the outlet, and which is itself fast disappearing before the action of the elements. This description applies very closely to Point Judith, for at times only is the extremity of the point now above water, and in a storm the waves wash directly across the little point between the Tower and the shore.

A little way below this Tower is situated Cooper's old farm, the "Châlet." Here he spent many happy hours, superintending the clearing of the forests, the removal of the stumps, and the cultivation of the soil. The little farm was never successful financially, but was probably very successful in another sense, bringing, as it did, so many happy hours into the novelist's life and giving him such pleasant recreation from his labors.

It was while returning one day from this farm, that the idea of writing *The Deerslayer* came to him. And by a peculiar accident, the tall shaft erected to his memory in Lakewood Cemetery, stands very close to the spot made notaable by his decision to write *The Deerslayer*. This monument is a very tall white shaft, bearing on the top a nearly life-size figure of Deerslayer leaning on his trusty rifle "Killdeer", his faithful dog "Hector" at his side. There is no inscription on the monument save the words "Fenimore Cooper" at the base. On the other three sides are carved emblems of learning, sea-craft, and Indian warfare.

Very recently the grounds of Cooper's home, "Otsego Hall", have been converted into a beautiful park, while on the site of his home stands a reproduction of the statue of the "Indian Hunter" by Ward. Just beyond in the quiet little churchyard lie the remains of Cooper by the side of his wife.

The Indians are gone from the lake, Muskrat Castle with its eccentric owner has disappeared, when again three persons come to the lake. Two of these are old acquaintances, Deerslayer and Chingachgook. Chingachgook's son accompanies them. They revisit the old scenes of war and strife, but now all is sunk into repose and nature reigns supreme. Warlike feelings are here quieted, while a spirit of quiet contemplation prevails and the poet may say :

> "Thy peace rebukes our feverish state,
> Thy beauty our deforming strife :
> Thy woods and waters minister
> The healing of their life."

K. L. Thompson.

LINES ON TENNYSON'S "CROSSING THE BAR."

THOU poet who, with faith sublime,
  Didst toward the future gaze,
Awaiting fearlessly the hour
  When death should end thy days,—

What heavenly hope inspires the strain
  Sung with thy parting breath !
The swan a sweeter song, I ween,
  Ne'er sang before its death.

Ah, what a lesson dost thou teach
  To each despairing soul,
Of calm and sweet repose in God,
  When near its earthly goal !

O, may the moral of thy song
  With us fore'er abide ;
And may its sweetness cheer our hearts
  When comes life's eventide !

F. M. C.

THE THREE SCHOOL-BOYS.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

"*Je vais gloater. Je vais gloater tout le* blessed afternoon. *Jamais j'ai gloaté comme je gloaterai aujourd'hui. Nous bunkerons aux* bunkers.

"And it seemed good to them so to do."

They were a gloating set, were Stalky, Beetle, and McTurk. They gloated when King's house found a long-dead cat in the space that you may remember is to be found between the plaster of a ceiling and the floor of the story above; they gloated when through their innocent inaction King got into trouble as a poacher; they gloated when drunken Rabbits-Eggs wrecked King's study; they gloated when they "metagrobolized" the wretched prefects, Harrison and Craye. They always had reason to gloat. In other words, they were pretty lively school-boys.

Prout, one of the masters, called them unboylike, abnormal, and unsound. Whether they were any of these or not, depends entirely on your point of view. They weren't exactly boys. Boys aren't ordinarily so systematic as the redoubtable three, who, little Hartopp wailed, had system in everything. Boys aren't generally very plausible, they are too young to be plausible; Stalky & Co. were always triumphantly plausible. They weren't exactly normal. They had rather more disregard for the powers that be than the normal boy; he is wont to obey directions with slightly more intentness. At all events, they were perfectly sound. Prout was a beast for calling them unsound.

Mr. Kipling has created these boys with many a touch of his customary powers of vigorous expression and with all of his customary keen perception of vigorous, firm life as it ought to be lived by a man and may begin to be lived by a boy. Consequently, though many a poor soul will wonder what this or that phrase in the volume really means and though many an American will deprecate the spirit of aloof-

ness that marks these boys, Mr. Kipling may rest easy in having given us another *Kipling* book.

We didn't know how to swim when we first saw Captain Davis Dalton's *How to Swim;* we don't know how now. A good way to learn, we imagine, would be to plunge into the tank and flounder around for a while till we learned. Perhaps even the Captain himself learned in some such way. Yet, it must surely be true that unless he took to water like the proverbial duck, the Captain must know that there are difficulties in the water for the nascent natator. It must further be true, since he has written a book published by the Putnams, that he knows how to teach the beginner how to circum-swim these difficulties. In fact, when one reads this book, one finds that the Captain does recognize the difficulties and does point out the remedies. He says, moreover, that one mustn't poke fun at the idea of learning to swim from a book (notice that we do not say "*in* a book", to say which would be to trip badly in our expression), for swimming is an art, which, "like other arts, must be learned." Other interesting things which the Captain and we find time for, are these: "It is my aim to describe the movements which have proved most effective and most economical of effort, so clearly that my readers may be able to execute them." "In every school building there should be a tank with a properly equipped instructor, and classes should go to him as regularly as they go to their teacher of arithmetic." The volume is liberally supplied with diagrams.

Mr. Herbert E. Hamblen's *We Win*, The Life and Adventures of a Young Railroader, (Doubleday & McClure), is one of the many books now being turned out by workers as opposed to literary workers. Because of the previous training of their writers, books made by the workers differ markedly, even when dealing with the same subject matter, from books written by distinctively literary men. Mr. Hamblen, for example, differs materially in the paragraph on page 266 where he describes a splendid new locomotive, from Mr. Kipling, on page 264 of *The Day's Work* where he describes

the "Purple Emperor." We are, then, from the beginning to understand that the two classes of writers have vital differences in style. Yet, this much may be said for many books of the worker-author class: what they lack in literary finish, they make up in interest of subject matter. Mr. Hamblen's book, deficient in proportion, in power of word-connotation, in general "literary" skill, is unusually interesting in its simple, straightforward story.

It would be quite impossible for a vigorous, healthy man or woman to read any sort of edition of Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson's *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag* (Scribner's) without the delicate, delightful thrill that comes to one when one feels much contained joy. When the simple narrative is put forth in a particularly attractive edition, with illustrations that, seen by themselves, tell pages, the effect is not to be put into words.

We have further to mention three volumes of recent fiction, of which two are good and one is inferior. Mr. Bernard Capes's *Our Lady of Darkness*, (Dodd, Mead & Co.), even though it calls upon De Quincey for its title, is unpleasant in substance and in manner. The author does a very bad pun on the first page and seems generally not to know how to do things in good taste. Between the other two stories there is little choice in interest or in workmanship: both are worth reading, Margaret Sherwood's *Henry Worthington, Idealist* (The Macmillan Company), for its kindly, yet severe picture of scholastic Winthrop (is it Cambridge?) and for its well developed story of Henry Worthington and his inconvenient ideals; Blanche Willis Howard's (Mme. von Teufel's) *Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest* (Scribner's) for its gracefully related story of the life-development of little girl Vroni, who was Dionysius the weaver's heart's dearest.

C. R. Gaston.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XII. November, 1899. No. 2.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly during the college year. Subscription price, $1.00, payable in advance; $1.25 after January 1, 1900. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address all books for review and all matter for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief*, 120 Oak Ave., Ithaca; business communications to the *Business Manager*, 132 Blair St. Printed by Andrus & Church.

Entered at the Post Office, Ithaca, N. Y., as second-class matter.

C. R. GASTON, '96, editor-in-chief of the Magazine since October, 1897, has resigned. To succeed him, the board has elected, as editor from the instructing staff, A. L. ANDREWS, '93.

WE reprint from the Magazine, January, 1899: "For the especial attention of Juniors and with an eye to possible change, we think it well to state the plan of organization of the Magazine board. The board consists of seven members, viz., an editor-in-chief, a business manager, and five Seniors. These Seniors are elected in the spring term of their Junior year by a committee of seven, made up of three Faculty members, appointed by the President of the University, together with the editor-in-chief and three other members of the board. Immediately after election, the five Juniors meet to select for the next year an editor-in chief, who is by the constitution chosen from the instructing staff, and a business manager. Having thus explained the personnel of the board, we urge all Juniors who treasure any literary instincts at least to attempt the writing of verse or prose which may entitle them to places on next year's board."

CORNELL ANECDOTE.

EZRA CORNELL'S HUMOR.

IN early Cornell days the lands to the southwest of the University buildings were given over to a fine apple orchard of Ezra Cornell. These apples were particularly handy in going to and from the hill, and delighted the soul of many a student epicure. One day a steward of one of the student eating clubs (this was before the day of the Ithaca boarding-house-keeper), who had, of course, tested the fruit, thought he would purchase a quantity for his club. Accordingly he took down his best hat and presented himself at Mr. Cornell's office. Greeting him courteously, the great man inquired:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I—I thought I would like to purchase some apples from the University orchards," timidly replied the steward; "and I thought——"

"How many would you like, sir?"

"About ten bushels, sir."

"Indeed;" and (very sternly) "have you had ten bushels already?"

The steward hesitated. Every student thought he had a right to those apples and acted accordingly. But ten bushels! Blushing to the ears, he stammered: "No—no, sir: I think not."

"Well, then, sir" (and a slight twinkle appeared in his eye), "go right ahead and help yourself. Every student is entitled to ten bushels of those apples."

THE FIRST CIDER RAID.

The annual recurrence of the Cornell cider raid recalls to the minds of some still connected with the University, memories of the first raid.

At that time, in 1875, White and Morrill Halls, then called North University and South University respectively, were used as dormitories and housed numerous students, together with some members of the faculty. One fall night a number of students living in North University felt an awful thirst. So, quietly stealing out from North, they set

forth for Forest Home. Reaching the mill, a couple of the conspirators pried open the door, whence soon a sixty gallon barrel of cider emerged and made its way to waiting hands at the road. It was immediately whisked upon two fence rails and in half an hour was resting in the cellar of North.

The theft, however, was discovered, and for several days officials of the University hunted high and low for the culprits and—incidentally the barrel. But the cellar of North was a dark, uncanny place and the faculty were baffled.

Shortly after the raid, an instructor (now a professor, who relates the incident with laughter) was entertaining some friends in his room. He had been most zealous in his endeavors to find the raiders. The latter heard of the entertainment and one of them appeared at the instructor's door with a pitcher full of cider. The unsuspecting host gladly accepted the cider, and the faculty were made unconscious accomplices in the first Cornell cider raid.

THE PRESIDENT ANSWERED.

Although President Schurman is one of our most patriotic and zealous citizens, the country of his birth, as is well known, is Canada. His children, however, may be called Americans "to the manor born" as the following incident shows.

A few days before the Fourth of July, some years ago, the President was approached by his little son, Bobby, of about seven years, with a plea for some money with which to celebrate. The President, wishing to see if "Bobby" knew the meaning of the day's observance, inquired, "Well, Bobby, why do you celebrate the Fourth of July?"

"Why, papa," answered "Bobby" exultantly, "*that's* the day we whipped you!"

E. A. M.

Physicians' Directory.

W. H. LOCKERBY, M.D.,

Specialties, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and intubation of the Larynx. Office. 126 E. Seneca St. Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone F 162.

ELMA GRIGGS.

Office and Residence, 109 E. Seneca St. Telephone, 145. Regular hours.

JOHN BEERS HAWES, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence, 12 E. Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 145.

EUGENE BAKER, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. 10 West Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 2 to 4 and 8 to 9 p.m. Telephone connections.

DR. DAVID WHITE,

Hours 1.30 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m. Office, 56 E. State St. Residence 201 Prospect St. Telephone at residence.

EDWARD MEANY, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office over Post Office Office hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. Telephone, 176 B and 176 F.

CHARLES P. BEAMAN, M.D.,

Office on cor. opposite Post Office. Hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4 and 7-8 p. m. Residence, 506 E. Seneca St. Telephone, residence, 184; office, 184 B. Surgeon to Cornell Football Team.

CHAUNCEY P. BIGGS, M.D.,

Office, Ithaca Trust Co. Building (second floor); residence, 17 E. Buffalo St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.; Sundays, 4 to 5 p. m. Telephone 143 F.

DR. PAUL R. BROWN,

139 E. State St. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 189 F.

JOHN WINSLOW, M.D.,

Office and Residence northwest corner East Seneca and Quarry Sts., always open. Regular hours, 8 a. m.; 12 to 4 and 6 to 7.30 p. m. Telephone.

DENTISTS.

DRS. J. B. & F. B. HOWE,

1 and 11 Bates Block, Aurora St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Telephone 18 B.

H. B. HAMILTON,

Dentist.

73 East State Street.

Hours. 9 to 12, 1.30 to 5.

DR. C. J. McCLURE,

Dentist.

Opposite New Ithaca Hotel.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

THE ALBERT TEACHERS' AGENCY,

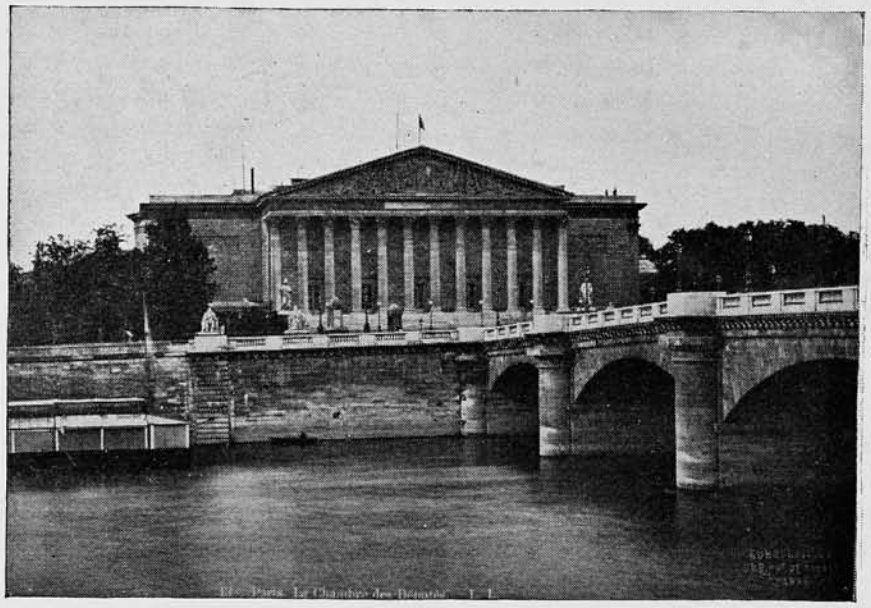
Central Music Hall, Chicago. Established fourteen years. We have frequent opportunities of filling sudden and unexpected vacancies at this time of the year. Address C. J. Albert, Manager.

IF you are a teacher seeking advancement and worthy of it, or if you have had no experience but want to be a teacher, and if you know how many places the School Bulletin Agency filled, and how it filled them, you would register in it, and keep registered. Illustrations and testimonials sent on application.

C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1899



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, PARIS. (*See opposite page.*)

CORNELL MAGAZINE

CONGRESS, THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

MR. BRYCE in his *American Commonwealth* is continually comparing things American with things English, which is very natural and is one of the most interesting features of his valuable work. He does this in the case of the House of Representatives and of the House of Commons ; and, on the whole, the comparison is not too unfavorable to the former.

He tells us that a stranger is "surprised to find so much character, shrewdness, and keen though limited intelligence among the representatives. Their average business capacity did not seem to me below that of members of the House of Commons." While Mr. Bryce notes at the capital an absence of "great lights, such as usually adorn the British chamber," and thinks "there are fewer men who have received a high education," he admits that the level is raised by "the almost total absence of two classes hitherto well represented in the British Parliament : the rich, dull parvenu, who has bought himself into public life, and the perhaps equally unlettered young sporting or fashionable man, who, neither knowing nor caring anything about politics, has come in on the strength of his family estates. Few congressmen sink to so low an intellectual level as these two sets of persons. . . . . The standard of parliamentary language, and of courtesy generally, has been speedily rising during the last few decades ; I am not sure that it is now lower than in the British House of Commons."

But in his analysis of the *Congressional Directory* biographies of the members of the Fiftieth Congress, he does

not make out, it seems to me, quite so strong a case in favor of the House of Representatives as he might have made. "No military or naval officer, and no person in the civil service of the United States may sit," he says. But he neglects to qualify this statement by mentioning the important fact that many members saw service in our terrible Civil War, on one side or the other, while I find in the Fifty-fifth Congress at least four members who have been officers in the regular army and navy, more who have held more or less prominent posts in our diplomatic and consular services, and a dozen who have occupied federal offices.

Mr. Bryce says very truly that "lawyers abound,"—I find not less than two hundred and thirty-four in the Fifty-fifth Congress;—that "very few are leaders of the bar in their respective states"; that, in a word, representatives in general "are scarcely above the class from which they come,—that of second-rate lawyers or farmers, less often merchants or petty manufacturers." In his rather disdainful treatment of the legal element in the House, Mr. Bryce again overlooks a counter-balancing merit. Some sixty-eight representatives of the Fifty-fifth Congress have studied in law schools, after having, in a majority of cases, taken a college degree; while over half as many—thirty-seven in this same Congress—have sat on the bench as judges.

"A good many, but apparently not the majority, have served in the legislature of their own state," Mr. Bryce further says. There were one hundred and fifty members of this category in the Fifty-fifth Congress. In this connection Mr. Bryce might have added that a goodly number —thirty-eight in the present Congress—had filled important state offices, such as the governorship, presidency of the senate, or speakership.

Mr. Bryce continues: "A congressman's tenure of his place is usually short. . . . . He may hold his ground for three or four Congresses. Very few do more than this. . . . . Nearly one-half of each successive house consists of new men. . . . . In England, the proportion of members rëelected from Parliament to Parliament is much higher."

While these statements are, on the whole, true, they are, nevertheless, a little misleading to an American, who is only too apt to indulge in "running down congressmen," as Mr. Bryce puts it. I think most of us will be pleasantly surprised to learn that of the Fifty-fifth Congress, one hundred and three members had sat in the previous one, forty-nine had sat in three Congresses, nineteen in four, thirteen in five, eleven in six, nine in seven, three each in eight and nine Congresses, two each in ten, eleven and thirteen Congresses, and one in twelve Congresses,—making a total of two hundred and seventeen representatives who have sat in more than one Congress, or nearly two-thirds of the whole body ; so that Mr. Bryce's comment, based on the Fiftieth Congress, that "nearly one-half of each successive house consists of new men" cannot fairly be applied to the present Congress.

But a really just comparison cannot be made between the American House of Representatives and the British House of Commons, elected, as the latter is, not yet by complete universal suffrage, still influenced by the exceedingly limited suffrage of the past, to whose members no salary is paid, and where many other political and social influences wholly foreign to American life exert a powerful effect. If, however, we cross the channel into France, the situation becomes much more similar to that existing in the United States ; so that a comparison between the French Chamber of Deputies and our House of Representatives can be made without risk of inappositeness.

Curiously enough another able and broad-minded Englishman, Mr. Bodley, has, in his recent work, "France," suggested by and written on much the same lines as Mr. Bryce's book, compared the French Chamber and District House just as Mr. Bryce has done for the lower houses of Congress and Parliament. Though Mr. Bodley starts out by saying that the French Parliament has no real resemblance to its English model, it is evident that he always has in mind the House of Commons when speaking of the Chamber of Deputies. It is to be noted, further, that in the judgment which he passes on the Chamber, Mr. Bodley is much severer

than is Mr. Bryce in what he says of the House of Representatives, and that both critics declare that they are simply repeating opinions expressed to them by intelligent citizens of the respective countries.

This one all-embracing statement from Mr. Bodley's book will suffice in this connection. "The country [France] now chooses the vast majority of its parliamentary representatives from among the least worthy exponents of the life of the nation." In support of this assertion he quotes this remark made by Salomon Reinach: "We are marching toward a state of things like that which exists in the United States, towards the formation of a narrow caste of politicians, side by side with the abstention, growing daily more complete, of thinkers and of men who make others think."

It will thus be seen that these two superior Englishmen, after a long and careful study of American and French political life, have both come to about the same conclusion concerning the popular branch of the legislature of the two countries—another proof of what I have already said, that the House of Representatives and the Chamber of Deputies are peculiarly suited for a fair and instructive comparison.

The French Chamber is elected by universal suffrage for four years, and is composed of five hundred and eighty-one members, chosen from districts containing not more than one hundred thousand inhabitants. One excellent feature of the French electoral system, which we might do well to adopt as a counter balance to "the machine," is that requiring the successful candidate to secure a majority of all the votes cast and at least one-quarter of those of the registered voters. In case no candidate fulfills these conditions, a second ballot is held two weeks after the first, when a simple majority is necessary to elect, as with us. The first ballot sometimes acts as a well-regulated primary meeting or nominating convention, for it is the general custom for the candidate or candidates of the same party to withdraw, before the second ballot takes place, in favor of the candidate who came in at the head of the poll at the first ballot.

But in order to render the comparison more exact, let us examine, as we have done in the case of the American Congressmen, the biographies of the French Deputies who compose the present Chamber, chosen last May. I should explain that no account has been taken of the baccalaureate degree held by the Deputies, because it is, on the whole, inferior to the similar American degree, lying somewhat between our high-school certificate and college parchment, but chiefly because, the securing of this degree being obligatory on all those Frenchmen who would enter most of the careers, it vitiates a comparison with the optional system in this matter which prevails in the United States.

First as to the callings of the French Deputies. In the Palais Bourbon, as in the Federal Capitol, lawyers abound. But if the hundred and fifty Deputies who were in the past or are still connected in one way or another with the legal profession are far from equaling in number the so-called lawyers in the House, the real difference is probably very slight when we consider how many of these Representatives have wholly or partially ceased to practice at the bar.

The twenty-five Deputies who have had an army or naval education cannot be said, perhaps, to give to the Chamber more experience in military affairs than that possessed by the House, though only four of its members are stated to have had a regular army training ; for, as I have already pointed out, a very large number of our Representatives took an active part in our Civil War.

In most of the other callings both bodies seem also to be about equally strong, or equally weak, as you please. Thus, the eight French ex-diplomatists are nearly balanced by the seven Representatives who have occupied diplomatic or consular posts. Then there are in the Chamber six bankers or financiers to sixteen in the House ; two priests to six clergymen, fifty authors and journalists to twenty-seven, nineteen agriculturists to twelve, sixty manufacturers and merchants to fifty business men, fifteen college professors to ten, thirty-three office-holders to forty-nine who have filled high federal or state positions, twenty-two ex-judges to

thirty-seven, and so on. Politics always seems to have a peculiar charm to French doctors; there are fifty-two in the present Chamber to nine in the House, while a half dozen druggists sit in Paris and but one in Washington.

A word about the legislative experience of the Chamber of Deputies and of the House of Representatives. The number of Deputies who have sat or are sitting—in France the same man may hold the two offices at the same time—in the Departmental Councils (Conseils Généraux) is about equal to the number of Congressmen who have served in our State Legislatures. In the latter case this number, as we have already seen, is one hundred and fifty, or about three-sevenths of the whole number. Nearly half of the members of the Chamber of Deputies are also members of the Departmental Councils. But as these bodies cannot be at all compared with our State Legislatures, either as regards the scope of their legislation or the length of their sessions,—they sit but a few days twice a year, and are scarcely more than a consulting body,—the knowledge of legislative business gained there does not appreciably increase the capacity of the Chamber.

More important in this connection is the number of Deputies who have sat in previous Chambers. We have already seen that nearly two-thirds of the members of the present Congress are not new to legislative life. Of two hundred and ten new Deputies in the present Chamber, only eighteen have sat in previous Chambers, thus leaving one hundred and ninety-two Deputies absolutely unacquainted with parliamentary usages—nearly one-third, which is exactly what we found to be the case in the House of Representatives. And these figures hold good also for the last Chamber of Deputies.

But if we turn to the duration of service of the old members, the figures may be said to be a little more favorable to the Chamber of Deputies, though this advantage may, perhaps, be fairly considered to be balanced by the broader training which so many Congressmen have enjoyed in the State Legislatures. In the French Chambers there are about

one hundred Deputies who have sat in two parliaments, seventy-five in three, thirty-five in four, and so on. But as the duration of the French Chamber is four years, the double of the United States Congress, this is a better showing than would appear at first blush to an American. It does not, however, modify the correctness of the general statement, that French Deputies, as regards both legislative experience gained in other bodies and length of service, do not differ materially from the members of the House of Representatives.* In fact, if similar examinations and comparisons were made in many other directions, much the same conclusions would be arrived at; namely, that both bodies are about alike as regards ability, experience, social position, and so forth. Nor should this occasion any surprise, as both are chosen by universal suffrage in lands where democratic institutions prevail; for, though there may be much ground to doubt whether France is really republican, that she is democratic is beyond question.

Theodore Stanton, '76.

THE HOLY NIGHT.

THE glory of God was abroad in the earth,
The angels were chanting the wondrous birth,
In the manger the Christ-child lay.
The lowly shepherds upon the plain
In silent awe heard the sweet refrain,
And turned from their flocks to pray.
Mary, the mother, in slumber smiled,
In dream she worshipped her holy child,
And saw him transfigured rise.
And the stars in their courses swept along,
Swelling the burst of triumphant song
That re-echoed through the skies.

Ralph M. Brown.

*This calculation is based on an examination of the last Chamber, not the present one.

UNWRITTEN LAWS OF THE CAMPUS.

THE etiquette of the campus, like that of the world at large, is comprised in a great many unwritten laws, which need to be most strictly adhered to. The whys and wherefores of these laws we will not take the trouble to conjecture. Could we meet and confer with the first co-ed, who, for a whole year, we are told, trod with pioneer courage the campus of Cornell University, we might gain some interesting prehistoric reasons. Here, however, we are able to set before the uninitiated only a few of the most important of the rules which through generations of co-eds have become established, and which today line the path of righteousness.

The matter of salutation is very serious. One of the first questions a newly-made co-ed is forced to ask is, "Shall I speak to men on the campus?" That depends, my dear, on who the men are, and who you turn out to be. Rid yourself as soon as possible of the simple laws of politeness taught you by your mother, and absorb these complex ones: (1) If you are a "freak", you must never, for any reason, venture to salute a "swell" young man. This is the privilege of the favored few who "aren't so bad". (2) A "freak" (this is always feminine gender) may salute a mucker (masculine) and *vice versa*. (3) A "swell" may condescendingly bow to a "freak" if there is no one looking, or if he is sure not to neglect giving whomever he may be with some good explanation for such a condescension. (4) So, on the other hand, may a "not so bad", taking the same precautions, salute a "mucker".

Another question of equal importance, but even more delicate, is when and where should co-ed salute co-ed. We should say it is always the custom for the exalted to bow most pleasantly to the lowly in secluded places, or if she desire company home from the Library on a dark night. Let not the lowly, however, presume to take the initiative. If she cannot find a bird of her feather, let her flock home alone.

Should the exalted one see her "dark night" acquaintance coming along under the light of the bright morning sun, let her study the horizon, or the side walk, in search of material for a daily theme, or, if her themes be written for the next two weeks, let her get a cinder in her eye ; do anything to overcome gracefully such a trying moment. The lowly one may be hurt, you say ? Nonsense ! this is not the place for feelings ; the sooner she gets over having any, the better ; one cannot afford to let one's social prestige be toppled off its fine-strung legs by speaking to a doubtful person.

We are a co-ed, and therefore presume to know nothing about the laws of etiquette prevalent among men. This is written only for those just entering the realm of co-edism, to whom the following lesser rules will also be of much benefit :

(1) Always wear gloves.

(2) Never wear a veil.

(3) For suggestions on proper hosiery, consult my pamphlet, just published ; sold at the "Co-op" for ten cents.

(4) Don't gambol on the green. Your average age is forty-two ; such conduct, therefore, is most unseemly.

(5) Never patronize the newsman in front of the Library.

(6) Never say, "Good morning, *Mr. Prof. Dean* Crane."

(7) Get off the sidewalk for yellow boots over eighteen inches high.

(8) Don't strive to imitate the "Junior Girl" in your campus attire. It makes you questionable. Far better let your shoe strings and skirt binding dangle

(9) First, last, and forever, bear in mind that you are a *co ed.*

In conclusion, I shall say to the freshman who has difficulty in mastering these fine points : Be of good cheer. In time all will be well. You came here to be broadened ; so believe yourself a martyr to the noble cause of education, and accept things as they are. *V. G. H.*

THE DOCTOR'S WOOING.

IT is rather a quaint little story, with more truth than fiction in it, about a boy, a doctor, and a girl who helped nurse the boy through a long and dangerous fever. With the boy we are not especially concerned and his name need not be mentioned, he being merely an unconscious actor in the story ; and yet, but for him and his illness at the particular time of which I am speaking, the events I am about to record would not have happened. It is the two other persons, the doctor and the young lady, who figure principally in the narrative. First let me say a few words concerning the young lady.

She was about twenty, and not exactly pretty ; but she had an interesting face—one that indicated at once a sweet disposition and a strong character. When you add to that a trim, always neatly-clad figure, and a bright, pleasant manner, you see immediately that she must have been an attractive girl. Being an orphan, she had lived in the country with her grandfather till his death, when she had gone to a neighboring village to stay for a time at the house of her uncle. It was here that the boy, her uncle's nephew, but no relation of hers, had, while on a visit from the city, been taken ill. The young lady, whose name was Dora Winton, used to lend her cheery assistance in the sick-room, where she was always gladly welcomed by the invalid. During his long convalescence she would read to him and take care of him while his mother was resting, her sweet voice having wonderful power to soothe him to sleep. So much for Dora.

As for the doctor, he was a bright, promising young fellow, who showed great interest in his patient. He seemed also to take a liking to the latter's mother and aunt, for he would often extend his calls beyond the limit demanded by strict professional necessity, in order to chat with them. And when Dora came to take up her temporary abode at the

house, his visits became even more protracted. If the two elder ladies noticed it, they said nothing—to the younger; and she at first was unsuspicious.

Now it so happened that Dora, though not exactly in financial straits, was nevertheless somewhat dependent on her uncle; and she did not care to impose herself too long upon him, despite his frequently avowed willingness to keep her under his roof. So, having a natural predilection in that direction, she was anxious to enter some nurses' training-school, where she might in two or three years learn a profession by which she might support herself. Being in doubt as to which was the best institution to apply to, she one day asked the doctor's advice. Somehow he didn't take at all kindly to the idea, but tried his best to dissuade her from it. Yet, though somewhat surprised at his vehement opposition, she didn't at the moment suspect the true reason for it. So time passed; the patient continued to improve, and the doctor necessarily called less often. Yet, strange to say, his visits made up in duration what they lost in frequency.

Now rumor had it that the doctor entertained thoughts of asking a certain young lady who lived in the village to become his bride; and rumor also said that the young lady in question would not refuse. And one afternoon while the boy was still convalescent, Dora Winton happened to see the doctor drive up to the Densmore house, whereupon she said to her aunt: "There goes the doctor to see Agnes!" Then, as in the way of womankind, they began to discuss the increasing probabilities of a "match."

It was near the middle of fall before the boy was able to return with his mother to the city. Shortly afterward Dora applied for admission to a New York training-school. Her application had just been accepted when something happened which quite altered her plans for the future. When in due time, the boy and his mother heard of the affair, he, being young in the ways of the world, was much surprised; but she, having had the benefit of experience, was not. However, that is neither here nor there. The *something* occurred in this fashion.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon late in October, when the air was crisp and keen with the promise of snow, and the last seared leaves were falling from the trees, the doctor rode up in a "spic and span" new buggy and asked Dora to go for a drive. Dora gladly accepting the invitation, in a few minutes they were speeding along a hard, level road behind a team of glossy roan horses that moved almost at a racing clip. They drew the bracing air deep into their lungs, while the brisk breeze brought the healthy color into Dora's cheeks.

So they sped along for a couple of miles, speaking comparatively little meantime, she from sheer enjoyment and he for another reason, till finally Dora exclaimed with a sigh:

"Just think! This is probably the last drive I'll have before going to New York. I expect to start in two or three days."

The doctor deliberately slowed his horses down to a walk.

"What made you do that?" enquired Dora, surprised. "It's ever so much more fun to drive fast. Besides, I just said it may be my last chance."

"It's just because I'm afraid it may be *my* last chance that I stopped," replied her companion.

His words and tone surprised her. "What do you mean?" she demanded quickly, looking sharply at him. The next instant she lowered her eyes; and, had her cheeks not been already so radiant, the doctor might have seen her blush. For the half-formed suspicion she had entertained of late had suddenly become full-grown.

Gathering the reins into his right hand, an taking one of hers in his left, the doctor said in a low, tense voice:

"Did you think, Dora, that I would let you go away? You seemed surprised when I first opposed your plan, but you must have seen since why I did so. Don't you know—can't you feel that I love you? You won't go, will you—darling? For if you should, it would only oblige *me* to go, too, and bring you back again." He smiled hopefully.

Dora had hitherto made no effort to release her hand; but now, attempting to withdraw it, she said mischievously:

"I thought you liked Agnes Densmore?"

"So I do—but there's a difference between liking and loving. Are you satisfied? You won't go, will you, dear?"

Surrendering her hand to his, she replied, smiling archly:

"I think—I shall—stay at home!"

At that the doctor did something rash. He let the reins fall from his hand upon the dashboard, and———. But the horses, disdaining to take a base advantage of him, nobly refused to run away. *F. Monroe Crouch.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

BLIX.

"HAPPY New Year, dear." Simple words. We've heard them often and thought little of them. As Blixy says them, however, they are unique. They are her answer to Condy's proposal. It was this way. Blix and Condy had been sitting New Year's Eve for a good while in the dining-room of the third floor flat, looking down upon the slanting streets of the silent city of the Golden Gate. Condy had wanted to tell Blix that he loved her. Yet, because he had not had any encouragement, he thought she didn't love him, and consequently he would not spoil the glory of the past three months of chum companionship by being rejected. Just before midnight, however, he did tell her. And it wasn't till the tooting had shown in the New Year, that she gave him her answer in "Happy New Year, dear."

How she came to be "Blix" is more curious than how he came to be "Condy." He was Mr. Condé Rivers, assistant editor of the Sunday supplement of *The Times* of San Francisco; from Condé to Condy is easy. She was Miss Travis Bessemer, daughter of abstracted, self absorbed old man Bessemer; from Travis to Blix isn't so obvious. "C. R." and "T. B." had been taking tea and dried almonds and watermelon rinds and candied quince at a fat Chinaman's. As the two were the only persons in the restaurant, he had read to her some of Kipling's things and she had played her

guitar and they had both been delightfully joyous and young. Suddenly, "'Blix,' he murmured, staring at her vaguely, 'Blix—you look that way; I don't know, look kind of blix. Don't you feel sort of blix?' he inquired anxiously.

"'Blix?'

"He smote the table with his palm. 'Capital!' he cried; 'sounds bully, and snappy, and crisp, and bright, and sort of sudden. Sounds—don't you know, *this* way?' and he snapped his fingers. 'Don't you see what I mean? Blix, that's who you are. You've always been Blix, and I've just found it out. Blix,' he added, listening to the sound of the name. 'Blix, Blix. Yes, yes; that's your name.'

"'Blix?' she repeated; 'but why Blix?'

"'Why not?'

"'I don't know why not.'

"'Well, then,' he declared, as though that settled the question. They made ready to go, as it was growing late."

Besides explaining the name, the quotation serves to illustrate a notable merit of the book, its sheer naturalness. The conversation appeals to one more than that in any other of the recent stories. Furthermore, Mr. Norris knows just when to burlesque a bit, just when to be sober earnest. The result must be as gratifying to him as it is pleasing to his readers.

It isn't in dialogue alone, however, that the book has merit. Dialogue does very well as a trimming; it won't do for the garment itself. Character has necessarily to be the strong point in order that a book shall be of anything more than the most fleeting merit. Norris in *Blix* has done exceedingly good character work; his characters develop. We do not propose to show from what and to what and how, for we do not wish to deprive you of a prerogative. When a book teaches you something that's worth being taught and entertains you all the time it is teaching, it is likely to be worth while. Thus with *Blix*.

Though we think the workmanship here is good, we do think there is a rather vital artistic defect. One ought to

call Mr. Norris up for a fault of his which we scored sharply in *McTeague*, his overfondness for detail, his description-run-riot penchant. The book might be called three months' leaves from a reporter's diary, bound together by his love story. It consequently is peculiarly liable to over-detail. Yet the character work atones for the minor transgression. *Blix*, by Frank Norris. (The Doubleday & McClure Co.)

ON TRIAL.

It's a grey book; the clouds are grey in the first paragraph, they are grey in the last, they are grey in between. It's a grey "Dave" that Zack (Miss Gwendoline Keats) has done in her latest book, *On Trial*. "Dave," you remember, is one of the four strong Devonshire sketches which Zack published at the end of *Life is Life*. "Dave" struggled to free himself from drink, and "Dave" won through. The boy in the new book, struggling to make a man of himself out of a back-bone-lacking youth, doesn't win through; he kills himself. That is what makes *On Trial* a grey book. It is not black, as you might think from what I have said; it is grey.

Zack is powerful in her scenes, though not so powerful as before. It is harder to make a succession of powerful scenes all in a short part of the life of one character than to do powerfully a single scene. Having tried to make such a succession of situations, Zack has set herself an overhard problem. By such criticism, bear in mind, we imply that she does not let her characters live out inevitable lives; she gives them emotions and thoughts which she imagines they possibly feel. A realist, she is not a Thackeray realist; her characters are not sufficiently vital.

For the rest, Miss Keats shows in this book even more notably good technical ability than she showed in *Life is Life*. Because of the style, her book is extremely readable. *On Trial*, by Zack. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

In his good-natured, discursive, sometimes a bit slip-shod way, Mr. Donald G. Mitchell has continued his *American*

Lands and Letters in a second volume which has now been issued by the Scribners. In this the author chats entertainingly of matters of general literary moment during the half century beginning about 1820 ; he starts with the New York and Philadelphia *litterateurs* and, telling of such men as Bancroft, Marsh, Bushnell, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Holmes, and Greeley, ends with Poe's *Raven*. Since Mr. Mitchell had personal acquaintance with numbers of the authors who appear in these pages, he has naturally been able to make a book quite different from the ordinary manual of literature. The text is illustrated by nearly a hundred and fifty views of places and portraits of writers.

MR. OLIVER HERFORD has entertained us more than once by a volume all his own. His *Bashful Earthquake* we last year ventured to compare with a delicious dessert that one wouldn't like to miss along with one's dinner. His *Child's Primer of Natural History*, recently issued by the Scribners, with the illustrations much enlarged from the form in which they first appeared, we venture to compare with the salt with which one savors one's celery. Mr. Herford shows in this volume his customary combination of the ingenuous child and the sophisticated man of years. Witness the sing-song flow of the following, together with the unobtrusive insertion of words fairly strange to a child :

> "Chil–dren, be–hold the Chim–pan–zee :
> He sits on the an–ces–tral tree
> From which we sprang in ag–es gone.
> I'm glad we sprang : had we held on,
> We might, for aught that I can say,
> Be hor–rid Chim–pan–zees to-day."

To appreciate this one must look at the picture to which it is merely an accompaniment.

C. R. Gaston.

HOME.

MAGINE yourself travelling with me over many miles of railroad, and alighting finally at the station of a pretty country village. A short drive of about a mile and a half brings us to the top of a steep hill, from which we may have our first glimpse of my country home. Stopping only for a moment to glance at it nestling in the trees in the valley below, we descend the hill, and, turning sharply to the left, enter a lane with a brook flowing on our right and with great sycamores and maples meeting over our heads. Passing between two sentinel fir trees, we come at last into full view of the house.

We see merely a plain white building, like countless other country homes. The blinds are painted green, and in front there is a wide porch protected from the sun by clambering vines. As it is midsummer, we find my mother seated there in a low rocker, sewing, her work basket by her side. She gives us a hearty welcome and quickly prepares for us some cool drink, while the great black and white cat reposing in the meshes of a hammock hung close by, wakes, and, yawning, looks at us with a sleepy curiosity. As the afternoon wanes, let us stroll about and call up memories, pleasant or otherwise, for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne".

First, our footsteps wander out to the old barn, that large unpainted structure which was the scene of so many escapades and adventures long ago. Here it was that my wicked brother Tom buried my small person in the hay, and left me until I was half dead with fright and suffocation. The odor of the hay reminds me how we children looked forward to "haying". How we followed the mowing machine in search of the wild strawberries cut down by its ruthless knives! With what triumph did we ride into the barn, perched aloft on the high loads, and how nimbly did we scale the tall ladders placed against the mows! We

must have been a nuisance to the men, but they always seemed pleased with our pranks; and we in turn looked upon them as mighty men of valor and oracles of wisdom; for could they not swing us lightly up to the top of a load with no effort at all, and could they not also prophesy a coming storm several days before it came upon us? This door leads to the stables. I remember well how I used to be allowed to ride "bareback" upon a horse which was being led to water. Oh, the delicious mingling of fear and delight which I felt when mounted on that slow-moving old farm-horse, jaded with his day of hard work in the field! During those few moments I was a Joan of Arc going to victory on my fiery courser.

Behind the old barn is Bear Forest, so-called because of an old game played there by my older brothers years ago. To you, Bear Forest is only a small grove of locust trees, but to me it always seems a gloomy place. Even as I enter it now, my heart beats a trifle quicker and my senses are all on the alert. Perhaps this terror was occasioned by the forbidding name, but more probably by the fact that if I wandered there I was likely to meet a cow face to face. I never publicly owned that I was afraid of cows or anything else, for I wished to be a tom-boy and do everything that my brothers did; but, nevertheless, if, when rambling alone on a country road, I met with an inoffensive stray cow, I would climb hastily over the nearest fence and wait in terror until she had ambled slowly by.

Let us pass by the old "shed" where the sheep are kept in winter, and go through the gate into the orchard. This was certainly one of the most enjoyable retreats of my childhood. Thither would we come on afternoons in late summer, and, having gathered as many "July citrons" or other early apples as we could carry, we would sit in the crook of some gnarled old tree and devour the delicious fruit while we read an absorbing romance.

We must hasten now, however, for it is growing late and we have yet to see the sun set from the hill-top. Leaving the orchard, we climb steadily upward through the meadows

until we reach the top of the hill, where we see a small windmill rising amid a cluster of trees. The view from this elevation was one of the wonders of my younger days, and, among the many disillusionings, it has stood the test and seems as beautiful to me now as then. To the north we may look back upon the house and grounds which we have just left, with their background of dark woods and hills. On the east we see a neighboring estate lying before us like a beautiful park, with a stately mansion and a magnificent garden in its midst. To the south lies the village, appearing like one of those toy villages that we used to build with artificial trees and unnatural little houses having dabs of paint for windows and doors. Occasionally a slender spire or a more splendid building rises to break the monotony.

Now we turn to the dazzling west. I can never watch the sun sink behind the Catskills without almost holding my breath for very awe. There is only a small fiery rim remaining above the mountains; then that too disappears, and a pale crimson fringes their tops so that they seem to stand out against the horizon with a deeper blue than before. What is there in a view of distant mountains that is such an inspiration? Some such impression of their power and majesty as now comes over us the psalmist must have felt when he sang, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Even the faint crimson is gone now, and the outlines of the mountains are not quite so distinct. A few scattered stars are twinkling in the fading blue above, and there may be seen in the west the pale glimmer of the new moon. The dismal hooting of an owl recalls to us the fact that the dew is falling and we must descend from our Sinai once more to earth. With a feeling as if some enchantress had laid her hand upon us and thrown us into a pleasing trance, we take our way silently down through the valley, listening to the last faint chirps of the birds as the softly-rustling wind in the tree tops lulls them to sleep. *Esther L. Swift.*

ALLUREMENT.

(*From Heine.*)

IN the glass-like river mirror'd,
  Peak and castle shine,
While my boat is gaily gliding
  Down the sunlit Rhine.

Peacefully I watch the golden
  Wavelets gladly play.
Silent rise the thoughts which buried
  In my bosom lay.

Kindly greeting and alluring,
  Gleams the river bright ;
Still I know its shimmering surface
  Hideth death and night.

Joy above, death 'neath thee, river,
  Thou art like my love ;
She can also beckon kindly,
  Mild as thou above !

F. M. C.

OUR BOYS.

T our home are two boys who seem to think the chief end of life is to keep the rest of the family busy. When occasionally we do fail to amuse them, we invariably regret our remissness, for both our nerves and our property are sure to suffer. I often tell their fond father that he should impress more strongly upon them that the fruits of evil are unpleasant; for they usually escape unfrightened and unscathed from their most daring pranks. Their last escapade, however, served to teach them this good lesson; and so thoroughly that we hoped they would not soon forget it.

They are very fond of playing "Parcheesi," and do not always agree as perfectly as little brothers should. After a livelier quarrel than usual one Saturday a few weeks ago, their father said sternly:

"Boys, no more 'Parcheesi' for three days. Put the board away, and don't let me see anything of it till Wednesday."

The boys are very manly little fellows in spite of their mischievous tendencies. Without a whimper they walked away, to put the board in its accustomed hiding place beneath the iron safe, which stands at the end of the hall under the stairs. There I heard Harold, aged eleven, say philosophically to Allan, who is three years younger:

"Well, there's one good thing about it. It's really only two days, for we couldn't play on Sunday any way."

Unfortunately for the rest of the family, Monday and Tuesday of the next week were holidays. Still more unfortunately a steady rain kept the boys within doors. Usually they would have amused themselves part of the time with "Parcheesi". Now, however, that was forbidden, and since no other game could take its place, all hands were kept busy. As usual our nerves and property bore witness to their pranks.

Having given them on Monday morning a box of water colors with which to amuse themselves in the play room, at the same time warning them to be very careful, I departed for

a while, sure that there they could do no harm. What was my dismay to find upon returning an hour or two later that their paints had vanished. Harold answered my call from my own room. My heart misgave me as I hurried thither. And well it might! Around my delicate felt-papered walls there ran, about four feet from the floor, a row of watery red splotches alternating with great circular marks in white chalk. Harold was at work on a particularly wonderful red blotch, and, without turning round, explained their artistic efforts.

"See, Aunt Edith," he cried, "Isn't it fine? It's all Cornell colors. I painted low and Allan painted high, so we'd get your "dido" just the same height all round."

I am afraid that I did not reason with them quite as gently as their mother would have done. In a few minutes they crept out of the room not only very penitent but also very much frightened at the magnitude of their offence. Meanwhile I set to work to treat Cornell colors for once with the greatest disrespect. The last traces of their morning's work were not removed until night.

Tuesday was very much like Monday. Allan, dared by his brother, jumped rope in the dining room, thereby bringing some of his mother's best silver and glass from the sideboard to the floor. His father happened to be in the house at the time, and Allan got what Harold calls a "settler."

Altogether, we were all very glad when Tuesday evening came. Their mother sent the boys to bed early, and much to our surprise they did not object at all. They forgot the usual pillow-fight, and, evidently very tired, soon fell asleep.

Some hours later Harold awoke. He told us afterward that a single stroke of the city clock reminded him that it was now Wednesday morning and that at last they could again play at their beloved "Parcheesi". In a moment he was wide awake. Why shouldn't they have a game now? It was not long before they were down stairs, though how Harold managed to waken Allan, and how they managed to dress and get downstairs without arousing their mother are things that she will never understand.

When once they were in the lower hall and the "Parcheesi" board was in their hands, a new plan suggested itself to

Harold's fertile brain. On the drawn shades of the parlor windows, the electric light through the leaves made curious shadows. It seemed to be bright outside, while in the house it was very dark. Why not go out? It would be fine to tell the boys at school that he had been out in the middle of the night.

Allan needed only the mention of such a delectable plan to become at once its enthusiastic supporter.

"He wanted to go right out the front door," said his older brother the next day. "But I told him that would never do. Papa would be sure to hear and send us back to bed. So we closed the library doors, and then opened the window and the shutter, and crawled out."

We have never been able to find out just how far the little fellows wandered. The streets which they knew so well in the daytime seemed very strange at night, and, in Allan's own words, they grew "scareder and scareder every minute." it was nearly two hours before they finally got back. We learned the next day from the policeman in one ward that they had been seen by four or five of his brother officers in various distant parts of the town. This statement Harold corroborated.

"Yes," he said, "and one of them whistled at us, and then there was another whistle way off. Allan said he believed that they thought we were murderers, and we ran 'like sixty.'"

Finally they managed to find their way back to within a few squares of home, where one policeman, for whom they have a great deal of admiration, met them. He lifted them back into the window and closed the shutter, realizing that they were too badly frightened to do anything but go quietly to bed.

Starting across the room, Allan ran headlong into a chair, which fell with a crash.

"I can't find my way at all," he sobbed, as he picked himself up.

"Never mind, don't be scared," Harold whispered. "I've got a match, and I'll light it as soon as I get this door open."

Meanwhile the crash of the falling chair had, in spite of closed doors, aroused the children's mother.

"Henry," she said, "I am positive that there is some one in the house."

"Very probably," her husband murmured sleepily.

"But I am sure that there is some one down stairs."

Just then Harold opened the door from the library into the hall, and its familiar creak aroused even his sleepy father. In a moment he was out in the hall, peering down over the banister toward the safe, which contained not only many of his own worldly possessions but other valuables entrusted to his care. Meanwhile Harold had struck his match. Its faint light glimmered against the black iron door with its bright lock in the center.

"Who's there?" I heard Henry call sharply, as I opened my door in the third story.

Too frightened to speak, Harold dropped the match, which went out as it fell.

"Who's there?" his father called again. "Answer or I'll shoot."

Again there was no reply. This was much worse than being whistled at by policemen. Then they could run. Now their throats were so dry that they could not even call to their father.

For a moment everything was still as death. Then my valiant brother started down stairs.

I heard Helen call, "Henry, come back, you'll be killed."

The sound of their mother's voice seemed to reassure the little fellows. Surely no harm could come to them if she was there. From the lower hall there came two tearful shrieks, "Oh, mamma, mamma!" A second later two hysterical children flung themselves into their father's arms.

Since then the boys have evinced no desire to go abroad at night. Even in the day time they have kept very close to home. They have been so remarkably docile and quiet that, did I not know by unmistakable signs that they are beginning to grow tired of "being good", I should begin to think that the effects of their fright were serious.

E. S.

IN THE VALLEYS.

THE BEET-FIELDS.

Sugar-beet camp on the Susquehanna,
Saturday afternoon, July 8, 1899.

IT started to rain in the beet-field this noon, so the boss decided to stop work and go up to the city to pay off. In consequence nearly all the workers left camp after dinner for the city, some walking, some on freight trains, and some, who have saved or borrowed fifteen cents, on the motor cars. I am therefore free to write of the work and the men.

I got my first view of the latter the night of my arrival, when they came filing back to camp through a field of tall grass, ripe for the mower. I'll confess that they impressed me as the toughest-looking crew I had ever seen, although now that I am acquainted with the men back of the dirt and ragged clothes, they seem nearer of kin. All were tired and dirty, and every other man walked with a decided limp. Reaching the tents, each one proceeded to unwrap from his knees bundles of padding, such as old clothing, leather, and bagging stuffed with grass, and then stumbled down the bank to the river to wash up for supper. Since then I have learned the cause of the padded knees and have developed a fairly respectable limp of my own.

After supper this first night I approached the boss and told him that the manager at Binghamton had sent me down.

"Did you ever weed beets?" he asked.

My little job of the morning before now made it possible for me to answer, "Yes."

"Did the manager say how much you would get?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll see what you're worth."

Taking out his time-book he asked, "What's your name?"

I told him, and he entered it at the foot of the list. I was at last a beet-weeder.

The men meanwhile had scattered about the river bank in groups, smoking and talking. Most of them were acquainted with one another, and I was made to feel my position as an outsider by being left severely alone. Once one of the loudest talkers brought all eyes upon me by remarking: "Those pants of your'n are too damn good for this work." They had become well stained and muddy in the strawberry patch, and up to this point had been rather a source of pride to me; but now I was compelled to make a brief apology for their good appearance.

As the twilight settled down over the river and the cool night breeze crept up the banks, the men one by one moved off to the sleeping tent. When I turned in, the tent was nearly full; and, unaccustomed to the situation, I stumbled over two or three sleepers in the darkness, before I found a vacant spot in which to curl up. The owners of the feet seemed to take my stumbling as a matter of course, and left me in peace to take in the situation. The ground had been thickly strewn with straw, upon which the men seemed to be stretched in every conceivable position. The air was stifling, and now and again I heard a muttered oath at the heat. Yet despite the heat some had already gone to sleep, as was evidenced by two or three well differentiated snores; and, as the minutes wore on, it became a matter for laughter and then for wonder to hear the new and strange snores that one by one crept forth and expanded into their proper place in the general effect. Then suddenly I heard real music, as the notes from a horn and a piano came floating across the river, sounding strangely out of place in that close tent with its tired, sleeping inmates. There the pleasure of the day was but beginning; here the day was done and rest sought before the work of the morrow. It was to the air of "Whistling Rufus" that I took off my coat, stretching it over me as far as it would go (I knew the morning hours would be cold), drew off my shoes to ease my tired feet, and went to sleep.

In the morning almost before I had succeeded in connecting in my mind the train of events that had brought me under a tent, the boss and the cook got us out, and after breakfast started us for one of the fields. The boss explained to me, as a new man, what was to be done, and then left me to fight it out with my row. From the first I was interested in the work, because I was aware that the cultivation of the beet for sugar in this state is due largely to the efforts of our Cornell Agricultural Station. The beets are sown in long rows and spring up close together. A squad of men with hoes (mostly old men and those not able to stand the strain on the knees in weeding) is first sent over the rows. They cut out the beets, leaving a tuft of beets and weeds every eight inches. We weeders then follow astraddle the rows, clear away the weeds, and leave one beet plant in each hill, so that the beet may have room and nourishment to attain proper growth. At first I was slow, and somewhat worried by seeing a few of the men stringing out way ahead of me. But in an hour or two I had grasped the idea better and was able to leave behind me the boys (the "fifty cent gang") and reach the second squad. This second squad is a peculiar one. It is composed of the lazy men, who keep together just far enough ahead of the boys to be classed in the "dollar and a quarter" list. Stretched out way in front I could see the third class, half a dozen in number, who also receive a dollar and a quarter, but who have developed an intense rivalry for leading the procession. If I could reach those leaders, my pride would be satisfied. But when I began to work ahead of the lazy men's squad, with what fine sarcasm were my efforts greeted! "Hey! what are you going so fast for, you with the white hat?" "Say, you won't get any more money?" "Augh, let him go, he's new. He'll kill himself all right." Fresh and possessing unwearied knees, by noon I was treading on the heels of the leaders, and was satisfied. On account of the novelty the morning had passed quickly; but the hot afternoon dragged painfully, for now the work grew monotonous, and had not yet become me-

chanical. Twice I had heard, "Come back here, you young man with the white hat," which meant that the boss had found a place where I had left a "double header" (two plants in a hill), or had neglected some grass. The whistle blew at last, and the boss called us to the end of the field, where he read off our names and credited our time. My name was last. "Ten hours?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "All right, sir." I grasped my weeder and started for camp, followed by the boss—it would have been the height of presumption to have walked with him.

He looks like an Americanized Irishman, and has all the dignity and pride of position that the Irish boss can assume. He has to scowl all day at our work in the field, and there is not time enough at meals to permit the scowl to clear away, so that it has become habitual. He considers himself much superior to this crowd, and undoubtedly *is* superior; but his scowling display of the fact engenders no friendly feeling towards him. I've tried to thaw him out, but have found it impossible. In the sleeping tent he has his own bed-tick, blanket, and special corner, while most of the fellows crouch down under their coats and shiver through the small hours of the morning till they become too cold to lie still.

The cold, fortunately, has not troubled me, for an old, gray-headed man has shared his blanket with me since my third night, and has kept a watchful eye on me ever since. We call him the "Old Showman," because he has traveled as a groom with different circuses the greater part of his life. Through all his travels the blanket has gone with him. A strong stable odor clings to it, but it is warm, and the memories attached to it make it a bit of fabric as precious as any Moorish tapestry. One night he informed me that he had a secret salve that was a great seller, and suggested forming a sort of traveling partnership for selling it. "You'd soon learn the trick," he said, encouragingly. "I've tried it lots of times. There's great money in it. Once I had a layout of jewelry, too. It only costs a dollar or so. 'Here you go, ladies and gents'"—and in muffled

voice, so as not to wake the others, he rattled off in my ear the strangest "fakir" speech I've ever heard. There can be no doubt he has been in the business. I probably did not express a proper appreciation of the partnership, for he never spoke of it to me again.

At the time of the Poughkeepsie races I was kept in suspense for two days after the event before learning the outcome. The Thursday morning after the race one of the fellows brought me a *Tribune* from town; and Thursday night I devoured the welcome, yet unwelcome, news. I can explain to myself the defeat of the 'Varsity, and find encouragement in the showing of the freshmen. Here I must tell of the Old Showman and the race. Of course my interest was so great that I had to mention the event to some one; so I spoke of it in an offhand, affectedly sporty tone to my tent companion on Wednesday morning. That night I was lying between the boss and the old man, when the latter suddenly said:

"I'd like to have a *Herald*, or *Journal*, or somethin'." This was addressed aloud to no one in particular; so we knew it was meant for the boss, and waited that worthy's acknowledgement.

"What for?" came from the boss's blankets beside me.

"Find out about those races."

"What races?"

"Why, the boat races at Poughkeepsie. The colleges."

"I don't," with a beautiful sneer. "I wouldn't go the length of the field out there to see them."

"They're pretty good races, I guess," a little meekly.

"Bah! That's all they learn. I'd just like to have them here racin' down these beet rows. I'd show them."

I'll wager the grin on my face was a long one

Then here is another incident in which the Old Showman and Cornell plays a part. A few nights ago he confided to me this wonderful bit of information, while talking about his family. "I've got a boy in Ithaca." [He knows I'm from Ithaca.] "He's making good money, too, and sends me five dollars every once in a while. Plays on the college

nine, you know, and they pay pretty well." Of course I had to swallow it. Just suppose Caspar Whitney should drop in upon us and interview the Old Showman.

(John, the cook, wants me to go over to Union and get some bread for Sunday. He wished to know if I was "writing about a job." Will finish to-morrow.)

Sunday afternoon.

I have got off by myself in a little A-tent to finish this letter. The owner of the tent has gone to Binghamton. Soon some of the men will return to camp, no telling in what condition. Nearly every one of them drinks, and drinks hard, when he has the money. You can count upon some of them spending at least a half, and others all of their wages at the saloons, while several will spend the night in places less respectable. They leave here swearing they won't; but they do, and then, returning, call themselves fools and "swear off" again. They are all intelligent fellows and most of them young; and in every case I think it safe to say that drunkenness has put them out of good places and is keeping them out. There are two brakemen, two coachmen, several cigar-makers, and others of various occupations. I do not mean that they are habitual drunkards, but merely that a debauch now and then has destroyed their employers' confidence in them. I had forgotten in writing the above that we have three or four men,—"old women" the fellows call them,—who probably don't drink. They are of the "ne'er-do well" class, without sufficient "push" to keep themselves moving.

From all these stands out one special friend, Dan. With a well-nigh perfect muscular development, he is physically every inch a man. Every one likes him and respects him. He makes one feel that he is a man who will stand beside a friend, and to some purpose, through any trouble. His life has been a checkered one. I had learned odd bits about him before; but this morning, while we were out picking berries for the cook, he told me his whole story. His parents, now dead, had been prosperous, and, accord-

ing to Dan, had tried to make something of him, His father was a graduate of a well-known New England college. Dan is the "black sheep." He first worked in the quarries of his native town, and, so his "pard" and others tell me, is a first-class quarryman. Over a trifling question of prerogative he quarreled with his employer and knocked him down. For this he was convicted in court. Then he went West. He has lumbered in Michigan, served in the regular army, ranched in Texas and Arizona, sailed to South America, and is now here in the beet-fields. He says that when he has finished here he is going to a quarry in Connecticut and settle down. I did not receive all these confidences without giving some in return. One cannot travel without a starting place, occupation, and purpose. My home is Cohoes, I have worked in the mills there, have friends in Ithaca, and left there June 19, looking for a job—all of which is true.

The wit of the camp is Pat—a cock-eyed, thin, lanky Irishman, with a game leg. Despite these drawbacks, when he changes his working-clothes for some others he keeps here, brushes his hair, and goes up to see "his girl" Saturday nights, he makes a very respectable "beau." He has worked for the company nearly a year, and is on scandalously intimate terms with the boss, going so far as to ask him, "Have you any smokin', sir?" He does not swear so regularly as most of the others, and is kept busy telling them what a sad time they will have hereafter doing penance for their sins. He is broad-minded politically, and, when the other Irishmen begin to croak of Irish freedom will interrupt them with, "Yes, indade, as soon's ye see a British musket pinted at ye, it's off for Ameriky ye go." Gladstone he reveres, and believes that the House of Commons will yet pass a bill similar to the Home Rule bill. That is the only way Ireland will be freed, says Pat. Though he is a great friend of mine, this incident happened. The other night when I was over on the other side of the river, shouted across for some one to bring a boat over. While waiting I could hear the men talking on the opposite side, and sud-

denly distinguished Pat saying, "Hobo, and a damn young one, too."

One of the hardest working men in camp is John, the cook, an old bachelor of fifty, who comes from a farm in the Delaware valley. He is up at four in the morning preparing breakfast, and at eleven at night he is ferrying across the river the men who have been over to hear the music at Binghamton's play ground, a park opposite. Among this tough crowd he still preserves his Puritan ideas. He has taken under his care a couple of the boys here, and houses them in his tent. More than once at bed time I've heard him read to them a lengthy chapter from his Bible, and then offer a prayer for this crowd of men.

One of these boys is interested in athletics at school. He told me that he hoped to go to Ithaca for the "inter-scholastic" next year. "One of our men," he added, "broke a record in Ithaca, and that night they made him get up and make a speech in a place they call the Dutch Parlor."

(The wind is trying hard to blow over this little tent under which I'm writing).

A number of us decided to work on the Fourth. I had patriotic scruples at first, but analysis showed them to be ill-founded. However, the Fourth could not pass without a celebration; so I journeyed into town and purchased some fire-crackers. While returning, I met Dan and some others on their way to the Casino in the park. They saw the firecrackers, and Dan said in a surprised, reproachful way: "You're more of a boy than I thought you were;" but the next morning the man who took the greatest delight and shot off most crackers was this same Dan. It was fun to see some of the older chaps bashfully take the firecrackers that I insisted they should shoot off. The bashfulness, however, disappeared with the pop of their first firecracker. You have to scratch the surface but a trifle to find the boy. The final piece of the celebration was by far the best. We got one of the cook's pails and put it over a good big cracker. The previous firing had been tame; but when, contrary to expectation, John's

pail went flying some thirty feet into the air, there was a great shout of delight. It came down with bottom out and sides torn, just as John's angry face came around the tent. Even the boss was seen to smile, and our Fourth seemed at least fittingly ushered in.

We expect to finish the last field in a day or two. I think that from here I'll go over into the Delaware valley and see if I can get work on a farm.

Y. M. C. A.,
Binghamton, N. Y.,
Morning, July 17, 1899.

I'm still hovering around Binghamton. It comes about this way. We did not finish our weeding till last Tuesday, on account of a particularly bad field. The force by this time had dwindled down to about twenty men, so that when the boss took me on to stay for the cultivating, I thought I might be doing the "square thing" by staying. I could have remained a full week more, but I want to get on. To tell the truth, it would have been much more pleasant to have stayed. I have become well acquainted with the men, most of whom came to the camp during the first week, like myself, and intend to see the work through. Moreover, it makes me more of a "floater" or "hobo" in their eyes to leave this job with nothing in sight.

When the boss came up from the city this morning, I asked him if I could get my pay at the office without trouble. John, the cook, had told him that I was going, so that he showed no surprise. He didn't even look at me, but replied, "You'll get your money all right," in a manner that seemed to resent an attack upon the integrity of the sugar company.

I said "good by" to the fellows as they went out to the field with their hoes—only about ten had survived Saturday night. John, the cook, was the last to bid me good by. He said nothing about it, but I know he could not understand why I left before the work was finished. He would "only remember well of me," and as the boat pulled away from my dock,—the dock which I had made there my first Sunday, —he wished me "every kind of good fortune." I had the last glimpse of my beet-weeder's life from the road on the way to Binghamton. Looking across a new-mown meadow and the river, I could just distinguish, in the field beyond, the forms of my friends starting to work; and I almost wished I was with them.

One or two incidents of the past week, and I must close. Either Tuesday or Wednesday last we had experienced a particularly hard day. The dew and rain in the morning had been swept from the plants by our trousers till we were soaked to the knees. A heavy afternoon shower had kept us wet, and an extra half hour's work had made us quite dilapidated internally and externally. But I had a postal to mail, the boss wanted a newspaper, and the men some tobacco; so I started for town. Just as I came to the first cross street in my wet and dirty wretchedness, I saw ———, '97, and ———, '99, coming along the cross street at right angles to my path. It would not have helped matters to have retreated, so I kept on, while they turned the corner and walked beside me on the opposite side of the narrow street. Divining that they were bound, like myself, for the village postoffice, I turned into a tobacco shop. I am sure —— did not recognize me,—no one would, I think,—yet we had dined together only two days before I left Ithaca.

Last night, also, Dan and I had an interesting experience in the village. It was Sunday night, and it occurred to me that while on this trip I should have good opportunities for testing the Raines law. From personal observation and the testimony of the men who returned to camp every Sunday night, I knew that the law was being violated in the city and its suburbs. Only yesterday afternoon one of the fellows had complained to me that on a previous Sunday a native of the village had taken him into a place where he had been forced to give up a dollar for a dish of cream and some beer, though which he paid for he didn't know.

I thought I recognized this place on the way home. A sign hung out: "Ice Cream and Lunches." We went in and ate a sandwich. The waiter appearing as we finished, I asked if we could get some beer.

"What kind of beer do you want?"

This seemed for a moment odd, but I answered, "What kind do you draw?"

"Birch beer, root beer, birch beer, and——" he drawled out.

Dan impetuously broke in, "He means lager beer."

The fellow did not confirm this; he merely said, "Won't birch beer do?"

Seeing what he wanted, I said, "I think birch beer will

do." The waiter repeated, "I guess birch beer will do." Dan told me afterward that he then saw a twinkle in his eye, and so "caught on." According to Dan, they are not so discreet in the city.

The proprietor appeared with the two glasses of lager beer and the injunction to hurry before they came in. "They," evidently the proprietor's wife and daughter, entered a moment later.

Leaving the ice cream saloon, we stopped at the Presbyterian church, and stood at the door (the rear of the church was filled and the usher wanted to take us to the front seats). A returned missionary was giving an illustrated lecture on India. The pictures were good, and Dan was greatly interested. At the close he waited until he could put some money in the collection. He said, "I've heard his talk, and it's only the square thing to give him something." He told me that he has "no use for ministers since that one in Arizona stole their only butcher knife." He had mentioned this knife episode before, and I know that he feels strongly concerning it, so strongly that to him the whole church system wears a veil of hypocrisy. It was to be our last night together, and he talked freely on the way home of these matters. He told me of the preachers he had heard in the west, and said (I recall every word): "I sometimes feel a shudder pass over me when I hear them talk." I knew he referred to the revivalist's "hell," and I felt that he meant what he said. "Now suppose," he continued, "that you and I were going along here, and we had some words, and I drew a knife—and knifed you." At first sight Dan looks capable of such a thing. "Well, suppose I was sent to the penitentiary for life, and repented my sins there. Then, according to these fellows, you, who were like me, would have gone to the bad place, and I who had done the bad work would go to the other place."

I asked Pat, who is always telling his friends what is in store for them, if he believed what he preached. Pat's answer would have fulfilled all the demands for *credulitas* of his mother church in the Age of Faith; it was, "We're taught to believe." Pat and I had a literary chat the other

day. We had gone ahead by ourselves, and Pat began it by reciting several passages from Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village*. Bertha M. Clay is an equal favorite, in Pat's estimation, with Dickens. Last Christmas he read about *Old Scrooge*, and during our talk told me the whole story with keen delight.

I have an incident which may place the boss in a better light. We were lying out on the river bank; the heavens were close crowded with stars, clearly reflected in the water below. The talk had turned to religion. Finally the boss said slowly, "You may talk this or that, but if a man looks round about him, if he looks up there, he has got to believe something." A sermon, and the most impressive, I believe, that most of the men had heard in years.

One of the fellows picked up, one noon, a newspaper containing a poem entitled "The Man With the Hoe." We had all been hoeing. They examined it eagerly, making great fun over the title. After reading the poem, I took it into the tent to the boss. The latter read it aloud to the second boss in charge of the hoeing. I wish that poor poet could have sat where I sat and have heard the comment that those two men made on him and his work.

The boss evidently reads some. Monday the men were lying about indulging in common-places and loose talk when the boss said, "I'll tell a story I read yesterday. It's in a new book that's creatin' quite a stir. The book is called *David Callum*." Then he proceeded to tell the four or five anecdotes of *David Harum* to and including the circus story, which pleased his hearers most of all.

It is now noon, and the Y. M. C. A. janitor, I know, is trembling for his paper. The sweet odor of stewing raspberries is wafted in from somewhere, and makes me think of the home dining room at tea-time. I have purchased a new shirt and a blue and white jumper, which make me look more like a working man than a tramp. I have money now with which to buy food, and intend to walk over into the next valley, the Delaware, where I hope to find good farms, and to get some farm work near Hancock.

Mac.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XII. December, 1899. No. 3.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly during the college year. Subscription price, $1.00, payable in advance; $1.25 after January 1, 1900. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address all books for review and all matter for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief*, 112 Sears St., Ithaca; business communications to the *Business Manager*, 132 Blair St. Printed by Andrus & Church.

Entered at the Post Office, Ithaca, N. Y., as second-class matter.

IN little more than a decade and a half, Cornell has increased her numbers from less than five hundred to more than twenty-two hundred. With this great and rapid growth there has of necessity been some loss of university spirit. Scattered as we have been among twenty odd fraternity houses and hundreds of boarding houses; and with the class rooms almost the only common place of meeting, we have been, in a degree far too great, strangers one to another. We know the hundred more or less whom we meet in class or chance to meet otherwise; the two thousand we do not know. Not that Cornell spirit has been wanting; you cannot feel entirely a stranger to the man who stands with you at Percy Field and who joins you in a "yell" for the team; whose heart, you know, bounds and sinks with your heart, as the athletic fortunes of our common alma mater rise and fall. Cornell spirit has not been wanting; but because of our very size, and our diversity of interests, we have been known to each other, if known at all, as "Sibley men" or as "Law School men" or as "Arts men," without always fully realizing that even the Sibley man and the Law School man are akin, that both are Cornell men.

In view of this unfortunate tendency, which must inevitably accompany a great university, certain events of the fall take on significance. That President Schurman should have cared to call the students together that he might informally tell them what he wished Cornell life to be and what he was attempting to that end, was itself a mark of that closer communion in "things Cornellian" of which he spoke. That the students, when in the gladness of victory they greeted the football team on its return from Columbia, should have chosen to build their bonfire and to do their rejoicing, not as in years past on the streets of the city, but rather within the shadows of the college buildings, tells of a new spirit. The good natured clash between the hordes of Sibley and of Boardman, and the reciprocal courtesies that followed; even the new custom of the various college football teams of using the quadrangle for practice, show that interests the most distant and most opposite may be brought together, and that the campus may mean more to a man than the place where he goes to work. Wherever may be found its causes, whether in smokers and campus meetings, on Percy Field or in athletic victories elsewhere, certainly a new realization of the bond which should unite Cornell men to each other and to the University is here, and is finding expression.

To increase this realization, the Alumni Hall will come in time—and may that time not be long. Meanwhile much may be done by a reasonable use of the campus for recreation, for celebrations, for smokers and campus meetings. Such a use will do more to inspire a love for Cornell, her buildings, her lawns, her trees, and the ineffable spirit which pervades all, than weeks of recitations. In other colleges, men love their campus; it is to them more than a workshop, it is their home. We, too, should feel that the campus is our home, and as far as conditions will allow, should make it our home. In so doing we will take a great step towards that unity which makes a university strong, living.

CORNELL ANECDOTE.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

MANY odd characters appear among the students of a university. Perhaps the oddest of those at Cornell entered with one of the earliest classes. Even in those days, when there were proportionately many poorer students than at present, he immediately attracted attention by his extremely old and shabby clothing, especially by his great broad-brimmed straw-hat.

During the fall term he became known and appreciated as a good student in philosophy; but he made no friends. No one knew even where he lived till the occupants of the university farm-house discovered that the philosopher was sleeping in the corn-crib. No one objecting, however, he was left undisturbed. But then came the disclosure that he was taking his morning baths in the horse-trough. This was a little too much--he was requested to change his quarters. His difficulty was solved, however, by the faculty, who gave him, rent free, a room in North. Here he lived almost as secluded as before, boarding himself, principally on bread and coffee. It was nothing unusual to see him walking across the campus with a loaf tucked under his arm.

Meantime sympathy had been inspired for him. Accordingly, benevolent acquaintances sent him old clothes and various other articles. He accepted them, but still continued to wear the same shabby suit and the same broad-brimmed straw-hat, and to study his philosophy.

With the coming of the spring birds the philosopher decided to leave and take up government land in the South. Then came the packing up. On finishing the task he found that he was the possessor of six boxes of old clothing, for which he scraped together money enough to pay the freight south. The last news of him came in a letter from Louisiana, saying that his goods had not yet arrived and that he was wondering where they were.

Physicians' Directory.

W. H. LOCKERBY, M.D.,
Specialties, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and intubation of the Larynx. Office. 126 E. Seneca St. Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone F 162.

ELMA GRIGGS.
Office and Residence, 109 E. Seneca St. Telephone, 145. Regular hours.

JOHN BEERS HAWES, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence, 12 E. Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 145.

EUGENE BAKER, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon. 10 West Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 2 to 4 and 8 to 9 p.m. Telephone connections.

DR. DAVID WHITE,
Hours 1.30 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m. Office, 56 E. State St. Residence 201 Prospect St. Telephone at residence.

EDWARD MEANY, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office over Post Office. Office hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. Telephone, 176 B and 176 F.

CHARLES P. BEAMAN, M.D.,
Office on cor. opposite Post Office. Hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4 and 7-8 p. m. Residence, 506 E. Seneca St. Telephone, residence, 184; office, 184 B. Surgeon to Cornell Football Team.

CHAUNCEY P. BIGGS, M.D.,
Office, Ithaca Trust Co. Building (second floor); residence, 17 E. Buffalo St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.; Sundays, 4 to 5 p. m. Telephone 143 F.

DR. PAUL R. BROWN,
139 E. State St. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 189 F.

JOHN WINSLOW, M.D.,
Office and Residence northwest corner East Seneca and Quarry Sts., always open. Regular hours, 8 a. m., 12 to 4 and 6 to 7.30 p. m. Telephone.

DENTISTS.

DRS. J. B. & F. B. HOWE,
1 and 11 Bates Block, Aurora St., Ithaca, N. Y.
Telephone 18 B.

H. B. HAMILTON,
Dentist.
73 East State Street.
Hours. 9 to 12, 1.30 to 5.

DR. C. J. McCLURE,
Dentist.
Opposite New Ithaca Hotel.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

THE ALBERT TEACHERS' AGENCY,
Central Music Hall, Chicago. Established fourteen years. We have frequent opportunities of filling sudden and unexpected vacancies at this time of the year. Address
C. J. Albert, Manager.

IF you are a teacher seeking advancement and worthy of it, or if you have had no experience but want to be a teacher, and if you know how many places the School Bulletin Agency filled, and how it filled them, you would register in it, and keep registered. Illustrations and testimonials sent on application.
C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1900

Sunday Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. Leave Ithaca at 12.15 noon, and 9.30 p. m. Arrive at Ithaca, 7 a. m. and 5.10 p. m.

CORNELL MAGAZINE

THE SCHOLAR'S IDEAL.*

'AND now,' said Mr. Osborn, 'Mr. Tyrrell, will you kindly go to the board, and draw an illustration of what, in your opinion, is a mental conception?'

"'Why, certainly,' said Handwriting-Expert Tyrrell, and he walked to the high board and with many flourishes drew five capital 'F's.'

"Thus, at last, the jury got before them the idea of what a mental conception looked like."

With a mental conception we have to do in this paper, *the scholar's ideal*; the term *ideal* suggests a mental conception. In discussing this topic, I have by faithfully thumbing a home Christmas present, the ten-volume *Century*, found myself justified in dividing what I have to say under two main lines of thought. (Ages hence, an illuminating hint, this, along with the citation above from *The Sun*, toward the determination of the "time of composition" of the present writing!) Both the lines that I wish to develop have difficulties in their way because in both lines we have to deal with a mental conception; yet you will not, for this reason, I am sure, be troubled as was the puzzled jury by the Handwriting-Expert's mental conceptions. In one line of thought I propose to speak of the scholar's ideal as that ideal character toward the attainment of which each scholar should direct his reflection and bend his energy; in the other line of thought as that ideal state of physical sur-

* Paper read before the Annual Meeting of the Federation of Graduate Clubs, Barnard College, December 28, 1899.

roundings towards the attainment of which the scholar puts his utmost longing and hopes. Before I enter upon either of these lines of thought, however, I feel disposed to devote perhaps, at first glance, disproportionate space to finding out what an ideal is, what a scholar is, and what the need is for a scholar to have an ideal.

An ideal may be, in the first place, something which exists only in idea, something which exceeds reality. This definition of the ideal seems aptly to coincide with the general conception of the term ideal, since, speaking in the large, the attainment of ideals is generally considered impossible. We should, however, remember here that there is some balm for us even if we do not perfectly attain our ideals. Ideals attained may not be pleasing; that which in the stream of meditation and idealization seems a most pleasing object for attainment may, attained, not satisfy: the tree and bank seen mirrored in the glassy river are far more pleasing than when seen in actual sunlight glare. It is the process of attaining that is in general worth while. For our purposes, this definition of ideal as "something which exceeds reality" is, though stimulating, scarcely adequate.

Again, an ideal may be an imaginary object or person in which an idea is conceived to be completely realized; it may be, therefore, a standard of perfection. In this sense Queen Eleanor in *Via Crucis* or Mary Tudor in *When Knighthood was in Flower* may be the ideal of womanly beauty, Captain Dobbin of manly patience, Edison of inventive genius; Huxley may be the ideal of scholarly endeavor. In connection with this meaning of ideal we may advert to Samuel Johnson's vigorous protest against the common use of the word "idea" in his time. In Johnson's time, according to the ever faithful Boswell (another Christmas acquisition in our home !), the word "idea" was almost universally used in an inaccurate sense; the word "idea" and consequently "ideal" should be used only to signify something of which an image can be formed in the mind. Thus, to the great lexicographer, Huxley might well be an ideal of scholarly endowments because of Huxley we can form an image in the mind. It is this definition of "ideal" which suggests our

treating the scholar's ideal as some ideal character to be aimed at by the student.

Lastly, before we turn to a definition of the term scholar, the meaning of which perhaps most of us have never tried definitely to formulate, we may mention a third meaning for "ideal." An ideal may be, finally, a standard of desire, an ultimate object, a mental conception of what is most desirable; in this sense, we may have an ideal of physical enjoyment, as, for instance, a sail-boat in a scudding breeze, or a tranquil resting-place looking over twinkling valley and slumbering lake to a radiant westering sun above rounding hill-tops. In this sense, we may have an ideal of physical discomfort. Or, in this sense, you as students and scholars may have as your ideal a reasonable income and undisturbed time for research. It is this definition of ideal which suggests our second line of thought, in which we consider the scholar's ideal as that ideal state of surroundings towards which the scholar looks hopefully.

With this understanding, then, of what we mean by "ideal," we may pass to an explanation, as we conceive it, of the meaning of "scholar." Here we do not feel so sure of our ground as before. Every one in this gathering has felt that he wished to be a scholar. We have all thought of some person with whom we have been intimately associated as a scholar worthy to be modelled after. Every one of us has used the term freely. Yet what one of you could off-hand tell just what you mean by "scholar"? The dictionaries are of little help. They define "scholar" to be one who receives instruction in a school or from a teacher, as *The Taming of the Shrew*:

> "I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
> I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times."

and the familiar jingle "A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar"; one who holds a scholarship; one who learns anything; one who is erudite, one who has a great knowledge as of literature or philology. Even Emerson in *The American Scholar* avoids direct definition, his nearest approach being: "In the right state, he is MAN THINKING. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends

to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking." Another approximation of Emerson's is: "He must be an university of knowledges." If direct definition is of insufficient help, even when supplemented by the approximations quoted, let us try to get at the meaning in another way indirectly. Do you consider Thomas Edison a scholar, Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Moody of revered memory, Theodore Roosevelt, Emerson himself? In your answers what guided you? Is complete knowledge of a specific branch of inventive investigation sufficient to mark a man as a scholar? Is wide reading and general confidence in one's ability to write on nearly any topic sufficient to mark a man as a scholar? Is a close and accurate knowledge of the World's Book and intimate understanding of men sufficient? Is varied and persistent doing, keen intellectual faculty, and vigorous oral and written expression on widely differing historical and political topics sufficient? Or is there necessary to mark the scholar something different from these, the ability to carry out consecutively individual research in some line of generally recognized intellectual school endeavor? For practical purposes, I think we may here safely consider the scholar to be one engaged in the pursuits of learning, engaged, too, in extending the limits of some particular branch of knowledge engaged in searching out the true.

If, then, an ideal is what we have defined it to be, and a scholar is a person who, engaged in the pursuit of learning, is continually extending the limits of knowledge and of the knowledge of the truth, what is the the advantage of a scholar's having an ideal? The advantage for the scholar is practically the advantage for every man. Every man needs some *excelsior* stimulus to perfect himself, to make his life better worth living. This thought Kant has expressed with notable clearness in his *Critique of Pure Reason* (we quote Max Müller's translation, with a slightly more idiomatic shaping): "Ideals, though they cannot claim objective reality, are not therefore to be considered as chimeras; they supply reason with an indispensable standard, because we require the concept of that which is

perfect of its kind, in order to estimate by it the degree and number of the defects of the imperfect." We as graduate students may know how near we are to being scholars (or how far we are from being scholars) by trying for this quarter hour to realize what it is to be an ideal scholar. This thought of an *excelsior* stimulus Mr. Edwin Markham has also well expressed in a recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post* ("How and Why I Wrote 'The Man with the Hoe'"): "The spirit of use, of loving service, sends a gleam of the ideal into every labor. And man needs the ideal even more than he needs bread. The ideal is the bread of the soul." For some persons, the ideal is simply themselves higher; the effort for such persons is to bring out all powers within themselves to their fullest perfection. This ideal I overheard expressed the other day thus: "I never found anybody yet that I wanted to be like. Not that I'm self-satisfied. I should like only to be myself higher." For other persons the ideal is some outside standard of perfection. To every one, we say, not to go on with over-many platitudes, an ideal is an advantage. To the scholar the advantage is particularly notable. He, perhaps more than most men, would be likely to strain towards a standard of perfection. He, perhaps more than most men, is likely to come near the standard.

I. And now to the first of the two ideals of the scholar, the scholar's ideal regarded as that imaged character toward the attainment of which he should direct his thought and his effort. We must be careful here not to imagine that there is to be bumptious stretching towards the ideal character. Mark Browning's note of caution in *A Grammarian's Funeral:*

"That low man seeks a litttle thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit."

In this phase of our topic the scholar's ideal may be called the ideal scholar. In considering this ideal we may speak first of certain ideal characteristics that ought to be present in every scholar, and may then ask you to enforce these generalities by reference to some scholar who seems to you in his life to have realized the characteristics. First and above all, the scholar ought to be eager to extend the bounds of knowledge. We have even seen fit to limit our definition by including in it this characteristic. Pitiful the picture of the man of learning content simply to do what others have done, content with mere imitation. Most of us, to be sure, are too like the piles of railroad ties that I saw on my way hither now and again along the track, each tie marked—. Very few were the ties chalked o, different from the rest. It is too often thus with us as students; it cannot be thus with us as scholars. With Emerson in his *Literary Ethics* we may say: "Be content with a little light, so it be your own." and "The new man must feel that he is new, and has not come into the world mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe, and Asia, and Egypt." Being eager to extend knowledge, thinking for himself, the ideal scholar penetrates the secrets of matter and mind and man.

Of scarcely less importance in the ideal scholar is active sympathy with man and life: on one side he touches books and book-knowledge, nature and nature-lore; on the other, living man.

"Men have oft grown old among their books
To die case hardened in their ignorance,
Whose careless youth had promised what long years
Of unremitted labor ne'er performed."

They die case hardened, not sensitive, because they leave out man. The scholar, though bent on enlarging the bounds of knowledge, must not therefore forget the bounds of life and earth-living. Let us not 'leave to the unlettered plain its herd and crop, seek for ourselves sepulture on a tall mountain top, crowded with culture.' Let it not be said of any of us: "He decided not to live, but to know." Let the

scholar have his eyes and ears wide open to the human and present interests about him. Let him know what is stirring in political life, let him know who is nominated for what office, who is the best of various candidates, who is nominated by a party having the more truth-inspired principles. In this regard, Mr. Roosevelt's *American Ideals* is for all of us an extremely bracing tonic. Perfectly in accord with the suggestions therein contained, one of the most inspiring and scholarly scholars I know is wont always to keep himself thoroughly informed regarding matters of the franchise; before the last election a group of a dozen of our graduate students listened to him and questioned him a whole evening, after dinner together, to find out what he had learned concerning the questions at issue in the election. It would have been better for us all to have done the gleaning as did he; at least we all did the thinking and deciding for ourselves. May this not be a practical suggestion to us as representatives of graduate clubs from many universities, from California to Cambridge? Along this line we may clearly have with great profit one or two meetings in the year. Let us not in our much learning forget life about us and one of life's interests, the only one I have had time to dwell upon, the political.

When a man is actively sympathetic with the world and the people about him, he is likely to abound in charity. He is not a sneering depreciator of the work of other men of his class. He frankly and vigorously applauds what seems to him to be good work done anywhere by anybody. The ideal scholar must be big-souled; he must be charitable. There is too much of the spirit "Can any good thing come out of ———"; here the depreciator is wont to supply the name of some person doing work in the same line with himself, work which has been possibly more widely flaunted in the press than his own quiet investigation. Zealous in learning new truths for himself, active in moving among men, the scholar must also be ready and generous in expressing his appreciation of the good work of others.

Lastly, along with eagerness to extend the limits of learning,

determination to know life, and broad-souled generosity in expressing appreciation of the good work of a fellow-scholar, there is to be found in the ideal scholar insatiable desire for more knowledge of the world and all. "Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text, still there's the comment." Surely we shall not stop with the completion of our first, or our second, or our third bit of independent work. Always onward. To the last, let us be more, and strive to do more, be more and more useful. Never is the ideal scholar satisfied with what he has completed.

Now to a part of my paper which I have taken the liberty of leaving for you to develop. Can any of you think of a scholar who, embodying the characteristics here mentioned as essential, and some others that have occurred to you as essential, though perhaps not *so* essential, may fairly be called an ideal of scholarly endowment? If there occur to you such scholars, known to you personally or known to you from reading, may I not ask you freely to speak of them in the discussion which is set down to follow this paper. Whom do you consider to be the ideal scholar in finance? Who is the ideal scholar in history? Who in mathematics, who in philosophy? Who in these branches of learning is or has been zealous in extending the knowledge of truth, active in living and in knowing life, generous in applauding merit, tireless and unsatisfied in learning and doing?

II. Briefly, now, in this paper, which is aimed to be not exhaustive but merely thought-suggesting, we may refer to the second of the two ideals that we found from the definition were embraced in our topic: the scholar's ideal as a conceived state of physical surroundings towards which the scholar looks longingly. Here we shall find that the French, German, English, and American scholars are likely to have different ideals; yet all seem to be alike in having these as ideals: a comfortable income and ample and unhampered time for research. The great need for the American scholar, if he be a college professor, is this time for independent work; he must not be overcrowded with beginning

students; he must not be overcrowded with executive detail. He should have, as his ideal, the drawing about him of a few intelligent spirits, and these he will inspire. This thought, emphasized by Professor John Williams White and by Mr. Joseph Parker Warren at the last meeting of the Federation, in Cambridge, we have seen fit here to stress again. The scholar may well have, as his ideal, undisturbed time for individual research.

He may, too, fairly have, as an ideal, a comfortable income. When deciding to be a scholar, particularly when deciding to be a scholarly teacher, when beginning to realize in himself scholarly attributes, he has immediately given up thought of making much money as his prime ideal. If, then, he has cheerfully given up what is the chief ideal in this generation, he certainly ought to be assured a life income of sufficient size to enable him to live, if not luxuriously, at least comfortably, and to enjoy his occasional year of relief from active teaching duties. Here the German and French scholars are more likely to attain their ideal than is, under present conditions, the American scholar. Soon may the time come when every deserving American scholar may be assured a moderate income as a solace to his endeavor.

Finally, going hand in hand with that essential characteristic of the ideal scholar, active participation in life, we may mention as an ideal surrounding for the scholar, especially if he be a college teacher, the possession of a home where, meeting his students face to face, he may know them as he could never know them merely in the laboratory, in the class room, or in the library, and may inspire them most intimately with the ideals which he has set for himself of accurate and intense individual learning, close touch with man as men and with life as it is, generous recognition of all good scholarly work, and unsatisfied zeal to be and to accomplish more and more for the world's betterment.

C. R. Gaston.

"THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW."

(*Suggested by a Painting.*)

IT chanced that there met on the threshold
Of Time one wintry night
Two sisters, one clad in sable,
The other clad in white.

One was young and radiant,
And a flaming torch she bore;
The other was old and weary,
And her torch was burning no more.

There they stood on the threshold
And gazed in each other's face,
Hand clasping hand in affection.
Neither spoke for a space,

Till the elder at last broke the silence:
"Sister, I yield thee my place
To start in turn on thy journey
With a happy, youthful face.

"When I began *my* journey,
Hope beamed upon *my* brow,
And *my* torch was burning brightly
As thine is burning now.

"But when I beheld the sorrow
And sin in this world of woe,
The bloom from my cheek fled swiftly;
My torch went out long ago.

"So take my warning, sister:
Expect not joy and peace.
The happiest hour of thy mission
Will be that which brings thee release.

"But hark! the bells are pealing—
The midnight hour is come.
Go thou forth upon thy journey—
I go to my Father's home."

She pressed the hand of her sister,
And kissed her lovingly;
Then passed in her garments of sable
Out into Eternity.

And the other, young and radiant,
After the elder cast
One fleeting glance as she vanished
Into the depths of the Past.

Then, with courage undaunted,
By her elder sister's despair,
She bravely set toward the Future
Her face unshadowed by care!

F. Monroe Crouch.

THE LOVE STORY OF TWO "GRADS."

VER since John Thurston had in his boyhood, read "Scottish Chiefs," Helen Marr had been his favorite name. When, at one of the first recitations of his Freshman year, the mathematics instructor called upon Miss Marr to go to the board, he watched rather eagerly to see whether his mind's picture of Miss Porter's heroine would fit.

To her the first proposition was assigned.

"Miss Marr, you may prove that 'the lateral faces of a prism are parallelograms.'"

A girl at the end of the long board wrote her name, Helen Marr, put down the theorem, and set about drawing the figure. She was a short, slender girl, with a beautiful, serious face, and a great quantity of brown hair. Though she was very unlike his pictured Helen, he was not disappointed.

He found the next day that she was in his Latin class also, and day by day he learned more about her. Her eyes, he discovered, were blue, and their expression was usually rather grave; yet they could be merry enough at times, as he learned one day when Ault, the "bluffer" of the section translated, "*Vides ut alta stet moe candidum Soracte*," to mean

"Poor old Socrates standing in the snow in his bare feet."

Her brown hair was neither curly nor curled, but combed back rather loosely, and twisted in a knot such as other girls wore, but much more smoothly. Her clear-cut face would have been too severe had it not been for the curves of the red lips. Her voice was low and musical, and though she always spoke more quietly than anyone else he could hear her more distinctly. He had a general impression that she was always well-dressed, although, if questioned, he could not have told the color of one of her gowns.

She always knew her lessons, though she looked too well to be accused of being much of a "grind." He himself

was a good student, and he felt sometimes as if there was a race between them.

Soon after the class election he met her, when Shirley, the class president, put him on a committee, one of whose members was Miss Marr. For the first year, however, their acquaintance did not go beyond a pleasant "Good-morning" as they met outside the door of a class-room. John was too busy to think much about anything but his work, and Helen, if she thought of him at all, remembered him only as a tall bright-faced boy in several of her classes.

As they returned for their Sophomore year, she from her home in New York, he from Washington, they met on a Lehigh Valley train down at Bethlehem. By the end of the long ride to Ithaca, he felt that he knew her very well.

In a day or two, in spite of the laughing of the men at the house, he called on her. Then, much more rapidly than he would have believed possible, their acquaintance grew into a friendship which became one of the pleasantest features of his University life.

A very unsentimental friendship it was. One of Helen's characteristics which John most admired was her perfect self-control. Occasionally, music made her cheeks flush and her eyes shine, but nothing else ever moved her from her usual calm. They played together very often, she on her violin, he accompanying her on the piano. Helen was always happy—in fact, he could not remember ever having seen her unhappy—and she was always interested, but she never grew enthusiastic as other girls did. She seemed entirely independent in every way of anyone else's help. He wondered sometimes whether she was as self-centered and emotionless as she seemed, or whether she gave this impression because she did not show her feelings to all the world, as most people are apt to do.

Near the end of his Junior year John's mother died. As he read Helen's sympathetic letter, he felt that he had been wrong in thinking her cold-hearted. No one could have written more feelingly. With this revelation of what he felt must be her true self, there came to him the realization of his

own emotions toward her. He loved her with all his heart.

A month later, however, when he saw her again, she was the Helen of their friendship, self-possessed and cold. Disappointed as he was, he thought best to leave things to time, and said nothing to her of his love.

The last week of their Senior year they revisited together the various haunts which Cornellians are wont to visit at the last, and together they bade a gay farewell to their undergraduate life at the Senior Ball. There they had arranged to stay but for half the dances.

"We will enjoy our last week much better if we are not all tired out," Helen said in her practical way.

The time at which they had agreed to go was near at hand, when John crossed the Armory to the Rho Chi box. A waltz—their last waltz—was just beginning. After that, out in the June starlight, he had determined to find out once for all which was the true Helen, the cold-hearted girl of their friendship or the tender girl of his dreams.

As he stepped inside the box, she was leaning back among the cushions on the divan, her fluffy white cloak across her lap. She looked very white and tired, but she seemed more beautiful to him than ever.

"I can't dance any more to-night," she said, as he crossed the box.

"You look tired, Helen," he answered. "Well, are you ready to come now?" He could not keep all tenderness out of his voice. That question meant so much to him.

"I am going home with Mrs. Emerton, John?"

"But, Helen, I am going with you. I must. I have something to tell you."

"I can't help it. I can never hear it." He did not see the quiver in her face. He only heard her voice, which sounded cold and hard.

"And you won't come with me?"

"No, John. And I am going home in the morning. I shall probably never see you again. You have been very good to me. Good-bye."

He gazed at her a moment, then turned sharply away, not even seeing the hand held out to him.

Half an hour later Helen stood at her window in Sage looking over toward the Armory. Her thoughts, however, were far away. On the floor beside her lay a yellow envelope, and in her hand was a crushed slip of yellow paper, on which were a few unpunctuated, uncapitalized sentences.

"Your father failed has killed himself come home immediately."

It was signed with her mother's name. That her mother could not have sent the message in that way she knew well. She had read it over and over again, since it had been handed to her at the ball, yet she could not believe it. She had never known her father well,—a cold, silent man, whose whole mind was centered in his business. That that business rested upon anything but the firmest basis Helen had never dreamed. And that he had killed himself! Her father! Why should he? There is nothing disgraceful in failure, unless— No, her father was honest.

The next night found her in New York, in the home where she had been so happy. Her mother was completely prostrated, and upon Helen rested the burden of everything.

After all was over, after even the newspapers had grown tired of telling of what one termed "the most colossal dishonesty of the decade", after Helen and her mother found that all that they could give up would do but little toward liquidating Mr. Marr's debts, they settled down in a few rooms, depending upon Helen's education for support. Through the kindness of a few faithful friends she secured a position in the public schools, and for a few years life moved along very smoothly, though never very happily.

Then Mrs. Marr died, and Helen, who had been so brave through it all, grew hard and bitter. The acceptance of an offered position in a high-school brought with it the necessity for more advanced study, and she went back to Cornell for a year's hard work. There her old friends tried to make life pleasant for her, but they soon realized that she would rather be left alone to her work.

. . . . . .

And John? The night of the Senior, he also had received a telegram. It read:

"India Refining Company offers you position as chemist in San Francisco wire acceptance and come at once."

Two weeks later John was taking up his new duties, and striving to forget. He had written her twice, but there had been no reply. Too proud to ask further, too engrossed in his own suffering to read the papers, where he could have found the whole shameful story, he tried now to think of nothing but his work.

Five years later he came back East upon a well earned vacation. He determined to go straight through from Buffalo to Philadelphia. When he reached Ithaca, however, even his strong will could not keep him from glancing up toward the campus. A few moments later as the train steamed out of the station, he stood upon the platform where so often he had cheered himself hoarse at the home-coming of a victorious crew or team. With Alma Mater so near, he was too fond a son to pass her by.

As he rode up in the car, he smiled to see how little it all had changed. True, some of the streets had been paved and there were some new houses, but altogether it was dear old Ithaca. As he passed the Sage mansion he glanced up as if expecting to see a kindly-faced, white-haired, old man on the porch. Instead, a man on crutches and wearing a football sweater, walked slowly up and down.

At the entrance gate to the campus John got off the car. Here, surely, he found great changes. What had become of the old Willow Pond, and how much more graceful was the new stone bridge than the simple iron bridge of his day. And as he drew near the Library he started again. Where was the little chapel, whose slender spire looked so strange after the Library was built? How much and how symmetrically the building had grown! Hearing the sound of the organ, he stepped inside. As he did so he missed the little chapel of the old days. Then as he sat there the past all came back to him still more clearly—the old life, the old friends, and Helen. He acknowledged now for the first time, that his life would never be complete without her. He thought he had forgotten. Why had he stopped at Ithaca to bring back the bitterest pain of his life?

Then he noticed toward the front of the chapel, a girl who sat so that he could see her profile plainly. Was that Helen? No, it could not be. But how much like Helen's was the clear cut profile. The girl was dressed in black. No mourning, however, was necessary to tell the story of sadness written so plainly in her face.

When she turned toward him a moment later he realized the truth. It was Helen, but not the Helen of his dreams. The curved mouth had settled into a hard line. In addition to sorrow there was bitterness. This was worse than all, to find that she had changed. But no, it was not a change. She had always been hard and cold.

Then the sound of the organ broke in upon his bitter thoughts. "The Serenade!" Even that, their old favorite! How often they had played it together, laughing over their difficulty with the syncopated time. He yielded to the spell of the music. He was back again, a senior, adoring her, and believing that some day he would win her.

He glanced again at her face, and the spell was not broken. He saw there Helen of his dreams. Her mouth had softened into the old tenderness, her eyes were alit with a gleam born of tears.

As the music died away, she buried her face for a moment in her hands, then hastened across the chapel, and out across the green past Boardman. He caught up with her just before she reached the stone seat under the great pine.

"Helen," he said. She looked up at him. He could not help but see the gladness in her face.

"Helen," he said, "are you ready to come now?"

For a moment they looked straight into each other's hearts, after all the years. Then she laid her hand on his arm.

"John," she answered, "with all my heart."

E. S.

THE SPECTATOR.

NO. 636. NOVEMBER 2, 1899.

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit
Componit furtim subsequitusque decor—

"Whatever the maiden did, wherever her light steps hastened,
Modest she was of air, with furtive grace in her movements."

IN the past, various of my speculations have taken their rise from the folly, extravagance, and caprice of the present age. It will not surprise, therefore, if, in this present writing, I design to remark upon an absurdity now prevailing among the fair sex.

This morning as I sauntered down the street, I met a pert miss of my acquaintance who affects all the follies and fripperies that make an appearance in matters of fashion. Notwithstanding, she has such grace of speech as endears her to all who know her. It was therefore with pleasure that I received her recognition.

She wore a felted hat which she had brought forward until it almost concealed her sparkling eyes, thereby, I'll warrant, affording many an opportunity for a sly glance. But more; in this felted hat was thrust a feather of such tremendous length that although both the lady and myself were walking briskly, we were some instants in passing one another.

In the course of the morning, I beheld several like decorations. Some wore the attenuated ornament jauntily; to such, of whom my pert miss was an example, the attire proved not altogether unbecoming. However, in the majority of cases I could but think of the admired lines:

"Yet she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows, and its track adores."

Since no female is unwilling to make a pleasing appear-

ance in the eyes of her male beholders, but rather courts the contrary, I would beg you, my fair readers, if with such I am favored, that you moderate the length of your feathers, and exhibit in your dress and deportment that modesty which Sulpicia so justly admires and which constitutes your chiefest charm.

A. W. L.

GLIMPSES AT LIFE.

JOTTINGS FROM AN ANTIQUARY'S NOTE-BOOK.

AM certainly fond of the seclusion and privacy of my bachelor's den, and shrink from the stirring social activities about me; yet when I see the dwellers on our street closing up their houses for the summer and hurrying away to mountain and sea-shore, an indefinable feeling of unrest comes over me. (Shall I confess it) I am half afraid of these moments of unrest; for it is then that I begin to reason with myself, and say with Ike Marvel's bachelor, "Yes, a wife? And why? And pray, my dear sir, why *not*?" Even Richard, my man, with a rare sagacity born of a knowledge of my varying moods, sees my danger, and lest my foot stumble, suggests that "Massa Martin" would find it cooler out of town. This I believe is a piece of finesse on Richard's part. He looks with jealous eye upon any invasion of his rights. When these moments of unrest come, I leave a notice on my office door and hasten from town to forget my doubtings in the genuine delights of antiquarian research.

What a pleasure it is to rummage through snuff-colored files of old gazettes in search of some elusive fact of local history; to delve in some ancient mariner's sea-chest in quest of a forgotten log; or to hunt high and low, in garret and cellar, throughout the countryside for some obsolete utensil or piece of rare china. Still greater, perhaps, is the

pleasure found in the inspiring influences that come from contact with the prosaic, honest lives and homely philosophy of the village and farm ; in the glimpses one gets of the life and customs of the "home-spun" days ; and, most of all, in the rare friendships that these excursions bring to one.

. . . . . .

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart. 'Tis woman's existence."

I had come to Newaggen in search of a rare piece of English china, which I found to be in the possession of an old lady, the widow of a fisherman drowned on the Banks. The piece that I coveted had been brought from the Provinces by the good woman's husband, and in spite of her extreme poverty she could not part with it In "china-hunting" it is an axiom that where sentiment enters into a discussion of value, the gentle art of persuasion is of no avail. Yet, although my quest was unsuccessful, I still lingered at Newaggen enjoying thoroughly the boating, fishing, and quiet evening chats with the Old Captain.

The Old Captain's reserve proved to be only a cloak readily thrown aside ; for, after a week of watchful scrutiny, when he was sure that I was not one of "them artist fellars," we began to be boon companions. The Old Captain's weather-beaten face with its stubby fringe of gray beard was a "study" worthy of any pencil ; and consequently he suffered much weariness of flesh, because of the importunate demands of the artists among the summer people, who desired to sketch him.

One evening, as we sat down by the shore watching the surf break over the Cuckholds, the conversation drifted to the subject of marriage ; and I soon found myself talking quite eloquently, I thought, of the inconsistencies and defects of the matrimonial estate, theories that had met with a good deal of favor at the Lotus, even among the benedicts there.

Pausing, I turned to watch the effect of my words upon my companion. It seemed, for the moment, as if he had forgotten my presence. He was looking dreamily out toward the entrance to the little harbor, his weather-beaten face

working with emotion. It was some time before he spoke, and when he did, my man-of-the-world-philosophy for the first time appeared false and insufficient. It was then that I learned the sad episode which had quickened and ennobled the Old Captain's life.

When the Old Captain was a lad, scarcely in his majority. he had fallen in love with Charlotte Gray, the only daughter of a retired ship-master of Fairport. Charlotte had returned the young man's affection with all the ardor of a trustful, sympathetic nature. Her father, who had been unconscious of this growing intimacy which had ripened into love, was aroused and angry when the young man came to ask for his daughter's hand. In his anger, he refused to listen to the young man's request, and forbade him to darken his threshold again.

Knowing well the ship-master's stubborn will, the young man in despair sought employment in Rivermouth as a supercargo ; but one day, filled with a vain hope, he made his way back to Fairport. Charlotte met him by secret appointment. Yet the pleasure was only momentary, for the ship-master was still firm in his dislike of the young man ; and she was too loyal to leave him clandestinely, when elopement was suggested.

Filled with the hopelessness of ever gaining the ship-master's consent, the young man sailed for the East Indies in one of his employer's ships, and was wrecked in the Indian Ocean. For years it was thought that he had perished with the rest of the crew ; but a returning mariner brought the news that he was still alive and had settled on a plantation in Martinique.

Meanwhile, time had wrought a great change in the ship-master. As his hold upon life relaxed year by year, he softened toward the young man ; and every out-bound vessel from Fairport to Martinique was intrusted with a message from the ship-master to the wanderer, begging forgiveness. The ship-master's heart ached, for he saw that Charlotte was slowly pining away under the great burden of her sorrow. Yet all his messages remained unanswered.

Summer came, and the village doctor, alarmed for the motherless Charlotte's health, ordered a change of air and woman's nursing. That summer Charlotte and her father went to live with a maiden aunt in a little cottage overlooking the harbor of Newaggen.

Yet when autumn came, Charlotte was too ill to return to Fairport. Like the flowers she had planted in front of the cottage, she was clinging pathetically to a life which must end with the coming of winter.

One night during a terrible storm, the watchers at the sick girl's bed-side were startled by the long continued blowing of the conch, summoning the able-bodied men of the hamlet to the shore. The ship-master, hastily putting on his oil-skins, hurried out in the blinding rain to the place where the fishermen had collected. In the intervals of lightning, a big ship could be seen laboring heavily in a trough of sea, dangerously near the shoals.

Suddenly, to the astonishment of the on-lookers, she veered about, and uplifted by the miraculous power of the waves, cleared the shoals, and bounding through the narrow entrance to the little harbor, grounded on the sandy bottom within.

Willing hands brought the survivors of the *Humboldt* ashore. The captain, who had been injured by a falling yard, at the direction of the ship-master was carried to the cottage, where the doctor was in attendance on Charlotte.

In the light and warmth of the cottage the injured man regained consciousness and looked wildly about him. With an incoherent cry, he suddenly propped himself upon his cot and looked fixedly at the ship-master, who had come into the room. The recognition was mutual. After ten years, the wanderer had returned.

In the sick room there was a tear in the village doctor's eye as he turned to whisper the answer to the Old Captain's inquiring glance. Alas! it was a joyful reunion for the Old Captain and his sweetheart, but too late.

. . . . . .

"Always the same Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan."

One summer evening while in search of some genealogical data in the country about the little New England village of Tadmor, I strayed from the main road and would have been lost in the maze of logging roads that lie between that village and the outlying country, had I not chanced upon a clearing in the pine woods, through which I could see a light twinkling in the distance. The light proved to come from an old-fashioned farm-house, itself dark, save for this one light which shone from a front room. As I reached the rising ground in front of the house, I could not refrain from peering into the room. Except that the furnishings of the room were not elegant, I saw before me a reproduction in real life of Sadler's picture of Darby and Joan. Two old people, a man and a woman, were sitting at the supper table, the old man in a neat black coat, (I could easily imagine the ruffled shirt and stock), and the gentle-faced old lady in a pretty lace cap,—a veritable Darby and Joan. They were very happy, and, as I afterward learned, they were celebrating the good wife's birthday.

I was a stranger to them, but they took me in and gave me of their generous hospitality. That night, as the good man showed me to the little guest chamber under the gable roof, I confessed to him my eaves-dropping, and told him of the other Darby and Joan who were still "hand in hand when their hair was gray" "Friend," he said, "Eunice and I have always been happy together. On our wedding day, my old grandsire took me aside, and says he, 'When you feel the cross words a-coming, sing a psalm tune.' Well, sir, I never forgot that advice."

H. A. H.

IN THE VALLEYS.

FARMING IN THE DELAWARE.

Sussex Co., New Jersey, July 29, 1899.

FOR more than a week I have been farming here in the Delaware valley, but until to-day have had no opportunity to write. A heavy thunder shower, which has driven me to that rainy day haven of the farmer, the barn, is still in progress; the farmer and the other hired man have gone to the village to bring some summer boarders from the station; the mistress is too busy preparing for them to be concerned about what I am doing. As soon as the storm passes I must leave my writing and go back to my cultivator in the cornfield.

By country road it is a long trip from the Susquehanna at Binghamton to this Delaware farm in Jersey; but fortunately there is a quicker, cheaper route. Leaving Binghamton on foot I proceeded eastward along the Susquehanna, turning aside a little beyond the city to view more closely the beautiful state hospital, beckoning to me like an alluring mediaeval castle from its hill-top. I found some of the inmates playing ball with the guards, some crooning in rocking chairs on the cottage porches, and others from behind barred windows lowering at those without. One woman, braiding her hair on the lawn, stole a crafty glance at my paper lunch, and said with mingled shrewdness and simpleness, "Mister, give me something good to eat, will you?" The hospital stands for a noble state charity, more like a home than a prison, yet it was with a sense of renewed freedom that I leaped the high fence in the rear and stood again on the open highway.

Now there commenced a pain in my knee, caused by my previous work of weeding, and destined on the morrow to

change my mode of travel, so that only with a good deal of pain did I manage to hobble on, swiftly pursued by some of the blackest water-laden clouds that ever worried a traveler. Never before this trip have I fully appreciated Heine's love for the sun. Of course I found shelter, an old shed, till the storm passed ; but when I had started out, the roads were so flooded and slippery, and the roadside grass so wet, that I was compelled to go "drilling" up the Erie track. Ah ! but there is a fascination about the railroad, a fascination most decided as darkness falls ; and here were two great lines patrolling either side of the river, with a stray ray of sunshine breaking through upon the storm clouds above, the gray river below, and the rolling black and white trails of smoke that steadily pursued the iron monsters as they came puffing, straining, and tugging up with their rumbling trains, and disappeared again, their course marked by the intermittent fiery flash from the furnace reflected in the trailing smoke above.

For several miles I limped along the track, scanning the country-side for a nice barn, until I finally spied one not far ahead, and sat down on a damp railroad-tie to wait for the cover of darkness before approaching. It may seem strange that now having money I did not openly apply at some house for lodging ; yet it must be remembered that a farmer will not permit a tramp to stay in his barn under any consideration ; that a wet and dirty tramp of unknown character, even when paying for lodging, causes the farmer and his wife inconvenience and worry ; moreover, if the tramp be a thinking tramp, he prefers to cause no inconvenience, and to avoid the inevitable cross-examination. What was my regret, then, on approaching my supposed barn to find it merely a barnlike house, inhabited at one end. There was nothing for it but to turn again to the muddy road, where I slipped and splashed about, exploring the scattered barns. Slipping around the corner of one I discovered, luckily, before trying it, the form of a farmer with a gun, quietly talking to his dog in the yard. He

must have seen me try a barn near by and made ready. Now the moon peeping out for a moment showed a second storm rising from the west, so that I hurriedly continued my search till at last a door swung open to my touch. In blackness like that of the Libby Tunnel I groped about the barn, stumbling now against a plough-beam, now against a wagon-pole, then again touching the warm nose of a horse, until I felt the welcome rungs of the loft ladder. Restful is a bed of rye straw.

On the road the next morning a farmer civilly returned my "Good morning." "Say!" (he stopped on the way to his barn,) "have you got a job?"

"No, I expect one over at Hancock." I said with remarkable assurance.

"You hain't got none—eh? Can you milk?"

"No."

"Ever hay any?"

"No."

"Can you drive?"

"Yes."

"Well, my brother wants a fellow on the next farm. He might take you."

I glanced at the next farm. It was not an attractive farm and, more than that, it was not in the Delaware valley. So without stopping I continued, passing through Great Bend, which was still asleep with the exception of the hotel bar-keepers cleaning out after the night's business.

Beyond the town I made bold to ascend one of the signal-towers along the track, the home of the signalman. It is a lonely life he leads, nothing to do but sit in his little coop, watching the track, reading, setting signals, recording trains —preventing accidents. The operator, a civil fellow, permitted me to read his papers, and sociably inquired where I was going. Upon my reply he volunteered, "I wouldn't walk if I were you. Why don't you take a freight?" Concealing my astonishment, I expressed doubt about jumping with a bad knee, whereupon he kindly informed me that nearly all the freights stopped at Hancock.

At ten that morning I was in Susquehanna. Walking had become so painful that it was necessary either to rest or to ride. I asked the fare to Hancock and for a time table. The ticket-agent gave me the information but curtly refused the time table. Sitting down I pondered whether to pay my fare, or rest and then walk, or take the signal-man's advice and "freight it." Meanwhile one train departed, and within an hour another would leave. I was still undecided when fate came to my aid in a long coal-train which came creaking up pass the depot. Perhaps a dozen cars passed before I determined to seize the opportunity. Seeing no police or other officials about, I jumped aboard, whereupon we moved majestically up the yard with all the dignity of a "pusher" and seventy cars loaded with coal for the "big city."

There are small brackets on coal-cars for brakemen's feet when braking, and for tramps. When seated there only one's hat shows above the car, yet while still in the yard a piece of coal skimmed over my hat splintering on the car ahead. I paid no attention to the ill-boding missile, hoping that it might have been accidental. But this piece was followed by another, which brought me to my feet. Turning I confronted the brakeman.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello! What's the matter?" I answered with outward calm surprise, though really I was fearful of being put off.

His smiling face, however, immediately reassured me, as did his words. "Oh, nothing. I only wanted to wake you up," and he went ploughing his way through the coal to the other end of the train. I was relieved, even beginning to feel as much at ease as though I had paid my fare.

Up, up we steadily climbed to the top of the mountain which separates the two valleys. Here our pusher gave us a farewell toot and we were off for the Delaware at passenger speed, brakes set, and seventy heaps of coal bobbing and twisting behind.

(The mistress has summoned me to help take the summer-boarders' trunks up stairs.)

Sunday afternoon, August 13, 1899.

(I am out on the river bank with part of my wash spread on the grass. Till this afternoon there has not been a lull in the farm work so that I could continue the account of my ride.)

As we rushed through Deposit I noticed several signs bearing "Tramps" in large type, and have since learned that it was very fortunate we did not stop, because the authorities have been arresting men from the trains. When we next stopped, a fellow of about thirty approached and informed me that he was riding a couple of cars back. He said that he and two "pards" had attempted to catch the train a mile back, but that he alone had succeeded, his "pards" being thrown down. After some mutual questioning he said, as though we had been friends for years:

"What do you say about striking down to the big city? There'll be lots of jobs now. There is a trolley strike on in Brooklyn and we may get took on as conductors. They'll get clothes for you."

The proposition seemed to contain good probabilities for a job plus excitement, but fortunately I had seen a newspaper account only that morning which led me to think the chances not so good; so I declined.

At the next stop he again approached, and said, "I guess I'll take a freight back and see if my pards got hurt. S'long."

I had intended, as I have said, to get off at Hancock to look for work, but, when contrary to the statement of my friend of the signal-tower, we sailed through and out of Hancock with the engineer whistling for more brakes. I was fain to hold my peace and bumper.

I might have jumped at the next town, but the charm of the open air ride down this rugged valley was upon me, and I determined "to make the run." It was a stirring ride, which included the novelty of a chat with my friend, the brakeman, who shared my evening meal of bananas. Yet, when the sun had set, when the river damp rose, and when

the brakemen retreated, one to the caboose, the other to the cab, a chill loneliness came over me. Now that I could ride on top of the coal, and thereby change my cramped position, the biting wind made the change undesirable. I remember listening from my jolting seat to the rumbling whirl of the iron wheels, and wondering if a man might not be lulled asleep and be swayed off to the onrushing black forms below. About ten o'clock we reached the yard, whence a walk of two miles brought me to Port Jervis and to a cheap hotel.

Next morning the six o'clock whistles found me on my way to the creamery, where experience had taught me I would find farmers. The farmers, however, had all been in, but the proprietor directed me to a farmer some miles out of town who had been looking for a man. On the road out I inquired my way of a young farmer, and learned from him of a widow who wanted "a good young fellow on her farm." With two situations in prospect I was happy. I was continually meeting farmers now, and after passing one I heard, "Hey ! have you got a job?"

"No, I'm looking for one."

"Well, you stop at the third farm from here and tell them I sent you. They'll give you something to do. How much do you want?"

I made a rapid calculation. "Seventy-five cents and my board."

"That's more than they're givin' round here."

A happy thought occurred to me. "I've been getting ninety-five."

"Well, all right," and with some parting instructions he drove on to town.

The whole aspect of the morning and the dusty road changed as, no longer a tramp, I turned into the farmyard, the scene of coming weeks of toil. Having heard my story, the farmer's wife immediately sent me into the strawberry patch to weed ; but in a few moments she called me to the house to eat, first bidding me wash in the proverbial basin

outside the door, and then placing before me a huge plateful of oatmeal, without milk or sugar. As I ate, she gave me a careful, yet inoffensive scrutiny, refraining, to her credit, from all questions except to ask my name, whence I came, and whether I drank. In reply to my negative her motherly bosom heaved a sigh. "I'm glad of that. It is the curse of the world, Edward. We have had men from town, but can never trust or keep them. They leave Saturday night and we never see them again."

Returning to the strawberry-patch, I began my farm life. It has on the whole been pleasant work. About five in the morning I hear Mr. Fonda's heavy boots enter the kitchen, then I hear the door opened and my name called. Mr. Fonda proceeding to the barn, then calls William, the other hired man, of whom I shall presently have more to say. It requires many stentorian calls to arouse William, who has confided to me that he always hears the first call, but likes to hear Mr. Fonda shout. Before breakfast we feed the cattle, and pick as many boxes of berries as we can before Mr. Fonda is ready for the journey to the city. Following breakfast comes perchance a walk to the field with our jug of oatmeal water, where we cradle and bundle a bit of late rye in the morning, and mow it away in the barn in the afternoons, returning for the night chores with every garment wet with perspiration, and faces lined with damp furrows of dirt. Or it may be I go out to cultivate the strawberries, corn, or cabbages with a plough-like machine and a horse. No one but a farmer can imagine or understand the pride I take in sending my horse and cultivator through a field of cabbages, flanked at each end by growing beans and turnips, without destroying a plant.

A few days ago Mr. Fonda entrusted me with a new responsibility, by sending me into town for the day's bargaining. I had corn and berries to sell, and would drive up to every grocery, expose my produce for the grocer's inspection, listen to his derogatory comments, and then conclude a bargain. I quickly sold my berries, but had

more difficulty with my corn, some early-rising farmer having supplied the market. Next I must go to the post-office for the boarders' mail, then to the butcher's front door for the boarders' meat, and then to his back door for the pigs' dinner. At the fruitdealer's also I had to collect refuse, and as I came lugging my barrel through the door I unavoidably blocked the way to a handsomely dressed woman entering. What a glance of repulsion and indignation did my fine lady let fall upon me and my sorry load before she turned her dainty head. Only for an instant was I humiliated; then the injustice of her view appeared to me so humorously that I could hardly swing my barrel into the wagon for laughter.

The boarders are a part of the great summer exodus from New York that spreads over the countryside seeking change and relief from the walled-in streets. These particular members of the exodus suffered a somewhat violent transition, for the first family were unfortunate enough on their way to the farm to have their horse run away, throwing husband, wife and child into the street; while the second family, arriving a few hours later, were caught in the hardest shower of the season and thoroughly wet. Since this ungracious welcome, country life has been kinder to them, and they have enjoyed themselves playing croquet, lolling in the hammock, reading, worrying about the arrival of the newspaper, eating, congratulating each other on their improved health, and riding about to "points of interest." I regret to say that my soiled and tattered clothing has prevented my acting as driver on these expeditions, since William's departure.

I wish and have promised to tell you more of William, the hired man who has left, as the recital of his story throws an interesting side-light upon the life here. After a quarrel with his father he left home about twenty miles from here, and, reaching the village without money one cold night, was given a bed in the warmth of the round-house by the kind-hearted watchman. The latter, finding Will without employment, directed him next morning to

Mr. Fonda's farm, where he was hired. On my arrival I found him, after working here nine months, determined to leave. He is about twenty, a hard, willing worker, well liked by the farmer and his wife. Nevertheless, certain things that at first sight appeared trivial have made the life unbearable for him. First, instead of having the white, flaky farm bread we read about, Mr. Fonda buys quantities of odds and ends of bread, the poorer pieces being set aside for the dogs, the better for the farm hands; the butter, instead of being good and sweet, is as bitter as quinine, so that William has eaten dry bread for months; coffee is unknown; the tea for the help is drained from leaves left from the mistress's brew, the leaves being accumulated daily in a pan left on the back of the stove; no sugar is used, because, as the mistress told me on my first day, they once had a man who used to leave teaspoonfuls of sugar in the bottom of his cup (had he only eaten that tell-tale sugar many a farm-hand since would not have cursed his memory); the best of the food and the special dishes are set aside for the employers, while the farm hand watches the feast across the table. There is no need of reciting more: they seem trivial, yet they are things that touch and irritate, things which cannot be atoned for by generosity in large things. They have given Will presents, and even agreed to give him a four-year-old colt if he would stay till next April. Their interest went so far as to select a wife for him, and to offer them a house on the farm, thinking that, if once settled, Will would take charge of the farm for them. The girl seemed willing; so a picnic up the mountain was arranged, Will has told me, to cement their friendship. But, the best laid schemes . . . gang aft agley." The girl insisted upon showing her prowess by ascending in her stocking feet a steeply sloping mass of rock. This scared Will, who declared that if she could do that she was capable of taking care of herself.

There is another girl on the next farm, however, who would, I think, be very acceptable to Will. He early in-

formed me that I ought to see her. The opportunity came one day when Will and I, having discovered some stray calves in the field, drove them to the next farm, thinking they belonged there—that is, Will thought so. The girl came out in her blue poke sun-bonnet into the orchard where we were holding the calves at bay; and, after disclaiming the big-eyed innocents, discussed with Will their probable ownership. Knowing that Will had decided to leave the next day, I understood, although the girl did not, that the bashful fellow, in the conversation concerning the calves, was making his farewell speech to her. This odd scene ended, we headed our charges up the road after a parting smile from beneath the sunbonnet, a smile that was generous enough to include even "the new tramp hand."

William's departure together with the arrival of the boarders and Mr. Fonda's sickness has detained me longer than I wished; yet under the circumstances it would have been almost cowardly to have left them. Mr. Fonda, in consideration of my extra work, voluntarily raised my wages the second week, and would like me to sign a contract by the month. The mistress, as well as Mr. Fonda, has several times labored to convince me of the advantages of the country life. They are childless, growing old, and would like to turn the care of the farm into trusty hands, so that they might rest, spending the winters perhaps in New York. With this object in view they have built for the hoped-for manager a little house, which Mr. Fonda took me to examine one day. On our return the mistress told me how pleasant it would be, if I could stay, learn to take care of the farm, and then marry. And when I look dreamily down from the little house to the river and farm below, and think of the sweet face in the blue bonnet, that smiles from the opposite berry field at Mr. Fonda's "new man" weeding amongst the turnips, I feel a passing regret that my course is not Agriculture. There are certainly things worth working for in this valley, but the coming week I must start again for the Hudson.

Mac.

A TRAGEDY OF CHILDHOOD.

WON'T wear it again. I'd rather die than have this old thing the laughing-stock of the place another year," she said with a contemptuous look at the object she held in her hand. Determination and the pent-up indignation of months were in her tone.

She had been grievously ill-treated all her life, she thought. This was only one of a long series of afflictions. Ever since she could remember she had worn the ugliest clothes in the little town. A frock made over from the gown of a well-disposed but stout aunt seldom proved an object of beauty, and the out-grown garments of her tall sister Anne did not always meet the requirements of her short, plump figure. She knew that a poor clergyman's daughter could not expect to have pretty, dainty things such as the children of his rich parishioners wore, but she could at least have clothes that did not flaunt their hideousness so shamelessly in the public gaze,—and this object she held in her hand had been the last straw.

This trouble had all begun the Easter before, when her mother had bought this dreadful hat—the most remarkable combination of ribbons and flowers that had ever been perpetrated. How she had looked forward to that event! She didn't get a new hat often; and when she looked at this one she was rather glad of it. She had hoped that time would reconcile her to the affliction and mellow the gaudiness of the ribbon, but time had been obdurate.

She remembered appearing in Sunday School on that first Sunday. She hated the memory of the day. She could recall vividly the looks which the children cast at her when she entered; their obvious efforts to repress a smile, and the commiserating squeezes which the more friendly ones gave to her hand,—all so maddening to her proud, sensitive soul. Then at church how her heart beat and her cheeks

burned when she walked up the aisle and seated herself in the front pew reserved for the Rector's family. She had fancied that the choir nudged each other and exchanged meaning glances. When she sat down with hot tears of mortification in her eyes, hoping to hide her confusion and her offensive hat behind the tall back of the pew, the little boys in the seat behind had seized the gayly floating streamers and made sly remarks about Easter hats.

Then she recalled those long weeks when she had stayed at home because she had no other head covering, save when Sunday came and she had to put on the hated thing again. During that wretched time she often wondered if God could really be merciful when he allowed little children to suffer so.

How happy she had been when autumn came and brought with it a more modest hat. And in winter she had had her red hood—not pretty, certainly, but a blessed relief after the horror of this hat. She had really almost begun to be happy again; for she lived ever in the present or in dreams of a future in which a fairy godmother was to take her out of the wretched life of made-over clothes and unbecoming hats and give her all the beautiful things for which her soul longed.

But all her calm days were over now. Her mother had just looked over the last year's clothing, and issued the decree that her hat was to do for another summer. And next Sunday was Easter! She could not again live through the ordeal of last summer. She would go out into the woods, lose herself, and live like the wild people she had read about whose shaggy, unkempt hair precluded the necessity for any other head covering. She would drown her miserable little self in the brook and have pretty things said about her like Ophelia. Would her mother know as she looked at the pale, dead face of her child that a hat had caused it all? This was all too foolish to think of. Nobody could get lost in the woods that she knew, and the water in the brook had been too shallow even to drown the cat which her brother had thrown in the summer before. Besides, water was cold in March. What could she do?

She had a happy thought. There was the fireplace. She was alone. She wondered if she dared? Yes, whatever the consequences, she could not resume intimate relations with that hat. She went to the door to be sure that no one was near; then after one last look at the source of her woes, she threw it into the fire. The flames seemed to caress it lovingly—they hadn't known it as long as she had—and in a few moments she was looking at a pile of ashes and a little piece of wire. She heaved a sigh of relief. She knew now how Christian felt when the load fell from his shoulders.

And the sequel? Well, "that is another story."

V.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE DE WILLOUGHBY CLAIM.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has given us another unusual hero; one who admits that he has made a "lumbering failure" of himself. Huge, ungainly, seemingly without ambition, Tom De Willoughby early provoked the undisguised contempt of his handsome brothers and the anger of "that fine old Southern gentleman and legal dignitary", his father.

"'Good God, sir!' he would trumpet forth, 'good God, sir! have we led the State for generation after generation to be disgraced and degraded and dragged in the dust by one of our own stock at last? The De Willoughbys have been gentlemen, sir, distinguished at the bar, in politics, and in the highest social circles of the South; and here we have a De Willoughby whose tastes would be no credit to—to his overseer, a De Willoughby who has apparently neither the ambition nor the qualification to shine in the sphere in which he was born! Blow your damned brains out, if you have any; blow your damned brains out, and let's have an end of the whole disgraceful business.'"

Rebelling at last, Tom left home for the quiet of the

North Carolina mountains. In time he opened a little store at Telbot's Cross-roads, and soon had won his peculiar fame.

"'*The* derndest, laziest critter', his acquaintances would remark to each other; 'the *derndest* I do reckon that ever the Lord made. Nigh unto three hundred he weighs, and never done a lick of work in his life. Not one!' . . ."

Here in this quaint mountain settlement this great fellow does his life work. Hardly a little Lord Fauntleroy, you see.

There are other characters in the book whom the world believed successful; to a few the world paid homage. But you who see more clearly know that the world was wrong; and you finish the book wondering what success in life really is.

The story as a whole is a tragedy. Yet it is not until the very end that we understand this, and meanwhile Tom's happiness after the little Sheba came to him, the quaintness of Southern mountain life before the war, the gentle satire which shows the self-satisfied narrowness of the small New England manufacturing town, and the ingenuity of the plot make the story pleasant reading. (Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.50.)

THE FAVOR OF PRINCES.

One evening in the spring of 1757, a young man from the south of France, coming to seek his fortune in Paris, was overtaken by darkness and forced to spend the night in that "villanous auberge", the Royal Sword of Versailles. He found a seat among the noisy crowd within; a slatternly maid took his order; one more slatternly served it; he ate, and listened to "a knave of sinister countenance" who, dwelling fondly on each horror, told how that day he had revelled at the torture of Damiens, the unsuccessful assassin of the King, Louis XV. His meal finished, the innkeeper, whose eyes he had seen narrow "to unpleasant slits" at the sight of a stranger's gold, showed him to his room, ex-

plaining that he must share it with another, for the house was already full. The room-mate was the stranger whose gold had caught the landlord's eye, a giant of a fellow, a *coureur de bois*, just from the woods of America. In the night they were attacked by the landlord and his crew, but, having suspected, they were prepared, and, beating off their assailants, they left the inn safe, and sworn friends.

France of the past, a youth from the provinces seeking his fortune in Paris, a new friend, big, brave and strong, a fight, victory ;—"Why", you may say, "it's D'Artagnan and Porthos, and soon we shall meet Athos and Aramis."

It is only at the first, however, that one is reminded of Dumas. Our hero, Henri-Gaston-'Etienne de la Tourelle, only son of François-'Etienne de la Tourelle, Marquise de Veaux, had many adventures, nevertheless, for through the machinations of a deceitful uncle he was led to marry. Then his troubles began. Soon he was in the Bastile ; then sent on a dangerous mission by the King's mistress, the Marquise de Pompadour, who thereby enlisted him in a struggle with the Jesuits ; then madly seeking his wife. The blame for it all was the King's. He, aroused by the girl's beauty, had wished to bring her to his court.

All this makes pretty interesting reading, but not more interesting than the quieter pictures of French life. Those were picturesque times, those days of the Pompadour, the Duc de Choiseul, and Rousseau, while France was rushing towards the Revolution, and the writer, Mr. Mark Lee Luther, has made good use of his material. (The Macmillan Company, $1.50.)

FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA.

If you like a story of adventure, of duels and midnight rides, of life on board a man-of-war with sailor's yarns and rattling sea fights, you will like this stirring tale of our second war with England. The sterner side of man is depicted with a virile pen, and fortunately, the story is almost entirely one of action. The hero, a young Virginian, is

with Hull when "Old Ironsides" whips the Guerriére; later he "cuts out" the Cunningham and aided by the bravery of his sweetheart gets the ship to sea; then, by the fate of war, he comes to a deadly battle with H.M.S. Undaunted, commanded by his English half-brother.

A love story runs through it all, but war, not love, is the theme the author handles best.

For the Freedom of the Sea, By Cyrus Townsend Brady. (Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.50.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRESHMAN.

"Young had learned a good deal in that year, he was thinking. 'Not all of what you are taught at college;' he said to himself, 'comes out of the text books—especially in Freshman year.'"

"Deacon" Young had first learned by experience what hazing is, a lesson that Mr. Williams thinks "was a good thing for his system, as it is for any young man." Then in time he learned how to rush and to play football, and how freshman "procs" were posted and how they weren't, and many other interesting and instructive things. It wasn't of these he was thinking, however. He had come to Princeton the year before from a little Illinois town, and had been made steward of an eating club composed of the fastest men of the class and taken up as a companion. Before the year had ended he had learned a lot, and wasn't altogether pleased with the result. The book gives a good idea of life at Princeton, and is told in a readable way.

The Adventures of a Freshman, by Jesse Lynch Williams. (Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.25.)

Arthur L. Andrews.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XII. January, 1900. No. 4.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly during the college year. Subscription price, $1.00, payable in advance; $1.25 after January 1, 1900. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address all books for review and all matter for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief*, 112 Sears St., Ithaca; business communications to the *Business Manager*, 132 Blair St. Printed by Andrus & Church.

Entered at the Post Office, Ithaca, N. Y., as second-class matter.

FIVE more issues, then the MAGAZINE will become the charge of 1901; and that class, both from pride and from duty, should be ready to assume the responsibility.

The unanimous approval thus far given the suggestion of an EX-MAGAZINE editor that the purely literary features of the *Cornellian* be abolished and that the University have but one literary paper, makes it possible that next year the MAGAZINE will be combined with the *Era*. Whether this plan be consummated or not, the present duty of the Junior class remains unchanged. Cornell will have a literary paper, and 1901 must care for it. The class has men and women who can at least reach the standard of the college magazine. These writers should show who they are.

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1900

Sunday Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. Leave Ithaca at 12.15 noon, and 9.30 p. m. Arrive at Ithaca, 7 a. m., and 5.10 p. m.

CORNELL MAGAZINE

A SCRUB IN THE SCRUBBLE.

"Say, Pick?"

"Well, what d'ye want, Ted?"

"It's awful hot here, ain't it?"

"I swan it is!"

"Come on down t' th' river and git under a tree. This place's wusser'n no place; ain't nothin' 'round but stones and stubs. Never could see why a feller had to be born in such a mean old hole!"

"Gettin' mighty partiklar of a sudden."

"Shut up! what's the odds if I am? A cabbage 'ud know it's no decent kind of a place or there'd be more folks a livin' here. Ain't hardly a one from here t' th' *End*."

Descending the barren hill the two boys came at last to a shaded portion of the river bank, where they threw themselves lazily under the shelter of the great trees.

"Say, Pick?" said Ted after a time, raising himself on his elbow, "Say, Pick?"

"Well, what's up?"

"Th' water looks as if it'd feel mighty good, now don't it?"

"Ducks, but it does!"

"Jest skin back t' th' shed, Pick, an' fetch a board! I've got an idee;" and while Pick marched off obediently, Ted lay idly in the shade. He was a tawny, freckled boy; with a mop of straight, unmanageable hair, a pair of unbecoming light blue eyes, a stout nose, and a resolute mouth. His clothes were almost as original in their patching as nature in her modeling of his physiogomy. This boy,

however, was quite untroubled about facial or trouserial aspect; his greatest care was to exert his leadership over the boys at the *End* and the *scrubs*, as the younger inhabitants of Scrubble Hill were called. The younger element consisted of Ted, his brother Pick, his sister, Daisy, and Jonathan Jones, who really lived much nearer the End than Scrubbles.

Although Ted presently saw his brother struggling under the weight of a long plank, he made no effort to assist him. He was absorbed in certain self-advancing plans which rooted him to the comfortable shade. In any case he considered Pick too insignificant to help.

Pick, who had finally staggered up red, panting, and perspiring, let the plank fall and flapped himself upon the ground.

"Hotter'n lightnin'!" he gasped, "What're you goin' to do with the board I hooked, Ted?"

"Wait'n' see! Got an idee, that's all." Pick, however, did not have long to wait, for Ted immediately jumped to his feet, grabbed the plank, and paddled into the river. Reaching a fallen tree which had been washed down by the March thaw, he paused. A moment later the board was balancing itself over the trunk of the tree like the rod of a scale. Its position was satisfactory to Ted and suggestive to Pick.

As each felt his bare legs plunge into the cool water, rise into the air, splash into the water again, he uttered some such ejaculation as *boss*, *daisy*, and the like. Ted felt the importance of being the deviser of the concern; Pick, the relief of becoming cool after his hot walk.

Ted tweaked a twig of birch from an overhanging branch, chewed it vigorously for a minute, then said boldly with unusual confidence:

"I tell you what it is, Pick; I ain't goin' ter be beat by nobody, so there!"

"Who's goin' ter?"

"Nobody ain't goin' ter, I say!"

"What're you talkin' fer then?"

"'Cause somebody's a tryin' ter, that's why."

"Who's a tryin'?"

"No one, only that sneakin' Jonathan Jones. He's got tired a livin' on Scrubbles an's a goin' ter cut t' a city an' go ter school where he'll learn somphin."

"You can't fool me, Ted Mooney!"

"No foolin' about it, he's goin'!"

"Who'll give him his *reds*?"

"Been gettin' 'em tigither hisself somehow or ruther. Got enough fer his *rider* t' Chicargy an' ter start good on. He's goin' t' a city free school an' earn his keep sellin' papers an' doin' odd jobs. You bet yer life I ain't goin' to be beat by that scrub. I'm a goin' too!"

"You, why you ain't got no reds 't all!"

"Well, you jest bet if 'An' Jones kin git 'em tigither, Ted Mooney kin too! I'll go t' a city, an' go t' school, 'an do what I've a mind ter—get rich, I guess. Ain't no odds what, only I ain't a goin' ter stay t' Scrubbles any longer. I'd walk t' Chicargy first!"

"I'll bet a pear you wouldn't! it's terrible far, an' I'll bet you wouldn't go ter school either. You're always a braggin', now!"

"You ain't got no more sense, Pick Mooney! Th' schools in the cities ain't nothin' like th' one over t' th' End. Even if I don't *like* ter go, don't say I won't. D'ye s'pose I'm a goin' ter let An Jones do me up? You bet yer buttons I ain't!"

"Ain't got many t' bet," retorted Pick meekly.

While the boys were talking a creature with a great deal of leg and sunbonnet and very little skirt had sauntered down the hill. Coming to the river bank it stood for a moment looking wistfully at the novel see-saw. Presently a voice called out from the faded bonnet:

"Looks awful nice!"

Ted turned and frowned at her. "You jest go home, Daiz; don't b'lieve you've done your chores yit!"

"Hev too, Ted Mooney!" and the bonnet shook emphatically. "I've scrubbed the floor, an' washed th' dishes, an' peeled th' taters, and that's more'n you've done!"

"Well, s'posin' you hev, ain't any reason fer your comin' botherin' around. What'd you com' fer, Daiz?"

"Guess same as you com' fer, t' git a bit cooled off. Ain't extry cool on Scrubbles. Guess th' place's big enough fer three," and the figure seated itself with much cool deliberation. With a quick jerk the sunbonnet was flung aside. The face now revealed had better features than Ted's and more healthiness than Pick's. Daisy would have been considered a good looking child of her class had she been combed and dressed somewhat differently. Although barely twelve years old, the child's shoulders stooped, her hands were as rough and red as those of a woman who has labored all her life, and her face had an old, half shrewd look.

"Say, Ted?" she returned at last, "if Pick'll give me his end 'ull you let me on?"

"No, ain't no place fer girls!"

"Alright," said the child shrilly; "you can wait all you please after a bite!"

This meant that Daisy would not trouble herself over the evening repast. Ted's stomach called out loudly for him to give in, but he was too proud and stubborn to relent.

"Why don't you git mad an' go 'way, Daiz?" he asked coolly, evidently questioning her thus in the hope of arousing her anger and having her stalk off.

"What d'ye take me fer?" she replied scornfully. "It's cooler here'n on Scrubbles, an' I ain't goin' 'way an' get het. You needn't think I am!" So saying, she leaned complacently against the trunk of a tree, pulled a big, tempting cookie out of her pocket, and provokingly nibbled it.

Splash went Ted's feet into the water, then splash went Pick's. Ted began to whistle. Daisy munched her cookie very slowly, so slowly that she went to sleep with a bite still left in her hands. Pick sat silent.

With a satisfied smile, Ted glanced at the sleeper, then remarked:

"Daiz's asleep, Peck, so now jes' listen! I'm thinkin' 'f I'm goin' ter get enough silver t' bag th' hill in style like An Jones I'll hev t' pitch in quick, and so you'll hev to do my chores of a mornin', d'ye hear?"

"Wish I didn't!"

"Won't hurt you t' do a little extry work an' I got t' hev all th' time I kin crib."

"Most b'lieve I'll go way, too, Ted."

"*You!*" the tone was both sneering and condescending. "What're you good fer? You're a girl boy; ain't strong enough to pitch a fellow half your size! You ain't nothin' but a scrub! Why, you couldn't earn enough money 'f you tried, an' you ain't got no spunk anyway. I'll bet my head *you'll* never clear out o' Scrubbles!"

Pick inwardly resented these remarks, but wisely refrained from telling Ted that he did. He remained silent for a long time. Ted having said all that he wished to say, and secretly thinking that the sleeping figure under the tree afforded an excellent opportunity for slipping unnoticed down cellar, suddenly jumped off the board, thereby making Pick a trifle wetter than he cared to be. Ted, not caring whether his brother was pleased, displeased, or indifferent, walked away whistling *Home, Sweet Home*, the air of which, but not the sentiment, had penetrated into the wilds of Scrubble Hill.

Ted had no sooner got well out of the way than Daisy appeared exceedingly awake and animated. Gulping down the last bite of her cookie she said emphatically:

"You're a mouse, Pick Mooney! I wouldn't take all I was given, not much! Ted's straight when he says you ain't got no spunk. S'pose *I'd* be sneered at, an' ducked, and called names without payin' back? You're a sheep and a goose, Pick!" Then she added entreatingly, "Say, Pick, let me on? I'm a blazin'! Been workin over a red-hot stove and 'twan't much fun!" and without waiting for an answer she paddled out. Pick, who sat dripping on the trunk of the tree, crawled to his end and soon the two were alternately moving up and down.

"My, it feels good!" said Daisy happily. "Jest as cool as—as water, I guess. D'ye know you're a heap nicer'n Ted, Pick?" Pick inwardly hoped he was. "Yes, you are," continued Daisy, with a wise shake of her head. "You are!" Pick, who was wondering whether she would still have thought so had he refused to see-saw with her, did not allow himself to feel too much elated at this praise. "An' what's more," added Daisy, "you're a sight smarter!" Pick was convinced of this. "I ain't sayin' it all on my own hook," she went on. "I got kep' in, and I heard the teacher a tellin' th' 'spector that Pick Mooney was th' most cleverest, studyus, consequencious boy she'd hed in a long time. She said 'twas a pity you couldn't hev some advantages, fer you'd make sumphin yit, if you hed th' chance."

Pick's heart grew almost too big for his tight jacket. "You ain't a tellin' true, Daiz," he said anxiously, "you're a fakin'!"

Daisy curled her lip and replied scornfully, "Ask 'er yourself if she said it, then!"

"Sure she didn't mean An Jones? He's allers ahead."

"O," said Daisy carelessly, "th' teacher only said he hed th' power a stickin' t' things." Then lowering her voice, she said, knowingly, "That ain't th' only thing I got t' tell! I ain't s' dumb as you think I am, even if I can't figger an' read faster 'n' lightnin'. Look here, Picky, I know all about what Ted an' An Jones are a goin' ter do!" She paused in order to make her importance felt; then, with a quizzical air, she asked: "Why don't you cut out o' Scrubbles, too, Pick? You might jest as well. You kin git smart 'n' rich an' then com' back 'n' git me. We'll live tigether in th' city an' perhaps I could hev a new frock or two before the *boxer* gits me!" Daisy laughed shrilly as she looked at her skimpy, faded calico.

"You bet you could!" said Pick excitedly. Then he added sorrowfully, "I couldn't *never* git enough *reds* t' buy my way an' I couldn't walk it. No, ther' ain't no use a thinkin' of it!"

Daisy smiled. "Ain't there though! Jest listen here, Pick. I know a fine way o' gettin' copper. I'll tell you how. What's my plan's this: Marm's half the time over t' Rum Town or a nappin' heavy, an' as I've got th' workin' of th' house, I'm goin' to——" at this point Daisy glanced cautiously around to be sure that no one besides Pick was within hearing; then she unfolded to him her scheme.

As Pick listened his eyes grew both joyful and tender, and when Daisy had ended, he blurted out, "You're awful good, Daiz!"

For some reason Daisy merely shook her head. Then, glancing toward the west, she said briefly, "Got ter go up t' the house now, Pick—th' sun's a settin'. You kin fetch up the water if you're a mind t'."

So the two bedraggled children turned their steps homeward, Daisy swinging her sunbonnet and Pick whistling a "make-up" of his.

Before sunrise the next morning Daisy was in the kitchen working quickly and quietly. She was a tidy little creature and took pleasure in performing the household duties. This particular morning, notwithstanding she had made "gingers" fully a dozen times before, the work seemed to have a special interest. She sighed with satisfaction as the oven door closed upon the first panful. Then, taking a basket of apples from the cellar-way, she carefully selected the best and polished them. Suddenly she paused and sniffed the air. A moment later a panful of fluffy, brown cakes was drawn from the oven in triumph. A second panful was put in and the first batch of cakes concealed. On account of the odor of baking gingers, Daisy knew that the second lot would have to go for the family eating. After putting some apples and cakes in a basket with great exactness, she scurried around to prepare the morning meal. As she was frying the eggs, an aimless-looking, shabbily dressed man entered the kitchen.

"Hurry up, Daiz!" he said, languidly, "I was late yesterday an' I'll be late agin t'-day. It means a dock, you know!"

"It ain't no more'n six, dad; your bite's ready, though. While you're a eatin', I'll put up your piece." And Daisy prepared the lunch, while her father ate in silence. Finally pushing his chair from the rough table, he rose, took the dinner-kettle which Daisy held out to him, and without a word walked slowly down Scrubbles toward Rum Town Road.

To look at this dejected man who went about with drooping head, one would have imagined that he had never had an ambition; yet before Charles Mooney married, the energetic spirit which was cropping out in his children had been alive in him. He had, unfortunately, made two irrevocable mistakes. The first was in marrying Maggie Sully; the second in sinking his little capital in the barren land at Scrubble Hill. Thither he had moved and vainly endeavored to get along at farming. His wife, who had heretofore enjoyed her drop in private, began to frequent Rum Town. After this, Charles Mooney woke in the mornings with a feeling of not caring much about anything. As he had children, he realized that they must be fed, and managed to obtain work at the Rum Town factory. He slunk out in the morning and slunk home again at night, but was too broken-spirited to take interest in house or children.

That day at school Daisy was more stupid than ever, and, as usual, was detained to learn the poorly-recited lessons. Ordinarily she did not mind being kept in, for the school was infinitely better and more cheerful than her home. This afternoon, however, she had set her heart upon going down to Mud Run Station with Pick.

"I did try t' do 'em," she told the teacher, entreatingly, "but I never kin git 'em." Finding her plea of no avail, Daisy set to work sorrowfully, even tearfully, and after all failed to learn the lessons, because, instead of seeing words, she only saw Pick starting off by himself with the basket of

apples and cakes. Besides the enjoyment that she would have taken in going, Daisy was sure that she would have more knack at selling than Pick. "Bet he won't sell a thing!" she murmured. "He'll be awful 'fraid. Takes people like me 'n' Ted t' git along good. Pick ain't nothin' but a mouse!" Yet, in spite of this statement, Daisy had a genuine admiration for Pick's superior intellect, and inwardly thought that his white face and slender figure looked grand beside the sturdy, freckled, red-and-tan complexioned boys at the school. It could also truthfully be said that Pick was the only being for whom the child really cared. Yet the drunken mother and the bullying brother had, unfortunately, so over-developed the defensive side of her nature that seldom did she know how to show Pick the fine kindness of her heart. Many a time when the teacher described the wonders of city life and told stories of boys who had worked their way up in the world, Daisy had dreamed of Pick's going away in an indefinite future and at last fetching her to live with him. She had already scrubbed, cooked, and mended in the house of her dreams. Gradually dull Scrubbles, as against the gay city life, grew to look like a dead leaf beside the gorgeously tinted leaf of autumn, so that it was with eagerness that she offered to help Pick "clear out"; it meant both his advancement and her own.

At dusk Pick came back. After hiding his basket in the woodshed so that Ted would not wonder what he had been doing, he stole into the kitchen. Daisy's eyes asked a question, but the finger on her lips said that the question was not to be answered yet. It was not until after supper when Ted had gone out and their father had fallen asleep that Daisy heard how Pick had made out. He had sold only a few cents' worth in the train, but as Daisy has suggested he had gone over to the quarry and there disposed of almost all his stock. Handing Daisy the rag in which he had tied up his money, he whispered, "Twenty-two!" Daisy was elated.

"It's more'n I thought you'd get, Pick," she said, with a contented shake of her head. "Did you stop t' see 'em eat the gingers? Watch their faces, you know, t' see if th' cookies were tastin' good? No, boys ain't no good a thinkin' a such things. T'mory you kin hev some tarts, Pick, if I kin git 'em made. Marm's sober, so I'll hev t' go easy!" Daisy's eyes began to plan, and she twisted a piece of string around her finger and kicked the side of the box on which she was sitting, for inspiration.

Pick, who was seated on the floor hugging his knees, had been thinking of Daisy's goodness. It had just occurred to him that he could do her a good turn. "Say, Daiz!" he said at last. "Say, Daiz!"

"I'm a list'nin'."

"Git yer book an' I'll see 'at you know yer lessons fer to-morrow, an' then you'll be able t' go 'long with me. D'ye want ter?"

Daisy's black eyes sparkled as she replied emphatically, "You jes' bet!"

Carefully, patiently Pick went over the lesson with her, again and again. It was so easy for him that long before Daisy could say it without stumbling he could have said it backwards. Finally, however, he had the satisfaction of having Daisy tell him that she "knew it good fer onct!" Then he tried to show her how to divide, but the arithmetic went even more slowly than the reading. "I can't do it, Pick," Daisy said, mournfully. "An Jones says I was born dumb!" And, in truth, she might have been brighter.

The next day, thanks to Pick's patient efforts, the two children were able to set out together, Daisy's tarts snugly covered with a rough, white cloth. Now and then, with womanly pride, she would raise the cloth to peep at the result of her work. Besides making the tarts, she had washed and ironed her frock, and combed and scrubbed herself with so much care that she looked immaculate even in her shabbiness.

As the trains always stopped at Mud Run Station to take in water before ascending the mountain, there was ample time for the children to step through with their basket. Between Daisy's quaint dress, neatness, and persuasiveness, enough of the wares were disposed of to make a trip to the quarry unnecessary. So the two walked gaily home with an empty basket and the toe of an old stocking heavy with coppers.

Thus things went on. The cost of the materials certainly ate a big hole in the money pile, but a profit was gradually being built up. Daisy slaved to get things ready and connived to keep their doings secret. Ted's absence from breakfast to supper was a welcome relief. Usually Pick had nothing to do but tramp with the basket to the station and quarry. In the berry season, however, he rose very early and gathered the luscious dew-berries which were to be found a mile or so down the Run. Daisy lined little boxes with grape leaves, then poured in the large, black treasures. These they always disposed of readily. At night Pick dragged himself home, to trudge away again in the morning. That the *leg* of the stocking now had money in it made him think little of his weariness. It was noticeable, though, that when Daisy was along more was sold; so the willing child not only made the cookies and tarts, but sometimes went with Pick to gather berries, walked to the station for the morning train, went home, got the dinner, cleared it away, came back for the afternoon train, and then went home again to get the supper.

Pick's appreciation of her efforts was boundless, and he tried to show his gratitude by teaching her in the evenings. School, it is true, had stopped some weeks ago, but Daisy, with the prospect of living in a city, thought she "ought ter know a heap!" So in the evenings the two children sat over their slates and primers in the dim lamplight, the tired Pick teaching the tired Daisy.

Of course, things did not always go smoothly. There were many discouraging, "down" days when people did not

feel like buying. In spite of drawbacks, however, the children's resolution to carry out their plan never wavered. All through the winter they continued to work. Shivering with cold, they almost ran the two miles to the station, and although the trains now contained fewer passengers than in the summer, there was apparently no decrease in the sales. The people now bought larger quantities; they felt sorry for the scantily clad, blue-faced children, who seemed so anxious to sell their cakes and tarts and apples. Their purchases, too, were not untasty; quite the reverse. Once an aristocratic old gentleman bought a tart which smelled and looked inviting. He ate it quickly and with some compunctions, but liked it so well that he called to Daisy, who was standing on the platform, to hand him up another.

Ted, in the meantime, had also kept his plan in view. His resolute strength and a knack at fixing things, secured for him countless odd jobs. He had communicated his intention of leaving Scrubbles to his rival, Jonathan Jones, and as a strange outcome the two had grown friendly and had made definite and wise plans about the time for bidding an eternal farewell to the barren Scrubbles.

Finally the time came when Pick felt he could start out in the world. The stocking full of coppers had been turned into a smaller but more imposing pile of bank notes. There was enough money for a ticket to Chicago and five dollars besides to start on. Pick trembled with fear and excitement. Sometimes his heart fluttered with terror as he thought of himself alone in a big city; more often it throbbed happily at the thought of what life there might bring him.

One morning a day or two before Pick was to go, Daisy crept down into the kitchen exceptionally early; she wanted to get the washing over before breakfast. She found the woodbox empty. "Just like Ted," she grumbled, and then went herself to chop the wood.

Later she was found lying in the woodshed still and white. Near her temple was a great raised place, around and on

which ugly blue marks had appeared. The axe head lying in one place and the handle in another, told the tale—that is, part of it. No one knew but Ted that he had used the axe head for a weight and had not taken the trouble to put back the nails which had kept it in place.

They carried the unconscious Daisy into the house. Her father tried everything he could think of to bring her to, but in vain. Then Pick was sent to Enfield to fetch the only doctor in the county. Under his efforts, to Pick's great delight, Daisy's eyelids fluttered and she said feebly, "It's most time for the train, Pick."

"She's a bit flighty," said the father, but Pick knew better. Soon, however, her eyes closed again, and the doctor said she was very ill and must be kept exceedingly quiet.

The days which followed seemed endless to Pick. He did not go to school; instead he read his lessons as he sat by Daisy's bedside and did the work about the house as best he could. The day Daisy had received the injury the arbutus was just peeping up in the woods, but the strawberry blossoms were in bloom before she could talk. Then came the worst part. The doctor said that the reason Daisy could not move was because she had hurt her back when she fell. He also said that unless she could be sent where she would receive special treatment there would be no chance of her getting well. If they could meet the expense of her journey to K—— he would try to have her put in a free bed at the hospital there. When the doctor spoke of this, Ted and Pick were both in the room. Daisy's hurt had come through Ted's carelessness. Ted had more money than Pick and more strength to push his way through a city without money. Still, if Ted thought of what Pick was thinking, and it is probable that he did, he was not willing to act upon the thought.

When Ted announced to Pick one morning that he and An Jones "was a goin' t' cut Scrubbles at last," there was a choking sensation in Pick's throat. There was a different

kind of choking in it, however, the day he saw Daisy lifted in the train and bade her "get well quick an' com' back home!" What made Daisy do it she didn't know, neither did Pick, but she was glad she did it, and so was he. She threw her thin arms about his neck and sobbed out, "You're awful good, Pick; you're a heap better'n Ted; he wouldn't a done it." Then she whispered, "I'll git well, quick as I kin, Pick, an' com' back an' we'll start all over agin. I jes' couldn't hev stood not bein' able to walk or tidy things up!"

As Pick walked back to the lonely house on Scrubbles, he realized for the first time that he had a love in his heart. He had been finding it out unconsciously during the weeks he had waited on the suffering Daisy; when she was able, reading to her, or again whistling tunes, some of which sounded like the songs of the birds and some of which were "make-ups." Daisy had liked the latter best. Day after day Pick now wrestled with his loneliness, tried to fight away visions of cities and books. Sometimes he ended by sobbing like a girl. His only comfort lay in working, yet as his mother, who had gone off the day of Daisy's accident, had not returned and his father never came home till nightfall and Ted was now away, there was, unfortunately, but little to do.

One day in early spring as Pick sat looking out the many-paned, kitchen window, he saw that a yellow dandelion was blooming over by the wood-shed. It suddenly flashed across his mind that he had once heard Daisy wish that they had some flowers "growin' around." How pleased she would be if some were there when she came back! At once Pick set to work; with the exactness of a surveyor he laid out a square plot of ground, fertilized it, planted a quantity of mixed seeds, watered them with untiring faithfulness, and felt supremely happy when the first weed sprang up, mistaking it for a flower.

In the strawberry season he gathered little boxes of the sweet, woodland berries and took them down to the station. Once a thought occurred to him, and after this he asked

this and that passenger if he or she happened to be going to K—. At last he was fortunate enough to find some one bound there willing to execute his commission. A short time afterward Pick received a letter written in Daisy's scrawling, laborious hand. It ran thus :—

"The berries was awful good, Pick. You was terible smart to think of a way of getting them to me. The nurse et some. She is awful nice. She liked them to. A butiful lady with a white face like yourn and all dressed in black comes and sees me lots. I told her about dad and marm and Ted and how you and me was agoing to cut out of Scrubbles like Ted and An Jones. She sed it ud a been nicer to stay and take care of dad for she rekoned he was down becuz of marm and needed a Daisy. Take keer of him, Pick, til I get back and then we will see about going. Perhaps dad ud go, to, if we plaged him enough. I am getting along pretty good only I can't set up yet becuz of my back. They are agoing to do somphin or ruther to it and then I will get well quick. The nurse will not let me write any more. It is mighty cool and nice here at the hospital and I'm treated bettern the school marm's kitten. You was awful good, Pick?

DAIZ.

One afternoon as Pick was weeding the little flower-bed in which pinks, mignonette and one red rose were now blooming, the Enfield doctor drove up. Pick, who was daily expecting to hear the exact date of Daisy's return, asked eagerly, "When's Daiz comin'?" The doctor's face grew troubled; then he quietly told Pick all.

Pick crept down to the river with a heart that seemed like stone. He could not cry, neither could he speak. It would have been a relief if he could have uttered once the word "Daiz," which kept ringing in his soul. He had found out during her absence that he couldn't do without her, and now he must. He felt that his boyhood had suddenly left him and that he had become a man. The only thing that comforted him was that Daisy had said as she

passed away, "Tell Pick he was awful good!" She had also added, "Tell him t' tak' keer a dad like she told me I oughter!"

Pick noticed that his father rubbed his rough sleeve across his eyes when he heard. He did care then? Yes, far more than he showed Pick. If it had not been for Daisy's womanly traits and her knack at keeping some things from going to the bad as everything else had, he would have given up long ago. From this time on he dragged himself even more languidly to his work. Sometimes he did not go out at all.

Poor, desolate Pick, remembering Daisy's message, tried to make the home a home, but it was hard work. As he could go no further in school, he worked in the Rum Town factory and was thus enabled to buy books to study for himself. Yet at night when he sat down to them, the hum of the shuttles still sounded in his ears and the dim lamplight brought back the days when he had helped Daisy get her lessons. Often then, instead of studying he would think of her and softly whistle the "make ups" she had liked best.

The time came at last when Daisy's request could no longer be carried out, for Charles Mooney had been laid to rest. Pick was now free, but he was already old and worn for his years, and had neither the strength nor the inclination to go forth and battle with the world, which he now knew presented far more drawbacks than attractions.

One summer evening he sat, as was his wont, in the kitchen doorway. Over the walls and roof of the formerly bare log house, roses and honeysuckle now clambered. A dozen steps away a flower-bed was visible, bright with geraniums and phlox. Otherwise Scrubble Hill remained unchanged. The same rocks projected from the ground that had projected centuries ago. There was the same baked soil, dry, stubby grass, stunted bushes. Now from the river yonder, where he and Ted and Daisy had see-sawed years ago, a gray mist rose and crept over the hills. One by one the rosy tints of the sunset faded; yet the man in

the doorway still looked dreamily into the fading lights and mused. He had just heard from Ted. A simple invention which the latter had made was selling splendidly; he had a snug home, a wife and children. An Jones also was prosperous. He had risen from a city newsboy to an instructor in a college. And Pick—well, Pick, as Ted had prophesied, was still just a scrub in the scrubble. Yet, as he thought over it all, a beautiful, quiet light came into the tired man's eyes, for he seemed to see two black eyes, softened by suffering, look into his, to feel two thin arms about his neck, and to hear a voice say, "You're awful good, Pick."

Edna Leona Hand.

IN THE VALLEYS.

Sunday night, August 20, 1899.
Mills Hotel No. 1, New York.

I HAVE a job here in the "big city," as my friends of the road call it, but the ever-shortening time at my disposal compels me to begin my return trip tomorrow. I expect to go up the Hudson and out through the Mohawk.

On Thursday last I left my farm in Jersey, taking with me, as parting presents from the mistress, an Indian stone and a number of arrowheads found on the farm-flat; a photograph of William, the farm hand; a lead pencil; a gorgeous ascot formerly worn by Mr. Fonda; and lastly, a volume of the New Testament—all of them gifts that the mistress believed from her observation would give me special pleasure or fill special needs. The gift of the testament, for example, is due to a little incident that caused the mistress to believe that I was not well acquainted with the Bible. The conversation turning one night upon things of antiquity, I remarked without second thought: "There is no telling how many millions of years old the earth is." I noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Fonda immediately exchanged meaning glances, yet neither said anything for several moments. Then Mr. Fonda, no longer able to contain himself, burst into laughter, saying: "Why! don't you know it is about six thousand years old or something like that?"

Then the mistress also laughed, adding, "I did not mean to hurt your feelings by laughing, Edward, but we know about it from the Bible."

I beat a judicious retreat by saying, "I guess I've read it somewhere." That display of biblical ignorance is responsible for the gift of the Testament.

My avowed habit of reading was a most convenient excuse for occasional slips. Mr. Fonda, himself, gave me

the clue to its importance during my first week. "It's funny now," he said one night, "here William comes in, and all he cares about in the papers are the comic pictures, and all you care about is the other part; your readin' is world-wide,"—such a flattering term that it remains in my memory.

My last task on the farm was to kill three chickens for the barbarous summer boarders. Mr. Fonda then drove me to the village, and paternally advised me in the selection of a pair of overalls for thirty-nine cents, a pair of suspenders for ten cents, and stockings at six pair for twenty-five cents. Never before have I fully realized what the *pennies* may mean. The overalls I immediately donned to cover the dirt and rags of my trousers. My appearance among the persons in holiday attire at the station, where I took the train for New York, was at least conspicuous. Most of them examined me inquiringly, and the policeman on duty there found occupation in watching me from the corner of his eye, as though to inform his employers present, the public, that he knew there might be something evil under such a felt hat—a runaway farm-hand, perhaps.

At sunset I was being ferried across the Hudson toward the loftily outlined office buildings of the big city, bearing the hope that I might find a place in the work and life that stirs below them. My plan was to spend a week in New York, if necessary, in search of work, and then, if my money ran low, to beat my way by boat up the river to Albany, where I am due on the twenty-sixth. To keep from going hungry till I reach Ithaca I have reserved about four dollars of my farm wages. With this plan I landed at Chambers street, whence I went along with the darting crowd, not daring to delay one of them to ask my way, till I found a gray-haired gentleman standing unoccupied at his office door. He directed me to the East Side with evident kindliness, and gave me a paternal pat on the arm as though he understood me to be the farm lad I was.

That night I roamed about the East Side streets, unmolested and in sympathy with all about me. There is no

need of describing again the gaudy scenes on the Bowery, or the more sombre but truer scenes on the streets beyond—the swarms of children playing on the pavements, the men and women pailing beer, the laborers smoking in groups about the doorways, and the sleepers stretched out on the fire escapes. I applied at the Mills Hotel on Rivington Street for lodgings. The clerk told me I was too late—they were filled. I therefore turned onto the Bowery, dotted with its transparencies, "Lodgings 25 c., 15 c." At the latter price I got a good bed. A bed, by the way, not a room. I asked the clerk of the establishment, "Can I get a room?" "Can't get a room," he replied, "give yer a bed." To be sure I got a room, but in it I counted forty little iron beds besides my own. Two other rooms in the building were similarly fitted out and well filled. There was nothing repulsive about the place: each man has his own bed, with a locker at the head of it; the bed clothes were fairly clean, so far as the single gas jet at the end of the room permitted one to see; and the only disagreeable feature was the rumbling of the elevated trains that passed on a level with the open windows.

Morning dawned on a fog covered city. At five by the big clock against the wall, a number of us were up and washing in the sink. The greater part of the fellows seemed to be working in the city and acquainted with one another. Descending into the office, I found there the morning papers. Eagerly opening them I found I was too late; the columns, "Help Wanted—Male," had been cut out of every paper. Purchasing a paper on the street, I scanned the long columns of help wanted, columns equalled only by those of situations wanted, and I found but two advertisements that promised anything: one was of a restaurant needing a dish-washer, applications to be made at eleven o'clock; the other was an advertisement for laborers wanted near 149th street and the Southern Boulevard. I decided to try the latter, and if unsuccessful to return in time to apply at the restaurant. But first I breakfasted in a Bowery lunch-house, economizing by buying a couple of buns and a glass of milk for four

cents. Indeed, I believe the majority of the breakfasters spent no more than five cents for their meal, getting a cup of coffee for two cents and helping themselves to two or three buns at a penny each.

Arriving at the appointed place, I found instead of the busy scene I expected, an undeveloped part of Harlem, and not a sign of life. It looked as though I was the victim of a newspaper hoax. At length I met a young fellow wandering about apparently as much at sea as myself. I asked if he knew of any work being done in the vicinity.

"No. I'm lookin' for it myself. Did you see it in the paper?"

"Yes, it's round here somewhere."

Here was competition, but nevertheless we joined forces for purposes of discovery. Soon we found several gangs working at filling in the boulevard. There were no bosses in sight—a city work, I presume; so I asked one of the shovelers if they were taking on any men.

"I guess not," he said. "Don't want no help here. There's a big job over by the river, though. Working night and day with steam shovels. You might get took on there."

Going over to the river, we found a scene of activity. The N. Y., N. H. & H. railroad, as we afterward learned, was building a big freight-yard. Looking down into the big cut, I wondered for a moment if I was fitted to take any part in it. They were tearing away a cliff. Two great steam-shovels were scooping out the rock and dirt and loading it upon dumping trains, half a dozen steam drills were hammering holes for the blasts, and a hundred men were swarming about. Singling out the boss by means of his black clothes, white starched shirt-sleeves, and haughty air, we approached.

"Can I get a job here?" I asked. The boss was a busy boss and Irish, so beyond the barest glance he paid no attention. We waited in silence while he continued absorbed in his observation of the work. Then, having called a man to him and given him some directions, he left us abruptly.

Like faithful dogs we followed him nearly an eighth of a mile down the cut. Stopping here, he renewed his observation. Turning suddenly in the midst of it, he said, with a rising inflection as though continuing a conversation, "What do you want?"

"I'd like a job." He gave me a careful scrutiny; then continued his observations as though he had heard nothing. After several moments he turned to me with a sweep of his arm, "Go all around here, pick up all the loose tools, and carry them up to the shop." That meant that I was on.

I immediately set to work, but cast a glance at my friend to see how he made out. Evidently he was not successful, for he was still standing beside the sphinx, and on my return from my first load to the shop, he was not in sight. I regret considerably that I was taken on, while he was refused. It was due, I believe, to the fact that, although a larger man than myself, he was dressed in fairly good street apparel, whereas my work-stained jumper and overalls told a story in my favor.

By early afternoon the loose tools had all been collected into the shop, whereupon I was detailed to join a gang tearing up track. The gang consisted of three Irishmen and four Italians, with the boss-ship resting between any one of the Irishmen and Toni, one of the Italians, the odds being in favor of Toni in technical matters. The work was the hardest yet. Pulling spikes is fun, to be sure, but railroad ties are heavy and it is not very agreeable when shouldering one to feel the loose dirt trickle down your back and breast. More than this, we were but eight men to carry rails for which the railroad company allows as many as twelve men. (This work is being done by private contract.) But ours was a cheerful gang, and the boss spent much of his time on the other side of the hill among the steam machines. For steady work, the Irishmen were a little more faithful; but when the boss appeared, the men from sunny Italy put forth every effort. Then, "y'ho! alla righta! and sta bem!" were shouted in quick succession as they ran along with their end of the rail, but when the boss disappeared

they liked to make frequent visits to the pail with the "aqua."

There are a hundred or more Italians on the job, living in tents, shanties, and dugouts thatched with bark, old tin, sign boards and, all manner of scrap; the whole scene resembling nothing so much as an Indian encampment. Last night while I was straying in this encampment, Toni suddenly rushed from one of the shanties and hailed me. He was arrayed like the boss, in black trousers and vest and a white starched shirt, ready to go down town. For several minutes he entertained me. Like so many of his compatriots, Toni is saving his money and now has nearly enough, he told me, to carry him back to live in comfort in his old home, Naples. It was at work yesterday that he told me he came from Naples. When I commented on the beauty of the bay there, he exclaimed, dropping his wrench, "ah! it ees ——" and he threw back his beaming face and spread out his hands utterly unable to find a fitting adjective.

Leaving Toni's, I went down into the cut to watch the night shift at work. I delight in this scene, to watch the steam-shovels with their sharp steel fingers that sink into the bank like gigantic, resistless hands; to hear the rattling of the chains, and the unceasing "puck, puck, puck" of the drills in the rock; to see the trains swing in and out from the dumping-ground, and the forms of the men lit up by the glare from the flickering calcium lights. I rode about for awhile on one of the engines. The engineer took me for a train-man of the day shift, and loquaciously told me how he had just come on this job, how he had lost his position on a steamer because he became intoxicated, and how the union had been trying to force him, a non-union man, into the union by keeping him out of work. Thinking me to be a train-man he at times gave me embarassing commands; such as 'Turn on that injector, will you?' when I had to rely on his glance to tell which knob was the injector. The little clock in the engine said ten-thirty when I turned in.

This morning I decided to leave. If I could stay all the

fall the work would be useful and interesting. As it is I have ten days in which to reach Ithaca, and will need time and money. I would not draw any pay till October. Moreover the contractors object to paying on account, because the men immediately quit for a few days while spending the money. In an old paper here I have found an advertisement for laborers at Newburg. If I can get work there till Saturday I shall be rich. On the cut this morning (Sunday) the laborers went to work as usual. I surprised one of the Irishmen of my gang by telling him I was going down to the city. "Aw, no!" he said, "come along and get in your ten hours." Another one of the gang saw me idling on the bank and smilingly shouted, "Come on, it's near seven." Indeed the temptation was strong. I was getting acquainted with the men, of whom perhaps thirty of the more skilled boarded where I was, and they had come to know me just well enough to give me my early name of the beet-fields, "the young fellow." However, having given the landlady an order for my pay, I came down-town.

The afternoon I have spent at the museum among the paintings—the brightest feature of the whole trip.

To-night I have a room in the well known Mills Hotel, No. 1. It is unnecessary to describe this noble building, for such it is, erected to give clean beds to poor men. Everything is here for man's physical comfort; baths, wash bowls, laundry and drying rooms, where guests may clean their clothing, and a thousand neat, clean beds in which to rest. At this moment in the big enclosed courts a hundred men are engaged at cards, dominoes, checkers, and chess. Yet I can readily believe that the hotel is sheltering a better class of patrons than the donor expected. I am by far the worst dressed man in the building. Most of them are well if plainly dressed. Some are clearly commercial travelers of lesser calibre. The man seated next to me has a valise, and appears to be writing a business letter, consulting now and then memoranda. The hotel is nearly full, my receipt being for room 784, for which I pay twenty cents.

Mac.

ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER.

Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester are sitting in an arbor in the garden of Kenilworth Castle.

LEICESTER, *rising and facing the queen.*

NOW has the merry company withdrawn,
And your attendants, Madam, wait without ;
At last we are alone. May I then crave
One single, long-sought boon, most gracious queen ?
You know that when I gave this festival
I had no thought save for your sovereign pleasure ;
And to that end nor labor nor expense
I spared to make this court a scene of beauty
Whereon your royal eyes might feast their fill ;
And carefully I plann'd the entertainment
So that your Ladyship might never lack
Amusement various while you tarry here ;
And hither, too, I summon'd guests who seem'd
The most in favor with their gracious queen—
Ladies for beauty famed throughout the realm,
And gentlemen for brilliancy of wit.
But in this whole assemblage numerous
Is none so beautiful as you, my queen,
So gracious, so conspicuous for wit.
Like yon bright planet 'mid its satellites
You, radiant, outshine your brilliant subjects,
Of whom the humblest I ! But you have pleased
To smile upon your servant and commend
The efforts he has made in your behalf.
Then, Madam, may I hope that you will grant me
Freely to speak what swells within my heart
And would find utterance ? Your gracious smile
Emboldens me to ask it.

ELIZABETH.

Leicester, speak !
The boon was granted while thou didst request it.
And yet methinks thy words sound ominous :

My woman's instinct warneth me that thou
Wouldst speak—well, Dudley, words that must be spoken
Not lightly to a woman by a man,
And spoken e'en more seriously now,
As by a subject to his sovereign queen.
Be then not rash !

LEICESTER.

Madam, your ready wit
Divines my secret. Rash, presumptuous
I may be to reveal what's in my heart ;
Yet must I tell it, e'en should I incur
My queen's displeasure.

ELIZABETH.

Ah, beware of that,
My Dudley—yes, beware ! My greatest favor,
Which I bestow upon thee as a subject,
May speedily be changed to worst disfavor,
If from a subject thou becomest—

LEICESTER.

A lover !
Most humbly, Madam, do I crave your grace !
I must confess—for now to hold my tongue
Would brand me coward ! Pray, why should I fear
The queen in all the world most good and gracious?
I will not fear ! I love that gracious queen !
For many years I've been your faithful servant.
I saw you first with awe and reverence
Inspirèd by your regal dignity ;
Then admiration of your beauty came ;
And then, when step by step I grew aware
Of all your goodness and your graciousness—
Of all the lofty traits that lift you high
Above the common level of mankind,—
And when your softer moods were known to me,
My reverent awe thaw'd 'neath my burning love
As snow would melt under a tropic sun !—
Now from mine inmost heart I worship you,
And humbly lay that heart before my queen !

ELIZABETH.

Soft, Dudley, lest thy words should be o'erheard,
Which must remain a secret from the world !
I should have stopp'd thee sooner—yet 'twas pleasant
To hear thine ardent words ! What woman is there,
Be she of lowliest or of loftiest birth,
Peasant or queen, who loves not to be told
That she is loved ? 'Twas sweet to hear thee, Dudley ;
Yet with the pleasure was there mingled pain
That I could not accept the offering
Thou layest before me.—Nay, my lord, start not !
Do not remonstrate at thy queen's reply !—
Rise ! hear me ! 'Tis my wish.

LEICESTER.

Your wish is law.
Yet, Madam, would I dared to break that law,
And urge my suit more passionately still,
My sovereign and my love !

ELIZABETH.

'Tis better thus.—
Say, wouldst thou have me quit my present state
To be my subject's wife ? Think what 'twould mean
To England ; for (mark, Leicester, well my words !)
If I should childless die, and Mary Stuart
(Imprison'd now at Tutbury to prevent
Her both from doing and receiving harm)
Should die before me, then, my lord, her son,
The little James, would mount the English throne
As king of England and of Scotland both,
Which for so many years have been unlink'd
By any common law or sentiment.
Think what a boon 'twould be to this fair isle
If o'er it all one king alone should hold
Unquestion'd sway ! Far better that, my Dudley,
Than that two separate realms should still exist
Here side by side, each hostile to the other ;
Each striving the advantage to obtain

Over its neighbor ; each forever aiming
To overthrow the other, thus exposing
The island to invasion from abroad,—
Perchance to conquest,—when, by joining arms
Under one sovereign, they might defy
All foreign foes, and build a mighty power
On this fair isle of ours—an empire destined
To spread afar o'er every land and sea
And civilize the world ! My lord, speak truth !
Wouldst have me frustrate now this high design,
Merely that I might share my lonely throne
With thee, a subject, faithful tho' thou art ?
What answerest thou ?

LEICESTER.

Madam, with lofty soul,
You love your England more than you love me—
You love her better e'en than your own self ;
While I (Your Highness, pray, will pardon me)
Better than England love that England's queen !
I'd give my life for England—but for you
I'd forfeit willingly both life and soul !
Elizabeth, my queen, I love—I love you !

ELIZABETH, *rising*.

Hush, Leicester, hush ! Thou art presumptuous,
Blasphemous ! I command thee, speak not thus !
No one must hear these passionate words of thine—
These words that thou shouldst not have said, for they
Have kindled in my breast the smoldering flame
Which long and vainly have I striven to extinguish.
Dudley, I love—my lord, I love thee not !
Cease, I command thee, cease ! Speak thus no more !
Forget what thou hast said—what I just said !
There lives no man whom I could love enough
To lay aside my maiden dignity
And sacrifice the plan I've cherished long
Of building these two rival realms together.
Go, Leicester, go ! if thou wouldst not incur
My grave displeasure ; and beware if thou

Again speak to me as thou hast to-night !
Thou knowest King Henry's blood runs in my veins,
And I am like to smite thee with my wrath !—
I speak too loud !—I am not quite myself.
Go, Leicester, leave me !—I would be alone !
[*She offers him her hand ; he takes it.*

LEICESTER.

(*Aside*) Would that you offer'd me your hand to keep !
[*He kisses her hand ; she does not withdraw it.*
(*Aloud*) 'Tis as I fear'd. Mine ardent words have stirr'd
Your anger—yet e'en fear of instant death
Could not make mute my love ! My heart is sad !—
Madam, I crave your pardon—I will try
To let this scene pass from my memory—
In vain, I fear. Farewell, my queen—my love !
Most gracious, beauteous, glorious queen, farewell !
[*He kisses her hand again ; she gently withdraws it.*

ELIZABETH.

Farewell, my noble Leicester, thou art pardon'd—
Mine anger's not more quick than my forgiveness.—
May God protect and bless thee ! Fare thee well !
[*He seizes her hand to kiss it a third time passionately ; she starts but does not rebuke him. Then the earl turns reluctantly and goes out ; the queen gazes after him till he disappears, then drops back into her seat.*
Ah, Dudley, little dost thou know the love
That thou hast stirr'd within me—were my will
Not firm as adamant, I should have yielded ;
Yet, e'en as 'tis, thine ardent plea near won me.
For oh, how lonely is my single throne—
I, too, am but a woman, tho' a queen !—
But for England's sake I have been firm,
And by Heaven's help I will be firm for aye !—
O gracious God !—I love thee, Robert Dudley !—
I love thee, England ! —*Leicester*, how I love thee !

F. Monroe Crouch.

A JAPANESE GOD.

HE was about eighteen inches high—a bronze—green here and there with age, and balanced fantastically upon the toe of one sandalled foot; but in spite of this he was a dignified diety, very conscious both of his worth and of his power. The people in this new home did not burn incense before him, they wore stiff and ugly clothing, and their manners were barbarous; still, his pedestal was of onyx, a stately palm in a purple jar drooped its fan-like leaves above his head, and a jewelled lantern lighted up the curtained nook. On the whole, the god was well content. Assuredly, after his late adventures, this quiet and calm came as a great relief. Should he ever forget the last few months. Tossed in the black hold of a ship, carried in rattling wagons over roughly paved streets, and left to stand for day after day on a dark shelf among many other bronzes, none of whom had the least life in them, while the dust settled more and more thickly upon him every day! How dull and stupid he had grown, standing there! "The gods live while we men worship them," he had heard a drunken scholar say once upon a time. Could it be true? At any rate, this was the result of sending young men across the sea to be educated—he could have told the old grandfather that. When Sona had returned he had hung a cross upon the eastern wall of the fragile little bamboo cottage, and *he* had been handed over to a tall white man who had called him "a prize"—when he was a god.

All this was over now, however, and he was free to look about him in peace. It was a quaint place, dusky and dim; but out beyond the curtains it was bright enough, and there were many people moving about. Now and then a couple would enter the little nook where he was enshrined.

"It is a great folly, the talk of these barbarians," thought the god.

Ah, though this place was well, it would be better to be back once more upon the little lacquer stand behind the great screen, with the blue incense smoke curling and waving in long filmy spirals before him, and the sleepy chrysanthemums nodding from their green vase in the far-off corner. If ever he could find a way he would avenge himself upon that cross-god who had driven him out from among his own people. Who were the gods in this new land, he wondered? None of the objects round about him could tell. Most of them were dumb, and all came from other lands.

"This people can have no art of its own, or why should it borrow from all the world besides, from countries I never even heard of till now?" said the god to himself.

Perhaps they borrowed their gods as well—and it might be that they would adopt him, who could say? He was growing strangely dull and heavy. Some one must serve him, or he should sleep—and sleep. Why should they not? He was a good god.

Here was some one coming toward him, a young fellow he knew well by sight, since he was always about the house. "Jack" every one called him. He had paused near the great palm now, and surely he was drawing out a little incense-stick and lighting it. What a curious odor, not like that he was accustomed to; but one must pardon much in barbarians. Still, what was this? He had put the stick in his mouth! This was no way to worship any god. And here also, was some one else who was not pleased—a tall young girl in white with a cluster of red roses fastened at her breast. What was it she was saying?

"Do you think this is right, Jack, to go and hide away in a corner, when you ought to be asking Miss Safford to dance? Don't you fear she will be angry?"

"I don't care if she is," responded Jack, wilfully. "But what are you doing here in the corner, too, if I may ask?"

"Oh, nothing at all. It was hot in there, and I wanted

to cool off a little. Besides, I am not engaged for this dance."

"And didn't want to be, I fancy. I saw Count DeSolme hunting about in all directions but the right one a moment or two ago."

"One can't dance all the time."

"That's news!"

"I'm not leaving any duty undone. You know as well as I do that all the family expect—"

"Yes, I know they expect you to make me miserable for life, at least. But I can't help hoping, Edith—"

"Now, Jack, no more nonsense. Why will you bring up unpleasant subjects?"

"Because I can't help it. See here, Edith darling, I didn't seek you here. You came yourself, and now you've got to listen to me. You know you promised to hear me out sometime, and this is as good a time as any. I know your father has no particular objection to me."

The Japanese god was much interested. When the girl had entered the secluded nook, the queer-smelling incense-stick had been laid on his pedestal, and, though the odor was odd, he did not find it disagreeable. Besides, a barbarian would be likely to make mistakes. The youth would learn better in time if he continued his worship. Meanwhile, as his first devotee in this strange land, the god was inclined to be very gracious to him. There was the blue smoke curling up and floating before him just as of old. He could fancy he almost saw his friend, the glittering yellow dragon, blink at him through the haze, as he had done so many times before. What had become of the screen of the yellow dragon? Had Sona sold it, too? A wicked, irreverent fellow, that Sona! He could have told grandfather Kamo what came of sending boys across the sea in search of the new learning. What need had his people of new learning? They had got along very well by themselves until the restless white barbarians had come with their smoking boats and magic wires and many

other absurd innovations, which the god had heard old Kamo talk over sleepily with his gossips outside the gilded screen. These things had ruined the good old customs; and the old man had died before Sona came back. But what was it this new worshipper desired? The girl was saying, "No, no, no;" so evidently he wanted something she was not willing to grant. And was not that a shining cross she wore about her neck?

The god peered out across the blue smoke-haze. Yes, it was certainly a cross. Here was such an opportunity as he had longed for. He could help his own servant, and defeat one of the followers of that cross-god who had made Sona drive him out of his own shrine months ago. The polished bronze of the god's eyes glittered through the dusk. What were they saying now?

"You know I care, Jack. I care more for you than for any body else. But what is an up-to-date American girl to do? I can't do anything old-fashioned and humdrum. You know that, I am sure. Now, be sensible. I might marry Count De Solme. That's quite the thing, and he wants me —or my money—quite awfully. Or I can be a new woman, and not marry at all, and write books, or, after a while, go in for philanthropy and all that sort of thing. Really they will have to get up a war for my exclusive benefit some time, so that I can show how patriotic and charitable I am. Don't you think—

"Now, don't Jack—don't try to kiss me, I won't have it. I am sure my plans are for the best, and you are cruel to look so down-hearted. You know I can never marry you. I must accept the decrees of fate."

"Of folly, you mean! Well accept them, then! No! Put it to the test—that's the way to woo the fates, and it will give me half a chance at least."

"No, Jack. It would only be idle to encourage you. You have as much chance of winning me as that these red roses you gave me should turn white. See, I will draw one out, and if it is white *then* I will say yes."

She unpinned the cluster of roses from her breast, and held up into the light of the jewelled lantern a single rose-bud.

It was white.

Behind the haze a shadowy smile seemed to play over the grim features of the Japanese god. Then his face grew dull again. He would sleep, yes, he would sleep. The further proceedings did not interest him. Japanese lovers do not kiss.

Georgia Benedict.

THEMES.

MANY a time I wondered, as I listened to the chimes in the tower, who it was that played them. I wondered if he played *Alma Mater* because it was short and easy or because it represented something he loved. I wondered if he dwelt apart from us or felt the joys and sorrows of our daily life. This morning I wondered no longer—I knew. For as I stood at my window smiling at the great, red letters on the observatory, "Cornell 29, Columbia 0," the chimes began. At first I noticed nothing except that the very notes sounded jubilant. Then I realized what was being played. *Hail Columbia, happy land!* rang the bells. I knew finally that the man who played the chimes was a student, not an automaton.

—

LAST Wednesday evening, Billee and I went over to the Sophomore prayer-meeting. Billee, being a very pious little maiden who attends prayer-meeting regularly, had, I think, some idea of reforming me when she invited me to go. That is why I felt so ashamed to think I made her

laugh. We were singing that good old hymn, the chorus of which runs,

> "I love to tell the story,
> 'Twill be my *theme* in glory,"

when, wicked as it was, the idea flashed through my mind, "I wonder if the theme there will have to be in periodic sentences." I smiled. Billee, noticing it, whispered, "What *is* the matter?" Then I laid my finger on the one word, *theme.* It was enough. Billee laughed outright, and we were both disgraced.

—

SOME time ago a friend asked me to join the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I have always comforted myself with the fact that I declined immediately. Afterwards, however, I wondered whether I was eligible. In spite of our two hundred years of separation from the land where the age of one's family is of any importance, I was really anxious to know. My father, who was very much amused at my inquiries, promised to ask of a cousin who takes great pleasure in tracing our relationship to various German barons. A few days after, he told me that several of my ancestors had served in the Revolution.

"There was one who was a captain," he said very gravely, "and one a colonel."

"And Helen's ancestor was only a private," I said with the pride which always goes before a fall.

Then he looked up from his desk, smiling.

"My daughter," he said, "'tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Askalon.' Our ancestors fought on the wrong side. They were Hessians."

Since then the mention of the "D. A. R." is the signal for a family smile.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN IN HOLLAND.

The American in Holland, Dr. William Elliot Griffis's latest book (*Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.*), reminds one of Stevenson's *An Inland Voyage*. In each are recorded the incidents, the sights, the thoughts occasioned by a journey through Western Europe: Holland, one; Belgium and France the other. Yet two books more dissimilar in spirit could hardly be written.

The title, *The American in Holland*, is somewhat misleading. More truly could it be *An Historian in Holland*. As a land where fortitude and bravery won civil freedom, and wisdom and courage won freedom of thought, where patient labor drove back the sea and made the desert blossom as the rose, as a land of pictures and books and manuscripts, Holland has meant much to our author. In his five journeys to that country he has visited all the provinces and looked upon many places commemorative of the past, for, to use his own words, "there is much to see for the man who borrows eyes from history," and as we go with him he tells us of the men who lived there long ago and of what they did for good or evil.

Of the present he has less to say. The tavern keepers, the peddlers, the chance acquaintances, who appealed so strongly to the sympathetic eye and tender imagination of Stevenson and give to his book its greatest charm, are of secondary importance to Dr. Griffis. He tells something of the people's dress, the glittering skull-cap of a farmer's bride, the coarse woolen clothes, the clumsy wooden klomps with their many uses, of the curious homes and the various customs, even of the ubiquitous dogs; but the men and women themselves continue strangers to us. The eye of the historian sees much that is of greater interest than the comedy and tragedy of common life. "I lay down in happy anticipation of a day among the old parchments and

records", our author writes in one place, and in another, "I meet a guide who is worthy of his name and hire. . . . . He takes me where I want to go, and that is, first, not to the best hotel or the world-renowned town hall or the superb museum, but to the Fish Market, and this not to see either costumes or people. . . . . Here dwelt those people called in contempt, 'Anabaptists.'"

The two books are here brought together not to show that either is the better. Indeed, so unlike are they as to be almost incomparable. The one is the product of an historian; the other of a man. Each has its place, and each its admirers.

HOW WOMEN MAY EARN A LIVING.

"A club-absorbed woman said to an outsider, 'Do you know anything about work that women are doing?'

"'No, I don't', was the answer, 'but if you had asked me about women who want to know what to do, there'd be plenty to say, for they all seem to be in a despair of indecision.'"

To obviate this "despair", Helen Churchill Candee suggests in *How Woman may Earn a Living*, some twenty-five or more occupations open to women, telling what training or preparation is needed for each, where that training may be secured, what are the trials to be overcome and what will be the rewards. An inexperienced girl suddenly obliged to earn her living would find the book of some assistance. (*The Macmillan Company.*)

From *D. C. Heath and Co.* comes a useful little pamphlet, *Publishing A Book*, by Charles Welsh. "This little book sets forth in a plain and practical way a few needful instructions to inexperienced authors in regard to the preparation of manuscripts and the correction of proof. It also explains the general principles upon which agreements with publishers are framed."

Arthur L. Andrews.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XII. February, 1900. No. 5.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly during the college year. Subscription price, $1.00, payable in advance; $1.25 after January 1, 1900. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address all books for review and all matter for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief*, 112 Sears St., Ithaca; business communications to the *Business Manager*, 329 E. State St. Printed by Andrus & Church.

Entered at the Post Office, Ithaca, N. Y., as second-class matter.

E. G. CHENEY, 1900, has resigned as Business Manager of the MAGAZINE. He is succeeded by M. M. Wyvell, 1901.

FOLLOWING the lead of *The Century* in its encouragement of college writers, *The Literary Review* offers to college undergraduates three prizes of twenty-five dollars each for the best short story, the best essay on any literary subject, and the best poem of not more than fifty lines, respectively. This competition is open to all undergraduates in the colleges and universities of the United States. All contributions for each prize must be submitted before July 1, 1900. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by stamps for their return. All manuscripts, or communications regarding them, should be sent to the editor of *The Literary Review*, 157 Tremont Mall, Boston, Massachusetts.

CORNELL ANECDOTE.

THE PRESIDENT'S ULTIMATUM.

THE undergraduate of to-day, who pays but passing heed to the long Western trips taken by our baseball and football teams, will find interesting the following anecdote of early days. In the fall of '75, the first football challenge from another college, Michigan, was received at Cornell. As a compromise, it was suggested that the game be played on neutral ground about half way between Ithaca and Ann Arbor. This important contest engendered active rivalry among the students for places on the team; and for the first time, daily and systematic practice was observed. The expense of such a long journey was so great that the money had to be raised by general subscription, and an ability to pay one's own expenses was a great factor in gaining a place on the team. The game played here was peculiar to Cornell. In '72 and '73, it was played with forty on a side; in '74 and '75, the number was decreased to twenty-five. The players were permitted to kick, punch, or toss the ball; in fact, one could do anything but carry it. The best play was to make a "fair catch" while "heeling" the ground. For this, the player was allowed a "free kick." Regular football costumes were unknown; the common uniform was knickerbockers and a rough flannel shirt. It was understood that Michigan played a game very much like ours; and if we were to win, it would be necessary for us to perfect our "team" play. Practice was held every day for a week, until one day the manager interviewed President White asking for a leave-of-absence for the players. He was met with this prompt and decisive answer, "No student of Cornell University will be allowed to go several hundred miles to kick a bag of wind." It is needless to say practice ceased.

J. T. B., '76.

FORESIGHT.

ALL of the students in the early days will recall the first Registrar's office, one flight up in the eastern end of Cascadilla, where Dr. Wilson reigned supreme. There was no sign of a carpet on the floor and the furniture consisted of two old square tables, one good chair for the Doctor, and two rather rickety ones for the visitors. I can readily recall the Doctor's signature, which was signed to all the registration cards, a "W. D. W.," made without taking his pencil from the paper.

It was very natural for students who had seen something of business life before entering the University, to keep their hats on when visiting the office. They learned better by embarrassing experiences. George Jarvis, '78, tells his experience something like this: "Dr. Wilson did not ask me to take my hat off the first time I called on him. No sir, he didn't! When I arrived at his office, I thought I would peek in around the corner of the door and see what it looked like. Up in front of the Doctor stood a big freshman with his hat on, and the Doctor was saying to him in his loudest tones, 'What do you mean, young man, by coming in here with your hat on. Take your hat off instantly.' I went in to the office with my hat in my hand." *J. T. B.*

A SENTIMENT.

ONE of the oldest officials in the treasurer's department tells this story of Ezra Cornell. Among the early students was one who had developed a mania for the autographs, with or without sentiments, of the great men of the community. One day he rang the bell at Mr. Cornell's house. The servant who opened the door informed him that Mr. Cornell was at dinner.

"I only wanted Mr. Cornell's autograph, with a thought or sentiment," said the importunate collector.

In a moment the servant reappeared, bearing a slip of paper which she handed to the delighted collector. His joy, however, was considerably lessened when he read as the sentiment:

"*I do not like to be disturbed at my meals. Ezra Cornell.*"

Physicians' Directory.

W. H. LOCKERBY, M.D.,
Specialties, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and intubation of the Larynx. Office. 126 E. Seneca St. Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone F 162.

ELMA GRIGGS.
Office and Residence, 109 E. Seneca St. Telephone, 145. Regular hours.

JOHN BEERS HAWES, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence, 12 E. Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 145.

EUGENE BAKER, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon. 10 West Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 2 to 4 and 8 to 9 p.m. Telephone connections.

DR. DAVID WHITE,
Hours 1.30 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m. Office, 56 E. State St. Residence 201 Prospect St. Telephone at residence.

EDWARD MEANY, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office over Post Office. Office hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. Telephone, 176 B and 176 F.

CHARLES P. BEAMAN, M.D.,
Office on cor. opposite Post Office. Hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4 and 7-8 p. m. Residence, 506 E. Seneca St. Telephone, residence, 184; office, 184 B. Surgeon to Cornell Football Team.

CHAUNCEY P. BIGGS, M.D.,
Office, Ithaca Trust Co. Building (second floor); residence, 17 E. Buffalo St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.; Sundays, 4 to 5 p. m. Telephone 143 F.

DR. PAUL R. BROWN,
139 E. State St. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 189 F.

JOHN WINSLOW, M.D.,
Office and Residence northwest corner East Seneca and Quarry Sts., always open. Regular hours, 8 a. m., 12 to 4 and 6 to 7.30 p. m. Telephone.

DENTISTS.

DRS. J. B. & F. B. HOWE,
1 and 11 Bates Block, Aurora St., Ithaca, N. Y.
Telephone 18 B.

H. B. HAMILTON,
Dentist.
73 East State Street.
Hours. 9 to 12, 1.30 to 5.

DR. C. J. McCLURE,
Dentist.
Opposite New Ithaca Hotel.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

THE ALBERT TEACHERS' AGENCY,
Central Music Hall, Chicago. Established fourteen years. We have frequent opportunities of filling sudden and unexpected vacancies at this time of the year. Address C. J. Albert, Manager.

IF you are a teacher seeking advancement and worthy of it, or if you have had no experience but want to be a teacher, and if you know how many places the School Bulletin Agency filled, and how it filled them, you would register in it, and keep registered. Illustrations and testimonials sent on application.
C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

C. U. Library

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1900

Sunday Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. Leave Ithaca at 12.15 noon, and 9.30 p. m. Arrive at Ithaca, 7 a. m., and 5.10 p. m.

CORNELL MAGAZINE

A STUDY OF "PIPPA PASSES."

TO my mind no one of Browning's poems is more beautiful or more characteristic than the quaintly named "Pippa Passes." A "drama" it is called, and very dramatic it certainly is—but if a drama be "a composition to be acted," as the dictionary states, then the name does not suit this poem, for assuredly it was never intended to be acted. It is a drama of motive, of those mental determinations from which all actions result. But we see only the mental process—the drama on its spiritual side, as one may say.

It is Pippa's hymn which gives the key to the whole, voicing the inner meaning of the poem and of the poet :—

> "All service ranks the same with God :
> If now, as formerly he trod
> Paradise, his presence fills
> Our earth, each only as God wills
> Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
> Are we ; there is no last nor first.
>
> "Say not 'a small event' ! Why 'small' ?
> Costs it more pain that this, ye call
> 'A 'great event', should come to pass,
> Than that ? Untwine me from the mass
> Of deeds which make up life, one deed
> Power shall fall short in or exceed !"

This hymn it is which suggests her odd fancy to the little "singing maid" Felippa, the silk-winder in the mills of Asolo, who has her New Year's holiday before her. She will fancy herself on this, her one idle day, to be each of the four happiest persons in Asolo; but she will not envy them, since her part in the world is of equal importance with theirs in God's eyes. But to-day she is free from her task, she will just play; and so the light-hearted girl passes out into the sunshine, singing as she goes.

All this is revealed to us in the "Introduction", where we see Pippa springing up wide awake at the first dawn-light that reaches into her "large, mean, airy chamber", with its lily blooming in the window. There is a likeness between Pippa and her room. She is large-natured, pure as her flower, and fresh and healthful as the wind. We laugh with her at the flicker of the water-broken sunbeam along the wall, the sunbeam which brings her assurance of the fair day so eagerly desired. Some indeed, object that the description of the sunshine is too beautiful to come fittingly from the lips of a poor silk-winder, and too intellectual. Browning's people are always intellectual,—the poet cannot escape from himself,—and so perhaps it is true that little Felippa with her analysis of love,—the burning love of haughty Ottima, the pure love of the sculptor Jules' lady-bride, the filial love of Luigi, and, "best of all", the "God's love" of Monsignor the Bishop,—is too much a philosopher to be quite the child-like maiden Browning meant. Yet a sweet and gentle girl she certainly is—and what business have we to demand a realistic lack of culture in a poet's heroine?

But let us follow Pippa "up the hillside", where dwells the first of those happy ones with whom she has for a fantastic moment identified herself,

> "being just as great, no doubt,
> Useful to men and dear to God as they!"

Up the hillside dwells Ottima, the grandly beautiful wife of old Luca, owner of ten silk-mills in the valley. Here in the "shrub-house" she is seated with her German lover, Sebald, and Luca lies dead in the "stone-house" not far away. He has been slain by Sebald on the last night of the old year. Ottima is still full of scorn and hate for the dead man, but her lover has a northern conscience which urges him to make what reparation he may. This impulse Ottima combats in a passage of wonderful eloquence and beauty. She summons all the memories of their love, rouses his passion to the full once more, and in the end, triumphant over right, calls upon him to crown her his queen—"magnificent in sin." But as he lifts her coronet of hair, Pippa's voice rises from without :—

> "The year 's at the spring
> And day 's at the morn ;
> Morning 's at seven ;
> The hillside 's dew-pearled ;
> The lark 's on the wing ;
> The snail 's on the thorn ;
> God 's in his heaven—
> All 's right with the world !"

Stooping to pick a double heartsease, Pippa passes on ; while Sebald, seized with a sudden revulsion of feeling, pushes Ottima from him and draws his dagger to kill himself. Ottima calls out to him to kill her first, and they die together, slain by the horror of their realized sin.

This section seems to me the most wonderful in the poem. It is overflowing with passion at its highest—the remorse of Sebald, the struggle and love of Ottima, her triumph and repentance. Ottima's confession, "I always meant to kill myself", stands out as the recognition by that luxury-loving nature that sin *is* death, though she will not look at it till she must. Her last prayer is for God's mercy for Sebald. The greater sinner, perhaps, she is the better lover, too.

But we must follow Pippa down the hill to Orcana, where stands the house of the sculptor Jules. Before the house a crowd of students are collected, for they have played a rare jest upon the youth. He has despised them for their debauchery; they hate him for that scorn. Therefore, by means of forged letters they trick him into the belief that a beautiful Greek model ("fourteen at the most") is a lady of gentle birth. He goes mad with love of her, and marries her without a question. Then comes the revelation. Jules springs up to avenge himself on all the students, when Pippa, seated on the steps, sings—

"Give her but a least excuse to love me",

the song of the page who loves the queen so far above him that his love can do nought for her.

As he listens Jules returns to himself, and to the new ideal which his love for Phene has wakened in him. The students are beneath his vengeance, and she is not to blame. Nay, is it not a greater thing to raise her whom you love to your own level and beyond, than, like the page, to love one who needs no help from you? So Jules breaks his old models,—for they are false to his new thought,—and goes with Phene far away to Greece, there to work out his nobler dreams of art.

This division of the work is in two parts: the first in prose, as befits the mocking talk of the students; the second in passionate verse, yet a passion which remains artistic, taking its form from the head, but its life from the heart. Jules, even at the height of his great resolve, is an artist as well as a noble man; and to both man and artist it is salvation that his ideal (thanks to Pippa's singing) has not been destroyed by the brutal scheme of the students.

Now Pippa has resolved to be each of the four happiest ones in Asolo, and next is Luigi, who, with his mother, makes an old turret the goal of their evening walk. To this turret she makes her way, passing a little group on the road. One of the group we have heard of before; the students mentioned with admiration the Englishman Bluphocks. What he is may be imagined from the fact

that such men do admire him. In company with a band of Austrian police he is watching the turret, and notices Pippa as she passes by. For thus doing he has his reasons, since his pockets are filled with the "zwanzigers" of Monsignor, the Bishop's Intendant. He is where he is, however, because he must point out Luigi to the police, who have been instructed to watch him narrowly. Luigi has fallen under suspicion of being one of the Carbonari, and if he does not leave that night for Vienna he is to be arrested.

In the turret, meanwhile, Luigi and his mother are talking together. The young patriot has made up his mind to kill the emperor, and his mother is trying to persuade him from this resolve. To him the murder seems his duty; his mother's arguments are born of prudence and pleasure; yet she almost persuades him, for life is sweet and it is to certain death he goes. As he wavers Pippa sings of an old, just king of long ago. At once his mind becomes firm again. Unhindered he starts for Vienna, fixed to obey the voice of duty within him, as a true man should. What matters it if the outward action he intends seems evil to us? To him it is right, and the only right.

But Pippa goes on toward the house of the Bishop's dead brother, the house by the Duomo. On the cathedral steps are seated a number of girls, courtesans, who draw her into conversation through a pretty song they sing. They, too, know the Bishop's Intendant, and are following his orders. One can see how Pippa shrinks from them in Zanze's words, "Oh, you may come closer—we shall not eat you!" It is the song she wishes to hear, not tales of a "great, rich, handsome Englishman" who has fallen in love with her.

In the palace, the Bishop and the Intendant sit together over a banquet. The Bishop has dismissed all his other friends, and is chatting away of this and that—Ugr's accounts, and his own disappointment at the decision of the sculptor Jules to give up sculpture for painting. The Intendant is eager to bring the talk down to more important matters, but the worldly-wise old Bishop plays with him as a cat plays with a mouse:—How many houses he has.

How generous was his dead master. His name is Maffeo, not Ugo, is it not? And was the interdict for robbing the church at Cesena ever taken off him? But no need to stir up old scandals—he must disgorge, however. No, no compromise is possible. The family wealth is in the hands of a Bishop now, and *all* of it shall be used for holy purposes. But here the Intendant breaks in effectually:—What if the Bishop be not the true heir to this wealth? His lord knows there was an heir—an heiress, rather—who died. Monsignor's brother knew more of that death than it would be well for the world to know. But the heiress is not dead. He, Maffeo, has kept her safe to this time; but a little singing, silk-winding girl is easily got rid of. The Bishop need know nothing, and there will be no 'stupid, obvious' killing. At Rome the courtesans perish off every three years, and a certain good-looking English knave—but why go further? Is it a bargain?

The Intendant sees assent in the permission to go so far, but as he asks this last question Pippa sings once more in the square—a song of childhood, the moon, the flowers, and God. Up starts the Bishop:—"My people—one and all—all—within there! Gag this villain—tie him hand and foot! He dares . . . I know not half he dares—but remove him—quick! *Miserere mei, Domine?* Quick, I say!"

Here the main part of the drama ends, and here we may run over the ground a little before passing on to the epilogue, which closes all. The main characters have been sufficiently indicated, perhaps, but some notice should be given to the skill with which the minor personages are treated. There is Bluphocks—a perfectly cool, gay, conscienceless villain. He is slight and frivolous enough, has a number of "accomplishments", something which may pass on occasion for wit, and no scruples whatever. But his brain amounts to very little in spite of his travels and knowledge of Syrian; throughout, he is simply a tool. Neither the Intendant or the police think of giving him aught but orders. The students are not mere names; each has individuality. And so it is with the poor girls, also.

One is sick and weary and longs for her old home with its simple pleasures ; a second is only lazy ; while a third is at once lazy, gluttonous, and cruel. She is Zanze who crushes the beetle and calls first to Pippa. She is clever enough, too, for it is she who suggests that the song to attract the girl be the one made to her homesick companion by the young English noble,

"Who took you for the purest of the pure
And meant to leave the world for you—what fun !"

Now let us come back to Pippa's chamber and listen to her light comments upon all the fantastic fun of the day. What an impudent girl is Zanze—and what was the odd name of that Englishman she mentioned ? Monsignor has an "exalted air" scarce befitting a Bishop—good man though he is. Well she has been each one of the happiest four in Asolo, and now she is merely little Pippa again. Her lily must wake to meet Ottima's double heartsease. What an unnatural flower, and how like Zanze ! Then comes a pretty farewell to the night which makes us feel that even had the Intendant succeeded with the Bishop, Pippa would have proved no easy victim to the coarse Bluphocks.

Last of all, Pippa wonders if she might not sometime

"approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day :
—Approach, I mean, so as to touch them, so
As to . . . in some way . . . move them—if you please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way."

But she falls asleep with the thought that God's love is the same, even though she has no weight in the world about her.

How is Pippa to guess that, while she played, God, at a crisis in their lives, made her his messenger to each of the "happiest four in Asolo." Her life will change hereafter, name and place in the world are coming to her, yet never may she win greater influence than she has wielded, careless and unknowing, on this New Year's Day.

Georgia Benedict.

THE GHOST OF BEEBE LAKE.

OMEONE had been fumbling at the front door for several seconds, and I wondered who it was until I recognized the step of my chum as he stumbled up the staircase and into the study. "You're in early," I said, and kept on reading. Jack didn't answer; his skates and cap went flying across the room and landed on the couch among the best sofa-pillows and he slammed himself into the most uncomfortable chair in the room. Something was evidently wrong, for he usually occupies the couch, himself, which is in easy reach of the pipe rack. He is slow to speak, though, and sat silent for some seconds blinking at the light, while I waited expectantly.

"I wish you'd gone up to-night," he finally said. "I saw the queerest thing that ever happened. Looked like a ghost." Now Jack, being an engineer, has a very low-power imagination and generally tells the truth; so I asked for details. "You know that gorge at the east end of the lake?" he went on. "I was exploring around there and fighting hard against the wind, when something tall and white came out of that hole in the rocks. It sort of bobbed and wiggled along a little ways, but the snow was flying thick and before I saw it plainly it busted all to nothing in a second."

"Say!" I remarked, "Did you go straight up to the lake from here?"

"Sure, you chump; what do you think?" and he closed the incident by grabbing a pipe and a book.

The next evening I laid my books by a little after ten to go myself and enjoy a spin on the ice. As the door slammed behind me Jack shouted, "Sorry I can't go too, but keep your eye out for that ghost."

I never gave his words another thought until I reached

the slippery undulating path along the brink of the creek. Far below on the left the subdued rumble of the falls came up faintly from under an icy sheath. The high banked road on the right and the thick pines overhead darkened the way so that the path was obscure and walking difficult. Stumps and shrubs outlined against the dead white of the ground, fantastic shapes of overhanging rocks, and patches of snow on the sheer precipice across the gorge, all might easily have been transformed by imagination into grotesque figures that moved in the glimmering snow-light. The wind rustled strangely among the pine needles and now and then snapped off some brittle twig that rattled to the ground. As I reached the pond, there came a few faint wind-blown notes from the chimes and then, more clearly, the full vibrating voice of "Magna Maria" tolled eleven. Here and there over the white field a few shadowy skaters glided. The wooded edges of the pond seemed inky black and solid. The scene was a lonely one, and a dreary feeling seized me, which was dispelled only when I felt the smooth surface glide fast beneath me and the exhilaration of the brisk, cold air and swift motion chased all morbid thoughts away.

The small, cleared space at the lower end of the pond proved after a time too monotonous and I struck out over the larger, untracked surface where the snow still lay runner deep. The turned-up ends of my long skate-blades stuck out of the snow like the heads of swimming water snakes, and sprayed the soft powdery snow behind with a weird hissing at every stroke. The dark, indistinct tree-shapes flew past like phantoms as I skirted the lake, and the faintest of shadows followed me in the dim starlight. Now and again strong gusts of wind threw the snowflakes in my eyes, while I skated blindly ahead. All track of my whereabouts was lost, when suddenly a piercing blast of wind struck me full in the face. The black mouth of the haunted gorge loomed up in front like an impenetrable wall, and through it the wind came in a torrent, bearing with it a

chill damp smell like that of a tomb. With a shudder I half turned to escape it. The ice cracked like a pistol-shot, and with a rush a white menacing shape whirled up beside me. So sudden was the apparition and so near, that only one thought filled my mind. Escape! I stumbled, fell, and slid at full length as the wraith threw itself bodily upon me.

Upon sober consideration of the matter afterwards, I don't think I yelled, although I may have said something out loud. However, as I was disengaging myself from the mound of snow that the ghostly little whirlwind had deposited upon me, an interfering idiot swooped by and asked if I fell. "No!" I yelled after him, "something threw me." But I never told anyone that that something was a ghost.

W. M.

SIDNEY CARTON.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

SUNK in the mire of drunkenness and sloth
That smear'd and hid your manhood in the earth;
A slave to one who knew not your true worth,
Or, knowing, to acknowledge it was loath;
Unblest by everything that men hold dear—
Wealth, friendship, honor, faith, ambition, love;
Fearing not man below nor Heaven above,
You dragged your sunless steps from year to year,
Till, as the dawn startles the blackest night,
The light of love swift smote your darken'd sight.
Quick woke your manhood from its lethargy—
From out the noisome mire it struggled free.
You saw at last a chance your life to save
By giving it to fill another's grave.
Bright closed that mortal life begun in gloom
In winning deathless life beyond the tomb!

F. Monroe Crouch.

ETHEL.

OULD you really like to know why I came to Cornell? Well sit here on the bed, you dear old sobersides, and I'll tell you."

This from Ethel, the beautiful, my roommate. It was six o'clock the morning after the Junior. She, worn and weary from a week's gaieties, had just come in, slipped out of her rumpled finery, thrown herself into the little white cot, and prepared to spend the day in sleep. I, the grind, the ugly duckling, was already preparing for an eight o'clock.

I think it was not bitterness, but rather the ridiculousness of the situation, as I stood there in my plain campus attire, my eyes wandering from the shining ball-gown thrown carelessly over a chair to the faded flowers on the bureau, than to the giddy little slippers on the floor, and finally to Ethel herself—the ridiculousness of the situation, I think, that forced from me a question I had often mentally asked, "Why did you come to Cornell?" Her fathomless eyes gleamed strangely bright with a look that defied sleep; the brain unlike the body was not weary.

"I'm not a bit sleepy," she said, "and I do feel like talking." So, eager to hear, I sat down beside her.

"I know what you must think of me, Katherine," she began. "You think I have no purpose in life, that I care only for pleasure. Perhaps that is true! If I could only get over some of my conceit! Do you know, I live content in the belief that I can accomplish something if I want to." —Can? Why, she was brilliant. She could have outranked me with one-third my labor. Every one conceded her ability, though her marks seldom rose out of the 70's.—"But somehow," she continued, "I don't care any more. Besides,"—here her lip curled, and she fell for a moment into that sarcastic tone that was one of her characteristics

when discussing the ways of life, and which always made me wonder,—"the only thing to live for is happiness, and if you gain that in a frivolous way, without much effort, what's the use of striving after an ideal?"

Then her voice softened. "I had an ideal once, Kitty," she whispered. "It was all too beautiful, this noble purpose which made life worth living. I felt so sure I could be something in the world. Well, I decided to come here. Before I came, though, something happened. I cannot tell you, dear, but it was one of the things that happen to a great many lives, and either mould or destroy characters. I resolved not to be weak; I knew it would be hard, but I would strive alone for the same end. How well I remember the day of my arrival. When I look back I think it decided my course. I strolled over the Campus in the September sun. Every beauty of Nature seemed to heighten my ardor for what is good and noble. I soared in the clouds. The Library, the Chapel, Sage, Morrill, McGraw, White, all Sibley, and the lake beyond stretched out in inspiring array before me. My only prosaic thought was that Boardman looked like Noah's ark. 'Here in this great seat of learning I can spend my life happily' was my mental comment. Somehow I got on South Avenue, and presently, still thinking I was on the campus, I found myself in the cemetery, and sank down by a large headstone to rest. Then reaction set in. Something (the ghost of Gray probably) suggested to me, 'the paths of glory lead but to the grave'. It seemed like an omen, my high resolves and my unintended visit to the graveyard. I felt all the strength go out of me. I knew I could not battle alone; I knew I could never forget. 'What's the use? What's the use?' I cried to myself. So I went over to the world, the flesh, and the devil. You know how I spend my time, studying just enough to get through, and chasing every butterfly that comes in my way. It is the only way I can forget at all. I stay here because it's diverting and because my degree will please father.—Here!

what have I been telling you? Bah! You will think me a sentimental fool, but I had to tell some one because—well—he was at the Junior with his wife."

The black head disappeared under the cover. I silently withdrew to the next room. So she had really a heart! Like many men and women, I had felt and acknowledged her irresistible charm; now for the first time I loved her. Individuality and fascination were her chiefest attributes, and to me she had not been quite human. Now, how good it was to find her so!

The chimes had been ringing for ten minutes when I awoke from the reverie into which I had fallen. I missed my breakfast, but a peep into Ethel's soul was worth it.

V. Gertrude Hast.

LAGGING WINTER.

THE snow lies white upon the window-ledge;
In eddying gusts the flakes go whirling by
Like pallid ghosts against the cold gray sky,
With noiseless tumult, to the horizon's edge.

The dreary wailing of the wintry wind,
From far off, sounding with incessant moan,
Fills all the air—a senseless monotone
Of grief unreal—vexing the sad mind.

The earth is hid beneath a frozen pall;
Forgotten is the warmth of summer days,
Save where, snow-wreathed, a dense and clambering maze
Of dark-green ivy creeps along the wall.

Georgia Benedict.

ONE WAY OF CONSTRUCTING A SHORT STORY.

TANDING in the stack of the Cornell Library, a year or so ago, with one leg rigid, the other bent loungingly, I read at random from the library collection of the great Poe's works. Among other things, I came upon Poe's instructive theory of composition, his theory for the successful construction of a poem or story. In this essay the author advances the theory that a poem or story may be most successfully constructed by working backward, starting with a climactic situation. In illustration he reveals illuminatingly the process by which he produced "The Raven." Having in mind the consummation of a story, he decided by close thought-concentration how best to get back to a logical beginning; this process of thought, as you know, resulting in his choice of verse as best suited for his theme, and in his choice, as a refrain in the verse, of the single word *nevermore* (selected after much excogitation), monotonously repeated, yet becoming, by reason of its verse-setting, more and more forcible as the story nears the final situation of absolute despair. This theory of composition, propounded by so great a writer of short stories as Edgar Allen Poe, made naturally a continuing impression on the tyro. It made a still deeper impression on the teacher of composition, interested in literary construction.

Some months later the time came, it suddenly occurred to me, to test for myself the value of the theory. At dinner one night I heard a situation that I thought might be worked back to its beginning and might thus make an articulate and possibly interesting story. Accordingly, at the first opportunity, I set to work at the systematic re-volution of a story. The situation was this: As the Registrar and his wife were passing Sage Cottage about six o'clock one September afternoon, there joined them and walked a few steps by their side

a "grad" who, in order to ask their aid, stepped slightly ahead of two girls in blue in whose company he had just emerged upon Central Avenue from Sage Cottage. He wanted to know where the girls could find lodging-places; Sage and the Cottage were not opened yet, and sub-freshmen had to take entrance examinations the next morning at eight. He couldn't introduce the new students, not knowing their names. This much only was told me at dinner as a good joke on the graduate, whom I knew slightly. A situation such as this I thought might be worked back into a little story.

The resultant writing I printed in an early issue of a Cornell paper. Immediately I found there was surprise in the souls of the man and one of the freshmen (the other didn't enter college), the surprise that one is sure to feel on seeing one's self unexpectedly typed in cold type. How had the writer of that story been able to tell exactly the whole process of the giving of kindly aid by a sympathetic graduate? Who had told? It did not occur to the persons concerned that the pages were simply an experiment; that the writer had had nothing to work with, preceding the final situation; that he had constructed a little story backward by steps that seemed to him natural and plausible. It occurred to no one that "*G*" had merely been trying for the amusement of himself and his friends to follow out a theory of composition. The fact that he was able to interest a number of persons who were unaware of the experimental nature of the production was incidental.

Since the day of my own bit of experimentation following Poe's theory in tracing a situation back to its necessary beginning and thus producing a coherent story, I have been a rather close observer of the seeming methods of construction of the stories in the fifteen or twenty collections of short stories which I have reviewed. It is to this part of my informal jottings that I hope you will attend zealously; with this in mind, possibly you will find an added intellectual pleasure in your future reading. Many little narratives

have come to my notice that seemed constructed, though very likely without a definite application of a theory of composition, along somewhat the same lines as above outlined. The value of noticing such details is that one truly finds more enjoyment in one's reading of fiction if one knows the why and the wherefore of some things ; it isn't enough for the college man simply to be entertained sensuously by his reading ; that will possibly do for the paper-covered readers whom one sees on the "L", but not for the college man. Well, as I was about to say, perhaps most noticeable of stories so constructed are a half dozen of Stanley Waterloo's, printed in the volume, *The Wolf's Long Howl.* In fact, I should say that this is by all odds Mr. Waterloo's favorite mode of construction. Take, for example, his story "The Baby and the Bear" (by the way, "The Babe and the Bear" would be a title more pleasantly symmetrical and euphonious). This story is, I think, quite clearly constructed in the way I have mentioned ; Mr. Waterloo had a climax in his mind and then worked back to a good beginning. This process was perhaps unconscious, and was probably almost instantaneous, for the story is short. In the last paragraph one gets a possible clue to the story's re-volution. If we assume that there is a basis of fact, the author may have found it in the following way. In the last paragraph, a boy is whistling contentedly, even triumphantly, as he watches a gang of Northern Michigan workmen toiling in the erection of a saw-mill, using, as an aid to save hand-work, a great pile-driver. Now for the author's getting of his story. The boss of the job turns to a visitor, I imagine, and says : "See that boy ?" "Yes." "Well, he did a great thing with that there pile-driver one day." "How was that ?" "Let the weight fall and saved his baby brother." "How'd that happen ?" "It was this way" and so on. The listener may have heard the story ; how the boy and his little brother were left in the home cabin alone one day while all the rest had gone to town, how a big bear came along thinking to eat the small

boy and his smaller brother, how the boy unconsciously lured the greedy bear to a position whence a heavy weight from the top of the pile driver could be dexterously lowered on his honey-seeking head, how the boy lowered the weight and flattened the bear, how on their return the fond parents found the boy and the baby playing happily while the squashed bear reposed in his tried-out fat (of which there wasn't much, it being about Christmas time). The author heard the climax, then he heard the steps that led up to it.

As I have said, this is on the assumption that the story is actual fact, narrated to Mr. Waterloo and by him handed on. The story may be wholly imaginary, built from the author's knowledge of the existence of pile-drivers and saw-mills and little boys and bears. It may, again, be partly imaginary: the author may have seen the whistling boy standing by the high pile-driver and may have imagined the rest. At any rate, I think that, given the pile-driver and the boy, the writer saw his climactic situation, and then constructed steps that would naturally produce the situation. In others of Mr. Waterloo's stories this process of construction is still more noticeable, as in "A Murderer's Accomplice", "Red Dog's Show Window", and "The Hair of the Dog that Bit Him".

Have any of you noticed a similar method of construction in other short stories?

C. R. Gaston.

[It may be worth while here to add a comment from Mr. Stanley Waterloo, of Chicago, who has been so good as to look through the preceding pages. In a recent letter to the writer he says: "I think you have hit upon my method—if I have any—in writing short stories."—*C. R. G.*]

A CAPTURE.

FTER sacking the chicken houses of every town in the immediate vicinity, the much-dreaded chicken thieves had reached Millville. Hiram Cook, who lived two miles over toward Wilton's Corners, on the Town Line road, lost one hundred chickens in one night, and the thieves had since plundered several chicken-houses nearer the village. No wonder the Millville farmers were alarmed, and no wonder the wives of Millville farmers, who depended upon the sale of their butter and eggs for the wherewithal to make their annual trip to town, bought padlocks for their chicken-houses, and insisted that their husbands sleep with a wire connecting their wrists with the door of the "hennery". This device was not generally employed, however, especially after "Bate" Griffin's billy-goat caught his horns in the wire one night and proceeded to investigate it, pulling Bate out of bed, and nearly severing his hand from his wrist before he was thoroughly awake.

One night some two weeks after the robbers first came to Millville, old "Reub" Whitcomb was about to retire to the well-earned rest of an honest farmer, when his daughter Sally interrupted his preparations with the startling announcement that some one was trying to get into the "hen-house".

"Did ye see 'em?" asked the old man excitedly.

"Yes, an' there's a waggin aout in the road with some coops on. Guess it's them chicken thieves."

"Wall" said the old man after a moment's thought, "you skip daown through the orchard an' tell Bate Griffin an' Sim Tooneyman to come up with ther guns. Stop on the way an' git Josh Willet. Then go up to Hank Willard's an' tell him we've ketched the thieves an' will wait fer him at the railroad."

As Sally hastily went toward the back door, old Reub took his flint-lock down from its nail over the fire-place, and shoved an old pistol into his pocket. Forgetting in his excitement that neither of his weapons was loaded, he boldly opened the back door. There was certainly someone picking at the lock on the chicken-house. At this point the old man's knees were suddenly smitten with a chill and his stomach felt as though it wasn't there. But mustering up his courage when by the aid of the moonlight he saw that the robber was unarmed, he stepped noiselessly toward the intruder, and hoarsely commanded, "Thrup yer hands." The man was startled, but, seeing Reub's gun levelled at him, wasted no time in obeying.

"Naow, young feller, right abaout face fer the road, an' if ye try any monkey-shines, I'll shoot ye deader'n a last year's seed potato."

By this time, the robber's partner in the "waggin," alarmed at the sound of voices, had started down the road to escape. False hope! He drove into a crowd of excited farmers, armed with guns, axes, pistols and swords, on their way to rescue Reub Whitcomb's chickens. Bate Griffin levelled his gun at the man and took possession; the company then continued its way to Reub's farm.

Here they found Reub standing in the road, his musket pointed toward the would-be robber, now seated on the topmost rail of the barnyard fence. After putting Reub's prisoner into the wagon, the cavalcade started for the railroad station, there to await the arrival of Hank Willard, the constable.

Amid great excitement, the prisoners were placed on nail-kegs at opposite ends of the platform around Pete Schneider's saloon. Between the two stood Reub with his musket; on the steps in front of one of them sat Josh Willet with an ax, and Sim Tooneyman occupied a similar position in front of number two. Up and down in front of the building paced Bate Griffin and Pete Schneider, each armed with a sword.

Presently a loud clatter was heard down the road. Soon a wagon appeared swaying from side to side, drawn by an old horse reeking with foam, and running at the top of his speed. In the wagon was Hank Willard, hatless, coatless, breathless. He drove up to the saloon and sprang from his seat.

"Whar be they?" he demanded of the nearest sentry, Bate Griffin.

"Thar they set," Bate answered, impressively pointing with his sword to the criminals.

"Be yeou the fellers?" demanded Hank.

"Ask us," was the reply.

"Don't git sassy to the police, er ye'll be sorry fer it. Whar dew ye live when yer to hum?"

"Say, Jerry," remarked the elder prisoner to his companion, "this is a little swifter gang than we struck over at Wilton's Corners."

"I don't reckin we best fool with them fellers," said Hank to Reub. "Guess we better handcuff 'em an' take 'em right over to jail at the Spring."

Accordingly the elder prisoner was put into the constable's wagon; on the seat beside him sat Hank, a pistol in one hand and the reins in the other. In the back of the wagon sat Josh Willet and Reub with their unloaded muskets. Following them was the second robber in his own wagon, similarly guarded. In the rear came a hay-rack loaned for the occasion by Pete Schneider, loaded with all the remaining farmers and a varied array of arms—unloaded guns, dull-edged swords, rusty axes, and formidable-looking clubs. The procession arrived at the Spring without mishap, and the prisoners were safely lodged in jail.

When, sometime afterward, the thieves were tried, the court-room was filled with the farmers who had assisted in their capture and transportation to jail. In the face of such an overwhelming array of witnesses no criminal could hope to escape his just doom, and the men who had threatened to

disturb the tranquillity of Reub Whitcomb's henroost were duly sentenced to the workhouse.

Although these events took place some time ago, so important was their bearing on Millville history that the story of the capture and the triumphal ride to jail still forms the never-failing topic of conversation between the good old country fathers who perch nightly on the cracker-boxes and flour-barrels of the village store. When the questions which pertain to the welfare of the world have been duly discussed and the policy of the government justly determined, conversation sometimes lags. But not long. For someone always speaks of "the night the robbers came"; and then pipes are forgotten and the crackling of the hickory "chunks" in the sheet-iron stove is drowned in the rush of excited words.

Porter R. Lee.

AN AMERICAN SEAMAN.

N October of 1891, the American liner *Pennsylvania*, four days out on her voyage from Liverpool to Philadelphia, encountered a violent storm, which lasted from about seven o'clock one morning until three the next. Early on this second morning, Mr. Beckwith, the second officer of the *Pennsylvania*, was standing his watch on the bridge, pacing back and forth in the light from the solitary wheelhouse-lamp, his restless eyes, unmindful of the rain, shifting from side to side as if trying to sight some object through the cavernous darkness. His watch was almost up, and he was thinking of his warm bunk, when he started, ran to the very end of the bridge, and, grasping the rail, leaned far out into the blackness. Above the roar of the wind and the water and the throb of the ship's engines, he heard a sound. As he listened, it was repeated. Now he made sure it was the boom of a signal-gun, speaking over the waves.

Seizing the mouthpiece of the telephone which was close at hand, he said a few excited words, and then resumed his lookout. This time, though, his eyes were strained toward the east. His call had stopped the ship and brought the captain up from his cabin, three steps at a time. "Why, why, what's all this, Beckwith?" he blustered.

"A ship in distress, sir."

"Ay, a ship in distress; but what in creation can we do about it, eh?"

"Lay to until light, I suppose, sir, and then—" but he had turned toward the east again.

Beckwith's watch was over, and he was coming slowly down the companion-way. Aroused by the sudden stopping of the ship, the white-faced passengers crowded around, besieging him with questions. He shook them off, and made

for his quarters. Just outside the door he met Sears, the chief officer, whose duty it was to go out in the boat at such times. Evidently the prospect was not to his liking, for he drawled out sarcastically: "Well, Beckwith, I s'pose you're ready to go in the boat, aren't you?"

"I'm no coward," flashed Beckwith. Then turning toward the crew, he cried: "Eight men to man the boat, there." The eight men of his watch stepped forward, each one touching his cap with a crooked forefinger, and saying: "I'll go, sir."

The boat was being lowered from the davits, when Beckwith, buttoning his heavy ulster close around him, jumped down among his men. A moment more, and they were off on their perilous journey over the heaving water, tossed about by the angry waves, braving death on all sides, yet ever straining toward the sinking ship, now dimly seen in the gray light of dawn.

Stroke by stroke, up, down, up again, the boat bounded onward. As it drew near the ship, Beckwith could see that she had listed badly; and in another moment he saw the cause, a great hole in her side. When at last the ship was within hailing distance, Beckwith called through the speaking-trumpet to the little group of men on the deck: "Let down a rope, and we'll get you off."

Instantly the reply came: "They're all washed away."

Pulling near the black hole, Beckwith and his men tried to throw a rope on board. Their efforts were useless, for the waves tossed both boat and ship so that even "Cowboy Sam" (as the men called Samuel Martin) could not take aim.

The ship was fast settling; while they had been tossing the rope, the height of the hole had grown perceptibly less. "You've got to jump," shouted Beckwith. A man stepped forward to the place where the rail had been. The boat drew near. Then, just as it mounted to the crest of a wave, Beckwith nodded quickly, and the black form dropped thirty feet, to land, quivering, in the arms of four

strong men. "Pull for your lives, men!" snapped Beckwith; and the boat lurched back just in time to escape being sucked into the hole and engulfed. Again and again this maneuver was repeated, until there were left on the ship only three men. One of these, the captain, had been hurt in the storm, and could not jump. As tenderly as if he were a child, his two companions rolled him in a blanket and tossed him down to safety. One of the remaining two jumped, and then the other; but this last one had not quite timed his leap, and fell between the boat and the ship. In a moment he would have been dashed to pieces against the ship. But Beckwith fell to his knees, caught him by the seat of his trousers, and by an almost superhuman effort, lifted him, spluttering and sprawling, over the side. Then, in the very face of death as they were, every one saw the humor of the situation. and grinned.

"Is this all?" Beckwith said quietly, turning to one of the rescued men.

"One, two, yes sir; seventeen all told, the *Falcon's* crew."

"Then back to the *Pennsylvania!*"

This time the boat was heavy, and although the storm had abated its fury, progress was slow. Finally the boat was swung up onto the deck, and the rescued men hurried away by the ship's doctor. Beckwith, however, remained beside the boat, unconscious of the crowd of passengers surging around him. He was watching the *Falcon*, now low in the water. For five minutes he stood there; until the boat turned on end and disappeared. Then Beckwith hastened toward his cabin, a confused chorus of cheers ringing in his ears. Once in the seclusion of his room, he drew himself together with a startled look: "Yes, yes," he murmured; "seventeen all told;—the crew of the *Falcon*."

Esther M. Crockett.

A NO. I.

ENNY SAWYER started his "Gallery of Beauties" in his freshman year. Then it consisted of some four fresh-faced maidens, gowned in simple white and proudly clutching diplomas. The name was given it by the fellows, though no one could say it merited the title, for the four faces had little claim to beauty.

The "Gallery" grew as Denny grew in the college world. When he returned to the University as a sophomore it had reached enormous proportions. Denny exhibited with pride pictures of pretty girls, stout girls, thin girls, homely girls, haughty girls. Among them, down in the bottom of the pile, was the photograph of an actress. That one Denny drew away rather hurriedly.

Then the fellows made a discovery. On the back of each picture he had written his opinion of the person, where he had met her, the times they had spent together, and anecdotes connected with same. It was a great idea. It introduced the men to the girls, it explained why this one, though stout, was interesting, and that one, though homely, was attractive.

Upon the back of the actress picture he had written nothing at all. They could see plainly enough, for he did not try to hide it—he was holding it a little aside as if protecting it.

"Great picture, that," someone said. Denny paid no attention. Another added, "Come, Denny, tell us your fun. She's a stunner, sure."

Denny looked as if he might throw something at the speaker. But he didn't; he was a sophomore.

"You fellows wouldn't talk like that if you knew her. Never mind. Now, look at this for the 'Gallery'."

He hauled from the trunk a big silver frame. At the

bottom was fastened a little card, which announced to all that whatever the frame contained was "A No. 1".

There was general laughter and much comment over the "Gallery" and the frame. Then Denny fell to arranging his pictures. The mantel would not hold them all; some were relegated to a drawer in his desk. Sad to relate they were the Original Four.

"They've had their day, you see", Denny explained rather apologetically.

When he had completed his work, he stepped back and viewed it. Yes, it was satisfactory. He held the frame in one hand, the actress in the other.

"I wish you at least had on a long skirt," he muttered, "but you're right good-looking; you'll go." Into the frame went the picture and took its place on the mantel, to reign over them all as "A No. 1".

Filkins was a sleepy fellow in the "frat," who looked as if a Rip Van Winkle snooze would set him up all right. He took a deep interest in Denny. He watched Denny when he wasn't sleeping or working. He noticed a great deal. He noticed that sometimes Denny had trouble over a letter. Sometimes Denny would spring up from his desk, pace up and down the room, glancing crossly at the innocent "A No. 1". Sometimes he would tear the letter into fragments and bang off out of the house. Other times he would write quickly, seal and address the letter, and then, going over to the "Gallery," give a nod and a grunt at "A No. 1." All this Filkins observed. He cherished aggressive feelings toward the bright, gay creature. Once behind Denny's back he had shaken his fist at her.

"I tell you how it is, fellows. Denny isn't the same fellow. That 'A No. 1' has some strange influence over him. He's so good natured, he'd be roped in dead easy. I'm going to do some Sherlock Holmes work. I'm the boy's foster-parent."

When Denny packed at the end of his sophomore year, he left his "Gallery" in the room. Filkins helped him pack.

"A No. 1" remained on the mantel almost to the last moment. When Filkins entered the room after Denny's departure, "A No. 1" was gone.

"That boy's got her in his suit-case, sure. Confound her, anyhow."

Denny seemed changed when he came back in the fall. He was not as blithe as usual. More than that he had but two new recruits for the "Gallery"; in fact, he seemed to have lost interest in that institution. He worked harder, too, in his Junior year, notwithstanding that he thus became the subject of many gibes and was fondly hailed as a future Sigma Xi.

Filkins watched devotedly, if sleepily. Filkins was tied to Denny. He wasn't going to give up the game until he knew something about that "A No. 1". "She ought to be in a Rogues' Gallery," he declared.

So life ran on until Junior Week. Then Denny came out. He danced a little at the Junior and noticed a great deal. He noticed that Filkins was with a pretty girl. The girl was more than pretty, she was interesting, spirited, quick, with a high-bred face and a beautiful gown.

"Say, Filly, who was she?" he asked after one dance.

"My cousin—sorter distant. She is living here now. Her brother is in the University and she's studying music in the Conservatory."

"I think I'd like her. Got a dandy face. Take me to her."

"Gad—I'd do anything to get a rival for 'A No. 1,'" muttered Filkins, as he led the way.

Denny gained little from the introduction, but the difficulties made acquaintance more desirable. He determined to wait ages for a blind extra. He waited and got it. He asked for another. He was refused, but he had forced himself upon her notice. Denny knew how to treat girls.

He made no comments to Filkins concerning Miss Leland. But he thought a great deal. He went out often in the evening. When he did not call on Miss Leland, it was at

some house where she was pretty sure to be. He did not study so hard. Perhaps, just perhaps, that is why he did not win a Sigma Xi.

Along in April he produced triumphantly a photograph of her. Filkins was all attention. The photograph was passed around, commented upon, and criticized. Denny scribbled some data on the back. He held it in his hand and paused before the mantel. Where should she go? At last he moved a fat girl over towards an oldish creature and put Miss Leland in her place.

Filkins groaned audibly.

Denny looked at him in surprise. "Isn't the effect good there? It's not a good picture of her." For just a moment he paused, then rushed on: "Isn't this good news—she's invited to a house-party up in the St. Clair flats at the same time I am." He paused again, only to add rather inconsequentially, "She'd make a good friend."

"Hope—hope," whispered Filkins, opening his eyes. "I may live yet to see that actress replaced, if I do grow gray in the process."

Time rolled along and brought September and the beginning of Sawyer's and Filkins' senior year. "A No. 1" went back on the mantel. Filkins used to feel for the gray hairs on his temples.

Denny had to buckle down in earnest now. His one amusement was calling upon Miss Leland. He had evidently taken the summer's opportunity.

Along in November, Denny received quite a thick letter. It was postmarked New York. Filkins knew that, because he carried the letter to Denny's room. The letter seemed to worry Denny. He read it several times. Then he went out. He told Filkins he was just going down town. He was seen to go into the telegraph office. Filkins put two and two together and concluded that Denny had telegraphed to the girl who wrote that letter. For a day or two Denny was restless and thoughtful. Then he received two telegrams within twenty-four hours. The second

seemed to please him. He stood with a little smile and tore it into bits, then threw them into the waste-basket with a relieved air, as if throwing some disagreeable task away from him. He looked up and caught Filkins watching him.

"Filkins,—let 'Bobby's' work go for tonight. I'm a happy man. Come along out into the air. I've got a long story to tell you. Let's walk down to the Dutch Kitchen."

Filkins smelt mystery in the air and was nothing loath. On the way down the hill Denny acted like a new fellow. He threw one arm across Filkins's shoulders.

"I'm going to tell you a fairy story."

"Go ahead."

"Once there lived in a great rambling house two little children. One was a boy; the other, a girl, two years younger. The boy was the son of the man who was master in that fairy palace; the girl was the niece and ward. They grew up together. They were constant companions. The boy was sort of a worthless little fellow. The girl was wild and headstrong, possessing a winsome, expressive face and a good voice. They thought she was growing hoydenish and so separated the two and sent her away to school. Well—the boy graduated after awhile and entered college. The girl wrote to him regularly up to this time. When he returned home from college, he heard startling news. It was that the girl had joined a light opera company, and that the uncle and guardian, after trying vainly to carry her home with him, had 'washed his hands of her' and forbidden anyone to communicate with her. The fellow was sorely grieved. Chance took him to a city in the interior of the state, where he ran across the poor little girl killing herself in summer opera. I—the fellow, I mean—stayed there a week. He did some good work. If she had started at all on the wrong path, he set her right. He gave some promises in return for some on her part. For one thing, he swore to stick by her in thought and deed. He's kept his word, too. She wrote to him regularly, simply keeping him posted in regard to her whereabouts and welfare. He

took away from the town with him a little photograph of her. She is working herself up, but hasn't the endurance to make a good actress. A little while ago she wrote to the fellow and announced her engagement to a New York newspaper-man. The fellow telegraphed at once for particulars and received very satisfactory ones. The man is a college graduate of high standing in newspaper circles. She's going to leave the stage, thank God."

"And she's 'A. No. 1'?"

Denny looked surprised. "How did you guess my fairy story? Yes, she's 'A. No. 1'—poor little girl. I've stuck by her. She's happy now and well off. I'll only have to straighten it up with the old man."

They walked awhile in silence. Filkins threw away his cigar.

"Denny—I thought you were in love with that girl. It made me feel awful bad.

Denny laughed. "I—in love with her—no."

"Is it Miss Leland?" Filkins asked the question cautiously. Denny did not answer for a moment.

"No—o. It might have been; I like her mighty well. She's the finest girl I know. I suppose I was right on the brink of falling in love with her. She's good to a fellow. I confided in her; she knew all about the poor little girl. No. I am going to wait awhile before I think of love. Engines and the like stand in for my attention next."

Later that same evening Filkins stood alone before the "Gallery." He took the cigarette from his mouth and his hat from his head.

He addressed "A No. 1":

"I beg your pardon, my dear girl. I have wronged you these many months. You are not bad after all—and here's good luck to you."

Jane L. Drake.

THE DEED OF BLIGH.

THE dark night fell
On the darker day ;
The midnight spell
On the castle lay ;
The sea-wind shrilled
Through the storm-lashed night ;
The sea-spray filled
The air with white.

Within the castle was dance and song—
Without the castle was want and wrong ;
Within the castle was warmth and light—
Without the castle was death and night.

Rich wine was flowing,
Sparkling and glowing,
Into the beaker tall ;
Keen blades were gleaming,
Flashing and beaming,
All through the lordly hall ;
Dark forms were stealing,
Breathless and reeling,
Near to the castle wall.

The warders are slain
By an unseen foe ;
The arrows rain
On the rout below ;
The red fire scales
The ramparts high ;
The dark night veils
The deed of Bligh.

Ralph M. Brown.

JOHN P. MORGAN AND MAN—NEW YORK.

THE 5:20 rolled into San Fernando, and two men got off. One was a heavy, well dressed man, evidently from the East. The other, smaller, seemed the large man's servant, for he looked after the trunks and carried the luggage. After a little consultation the two walked over to the hotel, where they were "sized up" by some leading citizens who lined the room that served the double purpose of office and bar of the Mission House. The large man signed the book, and Mullins, the landlord, viewing the imposing signature of "John P. Morgan and man, New York," was filled with great respect and the firm determination to bleed the stranger. Morgan made his arrangements with the landlord and then turned to the onlookers, "Gentlemen, what will you take?" The effect was instantaneous. Fifteen men sprang from their seats and lined up at the bar where "Henry," knowing the answer to the question, had placed the usual bottles and glasses. After a moment's preparation the glasses were raised, fifteen pairs of eyes looked in mute gratitude at the stranger, fifteen chins were raised, and all was over. John Morgan then bowed to the room and followed by his servant walked upstairs.

The next day San Fernando took John P. Morgan to its bosom, the landlord having announced that the newcomer represented a syndicate of capitalists who intended to invest a few millions in San Fernando real estate. What no letters of introduction would have done, that statement did. Mr. Morgan received the cards of the Young Men's Social Club, which placed the club rooms over the grocery store at his pleasure. Mr. Samuel Jackson, the leading citizen of the town and manager of the San Fernando Smelting Works, drove Mr. Morgan out to see some choice lots, which were for sale at a fraction of their value and also invited him to

dinner on the following day. Morgan accepted all these invitations. In the course of a week he ceased to be a new comer and became a leading citizen. He was good friends with everyone, but especially so with Jackson. These two seemed almost inseparable, Morgan spending most of his time in either Jackson's house or office. They told each other of their affairs, Jackson being interested in New York life and Morgan in the management of the smelter. The valet, too, became prominent in a different sphere. He was the "lion" of the fair creatures of the town and was thought to be engaged to Mrs. Jackson's maid.

A month passed and San Fernando forgot that John P. Morgan and man had not always been a part of it. Jackson and Morgan were as friendly as ever, but not so much together, as the former was very busy with the quarterly pay roll, which fell due on the following Saturday. All the work and responsibility of this fell on him and worried him unusually. The custody of $25,000, even for the few minutes that it took to carry it from the express office to the smelter, was enough to worry anybody. Saturday noon he took lunch with Morgan and told him all his troubles and worries. After lunch the two sat and smoked together until it was time for the manager to go to the express office.

It was four o'clock and the sun beat fiercely on the fifty yards of adobe plaza which separated the station from the Mission House. A few loungers were asleep in the shade of the station and two bronchos were snapping at each other in front of the hotel. Jackson came out from the express office, carrying a canvas bag, and walked nervously in the direction of the smelter. At the same time, two men, clad in riding "chaps" and flannel shirts, left the hotel. One untied the bronchos while the other walked out to the manager and carefully shot him between the eyes. The two then mounted and, carrying the canvas bag, dashed madly out of town toward the foothills. John P. Morgan and man did not appear at supper.

The killing of the manager and the passing of John P. Morgan was a nine day's wonder in the little town. At the end of that time, everything went on as usual. The Smelting Works got a new manager and the landlord advanced the price of drinks to pay his losses on the robbers. A few months passed and it leaked out that John P. Morgan and man were the notorious Evans and Sontay, the desperadoes. Then it was that San Fernando threw out its chest, for had it not held in its midst for an entire month the two best known men in California.

Romeyn Berry.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN POLITICS. By William Samuel Lilly. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899. pp. ix, 322, 8°. Price $2.50.)

THIS is an entertaining book of essays by a man of wide reading and almost oppressive culture. Not that Mr. Lilly's style halts beneath its load of learning. On the contrary he is able to weave into almost every page a score of recondite ornaments without complicating his clauses or "deranging his epitaphs." But for all their fluency the paragraphs of his book have a certain air of being composed to work up a large supply of brilliant quotations and telling allusions that have accumulated in the author's head—or scrap-book. If you are familiar with Miss Repplier's writings, you know the sort of essay that can be made out of such paragraphs. And if you can imagine Miss Repplier writing semi-philosophical prolegomena to say a dozen of those engaging compounds of sense, humor, prejudice and haste, and setting the whole forth as "First Principles in Criticism," you will have a pretty good notion of the value possessed, in their different field, by Mr. Lilly's "First Principles in Politics." Like Miss Repplier, Mr. Lilly is an accomplished essayist, and when various "fragments of this book appeared from time to time in the *Quarterly*, *Fortnightly*, *Contemporary*, and *New Reviews*, and in the *Nineteenth Century*," they deserved, as essays, the favor with which they were received by many readers. But they gain nothing where they are strong, and less than nothing where they are weak, by the present attempt to elevate them to the rank of a treatise on fundamentals.

What Mr. Lilly believes to be the "keynote" of his book will please many ears. "Reason," he says, "manifesting itself in ethics, is the right rule of human action, public or private. And law, which is a function of reason, is the very soul of a body politic." Therefore, as Thomas Hill Green very simply said, "there is a system of rights and

obligations which *should* be maintained by law, whether it is so or not.'' Or in Mr. Lilly's somewhat grandiose paraphrase, ''The ideals constituting this absolute jural order are the first principals of political philosophy.'' Of course. Only—which are they? How shall the wayfaring man, though a fool, recognize the truly ethical when he meets it on the corner? In short, whose reason is Reason?

The answer is by no means plain. At the outset there is some confused talk about ''natural rights'' and ''natural duties,'' in which the author shows himself not unacquainted with recent discussions of those notions, but does not seem to evade, after all, the gravemen of the criticism that ''natural,'' in such connections, is merely a mischievous term of commendation for that system of rights and duties of which the speaker happens to approve. Fortunately Mr. Lilly makes little use, in his detailed discussion of concrete problems, of that ambiguous criterion of right. His treatment of such questions as the function of the state regarding education, regarding the sphere of contract, regarding land, is independent and vigorous, and seems to me, on the whole, admirable. Therefore I consider it founded on Reason, and find it in complete harmony with the ethical keynote of his book. But how about the reader whose ear is differently, perhaps more sensitively attuned?

Charles H. Hull.

THE WHEAT PROBLEM.

In a speech before the Members of the British Association in September, 1898, Sir William Crookes, then President of the Association, maintained that while the breading-eating population is rapidly and steadily increasing, the wheat-growing land all over the world is becoming exhausted, and that if wiser disposition be not made of certain fertilizers now allowed to waste, a ''day of dearth'' is not far away.

Naturally, this speech was widely heralded, but considerably to the great scientist's surprise other statisticians and economists did not accept his conclusions. They asserted

this his prophecy was not warranted by existing conditions, that it was only a scare. Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, well known in other connections, issued a pamphlet in which he upheld that so far from there being danger of an insufficient wheat supply, the United States alone can furnish wheat enough to feed the world. So it was wherever wheat is largely grown; critics vigorously denied that there were sufficient grounds for a conclusion so alarming.

The Wheat Problem (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.25) is Sir William Crookes's reply to these criticisms. Besides the original speech, now revised and enlarged by inserting the facts and figures which led the author to sound his warning, and the specific answers to the various criticisms, the book contains three articles by other writers: one, *Our Present and Prospective Food Supply*, by C. Wood Davis, a wheat-grower and statistician of Kansas; the second, *America and the Wheat Problem*, by Hon. John Hyde; the third, also by Mr. Hyde, on *Certain Fallacies of Mr. Edward Atkinson*. It need not be said that these articles tend to support the contention of the author. Enlivened as it is by the spirit of controversy, the book is far from prosy, and as a clear, reasonable presentation of an important problem it finds a fitting place as one of the Putnam's *Questions of the Day* series.

GROWTH OF NATIONALITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Another book worthy of thoughtful reading is the *Growth of Nationality in the United States: A Social Study*, by John Bascom (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.25). Having shown the importance to the country of a feeling of nationality, "a sympathetic activity of a people in every portion of it in the pursuit of their common prosperity", Mr. Bascom discusses the different forces which have tended toward and against the growth of such a feeling. In successive chapters he traces the history and influence of the Supreme Court, explains the strife between states and the United States, the strife between groups of states, the problems of the "Period

of Reconstruction", the strife between the various Departments, and lastly, the strife between the different social and industrial classes, adding a short chapter of conclusions together with a contrast between the national tendencies of England and those of America.

The chapter treating of the strife between classes may be mentioned particularly, because Mr. Bascom, in discussing "those physical, commercial, and moral forces which have so far separated men from each other", considers some of the perplexing issues of the present. What he says does not tend toward complacency. "We are awakening", he says, "but slowly from this illusion of a national life wrought out by self-interest on an industrial basis simply. We are beginning to see that many of the things which should have accrued to the common welfare have been stolen while we slept; that our public affairs have been shamefully mismanaged; and that we are in danger of coming under two of the worst forms of tyranny: that of wealth in our social life, and that of corruption in our political life". In no uncertain language he expresses his disapproval of "the fallacies of protection", the defeat of the income tax, the growth of the power of injunctions, national interference with state authority, and the management of our railroads.

Whether or not you agree with Mr. Bascom in all his conclusions, you must be struck with the admirable method by which he gives his opinions form. *The Growth of Nationality* is a decidedly well-written book.

Historical Tales from Shakespeare, by A. T. Quiller-Couch (Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.50), bears some internal evidence of the present war-spirit in England. The English boys, the author states in his preface, fight shy of the plays from English history, and "so miss much which might quicken their interest in history and their early patriotism, being deterred perhaps by the dramatic form and partly by the sophisticated language. . . .

"Of true and fervid patriotism these plays are full. Indeed, though they are, in Charles Lamb's words, 'strength-

eners of virtue' in many ways, *that* remains their great lesson. . . . In short, . . . these plays might almost serve as a handbook to patriotism, did that sacred passion need one''. He accordingly tells the stories in his own way in the hope of showing the English boy that history records stories full of interest and excitement, and of thus leading him to read Shakespeare's ''rich and wonderful work''.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has succeeded in doing more than he seems to have planned. *Historical Tales* should appeal not only to every boy and girl, but to persons of a larger growth. The *Tales* are not Shakespeare paraphrased, nor are they history lessons in disguise. They are well-constructed stories of men and women told with a simple dignity that befits the theme. While in no sense a substitute for Shakespeare, they are not unworthy, in their own distinct class, to be grouped with the great dramas and with the *Tales from Shakespeare* of Charles and Mary Lamb. Eight stories are told: *Coriolanus*, *Julius Caesar*, *King John*, *King Richard the Second*, *King Henry the Fourth*, *King Henry the Fifth*, *King Henry the Sixth*, *King Richard the Third*.

Arthur L. Andrews.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XII. March, 1900. No. 6.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly during the college year. Subscription price, $1.00, payable in advance; $1.25 after January 1, 1900. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address all books for review and all matter for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief*, 112 Sears St., Ithaca; business communications to the *Business Manager*, 329 E. State St. Printed by Andrus & Church.

Entered at the Post Office, Ithaca, N. Y., as second-class matter.

A striking feature of college magazines this year has been the number of articles which try to show that Kipling has been thus far considerably overrated. The nature of these criticisms may be shown by the following conclusion of an essay, *Does Kipling Play with Artificial Thought?* published in *The Southern Collegian*: "And listen, Kipling idolaters! All the questionings of the intellect, the unrest and doubtings of the spirit, that which makes the attraction and the weakness of Hamlet are foreign to him. He takes the world in a plain, straight, material sort of a way, and is unconscious that anybody takes it differently. A man who has no other standpoint can never appreciate the nature of a noble woman, the woman who 'does understand.' He is indifferent to all the delicate tremors of the soul, the essential nature of love, *the central character of life.* When his tales are re-read we find that he is only playing with superficial thought."

Cornell recognized Kipling when he was still unknown to the world. Does Cornell remain faithful?

Physicians' Directory.

W. H. LOCKERBY, M.D.,

Specialties, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and intubation of the Larynx. Office. 126 E. Seneca St. Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone F 162.

ELMA GRIGGS.

Office and Residence, 109 E. Seneca St. Telephone, 145. Regular hours.

JOHN BEERS HAWES, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence, 12 E. Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 145.

EUGENE BAKER, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. 10 West Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 2 to 4 and 8 to 9 p.m. Telephone connections.

DR. DAVID WHITE,

Hours 1.30 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m. Office, 56 E. State St. Residence 201 Prospect St. Telephone at residence.

EDWARD MEANY, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office over Post Office. Office hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. Telephone, 176 B and 176 F.

CHARLES P. BEAMAN, M.D.,

Office on cor. opposite Post Office. Hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4 and 7-8 p. m. Residence, 506 E. Seneca St. Telephone, residence, 184; office, 184 B. Surgeon to Cornell Football Team.

CHAUNCEY P. BIGGS, M.D.,

Office, Ithaca Trust Co. Building (second floor); residence, 17 E. Buffalo St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.; Sundays, 4 to 5 p. m. Telephone 143 F.

DR. PAUL R. BROWN,

139 E. State St. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 189 F.

JOHN WINSLOW, M.D.,

Office and Residence northwest corner East Seneca and Quarry Sts., always open. Regular hours, 8 a. m., 12 to 4 and 6 to 7.30 p. m. Telephone.

DENTISTS.

DRS. J. B. & F. B. HOWE,

1 and 11 Bates Block, Aurora St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Telephone 18 B.

H. B. HAMILTON,

Dentist.

73 East State Street.

Hours. 9 to 12, 1.30 to 5.

DR. C. J. McCLURE,

Dentist.

Opposite New Ithaca Hotel.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

THE ALBERT TEACHERS' AGENCY,

Central Music Hall, Chicago. Established fourteen years. We have frequent opportunities of filling sudden and unexpected vacancies at this time of the year. Address C. J. Albert, Manager.

IF you are a teacher seeking advancement and worthy of it, or if you have had no experience but want to be a teacher, and if you know how many places the School Bulletin Agency filled, and how it filled them, you would register in it, and keep registered. Illustrations and testimonials sent on application.

C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

Cornell Lit 7

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1900

Sunday Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. Leave Ithaca at 12.15 noon, and 9.30 p. m. Arrive at Ithaca, 7 a. m., and 5.10 p. m.

CORNELL MAGAZINE

THE MORALITY OF PAMELA AND OF TOM JONES.

THE state of my feelings after reading *Pamela* might be likened to those of a certain amateur angler of my acquaintance, who went on a fishing expedition into the Maine woods; and who, when a "buck-board" ride to the lakes was proposed, accepted with great joy, marvelling much that such conveyances were to be found in the wilderness. But unfortunately, the "buck-board" of the Maine woods is not the springy vehicle of common knowledge. It is a two-wheeled ox-cart with a rigid board seat; and the roads are not macadamized state roads either, but rough logging roads with plenty of boulders and "thank-you-marms." The scenery along the way was delightful, a changing panorama of forest and lake; yet my friend did not enjoy himself; he could not rise to the aesthetic. So it is, it seems to me, with the reading of *Pamela*. There is much to admire in Richardson's intuitive knowledge of the human heart, and in his sympathetic treatment of feminine follies and virtues; but the jolting that one's mind gets from the unnatural and tedious epistolary form, and from Richardson's almost Pharisaic morality greatly discounts their pleasure. It is this Pharisaic morality that is the greatest obstacle in the way of my enjoyment of *Pamela*.

Humor that is conscious of itself is obviously inartistic and wearying; so is morality that is conscious of itself. Richardson in *Pamela* makes it too painfully evident to us

that his object is to point a moral. Instead of subordinating the moral to the development of the plot and the delineation of character, he subordinates these to the moral. There are moral lessons to be learned from Shakespeare's plays ; but it is absurd to point out Shakespeare's moral purpose. His aim was to delineate character, "to hold the mirror up to nature." So well has Shakespeare done his work, so complete was his mastery of the full gamut of human passion and emotions, that we feel the vitality of his characters ; and if they have failed in their lives, we feel it much more vividly than if Shakespeare had burdened his story with a conscious, moral mill-stone.

From the morbid sentimentalism and conscious morality of Richardson, Fielding's unconscious morality and frank picture of the manners of his time came as a welcome relief. Unfortunately there are some things in *Tom Jones* that unfit it for the perusal of the unthinking and the prurient. But though its coarseness and indelicacies would be unpardonable in our time, in Fielding's time the allusions that give us frequent shocks were current speech. Such things are, after all, largely a matter of custom ; today we base our moral estimate of a book, not so much upon what it contains of the tabooed and unconventional, as upon the delicacy with which the writer has expressed these things. If he has done his work roughly, the book is vulgar and coarse ; if skillfully, it is accepted for "art's sake."

Tom Jones, then, is a faithful portrayal of the good and the bad in the life of the eighteenth century, and is written in the spirit of the time. Fielding had to be frank with his readers or his picture would have been incomplete. His characters were not types, but vital men and women, subject to the same temptations and lofty hopes as we. He gave us life in the concrete ; and so potent is the moral of success and failure, that he who runs may read.

H. A. H.

NIRITA.

FRANKLIN PIERCE—bachelor by choice—had just finished an excellent dinner, and should have been at peace with the world. He was seated before a wide-mouthed grate, puffing slowly at a good cigar. Everything about his little dining-room was cheerful, even to Tikima, the Japanese boy, who was busily clearing the table. The boy was the greatest joy of Pierce's lonely life. Picked up in Yokohama, as Pierce was leaving Japan, he had rapidly developed into an amazingly good combination of cook, butler, and valet. Tikima was singing a soft Japanese love song as he shuffled the china, and Pierce was thinking of a woman and love. It was not his own affair, for women had gone out of his life when a certain fair one had decided to marry a rival with money, although the same breath that told him of her decision, assured him of her love. The combination had not pleased Pierce, to be sure. It drove him to Japan to seek a cure for the heart among the cherry-blossoms and Geishas that abound in the midget empire of the Mikado. Now, he was back in America again, working because the energy within him demanded it. He had just learned of the disgrace of a very dear friend, who had committed a crime at the instigation of the woman he loved.

"What power for evil a beautiful woman has over unfortunate man." The exclamation escaped from his lips and had it not been for Tikima he would not have known that he had been thinking aloud.

"How is it that you speak my thought," asked the boy, leaving the side-board and coming toward the fire. The relation of master and servant had never been very distinct between the two, and when Pierce was alone the Japanese boy spoke as pleased him.

"Speak your thoughts, Tikima; I do not understand," said Pierce.

He replied quickly: "You were saying what power for evil over man, woman had. A girl once made me do some very great sins, and I was thinking of her."

Tikima had often amused Pierce with his quaint stories of Japanese life, for he was able to paint shades and pictures never seen by tourist eyes. Never before, however, had he said anything that indicated a personal concern in women, so that now Pierce's interest was quickened and he asked for the story. Pierce's slightest wish was the boy's only law; but though he came quickly and seated himself on the floor, Japanese fashion, he gazed long into the fire without speaking. Pierce waited patiently until he began, at last, softly, as one in a dream.

"It seems very strange," he said, "to talk to anyone about Nirita. I have never spoken of her except to myself, but you I can tell. I was seventeen when I met her. All my life before I had lived with my mother, who kept a little shop at Atami. That is one of the most happy, most beautiful places in Japan. It is seventy-five miles from Tokyo, between the mountains and the ocean. It is always warm there and the flowers are never out of blossom, and there I played away the years with the other boys and was very happy because I did not have to work or go to school. Then one day my mother told me I must leave Atami and go to Tokyo to do for myself. I would not have gone, but she would give me nothing to eat; so I tied my few clothes in a piece of silk wrapping and started for the big city. My mother wanted to marry the old man who sold curios from the little shop next to the one she owned, and did not care to have me around.

"It was a long walk to Tokyo, and for four days I followed the dusty roads, seeing many things I had never dreamed of before. It was afternoon when I reached the edge of the big city. The road went close to a lovely park, and I stopped there to rest. It was cherry-blossom time and the trees about me were beautifully bright with flowers. The air was heavy with their sweetness. Many children

were playing at games and I sat down on the edge of a fountain to watch them. I was very lonely. The faces were all strange, and only a crowd of boys noticed me. They began to throw stones because my clothes were not like the ones they wore. Then Nirita came.

"She was the prettiest little Japanese girl I have ever seen. A black *komona* (dress) reached to her feet and was bound around at the waist with a bright red sash. A paper umbrella shielded her face from the sun. She was sixteen, I found afterwards, though she looked older. She had no trouble driving away the boys who were throwing stones at me. I believe she told them that there was an Englishman around the bend in the road at whom they had better throw. Nirita spoke to me as the boys ran away. In five minutes I had told her all there was to tell about myself.

"'I know where you can get work,' she said. 'Will you come home with me. I like you, poor country boy. I have a little house in another part of the city which will hold two as well as one, and you can help me earn the rent to pay the jenrikisha-man. I like you,' she said again, and her little brown eyes snapped and her red lips smiled, and I made up my mind that I liked her.

"It was almost dark when we reached her house after a long walk through the city. Nirita was without ceremony, and soon had a pot of rice and curry steaming over a charcoal fire. While it cooked we sat and looked at each other. Then she divided it into two portions which she placed upon the floor. That meal was our first together, and oh! such a happy one. Nirita smiled and talked and looked pleased. And I believe I smiled and kept still, except when she questioned me. Her father was dead and her mother had married again. The step-father wanted to make her a dancing-girl in his tea house. She did not like Geishas, so had run away. Her people lived in another part of Tokyo.

"'Now we must decide about ourselves,' said Nirita to me as soon as we had eaten all of the curry and rice. 'I have plenty of good work for both of us. It is not hard and

we can make many sen. I have no friend, and neither have you. Can we not both have each other? I like you, boy, and I think we had better marry.'

"This was all very different from the way the girls I had known in Atami had ever acted, but then, Nirita was a different sort of girl. She was much prettier than the country girls. You Americans, of course, with your white-skinned women, are not appealed to by our pretty little Japanese girls as we are. I had never once in all my life thought of marrying, but then, to tell the truth, I had not thought much of anything. It did not take me long to say I was willing.

"'Now, that is settled,' said Nirita. 'Your mother does not like you, and I have left my ugly, old step-father; so, if we just say we are married, that settles it.'

"I believe I kissed her then. Things had been coming about so fast that I can not remember all that happened. Do you think you would if a girl married you at sun-down who you did not know was born at noon? But you Americans make much more fuss over marriage than we do in Japan. Nirita said we must start to work shortly after midnight; so we were soon asleep.

"It was very dark in the room when she woke me by clutching my arm. She said it was time to go, and we went out into the night. We traveled through many alleyways and dark roads for nearly an hour. Gradually we got out of the poor district in which Nirita lived. The houses grew larger, and at last we reached a part of Tokyo occupied by small merchants and shop-men. Nirita stepped into the door-way of a shoe shop and managed to open the door. She left me outside with a whistle, which I was to blow if anyone came in sight either up or down the road. I watched carefully, but no one came, and Nirita was back beside me almost before I knew she had gone. Her arms were full of shoes which had just been repaired. Until I saw the shoes I did not know exactly what work she was about. Then I knew Nirita was a thief. She gave me the shoes to carry and

started toward home, telling me to follow a few steps behind and not to whisper a word. At every corner she ran ahead and peered around it. She moved like a cat. No shoes were on her feet, and she made not the slightest noise. We passed a dwelling which had a window open. It was a sleeping room and several people were undoubtedly within, but Nirita did not mind. She climbed in without the slightest difficulty, while I waited in front of the house. Again she was gone but a minute. She returned with an armful of fine clothing.

"We had one very narrow escape on the way home. Nirita had gone ahead, as usual, to peer around a corner. I knew something was wrong when she came back to me running. She made me lie down at the edge of the roadway with the stolen things under me. She stood up in the shadow of the building. A Japanese policeman came slowly around the corner. As he came nearer I saw a knife glitter in Nirita's hand. I buried my head in the clothing and waited for her to strike. I was very much frightened and wanted to run as fast as I could. But there was no sound, and before the noise of his footsteps died away we were again walking quietly down the street. The policeman had passed between us without noticing us. It was better for him that he did.

"I knew from what the missionaries had told me at Atami that it was very wrong to steal. When we got home I asked Nirita about it, but she quickly showed me that it was right, for us.

"'Do I steal from the poor?' she asked. 'Can not the people from whom I took the shoes and clothing well afford to lose them? Do we not have to live? What can there be wrong about it if the policeman does not catch us?'

"In the morning Nirita sold the the things we had stolen to the jenrikisha-man for two yen, and this with as much more which we found in the pocket of one of the garments made us rich indeed. Nirita was never idle when she had money, and at once began to think out ways of spending it. It was not hard.

"'You, Tikima,' she said, 'must have shoes, and I will get a new *komona*. There is one in the shop at the corner that I have looked at many times. Then we will hire a jenrikisha for a ride to the park, and you can take me to a tea house, and we will go to the baths. Then, if there is enough money left, I know the most fun of all. Tikima, did you ever ride on a steam railroad? Of course you have not, and neither have I. Perhaps we can take a ride out into the country on the railroad and walk back. Can you think of anything with more pleasure in it?'

"For a week how happy we were. The money we paid out with care and enjoyed spending every sen of it. How proud we felt jogging along in that jenrikisha. How pretty Nirita looked in that bright red *komona!* We fairly hugged each other with joy during the fifteen minutes we rode upon the train. We saw things that I never before had heard of, and when we were at home Nirita cooked many fine dishes. Never did two people get more enjoyment out of four yen. That is only two dollars in your money, but it will do much in Japan. There is an end to all things, and there was to our happiness. It came when the last sen was spent for a little rice. Then Nirita said we must go out and steal again.

"The start was about the same as it was for the first trip. This time we went in another direction, and came out at last in the residence section. There was more danger on this trip, for Nirita had decided on a big robbery. She liked the fine times we had been having, and was determined to have more of them. We passed many fine houses with beautiful grounds, before we came to the one we were to rob. Nirita had picked it out many weeks before on account of the thick grove that surrounded it, and its distance from any other house. To get within she had to climb to the top of a high porch on which a number of windows opened. She left me on guard under a tree that stood near the porch and went up into the branches like a cat. I heard a slight jar as she swung herself upon the porch, and then all was still. She was gone so long that I began to fear. I was trembling

when a shrill cry of alarm stopped my blood. There was the noise of running feet and Nirita rushed out on the porch. As she jumped for the branches of the tree, there was the sharp report of a gun, and then a cry of pain from the little girl. She fell from branch to branch and struck the ground heavily at my side.

"'Run, run, Tikima,' she cried, as she rose hastily. When I did not move, she caught me by the hand and we started together under the trees. There was another shot or two, and cries for help. We could hear the servants running about the house, and we ran the faster for the noise behind us. We had nearly reached a place of safety when Nirita stumbled and fell heavily to the ground. Her *komona* was wet with blood, which flowed from an ugly little round hole between her shoulders. I tried to bind up the wound with her sash, but the blood still leaked out. Her limbs began to stiffen, and I thought she was going to die without speaking to me. Then her eyes opened, and between the moans she said:

"'Leave me, dear one, and save yourself. I am going to die. They cannot put me in jail when I am dead, can they, Tikima? I have money, too, lots of it in this heavy purse. Gold! Tikima, gold! We could have had such good times, Tikima, for I love you so much! Think of our happiness this week! Oh, Tikima, I cannot, I will not die!'

"I could not say a single word for a while. I just cried and held her in my arms as tight as I could. All the time she kept repeating, 'Sayonara, sayonara,' our Japanese word for farewell. Then I knew that I loved her, and said I could never leave her. She began to speak again, saying:

"'You must go, Tikima, for the thief-catcher is coming and they will put you in a terrible prison, or cut off one of your hands. What good will that do me? You must go to Yokohama as soon as you can. They will never find you there, and you can have many good times with this money. But, Tikima, promise me, before you go, that you will never have another Nirita. Then I will be happy even in death.'

" 'I will die with you, Nirita,' I cried, taking out the big knife that I had brought from Atami. She clutched for the knife, and tearing it from my hands threw it into the darkness. The struggle brought more blood. It emptied her heart, I guess, for she sank back into my arms murmuring but one word—'Sayonara.' "

James F. Dorrance.

AN IZAAK WALTON MAN.

THE brook has sought a place to rest,
And o'er a solitary gleam
The dragon-fly forgets his quest
And pauses in a silent dream.

The green, green willow overhead
Weeps to the moss, weeps to the stream :
The watchful frog from marshy bed
Croaks answer to the crow's far scream.

Here where the bull-head bores his hole
Beneath the overhanging shore—
Here let me lie with book and pole
And gaze through nature's open door.

Leave to the sage, dull learning's page,
To statesmen, cunning lore ;
For me a brook, and pole and book,—
I've need of nothing more.

J. O. D.

BOOKISH GLEANINGS.

THE STRENGTH OF THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

THE story itself is of the simplest. A young schoolmaster in love with a coy, lightsome maid, foiled in his attempt to express his love, falling in love with her aunt, mastering himself so that he never says aught of this feeling, removing to another region, there winning for himself by manful, upright struggle an honored name and many friends, never seeing his love again, marrying instead one whom he could never really love but who loved him, sending his son to grow up in the surroundings of his own youth—this is the simple love story.

It is the setting which makes the book unique. Lexington, Kentucky, a hundred years ago was a place such as we now can scarcely fancy. Even in the pages of James Lane Allen, the scene appears to be far off, hardly real. Yet it is for that reason, perhaps, all the more winning. There is ever present in the mind of the reader the contrast between the scenes of now and the scenes of then. The two modes of life are opposed as the antipodes ; the games of the last century school children, the diversions of the young men, the dress of the hunter, the shadowy glide of the Indian, the call of the wolf, the whirr of the rifle, all these over against the present peace of the home, the conventionality of the school, the general sameness of dress. This background of the now, always in the mind of the reader, emphasizes the graceful atmosphere that Allen imparts to his description of man's life in Kentucky a hundred years ago.

Then, too, there is the intimate nature-setting. Whenever a stage is on in John Gray's life, before he has acted or after he has acted and is reflecting, there is a vivid picture of the outdoor world. A collection of these numerous pastels would make a striking series of vari-colored, vari-sounding scenes from aboriginal outdoor life. Again, in

the struggle between John and the cougar, you might almost imagine yourself reading a story of Ambrose Bierce's, of those vigorous, vivid tales of the luminous green eyes of the baleful panther. In picturing, then, the life of pioneer man, the life of nature, and the life of man opposed to the life of nature, Allen has in *The Choir Invisible* interested a good many readers to whom the plot of his story is not in the least interesting.

Yet the real strength of the book is not in the setting but in one of the characters. We admire the unfaltering devotion of the refined, sensitive, occasionally eloquent-faced, always supremely beautiful wife to her plodding, unsympathetic husband ; especially since the wife, Mrs. Falconer, a true flower of best Virginia, shelters in her home a niece who has a hard, gay little laugh and who leads a trivial butterfly existence. It is the inspiration of Mrs. Falconer's nobility of character, supplemented by the influence of the purified, flute-playing parson, which furnishes the key to the virile life work of John Gray, school-master, lawyer and judge.

AUTHOR'S REPETITIONS.

When a writer has hit upon a good phrase to put in the mouth of a character, or a striking personal characteristic to attribute to some one of his creations, I suppose he can't be so very much blamed if he makes use of the distinguishing phrase in the mouth of some other character or the distinguishing characteristic as part of the make-up of some other of his creations. Yet such repetition is distinctly unpleasant. It gives the reader a sense of poverty in the author.

Thus, what are we to say of one of Mr. Conan Doyle's repetitions? Sherlock Holmes is a very interesting character to us. I like him. I like all his little ways and mannerisms. They have a faculty of sticking in my mind and being instantly recognizable elsewhere. Sherlock, for instance, is always burying his chin in his hand, half closing

his eyes, and looking abstracted. It's a good attitude for him. Mr. Doyle, I think, doesn't give it to any one else. But a more notably individual habit of Sherlock's the author does give to still another character; and then the reader rebels. Sherlock would sit for hours smoking a shag plug; in the morning before breakfast he would smoke the dottles of his pipes of the day before. Really, Dr. Doyle ought not to have let any one else do such a trick. Yet he does. In almost the same words as are used in connection with Sherlock, Dr. Doyle has attributed this same peculiarity to a personage of the Stark Munro letters. The fat, well-dressed, jolly good-fellow, Dr. Horton, was "the most abandoned smoker I have ever met with, collecting the dottles of his pipes in the evening, and smoking them the next morning before breakfast in the stable-yard." It would have been much better to have let either Dr. Horton or Sherlock do the dottles all by himself. Then the reader wouldn't have had to feel annoyed at what appears to him to be the author's poverty.

THE RECURRING TONE.

It's a mere detail, not sufficient to base a generalization on, but it's one of the most striking bits of resemblance that I remember to have seen between authors' methods. Du Maurier and Kipling are both remarkably fond of holding on to characteristics that they've once given to the persons of their stories. To use a favorite comparison of one of these authors, they both strike their note, and then if you listen shrewdly you'll hear the overtures pealing in page after page, till—*plunk*—back comes the tone again. Here we will examine *Peter Ibbetson*, but the method shows equally well in *The Brushwood Boy*.

Madame Seraskier and Mimsey Seraskier, her daughter, both loved sandalwood scent. That, we're told at the very beginning of Du Maurier's description of the two characters; that we fix upon as something individual. Mimsey, years

afterward, as the Duchess of Towers, still liked sandalwood; one feels the delightful impression of meeting an old friend, when the author tells us this. Yet other years afterwards, as a spirit for a space returned from death-land to dream-communion with her beloved, she still loved the scent of sandalwood. For, going back from earth-dreamland to her own death-country, she left behind her, on a bench and on the ground near it, a pair of sandalwood-scented gloves, which Peter Ibbetson found when next night he left the waking land of unreality and went again to the true land of of his dreams. Such repetitions, coming to the reader each time afresh after many pages, are one of the most delightful of Du Maurier's and Kipling's art-aids.

TURPITUDE.

It was a rather unusual word, this 'turpitude'. I was glad to read it when I ran across it along in the early part of *The Beth Book*. There's always a pleasurable sensation when in a bit of consecutive writing you come upon a word you have known only as a separate philological or orthographical unit; to meet the word in a flock is delightful. It's the gregarious thing that you like, not the solitary. 'Turpitude', of course, I knew, but I knew it simply as 'baseness'; I didn't know it as the concrete characteristic by which a blustering husband browbeats his meek wife because the cook hasn't got dinner ready decently and on time, and because the cook has, furthermore and worse, swallowed all the whiskey from the sideboard decanter. Is this blind? It's what turpitude is in its first use in *The Beth Book*; it's a brute characteristic of a wrathy husband. Having seen the word thus used by Grand, one comes to know it better. The word takes on suggestiveness for the future.

When, however, again and again, up to a dozen times, you find 'turpitude' in *The Beth Book*, you seriously object. You rebel and may even put the book aside till you

cool down and remember that there are other things than these details; that is, you put the book down, if you have to confess the word-noting habit. That habit made me flaringly circle the variously repeated word every time I came to it in the later development of the story. Why didn't Sarah Grand read her manuscript aloud? Then she would have seen its *turpitude*.

C. R. Gaston.

"CHILDE HAROLD."

BYRON, what magic pen didst thou command
To tell the story famed thro' every land
Of how the sated pilgrim left his home
In search of peace, which lured him day by day
Like a mirage—at last to fade away
And leave him still in dark despair to roam!

Ah, when we ponder this thy life's sad story,
And think of what thou wert, there comes the thought
Of what thou mightst have been and mightst have wrought
To crown thy memory with untainted glory,
Had not thy genius, sullied by the obscene,
Gleam'd like a diamond on a hand unclean!

F. Monroe Crouch.

RELIGION AND MARJORY.

MARJORY is a religious prodigy. From the time she could talk, she has known Bible verses; and ever since she could toddle, she has found some strange fascination in all the services of the church. On any Tuesday evening at the Methodist class meeting, you may see her sitting in the midst of old, grey men and sober, care-worn women, a fairy-like child with a sweet, dimpled face, golden hair, and roguish eyes that tell you she has not come for religious consolation. And yet she is not there for sport. Only once in church has she disgraced the family. It happened in a prayer-meeting when her father had not spoken as was his usual custom. As the last general invitation was given she nudged him vigorously and exclaimed in excited tones, "Speak, papa, speak."

Marjory is a religious bigot. To her, religion is Methodism, and Methodism is the basis of all social distinctions. She is never quite comfortable when meeting strangers until she has discovered their church. I once remarked, "Marjory, you and Mrs. H—— seem very good friends." "Oh no, we are not. She is not of my church," was the spirited reply.

Prompted by proselyting motives, Marjory gives religious instruction to all the children of the neighborhood. With no thought of being sacrilegious, she exhorts them thus:

"Children, you're all awful wicked. Some of you lied and some of you stealed, and some hasn't done a thing; but you're all sinners just the same, 'cause Adam was. You need religion. If you're Methodists you go to Heaven. Heaven is the beautifullest place you ever saw. You'll all have new dresses there, and you won't have to go to bed early 'cause there isn't any night. How many of you want to go to Heaven?"

Later in the service our youthful enthusiast becomes violent. Seized with the spirit of the Inquisition, she screams, "Jane, say 'God is love,' this minute, or I'll slap you."

Although Marjory's religion plays an important part in

her life, it has no influence upon her conduct. No matter how naughty she may have been, she is never penitent. Once when remonstrated with for running away from school, she said to her teacher : "I'm not naughty ; I've 'sperienced religion."

In her conception God is a kind fairy which helps her out of all wordly difficulties. I once heard her pray, "O God, don't let mamma find out I broke that vase. Please make Willie Dean like me again. May I live to be forty years old and never die of scarlet fever."

Even the poor consolation, "she means well," Marjory's teacher cannot offer to the distracted parents. Ever since that memorable first day in the kindergarten, when from the big waste basket where she had been placed for safe keeping she screamed, "My mamma don't want me in a basket," Marjory has been irrepressible. What smiles, charming frowns, skillful entreaty, or weeping prettily could not effect, has always been attained by a long Indian shriek. She not only holds her teachers' authority in contempt, but even their teachings. "The earth moves around the sun. I say so because I have to, I don't believe it," she wrote on an examination paper. When the Sunday-school teacher explained about the wisdom of Solomon, Marjory protested. "I bet if I had him in arithmetic I'd catch him," she said.

The Kyle family wishes daily for the good old days when children were seen and not heard. The times are out of joint for training Marjory properly. She is never happier than when repeating to visitors all she knows of family history, plus her suggestions. Last spring she was advised rather firmly in the dark garret to keep a few things to herself. She promised to obey. Our next visitor chanced to ask, "Marjory, what is your middle name?" Marjory straightened up and frowned ; we knew something dreadful was coming. "There are a few things I am going to keep to myself, Mrs. H——," she said.

In vain do we look to heredity and environment to explain Marjory's character. Time may change her, but the future is dubious. She says, "When I get big, to be a circus lady will be the mostest fun."

L. I. J.

IN THE VALLEYS.

UP THE HUDSON.

THERE is a certain grim satisfaction in knowing that no matter how low a man may fall, he can gratify at least one of man's great desires—the love of giving commands. If no human being will obey him, there are at least the brutes. I felt a bit of this satisfaction and smiled as I thought of it, when, standing on the top floor of the Mills Hotel after enjoying a twenty cent bed and with my toes sticking out of my shoes, I summoned an elevator boy to take me down stairs. The elevator boy is used to carrying twenty cent lodgers, and probably thought nothing about the satisfaction he was affording his passenger.

Around the corner I turned into a lunch-room, an alley-like place, with just space enough for an entrance, a counter, high-piled with cakes and buns, and a quarter-deck behind them, where the dark-skinned genius presiding over this brown little shop made the coffee. I chose a strange breakfast one may think, certainly a breakfast non-hygienic, and perhaps extravagant for a man with a little over four dollars with which to reach Ithaca, some four hundred miles away. It is well known that the condemned criminal just before stepping off into the great unknown indulges in a splendid meal. So I under kindred influences feasted on a cup of coffee, a bun, and a *pie*, to the score of eight cents.

On the street the men were going leisurely to work. Here a group of Waring's "white wings" were assembling, happy in the possession of a steady job; in the next block was a stringy-clothed fellow scanning the want column of a paper left in front of a saloon. To buy one for himself would have meant one cent less for breakfast, or perhaps

for a drink. I knew he was disappointed; I had looked through the column myself and found nothing. The side walks were wet with dew. It seemed hard to believe that the same agency that bejewels every blade in the country field and lays a heavy brown carpet over the dusty country road had been at work in the city. But it had, and moreover the night breezes had for a time swept clear the house-hemmed channels of their stifling air and refilled them with the morning freshness. Up Ninth Avenue the big stores with their staring green windows were as yet unopened save where here and there an early clerk was out with bucket or hose besprinkling the windows, himself, and, on the sly, any passing hobo.

The pier where I was to take the boat for Newburg was deserted except in one corner, where sat a woman with a child in her arms. They were watching the dark swells that rolled in from the river craft moving in and out of the mist. Sitting down, I watched with them till a larger swell than usual threw its spray upon them, driving them back into the city. I hope she found another opportunity to come down that day, for it proved hot, and her cheeks were thin and wan.

That pier was a perfect mint for a poor man. As I was walking about a bright little ten cent piece called to me to make it my own. That meant two good breakfasts. Then among the arriving passengers I saw at the other end of the pier a young woman staggering along with a great box that rose from her feet clear above her waist. On my way toward her I saw her drop her load with a look of pain and despair. But the deceit of woman! No sooner did she see me approaching than she miraculously smoothed every line from her face, at the same time seizing the box as though it were but a walking stick. But I was not deceived, and carried the box to the pier's end, while she fumbled in her purse for a coin to pay me. It is truly a poor man's pier, where persons desire to pay you for walking its length with them.

Of the charm of that trip up the river I will not speak ; if you have taken it you understand ; if not, the boat leaves New York every morning. It is not any day, however, that you can talk with the florid-faced gentleman or watch the pretty Jewesses on their way to Albany. The florid-faced gentleman, under the subtle influence of the steamboat, was quite willing to ignore appearances, and talked freely over the broad field from the "fishing down the bay" to the Chinese question, till I gradually came to know that he was a man of income from rents, with nothing to do but collect them and then spend them, together with his odd moments, on trips away from the hot, money-making city. He was representative of the man who knows the life of the world from his morning paper (in this case the *Sun*), who enjoys his three meals or more a day, and who may be found at any time in a capacious chair smoking his peculiar brand of cigar. He was a man in a rut, but agreeable as such men may be.

As we talked we found opportunities to watch the pretty Jewesses. They were good to look at, riding hatless, and joyously defying the sun devils to do their worst or best. One had evidently braved the sun and wind all summer, being deep-tanned, as I remember making the comparison at the time, to the color of my forearm ; the other was striving to catch up, while the two slick young cavaliers attending them silently approved. Silently as to words, perhaps, yet angular Aunt Tabitha on her way to Ballston may have been shocked at a momentary disposition of head and shoulder ; but angular Aunt Tabitha should at that moment have been looking at Anthony's Nose. While I watched them and rejoiced with them in the freedom from care their evident wealth gave them, there arose, despite me, the vision of a gray-bearded father toiling in the past, perhaps from choice still toiling, behind his counter or desk in the streets of trade. Then was I still more glad to see the younger generation breaking naturally from their own little world.

About noon we reached Newburg, where I expected to

get a few days' final work. Coming down the steamer stairway to disembark, I found all progress blocked. Wherever moves traveling woman, there drags along also traveling baby and traveling bandbox. On this occasion one little woman had both and was unable to manage them. Taking up the bandbox, with a wonderful baby's confection of lace and fluff-duff strapped to it, I managed to cut the jam, for which service my lady and all concerned seemed grateful, though when the current carried her out in front of me her anxious twistings to see if I had made off compelled me again to earn her gratitude by stalking straight before her like a paroled man under surveillance. At last off the boat, she asked me where she could get a car for some suburb or other. Of course I did not know but assured her I would see her through her troubles. We found the car and then *my* troubles commenced, because she refused to get aboard until she had paid me. I protested, the passengers smiled, and the motorman clanged his bell; but she was obdurate and unsatisfied till she had given me my second ten cents of the morning.

Now to look for my job. A workman in answer to my question said, "Yes, there's lots of work. You'll surely get a job", and directed me to a place where some sewers were being put in. The baker of whom I bought my dinner likewise assured me that I would find work. But public opinion, I found, is not always correct. Arriving at the first section my hopes straightway fell a little upon seeing only a small job employing a couple of dozen men, but nevertheless I asked the foreman for work.

"Nope, can't take you. Got all I want", he replied decisively. "Might go over to the other section though". I watched the work for a few minutes, till with shame I realized that I was wondering if one of the old fellows might not be overcome and I taken on in his place; whereupon I set out for the second section at the other end of the town. Here were some twenty men perspiring in a trench which passed beneath a great elm. As I was laughing at the num-

ber of men who thought the shaded portion of the trench could hold them, the boss approached and spoke to a young man in the centre of the group, "Say, you'd better start in down there", at the same time tossing a lump of dirt to show that by "down there" he meant part of the trench considerably beyond the pale of the shade. I asked now to be taken on, but was told that no more were wanted. He spoke pleasantly and even seemed inclined to chat; asking me where I had worked and why I had left. I began to hope that he might take on another hand; but when I suggested it he again refused.

It now became a question whether to return to the city and look for some other work or start to walk up the valley. Perhaps I should have gone back, but the cool, rippling water beckoned from below, promising all sorts of things up the valley whence it came. Three o'clock, therefore, saw me on the West Shore track with Poughkeepsie my goal ahead.

Those fifteen miles were miles of expectancy and pleasure. True it was hot, but with coat and jacket dancing on a stick in the rear, and arms and throat bared, every breeze was enjoyed to the full; then, too, the track at times would swing into the cool shadow of the high cliffs, at whose feet bubbled many a little spring. One in particular, the special care of a track watcher, was kept well covered and scrupulously clean, and a dipper hung by for the passing wayfarer. If a person observes he will notice that the railroad watcher, especially in lonely spots, adopts some little work to fill up the hours, turning generally toward nature for aid; one, where the ground is favorable, will build a flower bed, another will encourage a creeping vine to spread over his cabin, another will delight in collecting stones in neat piles, decorated at times with a jacket of white-wash. A spring, which he could share only with the passing tramp, was this man's hobby; and he took pride in it too, modestly boasting, "I guess that's the best water you've tasted round here, ain't it"? And I gladly assented.

It was just after rounding a projecting point that I suddenly distinguished in the mist (six miles away, the track walker said) the web-like lines of the bridge at Poughkeepsie. It was sunset when I once more stood on the ground hallowed by that race of '97. All its memories surged up, not in my head, but in my breast, where things had stirred two years before. Here was the place where we tumbled out of the cars unable to speak, now laughing, now actually crying; once again I saw big —— of the scrub, the tears coursing down his cheeks, trying to find my hand in the waterfall; there, too, was the little soda-water stand where we lined up ten deep to take the edges out of our throats; and—but just then a freight of empties thrust in its big lamp and rumbling trucks, dispelling my dreams, and the whistle of the old ferry bade me hasten if I would go across.

On the ferryboat was a person who deserves acquaintance. He was a perfect Bob McCord of a man and was driving a wagon whose floor was strewn with the remnants of a load of bananas, which, I learned afterward, he had been selling around the countryside. Being sociable, like his prototype, Bob, he made the moon a topic for opening a conversation, in which I found a chance to ask where I could find a cheap lodging in the town. I was not looking for the Nelson House. He answered heartily, "I'll show you, get right on here," and reaching the other side I rode with him up the familiar Main Street hill. My friend showed himself a popular character, being hailed frequently, "Hullo, John." He evidently thought that I was in hard luck, for when I tried to purchase a couple of his bananas he would not hear of taking pay for them; and when, thinking of his prototype's failing, I suggested some refreshment after the hot day, he answered, "No, keep your money. You'll need all you've got," and in admonition, "You'd better stick just to a supper." A true-hearted fellow is John—I'll buy him out with my winnings when next in Poughkeepsie.

The place to which he directed me was "kept by an old

Yankee," with the help of a gaunt maiden sister, who acted as maid. Ugh! but the beans were bad, and the attic—but the Yankee's score was only twenty-five cents, and the Yankee must live.

With Poughkeepsie a mile behind next morning I met a "roadster" who addressed me, "Say, pard, is there anything goin' on in the town?" I answered that I had only stayed over night. "Well say!" he said on parting, "you haven't got two cents about you, have you? I've got three and I'd like two more, you know." Yes, I knew he was a smooth-tongued, well-dressed toper, rather than a true tramp.

The road here is flanked by well kept estates, the most regal being at Hyde Park, with its lake and bridges and marble gates. Thinking it must be some public park I clambered over the fence and wandered into the grove; I had not gone far, however, before I was met by a young fellow cleaning up after the storm. After greetings I ventured some questions. "It's Freddie Vanderbilt's," he said, and being proud of his position continued, "He owns that farm land over there too, for about two miles back." It immediately occurred to me that I should like a day's work with "Freddie," but when I mentioned it the retainer said, "No, I guess not. Freddie ain't home, and he ain't doin' much farmin' this year anyway." Indeed, all along this estate-lined road it did not look encouraging for either a worker or a tramp, for the haying season over, the only occupation was to keep the great lawns in order. The constantly recurring "No trespassing—William Van York" staring at one from every shady corner seemed to hound one on like a fox before the pack. Yet some of the estates seem to welcome the wayfarer. Meeting a "roadster" beyond Stattsburg I sat down to chat with him. "You haven't had any grub have you?" he asked after expressing his surprise that I should walk so fast. I shook my head. "Well," he continued, "at that house down there you can get all you want. They give a meal to anybody

that comes along. Stop there at mealtime and they will take you right into the kitchen and let you eat with the help. That's Densmore's place. He's a guy, but he's all right." I left him waiting in the shade for the noon hour, when he was going down to enjoy Densmore's hospitality.

About four I was in Barrytown. Barrytown, I regret to state, is hardly a model village. The only persons in the open were three men painting a boat, when not imbibing some of Henry Hudson's fire-water from a jug handily placed in the shade of the bushes; the other men of the village were gathered in an office playing a game of poker, which one of the players told me had been on for two days. Finally, the only young woman visible, being thus deserted and spying me starting up the track, insisted upon keeping up a running conversation, believing I belonged to the next town. At a distance of half a mile she seemed to have resolved her constantly increasing doubts into, "Oh, I know. You're a hobo!" It is difficult to disabuse anyone's mind at half-a-mile, yet the last I heard from her was a far-wafted, tender good-bye, from where she stood on a sandy point by the river side. I think I said I would write to her. Barrytown may not be a model town, but it is certainly hospitable.

A mile or more out I met a working train. The genial fireman, leaning from his window, inquired, "Where are yo' goin'?"

"Up to Tivoli," (the next town).

"Get on behind then, we're goin' up in a minute."

Thus I rode into Tivoli.

Tivoli is a port of entry on the Hudson; it has two taverns and a shipping dock, bounded by the river, and a couple of manors. These ubiquitous manors, like feudal castles, hold the countryside in awe and subjection; when I wanted to swim at a nice little dock beyond the town three different persons passing on the track warned me of some old man on the hill who would certainly arrest me, so that I had to swim about with one eye open for the terrors of the

sea and one for the terror of the land; then, too, when I wanted to rest in a shady wood I must climb a barbed fence and brave one of those "Trespassing Penalty" signs, which, however, did not disturb my dreams.

A curse on women inn-keepers! Of the two taverns I chose the one farthest from the track, and applied to the bartender-clerk for lodging. "I'll see," he said in meekest tones, at the same time slipping out upon the verandah. A moment later I heard his voice in explanation. A moment's silence and then in strident feminine tones, "Who, that fellow that just went in?" (I must have been looking tough.) Suddenly a woman's head stood out from the darkness beyond the door and as quickly disappeared. Then the bartender-clerk appeared with news that they were full for the night. I winked at him deliberately, whereupon, with his back to the voice, he indulged in the faintest tracings of a smile. It was decidedly uncongenial, so I returned to the other tavern. Here I found an audience, made up of a number of railroad workers temporarily stationed there, some village loafers, the bartenders and the proprietor's occasional portly presence, scattered around on the bar, or on tilted chairs, listening to a strolling negro orchestra, the pieces being a violin, a double-bass viol and a piccolo, the latter taking the solo parts with wonderful quavers and stretchings after elusive notes. I sat down in a corner and listened with them, till the audience expressed a desire to make music themselves. The first to break out in song was one of the older railroad men, who, pursued by the flagging piccolo, sang tenderly "Kathleen Mavourneen." Then a young fellow, a very happy young fellow, sang a long love story with a sad climax. The generous applause which followed clearly pleased him, but he modestly passed it off by saying, "I didn't think I could do it. Where's me hat?" The landlord's cue came next. His was a descriptive song, and long before its close the stout-hearted piccolo had succumbed, leaving only the violin with courage to put in now and then a tentative note. In the festival of

song that followed the honor was accorded me of confusing the orchestra with "We meet again to-night."

About half-past ten word came in that there was a "big can" outside. This was sufficient to take off all the railroad men and stop the singing. Meanwhile I stayed on, the clerk having told me to stay around, for although the tavern was full, a vacancy might occur. At one o'clock the night bartender-clerk came on and called up all present to liquor—there were eighteen men including the orchestra still on deck. A half hour later he cut up a water melon, principally for the pleasure of watching the darkies, but distributed some to all present. At two o'clock the yawning darkies were allowed to go to rest, whereupon the clerk proceeded to care for me. "We're full to-night," he said, "except the room we give the coons, but you wouldn't want to go in there. I'll get you a good place up in the barn." It was a good place, only a long-necked horse in the next stall kept stealing my hay.

At six the next morning I was aroused by the opening of the barn door by the hostler. I immediately set to work to help him in return for my bed on the hay, grooming a couple of the horses and watering all his charges from a nearby cistern, one where you juggle a pail at the end of a rope till the pail capsizes. So fully did I win the hostler's confidence that when we had finished the morning's work he hospitably begged me to wait till after the tavern breakfast, when he would bring me something from the kitchen; but I bought a sandwich and immediately set out up the track. The track was chosen in preference to the road in order that I might be away from those far-stretching stone fences and hounding signs of the manors, and be near the old river. That morning I passed the railroad men laying the new Hudson track. It was astonishing to see the ease and skill with which they swung out the old rail like a great glistening snake and slipped the new one in its place. As I passed the gang detailed to carry the new rails, one of them spoke up, "Hey, there, do you want a job?" Be-

fore I could answer one of the others replied "Oh, he don't want to work, do you?" addressing the last to me. "Well, if you do," said the first speaker, "you can take my end of these —— tongs." This job had been part of my work in New York, so that I understood that his back was tired. It would have been a good job earlier in the trip, but now lack of time made me confirm the second speaker's opinion that I was a tramp.

All that day the deep-blue Catskills looked down upon me from across the river. About two I fell a victim to their sleep-giving charm and stretched out on a pile of railroad ties resembling a funeral pyre, to sleep in and be consumed by the fire of the afternoon sun. It was delicious toasting there with a coat for a pillow and a felt hat over the face for shade, but I soon became aware of the sound of rushing water—coming nearer and nearer till with a final swoop and roar like that of Niagara the whole mass broke at my head and I awoke to catch a fleeting glimpse of train number seven on its way up the valley.

That afternoon I found Hudson stolen away in its little cove, and also another of Tom Jones's landladies.

"I'd like five cents worth of beans", I humbly petitioned. She looked me over, her nose up, her mouth corners down, with constantly increasing disgust, till she haughtily decreed, "I only sell ten cent plates of beans." A more chivalrous man would have departed defeated, but I, saying, "All right; a sandwich will do then," stayed and conquered when she asked threateningly if I did not want two. But this was all atoned for by the gracious reception given me by the two dark-skinned Italian girls who sold bananas up the street, probably because I was nearer of color to them. Examining my map now and finding no towns that I could reach before night, I decided to stay, turning first to a reading room with the whole summer's wealth of literature, and later in the evening wandering out onto that happy possession of Hudson, the plaza. From its lofty site I watched long the twinkling lights of a tow

creeping up miles below, the dark outlines of the Catskills, and the flashing trail of the trains at the foot of the cliff. Look out upon the river, at the hills and the stars, and you hold converse with the universe of time and spirit; merely turn your head to the plaza and you are brought back to temporal, but not displeasing thoughts, by the outstretched limbs of the man smoking his soothing briar next you, the children playing under the arc lamp, and Tom making love to Harriet on that bench in the shadow.

I was directed to a grog-shop, kept by an Italian, for a bed that night—a ten cent bed by the way. While waiting for arrangements to be made, he asked me if I wanted a job. Wishing to find out more about it, I asked, "What doing?" "I can get yo' a job farmin' or on de railroad," he said. I regretted I could not accept his offer, for he was a well-meaning Italian, though he *did* serve some of the vilest stuff.

Since there were more towns on the opposite side of the river, next morning I crossed the ferry. But when I sought for the West Shore track I learned that it was a couple of miles back in the country. The bit of road leading to it was the worst I had traveled yet, and led me to take the tramp course I did. It was uphill, studded with sharp stones, and covered with puddles and mud. My faithful shoes were now but mere sandals, and the stiff broken leather had caused in my foot a neat, raw cut, in and out of which trickled the squashy mud. At the end of that mild punishment, a fellow "roadster" waiting for a down freight suggested in conversation that I take the passenger, then about due. Coming at that moment the idea seemed good, as it was certainly novel, and I accordingly took a place near the station and waited. As the train was pulling out I swung up immediately behind the tender, where at fifty miles an hour I could mock at my sandals, though there was an element of risk in being discovered by the conductor or yard officials. At the first stop the discovery was actually made, but by the fireman, who climbed up on the tender. Ready for flight I watched him. At last he saw me.

"Well, how do you like it?" he said with a grin. The remark might with justice have contained a trace of sarcasm, for my hat was pulled over my ears, and my person was liberally sprinkled by the clouds of black dust from the engine stack.

However, I remarked with feigned but emphatic enthusiasm, "It's all right," and then, wishing to open a retreat, I continued, "Are there many freights coming up?"

"Oh, never mind a freight," he answered. "You're all right. Stay right on, only get off at the next stop while we are changing engines, and then get on again."

All this from a fireman, a fireman of a passenger train! But I followed his advice, and rode into Albany and the Mohawk Valley. *E. A. M.*

THE DEMON OF THE VALE.

"WHIP - POOR - WILL — Whip - poor - will — p - poor - will — po - or - w - ill - l." The mountain echoes took up the doleful lamentations and carried them back to silence within the crimson-rimmed hills.

Brown and I drew up our jaded horses and prepared to descend the last hill of that June day's journey. We had come to the depths of the Ozark Mountains, he and I, to forget awhile the busy world of humanity. The sequestered valley in which we were to stay by the accident of coming night, promised to be a most delightful resting place. The whip-poor-will alone seemed conscious of our intrusion. Though long famous as the "Haunted Vale," the deep valley impressed us, ignorant of its mystery, only with its wild beauty. On three sides rose tall mountain-like hills, which excluded all the outside universe except the stars and darkening sky. Through the centre of the vale crept a lazy stream, clear and deep, gliding from the bosom of one hill and entering leisurely the depths of another, to lose itself in subterranean passages and mystery.

We dismounted and slowly descended into the valley. Deeper and deeper we sank, away from the world above us into the sacred hollow of the hill, greeted only by the night birds and lighted by the stars which darted out here and there from crimson clouds to wonder at our coming. When we reached the stream we halted and prepared for our night's rest. We pitched our tent and gathered fuel for our fire, forgetting our weariness in the happiness of the intense and charming solitude.

Our scant supper over and our horses fettered for the night, Tom and I lit our pipes and lay in the deep grass, elbows and toes buried in the turf, to watch the Jack o'lanterns and the rising of the moon, now faintly glowing in the eastern sky.

Tom amused me (for my fatigue made me prosaic) with stories of the dissecting room, and of forest nymphs, tales strangely mixed, as only a poetical medical student can tell them. And through them all the ever-recurring cry of the goat-sucker reminded us of our solitude and made us grateful for each other's company and our pipes. Our horses were busy munching the sweet grass ; no doubt they detected the recent tracks of fairies in its fragrance, for from time to time they would raise their weary heads and neigh, to assure themselves of the others' presence.

Presently Jerry, my animal, startled, and in an effort to jump, fell on his knees entangled in our improvised fetters. I ran to his rescue, but before I reached him he was on his feet, his head in the air, sniffing and snorting as though he saw something unusually startling. My presence and assurance seemed to quiet him, and as if satisfied that there was no immediate danger, he again fell to cropping the grass, greeting me, as he did so, with a gentle neigh, muffled in the herbage.

"What's the matter," asked Tom, otherwise unmoved in his meditations. "Nothing," said I, "probably moonstruck." As I spoke I stretched my arms and yawned, the physical overcoming the aesthetic for the moment. I had not lowered my arms when I was suddenly transfixed by a most agonized shriek coming from the direction of our tent, and there followed it a long uncanny groan that fairly ripped my spinal cord from its encasement.

"The Devil," gasped Tom, springing to his feet.

"Don't move", I tried to say, when my voice was destroyed by the repetition of the furious outburst. Turning now towards the tent, we saw standing in the moonlight an aged creature, a little more like a man than like any other mortal creation. Bent almost double, wild-eyed, and naked save for a strip of cloth about his waist, his grey hair mingled with his knotted beard, he was a ghastly spectacle. In his hand he held our whiskey flask, which Tom had left on our camp stool within the tent. This now seemed to

attract his attention for a moment, and we were hoping that he would prove something human after all, when he raised his shaggy head and caught sight of us. Down he sank all in a heap, muttering unintelligible sounds, apparently of utter terror.

Tom called to him asking him what he wanted. The sound of the voice seemed to reassure him. Gradually lifting his head he burst into loud cries more terrible than before. The hills were awakened with his fiendish screeches, sending them back increased a hundred times. I felt the perspiration burst out upon my forehead, and the horses, huddled together, listened with pricked-up ears.

"Stop! old man, stop! What do you want," Tom shouted.

"Jes' a drop"—the demon muttered stopping in his vociferations. "Take it", I cried, "all of it, only stop your—" but he had raised the flask to his lips and was draining it.

The flask fell at last from his hand; a quart of spirits had entered that supernatural body. For a moment the fiend stood quietly, his eyes fixed; then he began to dance wildly, his weird cries never ceasing. How long this continued I cannot say. It was not until the terrified moon drew behind a cloud and the valley darkened that the demon turned and fled toward the hills, his cries still transforming the once heavenly vale into pandemonium. Then, as he plunged deeper and deeper into the forest, the sounds slowly died away until the winds came down and carried them out into the world.

The lightning was now playing around the hill top and the rumbling thunder warned us of an approaching storm. Huge drops of rain fell upon us, rooted where we had stood, and we were chilled to the bone when Tom finally succeeded in dragging me into the tent, out of the immediate wrath of the elements.

All through that terrible night we sat vainly attempting to shelter ourselves from the storm. The growling thunder seemed like the warnings of some angry dogs upon whose

territory we had intruded. Not until early morning did the winds die away and the storm abate. The heavy rain had settled into a steady drizzle when we looked out upon the scene of the night's horror. Our poor horses still stood huddled together where last we saw them, doubtless grateful that they had not perished in the fury of the downpour.

I will not dwell on the melancholy preparations for departure which we immediately set about. Neither of us spoke a word as we fastened our drenched equipment upon the back of our miserable pack horse. Jerry and his mate seemed glad to take the bit, and in spite of our heavy hearts and wet skins, man and beast alike, we were not loath to quit this supernatural vale.

As we slowly and laboriously ascended the mountain side I turned in my saddle to take one last look. As I gazed my eye fell upon a bent figure hurrying from the forest towards the swollen stream. "The demon", said I, breaking the silence for the first time. We stopped and watched him—even the horses turned their heads and looked back into the vale. Presently the aged form came to the river's edge, and hesitating not a moment, looking neither to the right nor to the left, he plunged into the stream. We strained our eyes to see him reappear. But we were disappointed, the Demon of the Vale did not rise again. Was he returning to his home beneath the hills?

H. J. B.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

FRENCH PORTRAITS.

THE visit of M. Henri de Régnier to this country makes timely Mr. Vance Thompson's *French Portraits* (Richard G. Badger & Company, Boston), for like M. de Régnier, Mr. Thompson undertakes an explanation of the aims and accomplishments of the younger French writers of to-day.

It is a peculiar book, this *French Portraits*. Its style is unusual, almost outlandish, abounding with unfamiliar words and surprising collocations; it deals with unconventional persons, men of remarkable ideas; and as if this were not enough, the publisher, too, has departed from usual methods in placing the most of his illustrations on the pages' broad margins.

Nor is Mr. Thompson's theory of criticism the accepted theory. "It was Friday, June the 21st, 1872", he begins his *Preface*. "Goncourt dined with Flaubert at the Café Riche 'in a private room, because Flaubert cannot endure noise, tolerates no one near him, and, when dining, likes to take off his coat and shoes.'

"A detail of this sort is worth pages of biography and exegesis. Not even the philosopher can be indifferent to the fact that Socrates sat rubbing his leg in prison, or that Aristotle wore a stomach-pad filled with hot oil. The ideas of great men, the fulhams of poetic fiction, the theories for which we fight, are the common patrimony of mankind; what the great man possesses is, in reality, only his eccentricities. That Milton trilled the letter 'R' and that Shelley wore wool next his skin, these are the true glosses on their poems. In these appreciations of the writers of young France I have not, I trust, laid undue stress upon what they have done, slighting what they are. I should like you to see—across these pages—Verlaine hobbling to his café in the Boul' Mich', Mallarme jogging by in his donkey-cart, Eck-

hond fondling his rabbit, or, it may be, Signoret, impossibly young, promenading his pale soul in the autumnal alleys of Versailles. ''

Such, then, is Mr. Thompson's method,—to acquaint us, first of all, with the man. He shows us Verlaine, ugly, dirty, pathetic Verlaine, glowering over his fifth glass of absinthe in the Café du Chalet. We call upon Maeterlinck in his plain little apartment in Brussels; then, for ''the moon shines down on Brussels'', we walk with him while he explains the inanity of the present-day drama. Verhaeren, Catulle Mendēs, Henri de Régnier, Jehan Rīctus, Maurice Barrès, Ernest La Jeunesse—half a hundred, nearly, of the young leaders of French thought he shows to us, telling us what the man is, what are his views of life, of society, and of the relation of man to society. Sometimes we are told when and where some one was born; always what the man is and what he believes. There is little of the encyclopedia here.

It is not at all likely that *French Portraits* will win its writer any great renown as a critic. His method is too unusual and his style too artificial. Although many of his expressions take hold of one with power and his attempt to break away from prosiness is both praiseworthy and successful, he carries his attempt so far that one becomes suspicious that he may be only a builder of fine phrases. At the same time it must be admitted that Mr. Thompson has written an entertaining book, and one that is well worth the reading. I should hesitate to accept the book as an authority, but as an introduction it has this commendable quality,—it interests one so much in the young writers of France that one wishes to know them better.

COLLEGE STORIES.

Three books of college stories have come, alike in possessing that vague, indefinable charm which accompanies most stories of college life, yet in other respects quite different. *Smith College Stories*, by Josephine Dodge Daskam (Charles

Scribner's Sons), has as an underlying purpose, if we are to believe the preface, to show that "the college girl is very much like any other girl". We are consequently not surprised to find that the writer attempts to interest us not so much in plot as in character. We are surprised again, perhaps, to find that she succeeds.

You must understand, however, that being like other girls, they are not "digs", these dozen or so girls who come and go in the ten stories that make up the book. They are clever girls, good students, the leaders of the college societies, the principals of the college dramatics, or, more important still, the editors of the *Smith College Monthly*; but you must not class them with "cousin Georgiana". "She went to Yale and Columbia and goodness knows where, and she had short hair and was such a frump and she wore hideous spectacles and talked about Socialism—or was it Sociology?—all the time". These girls are of a quite different sort.

So we watch them play basket ball and make over dresses and entertain almost everyone except young men and work out their schemes, and we are entertained. Your pulse does not hurry any faster but the characters are so well drawn, they have so much individuality, and are so clever in their way, that you are glad to spend a few hours in their company. So well drawn are these characters that they really act consistently throughout the book. I wonder if that isn't a fault?

Pennsylvania Stories, by Arthur Hobson Quinn (Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia), resplendent in its cover of red and blue, is as different in character from the *Smith* stories as could well be. Here plot predominates. Mr. Quinn has not undertaken to depict the nature of the college man, but rather to show that college life may contain events that are romantic, exciting, even tragic. In one of his nine stories he describes a football victory over Princeton; in another, a baseball victory over Harvard; in a third, the winning of a decisive event at the Intercollegiate

Games. In five of the stories, too, love plays a part; one of them is a tragedy. Of the other stories, one tells how a man who had won the Cornell debate in the last five minutes sacrificed his chance of becoming valedictorian that the class might hold together; the other relates the experiences which led the hero to believe in college fraternities. These themes are well worked out, for the most part, yet the pictures of life at "Old Penn" are of greater interest. We are taken to the editorial rooms of "*The Red and Blue*", to a performance of the *Mask and Wig*, and to a commencement ball, and would be willing to give up some of the more exciting events for still other of these quieter and more usual scenes.

Boys and Men, by Richard Holbrook (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a long story of life at Yale. We are introduced to the heroes the day they enter college as freshmen,—one, a handsome, wealthy, Andover lad, the other a man of twenty-eight, an former mayor of an Arizona town, well schooled by rough experience; we do not leave them until they have spent their four years at New Haven and have been for some time on their separate ways in the world. Unlike as our heroes are, they become chums, both at once win a a football "Y", and gradually become the most popular men of their class, '95, as we see by the Skull and Bones election at the close of their Junior year. Life passes pleasantly until there comes a "Junior girl," Margaret Glenn. She brings trouble and misunderstandings, for though one of them does not suspect, the two chums have become rivals. Though this plot is simple, almost trite, Mr. Holbrook has worked it out so effectively and has given so graphic a picture of Yale men and their customs that college men and women elsewhere will find the book entertaining to the very end.

Arthur L. Andrews.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XII. April, 1900. No. 7.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly during the college year. Subscription price, $1.00, payable in advance; $1.25 after January 1, 1900. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address all books for review and all matter for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief*, 112 Sears St., Ithaca; business communications to the *Business Manager*, 329 E. State St. Printed by Andrus & Church.

Entered at the Post Office, Ithaca, N. Y., as second-class matter.

WHAT is the reason that we like to make people think we are worse than we are? Did it ever occur to you that we do? An undergraduate swaggers around in the billiard room till one o'clock in the morning, and then he goes to his room, throws off his collar, and works with intense concentration till three or four o'clock in order that he may be well prepared in the work which is due next day. Another evening he struts about at a dance, entering into the spirit of the occasion with fiery vim, dancing a perfect hurricane dance in his zeal, exciting himself violently for six hours, and then he goes home to his room, locks the door, gets out his Greek play, his dictionary, his reference books, and plugs concentratedly all night long, in order next morning at nine to recite glibly and intelligently. He must be a marvel, say the girls in the class who had asked him at the dance whether he had his Greek and had been assured that he had not. This youth would not for the world let people know that he is a worker.

Yet it is not men only who adopt this erratic style of study. Some girls do their work on occasion in much the same way. They dance till two or three, then they set the alcohol lamp going and the kettle on the crane, to produce strong coffee, and wrap their throbbing heads with wet towels—vast contrast to the décolleté girls all smiles and life—till the chipper sun peeps 'neath the green shades with morning's rising signal.

Men and women both are prone to want to seem possessed of tremendously brilliant powers of bluffing and no capacity for hard work.

Old Ben Franklin once said that a secret of his success was that he not only worked hard, but took care to let people know he worked. He did not in his early days in the college of business, endeavor to waste time on superfluous social gatherings. He took his recreation in a form that might not be an open page to the general eye. For recreation he read in the privacy of his own room, or spent quiet time in meditation, or went by himself for recreative walks.

We have taken pains in the preceding to put in opposition the extremes of this matter, the fly-away young college student against the staid young Franklin. Observe that each is an extreme. Observe also, however, that there is something of fact in the attitude presented. Not all may go to the lengths depicted ; many have tendencies that way ; few want to acknowledge that they have the capacity for hard work and are wont to make the best of that capacity. We cannot be Franklins here in our recreation. We need change of a different sort. We need the outdoor freshening, yet we can learn from Franklin that it is not ignoble to let people know that we are workers. Let us not try to make it appear that we are frivoling more time than we are. Let us not be afraid to let people know that we work and work hard.

G.

Physicians' Directory.

W. H. LOCKERBY, M.D.,

Specialties, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and intubation of the Larynx. Office. 126 E. Seneca St. Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone F 162.

ELMA GRIGGS.

Office and Residence, 109 E. Seneca St. Telephone, 145. Regular hours.

JOHN BEERS HAWES, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence, 12 E. Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 145.

EUGENE BAKER, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. 10 West Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 2 to 4 and 8 to 9 p.m. Telephone connections.

DR. DAVID WHITE,

Hours 1.30 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m. Office, 56 E. State St. Residence 201 Prospect St. Telephone at residence.

EDWARD MEANY, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office over Post Office. Office hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. Telephone, 176 B and 176 F.

CHARLES P. BEAMAN, M.D.,

Office on cor. opposite Post Office. Hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4 and 7-8 p. m. Residence, 506 E. Seneca St. Telephone, residence, 184; office, 184 B. Surgeon to Cornell Football Team.

CHAUNCEY P. BIGGS, M.D.,

Office, Ithaca Trust Co. Building (second floor); residence, 17 E. Buffalo St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.; Sundays, 4 to 5 p. m. Telephone 143 F.

DR. PAUL R. BROWN,

139 E. State St. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 189 F.

JOHN WINSLOW, M.D.,

Office and Residence northwest corner East Seneca and Quarry Sts., always open. Regular hours, 8 a. m., 12 to 4 and 6 to 7.30 p. m. Telephone.

DR. A. B. EADIE,

Homeopathic Physician. Electrical treatment of nervous diseases, weaknesses, rheumatism, piles. Office 126 E. State St. Residence, 33 N. Aurora St. Office hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4, 6-8 p. m.

MARTIN BESEMER, M.D.,

Homeopathist, 133 E. State St. Hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

H. B. BESEMER, M.D.,

Surgeon. 10 to 12 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.

DENTISTS.

DRS. J. B. & F. B. HOWE,

1 and 11 Bates Block, Aurora St., Ithaca, N. Y.
Telephone 18 B.

H. B. HAMILTON,

Dentist.
73 East State Street.
Hours. 9 to 12, 1.30 to 5.

DR. C. J. McCLURE,

Dentist.
Opposite New Ithaca Hotel.

DR. F. M. WILLIS,

ITHACA, N. Y.

With G. W. Melotte, M.D.S., Wilgus Building.

DR. G. W. HOYSRADT,

Dentist. 115 and 117 North Cayuga Street, opp. Clinton House.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

THE ALBERT TEACHERS' AGENCY,

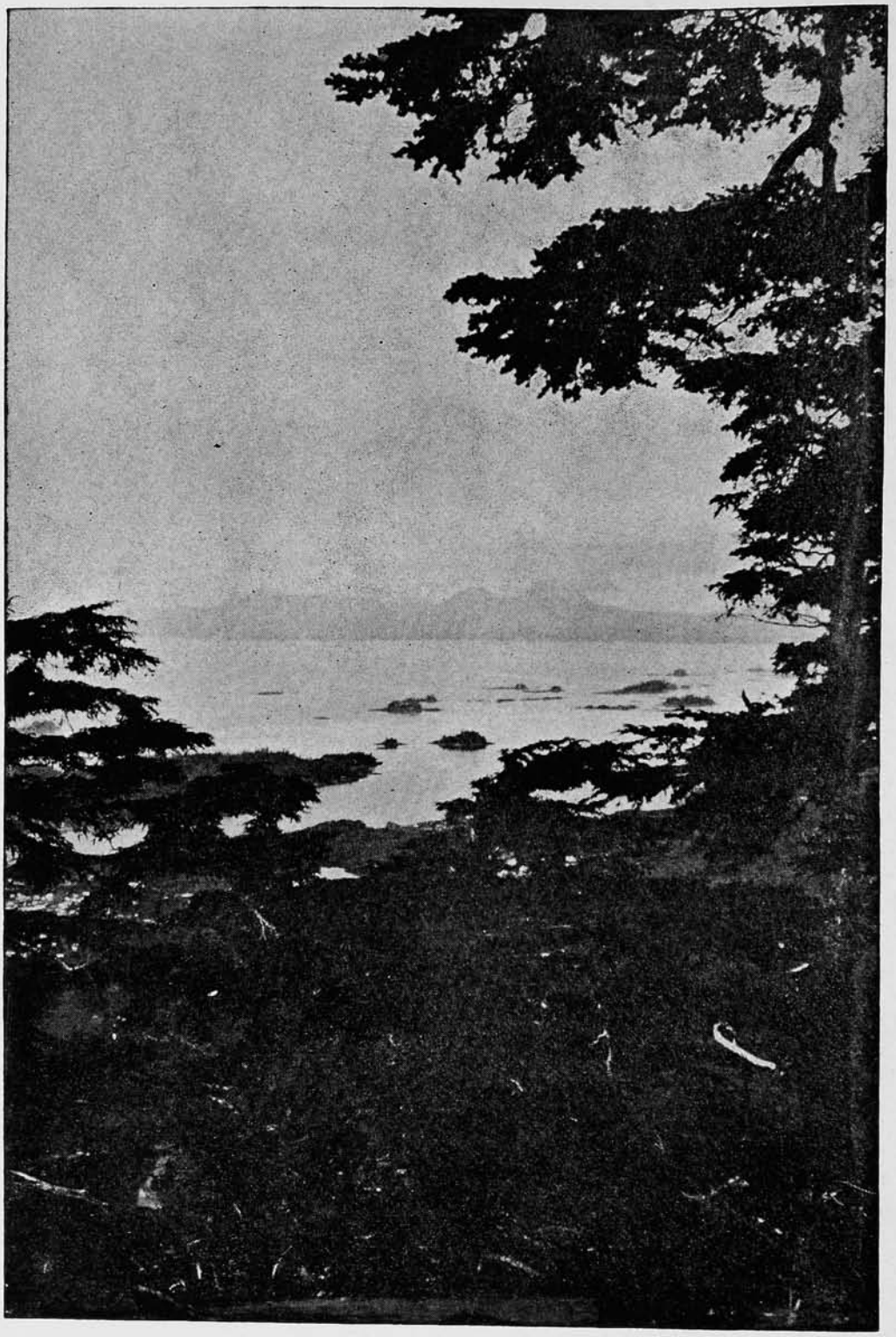
Central Music Hall, Chicago. Established fourteen years. We have frequent opportunities of filling sudden and unexpected vacancies at this time of the year. Address
C. J. Albert, Manager.

IF you are a teacher seeking advancement and worthy of it, or if you have had no experience but want to be a teacher, and if you know how many places the School Bulletin Agency filled, and how it filled them, you would register in it, and keep registered. Illustrations and testimonials sent on application.
C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

MAY, 1900

Sunday Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. Leave Ithaca at 12.15 noon, and 9.30 p. m. Arrive at Ithaca, 7 a. m., and 5.10 p. m.



LOOKING OVER SITKA TOWARDS MT. EDGECOMB.

CORNELL MAGAZINE

ATTRACTIONS OF ALASKA.

WHEN some thirty years ago that wise and far-seeing statesman, Wm. H. Seward, persuaded the Congress of the United States to "expand" our domain by purchasing from the Muskovite Czar his possession on this Continent, nobody, not even the promoters of the scheme, knew what that addition of a territory, half as large again as the original thirteen states, would bring us. It was well known that the scheme for the purchase was urged mainly by a commercial company that wished to profit from the lucrative fur trade, especially in sealskins, which the Russians had developed ; outside of this business there was little else expected.

Even now, but few people have an idea of the conditions, resources, and prospects of this vast domain. The entire trade of the territory is still held by practically two or three commercial companies. Thousands of Americans visit annually the fiords and glaciers of Norway without knowing that for grandeur and variety of scenery of the same sort their home possession far excels the noted resorts of the Scandinavian peninsula. There is as good an opportunity for a population of over two million as there is in Norway, and some day, no doubt, there will be such a population in Alaska.

At present, however, the country is merely exploited. Outside the Indians, Aleuts and Innuits, the aborigines, and

the remnants of the Russian communities, there are but few who can consider themselves truly bona fide residents.

Alas! this exploitation has already gone so far as to threaten the extinction of some of the resources before a resident population is ready to develop them rationally. The rapid exhaustion of the seal rookeries due to pelagic sealing is well known, and other furbearing animals have also been reduced beyond proper proportion. The sea otter, of which only a few years ago thousands of skins were marketed at prices ranging from $20.00 to $60.00, have become so rare that the Indians last year could ask and obtain several hundred dollars for a single skin. The decimation of the blue fox has led to the establishment of fox farms, where this valuable fur animal is bred. Polar bears and walrus have notably decreased.

The fisheries follow in the same direction. The fleet of fourteen steam whalers which assembles annually at Port Clarence must now go to Point Barrow and beyond to find this amphibious mammalian, and it is expected that in a few years they will have to seek other occupation. The fabulous quantities of salmon which ascend the rivers are still keeping up their procession, but canneries are springing up everywhere and modern machinery and American energy will soon be a match to the prolific reproduction of this most valuable food fish. Indeed, the supply of salmon, halibut, and cod has been in some localities so far reduced that the United States Government has seen fit to establish a Forest and Fish Reserve at Afognak Island in order to assure food supplies to the Aleuts of that region, and a hatchery is in contemplation.

The mining of gold and copper is now the main interest, and promises of practically endless supplies are made. The difficulties attending the exploitation of this resource will certainly lengthen its duration.

The forests, which cover the islands of the Alexander Archipelago and a narrow strip of the main coast as far west as Kadiak Island, are, fortunately, by their character and

situation, at least for the present, protected from this premature exploitation, while the moist climate and soil reduce the danger from fire.

Only two species of trees, the Tideland Spruce and the Coast Hemlock, make up the bulk of the forest growth ; two others, the Alaska Yellow Cedar and the Giant Red Cedar, occur sparingly. Neither of the first mentioned trees produces very highly valuable material, and though occasionally large sizes, up to six feet in diameter and 175 feet in height, and clean boles occur, the bulk are not very satisfactorily developed, being knotty and limby. In addition, lumbering on the rough mountain slopes is expensive, so that the only railroad in Alaska, from Skagway over White Pass to Lake Lindeman, although running through wooded country, imported even its ties from Seattle. The paper pulp industry, however, may possibly find an Eldorado here at some future time.

In the interior where there is forest growth at all, it lines the river courses and lakes, or else occurs in open groves here and there, studding the mountain slopes and plateaus. Our Eastern Spruce is here the most important tree, with Aspen, Cottonwood, and Birch to help along. Short and poor as these trees usually are, in a country where the ground is frozen and covered with snow eight to nine months in the the year and where the temperature sinks to more than — 60°, they assume great importance as fuel supply. Forest fires, however, are already beginning to help the miner get rid of this necessity of his life.

On the southern coast, where the forest abounds, the need for fuel is much less, for at Sitka the thermometer rarely falls below 0°, nor does the temperature in summer rise often above 80°, as against 115° in the interior. It is altogether a climate most remarkably even with a small range of temperature. On the other hand, cloudiness, mists, and rain make the coast climate cheerless for a large part of the year—very different from the interior climate, which is excessive in temperatures and drouthy in summer with clear, sunny skies.

To the traveler who is lucky enough to find a clear, sunny season along the coast, the magnificence of the snow-capped mountains reaching up above the green forest-covered slopes, always grand but occasionally also not without loveliness, and the splendor and interest of the great ice rivers, the glaciers discharging their icebergs into the sea in such forest *entourage*, will make the Alaskan coast appear the Eldorado of sight-seeing.

Prince William's Sound is the paradise of glaciers, abounding as it does not only in numbers excelling in size and variety of form, but also in a setting of green surroundings, which is nowhere else equalled. Should he chance to have a clear day when passing the Fayerweather range, with its icy glittering peaks rising almost abruptly 15,000 feet out of the sea, or with Mt. St. Elias rearing its head even 3,000 feet higher above the great ice field of the Malaspina glacier which covers an area equal to the State of Rhode Island, he will not soon forget the impression.

Then as he passes Cook's Inlet from Kadiak Island westward, the landscape changes almost abruptly to treeless, grassy slopes, covered in July with a profusion of flowers except where the great volcanoes of the Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands have built up their cones. Here there is still alive volcanic activity; the perfect cones of Iliamna, Pavlof, Sheshaldin, covered with snow and ice may still be seen smoking and from time to time give testimony that their hearts are warm under a chill exterior.

One of the most interesting links of this "girdle of fire" which stretches in the Aleutian Islands from continent to continent, is the Bogoslaf volcano, with its twin brother Grewingk, two solitary rocks, which rose during historic times, the first at the end of last century, the other only 17 years ago, out of the icy sea, mysterious and awe inspiring, as you approach them in a misty cloud. Billions of murres nesting on their warm crags, and a rookery of sea lions, make the solitude of the surroundings only more impressive. Different again from the treeless, grassy slopes of the Aleu-

tians, is the shore of the Behring Sea, with its bleak, icy tundras, which only for the brief space of six or eight weeks are thawed out and then are covered with a low vegetation of mosses, lichens, grasses, and flowers, with dwarf birch and willows.

There is, then, a great variety of scenery to be found in this northern empire of ours and of each type there is such a profusion that the traveler becomes almost wearied with the continuous call upon his attention. To the naturalist there is constant interest not only in the diversified flora, which represents types from our Pacific as well as Atlantic and European floras, but especially in the limits and their causes, which these floras experience; also in the fauna, with especially the strange sea life of seals, sea lions, whale, and walrus and the myriads of sea birds. Lastly, we must not forget the human races of aborigines inhabiting this varied country and developing habits and methods suited to their surroundings. Alaska, I believe, contains the only people who have developed totemism into demonstrative form by the erection of the so-called totem poles.

Here the noble Indian of the Thlinket tribe brings his coat of arms forcibly to the attention of the visitor, in monster carvings upon posts in front of his house. Here mesalliances are still carefully avoided, for the great race of the "von" Raven with the families de Raven, de Frog, de Goose, de Sea Lion, de Owl, and de Salmon may not intermarry, but must select their wives from the great race of the "von" Wolf with the families de Wolf, de Bear, de Eagle, de Whale, de Halibut, de Auk, to choose from.

The totem, the protecting angel and supposed ancestor of the family, usually taken from the animal world, is of a social as well as a religious significance; it is holy as well as honored.

The totem pole, a tree from the forest, usually a cedar forty to sixty feet high and two to three feet in diameter, is erected before the house of the family and contains carved

upon it in monster figures more or less artistic and elaborate, painted in vivid colors, the totem or totems,—the coat of arms, of the family or families which are represented by the female side of the occupants of the house.

Many rites and superstitions are connected with these totem poles and interference with them is resented as readily as an insult to the escutcheon of an old noble family of our European civilization.

The graves, too, are often provided with totems, and so far has civilization progressed among these Indians that the richer may have their totem carved in marble in imitation of our cemetery usage.

Other totem posts are found on the inside of the houses supporting the rafters of the roof, and small ones are carved for trinkets and for sale to visitors. A rich field for ethnological study, only very superficially cultivated, is here to be found. And so aside from the mere material and commercial interests which may induce the prospector and miner, the hunter and fisherman, and the trader to seek their fortune in this undeveloped territory, there is a profusion of other interests, fascinating in their novelty and variety, to lure the student and the general traveler. The one difficulty is the means of travel, which though improving are still inadequate. A private yacht or steamer, with good companions and all the necessities and comforts of life, such as the writer had the good fortune to look out from upon this wonderland, and with opportunity to land where one pleases, is the only satisfactory way of getting the panoramic view, which one should have first, before entering upon the study of details.

B. E. Fernow.

THE FAIR PASTRY COOK.

AN OPERETTA WITHOUT MUSIC.

ACT I.

PASTRY COOK.

I make my bow before you now with maidenly discretion,
And pray that you will not eschew my savory profession ;
With kettle and pot I cast my lot, nor sigh for recreation,
But cheerily sing while yet I swing my chosen avocation.
I am a maid of innocent look,
A simple little pastry cook.
Although my purse is not imbursed, my station not exalted,
I own my heart with Cupid's dart is frequently assaulted.
But I readily find that love is blind, and take his mission mildly
And warily hide and step aside while love is groping wildly.
Adieu ! Adieu !
I cannot stay, I must away,
A little maid of innocent look,
A simple little pastry cook.

[*Exit Pastry Cook.*

Enter BUTCHER (*singing*).

Oh, I am a butcher bold ; my battle axe I hold ;
With knife and saw I cut and draw,
I pound, I gash, I chop and slash,
As did the knights of old.
But while I chop and weigh, I sigh the live long day ;
I fondly look at the cozy nook
Where dwells the beautiful Pastry Cook
Whose orders I obey.
A note I've penned I'll shortly send ; it is an invitation.
I know that she will hail with glee my dainty supplication.
Adieu ! Adieu ! I fear that I must hasten
And quickly send the note I've penned, my dainty invitation.

[*Exit, singing.*

Oh, I am a butcher bold; my battle axe I hold;
With knife and saw I cut and draw,
I pound, I gash, I chop and slash
As did the knights of old.

Enter GROCER (*singing*).

I must admit I love her, although I am above her,
And know that she will worship me
When I admit I love her.

Although I deal in barley meal,
In butternuts and raisins,
I fear the Fates forget my dates
On numerous occasions.
For when I plan to meet her,
They all combine to cheat her:
She must remain and entertain
A beef and mutton eater.

Though I'm sorry to cause him the pain of making his visits in vain,
The plan I have laid to capture the maid will settle this amorous swain.
For when the maid in pink arrayed is gliding through the dances,
The butcher man will vainly plan to 'meliorate his chances:
I'll have my arm around her and suddenly astound her;
I know that she will hail with glee the question I propound her. [*Exit, singing.*
I'll take her to the dance; it is my only chance;
I'll soon employ my errand boy to bid her to the dance.

Enter CABBY (*singing*).

I cannot hope to win her hand; I fear I'm too ungainly;
I do not seem to understand the arts that pastry cooks demand,
The proper graces to command; I try to do it vainly.
I know I cannot win her hand: I fear I'm too ungainly.
I love the lady debonaire, I love her very dearly,
Her saucy mien, her features fair, her simple grace, her dainty air,

Her rosy cheek and golden hair, I love them all sincerely ;
But still I am in deep despair, although I love her dearly.
[*Exit, singing.*
Alas ! I cannot win her hand ; I try to do it vainly ;
I do not seem to understand the proper graces to command.
I cannot hope to win her hand : I know I'm too ungainly.

Enter BUTCHER'S BOY (*singing*).

They shout and they whistle, they beckon and bawl,
They bellow and holler and screech,
While I am expected to answer the call
And follow the orders of each.
My life is a horrible grind ; I fear I am losing my mind :
It is frequently said that my brain is a head,
While I am forever behind. Yes, I am forever behind.
I am bearing an urgent request,
Exquisitely scented and pressed,
A neat little note the proprietor wrote,
To a beautiful lady addressed.
I wish that I might look within my order book
And con the note the Butcher wrote unto the Pastry Cook.

Enter GROCER'S BOY.

Well, Bill, my dear, you loafing here?

BUTCHER'S BOY.

Hello there ! How are you ?

GROCER'S BOY.

I'm very well, considering.

BUTCHER'S BOY.

I'm feeling better too.
Where are you going my pretty boy,
Where are you bound to-day.

GROCER'S BOY.

I'm bound to Mistress Pastry Cook's ;
I'm now upon the way.

BUTCHER'S BOY.

Happy thought! So am I.
We'll join and go together—a joyful company.
[*Exeunt, singing.*
Oh, us two boys, we have our joys, though we have little pay;
While bosses fight from morn till night we're friendlier than they.
We join our spirits gay, and joke and laugh and play,
And skip about in reel and rout, to pass the time away.

Curtain.

ACT II.

Enter PASTRY COOK (*singing*).

A cup of butter, a pound of lard,
A measure of sugar and milk,
A bag of flour, a half an hour,
A— [*Enter Boys.*
Why, how do you do! Good morning, boys,
I beg you to be seated.

BOYS.

Good morning, gentle lady. It is a pleasant day.
We thank you for the greeting, but fear we cannot stay.
We come to see you every day, with order book and basket;
We'd much enjoy a little stay, but seldom hear you ask it.

PASTRY COOK.

You really must excuse me: my negligence is sad.
I fear you will accuse me of being very bad.
I pray that you be seated and make a little stay:
I'll try and entertain you in quite a pleasant way.

GROCER'S BOY.

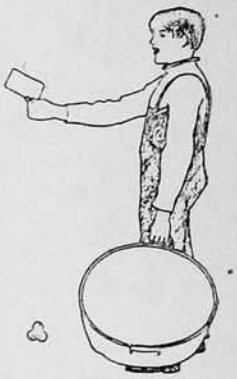
I'd like to stop and see you, but I fear that I must hasten,
For I must bear the answer to a pressing invitation.
[*Hands her note.*

PASTRY COOK.

Oh my! An invitation, as sure as can be!
A pink communication directed unto me!

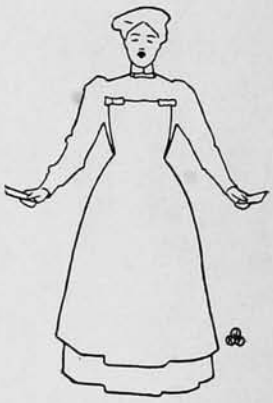
BUTCHER'S BOY.

Yes, directed unto you,
And I take exceeding pleasure
In presenting number two.



PASTRY COOK.

Presenting number two? Can this be really true?
A pink communication and another one of blue!
[*Opens and reads invitations from Grocer and Butcher.*
Oh dear, I am afraid that I'm utterly dismayed,
For both of you invite me to the coming masquerade.
Alas! the Cook is in the stew; whatever had I better do?
It's jolly fun to answer one, but here I must attend to two.
I cannot go with both of them and cannot stay away;
If I should go with either one, what will the other say?
If I should choose the other one, then either will be mad,
And either one or both of them—
Oh dear, I am so stupid! How could I fail to see
That only one solution presents itself to me—
Accept the invitation that was presented first,
And laugh at difficulties effectively dispersed.



To Boys.
Excuse me for a minute, and I will answer you
The pink communication and the dainty one of blue.
[*Exit, Pastry Cook.*

BUTCHER'S BOY.

Good gracious, Bob, I've lost my job!

GROCER'S BOY.

Why, what's the matter, Bill?

BUTCHER'S BOY.

Why, don't you see, he'll fire me,
You bet your life he will.
He'll shortly find I was behind
In this negotiation,
And he will more than kill me for
The tardy invitation.

GROCER'S BOY.

I fear the situation
Demands a resignation,
    Unless you choose a good excuse,
A pretty explanation.

BUTCHER'S BOY.

I'm in a fix and know my tricks
    Will be of no avail :
He'll surely know that I was slow,
    Despite my fairy tale.

GROCER'S BOY.

But I can fix it better—
I'll copy you the letter
    She gives to me, if you'll agree
That you will never blatter.
We'll soon supply the same reply
    To both of our employers,
And that will lend a speedy end
    To trivial annoyers.

BUTCHER'S BOY.

Oh Bob, you are a dandy !
You are a— [*Enter Pastry Cook.*

PASTRY COOK.

The answers I have penned are ready now to send ;
I'm glad I have some messengers on whom I can depend.
And lest you think me thankless for your important part,
I'll take the opportunity to give you each a tart.

GROCER'S BOY.

I'm glad to get the answer
    And thank you for the tart.
We'd like to linger longer,
    But I fear we must depart.

BUTCHER'S BOY.

Yes, I fear that we must start,
I fear we must away. [*Exeunt, singing.*
Though bosses fight
From morn till night,
We're friendlier than they.

PASTRY COOK.

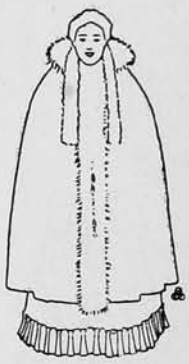
Although I know how much I owe to their consideration,
I still regret I didn't get another invitation.
I'd like to go with one I know, who treats me rather shabby,
A proper man all spick and span, a captivating Cabby.
Of course he'd not invite me,
He'd much prefer to slight me,
He acts so shy when I am nigh
I know he doesn't like me. [*Exit, singing.*
Though we are indebted, we're ever the losers,
For women and beggars can never be choosers.

Curtain.

ACT III.

(*Night of Masquerade*).

Enter PASTRY COOK (*singing*).



So daintily scented and neatly arrayed,
So prettily powdered and puffed,
With all of my ribbons and trinkets displayed,
Habiliment studied and stuffed,
I know that my gown is complete,
My costume exquisitely neat,
And I feel that my dress will duly impress
The gallants I happen to meet.
But I wish that the Grocer would hurry ;
I'm all of a terrible flurry.
The time I have spared in getting prepared
Has been a considerable worry.

Enter BUTCHER (*masked*).

Boo !

PASTRY COOK.

Oh, my ! It's you !
You gave me such a start !

BUTCHER.

You said you would be ready at quarter after eight ;
I fear I must apologize for being rather late.
But let us not be hasty, my pretty little dear,
I'd rather stay than go away so long as you are here.

PASTRY COOK.

I really wish you wouldn't apologize to me ;
I'm certainly as happy as ever I can be.
Your very kind attention I never can repay ;
I'll acquiesce and answer yes to everything you say.

BUTCHER.

Oh my little ducky darling, my pretty little dear,
I have a little question I'd like to ask you here.
Its terrible importance I fear you cannot guess,
But I'll proceed as you agreed that you will answer—

PASTRY COOK (*interrupting*).

Oh, really we must hurry, I fear we cannot wait,
We stand a chance to miss the dance if we are very late.

BUTCHER.

Never you mind, my darling, now don't you be afraid :
I'll let you know in time to go unto the Masquerade.
As I was just remarking— [*Enter Grocer, masked.*

GROCER.

Good evening, Mistress Pastry Cook,
How perfectly divine you look !
I know the sight of my delight
Will pay you for the time you took.

BUTCHER.

Alas ! my pretty fellow, despite your gallant tone,
I'm very free to say that we would like to be alone.

GROCER.

Oh really ! Do you mean it ! You are so very kind,
I would suggest it would be best for you to change your mind.
We certainly appreciate the visit you have paid,
But cannot stay—we must away or miss the Masquerade.
[*Takes Pastry Cook by the arm.*

PASTRY COOK (*drawing back*).

Oh sir, you are mistaken ;
I think that you should see
The man who asked me to the dance
Is here to go with me.

GROCER (*removing mask*).

Indeed I'm not mistaken ;
But know that it is true
The man who asked you to the dance
Is here to go with you.

PASTRY COOK.

Oh ! I—

BUTCHER (*removing mask*).

We are happy to know who you are,
But fear you are playing the kid :
I invited the maid
To the Masquerade
And she has accepted the bid.
I wish that you—

GROCER (*interrupting*).

This joking had better be stopped,
Or a terrible end I foresee,
I asked the maid to the Masquerade
And she said she was going with me.

PASTRY COOK (*aside*).

Oh dear me !
'Tis very confusing !
What mind I had
I'm rapidly losing.

BUTCHER.

If I didn't think that you were misled,
I'd lower myself to crack your head;
But the Pastry Cook will doubtless know
With which of us she agreed to go
And settle the question on the spot—
Whether it's you or whether it's not.

PASTRY COOK.

Oh deary, deary, deary me! I wish you wouldn't disagree!
I think it true that both of you are just as rude as you can be.

BUTCHER.

I know that we are rude, but really want to know
With which of us two gentlemen you have arranged to go.

PASTRY COOK.

I'll tell you in a minute if you will let me think—
A blue communication and another one of pink.
If pink was last it must be true I took the one that came in blue.
Now if the Grocer sent the blue we have a very telling clue:
The Butcher's then was surely pink and that supplies the missing link—
Unless it wasn't pink at all but blue that made the second call;
If pink was first and blue behind—Alas, I've surely lost my mind!
Now let me see—
If blue was last and pink was first, the order must have been reversed,
And blue would then—

GROCER (*taking her arm*).

Enough of this mystical rhyme: it is wasting our valuable time.
I saw what you said in the letter I read
And I know that you didn't decline.

[*Starts to take her away.*

BUTCHER (*pulling*).

Look out what you're doing, you fool,
Let go of the lady's arm !

GROCER (*pulling*).

You're taking this matter too cool ;
I fear you are coming to harm.
If you continue holding
I'll pound your features well.

BUTCHER.

You're very good at scolding
But you can go—

PASTRY COOK.

Oh ! Help !
They're killing me !
Help ! Murder !

GROCER (*jerking*).

Leggo there or I'll—

BUTCHER (*jerking*).

If you don't—

PASTRY COOK.

Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Enter OFFICER OF THE LAW.

Here ! What are you gentlemen doing ?
Is this a competitive wooing ?
As Chief of Police I bid you to cease
Your muscular billing and cooing.

BUTCHER.

Oh good Mr. Chief of Police—

GROCER.

I hope you will make him release—

OFFICER.

I pray you be quiet ! You're causing a riot
And wilfully breaking the peace.

BUTCHER.

But I was just going to say—

OFFICER.

Shut up and get out of the way !
I'll summon the law unless you withdraw
Without any further delay.

GROCER.

But how about—

OFFICER.

You clear out !

[*Exeunt Butcher and Grocer, assisted by Officer.*

PASTRY COOK.

They're gone !
Oh merciful Heaven be praised !
I'm completely dumfounded and dazed.
I'm afraid you will think I was ready to sink
From the terrible racket I raised.
But I certainly owe it to you
That I wasn't divided in two
And carried away in utter dismay
Without any further ado.

OFFICER.

Oh, I pray you not to thank me : I'm very much afraid
That I have really caused you to miss the Masquerade—
But as the other gentlemen appear to disagree
I'd like to have you bundle up and come along with me.

[*Removes moustache and helmet, disclosing Cabby.*

PASTRY COOK.

Oh dear me ! I—

CABBY.

I really planned to ask you a week or so ago,
But brother Butcher said that he had just invited you.

PASTRY COOK.

Oh, joyous moment! Happy day! Oh merry heart and spirit gay!
Oh giddy whirl of ecstasy!
Is this a fantasy I see? Or does he really care for me?

CABBY.

He more than *cares*—he worships you,
He vows his heart and soul to you.

PASTRY COOK.

Oh joy! Oh bliss!
Of course I'll go to the Masquerade,
I'll take your offer kindly;
Believe me, sir, I'm much afraid
That I adore you blindly.

CABBY.

Oh happy am I at this reply! Indeed, I scarce believe it.
I think you'll find my love is blind if you will just receive it.

PASTRY COOK.

The joy is really mine, sir. You are so very fine, sir,
If you demand my heart and hand I really can't decline, sir.

CABBY.

Oh, the Grocer and the Butcher bold little reason have to laugh:
While they're fighting for the whole, Cabby takes the better half.
We'll merrily go to the Masquerade,
The dutiful man and the beautiful maid.

Both—
We'll dance as long as the band will play. We'll laugh and joke and chatter.

We'll merrily pass the time away. 'Twill be an easy matter,
For hand and glove we'll vow our love and make our speeches clever.
With glances shy we'll softly sigh and pledge our hearts forever.
We'll merrily sing as we hurry away.
We'll gambol and caper and frolic and play.
We'll carol our joy in the following lay—

"We won't be home until morning,
We won't be home until morning,
We won't be home until morning,
Till daylight doth appear,
Till daylight doth appear,
Till daylight doth appear,
We won't be home until morning,
We won't be home until morning,
We won't be home until morning,
Till daylight doth appear."

[FINIS.]

J. Kenneth Fraser.

IN THE VALLEYS.

N the morning of August 20th, I sat on a snubbing post where the Erie canal flows into the Hudson at West Troy, and gazed down the river in search of a coming tow. I wished to get a job as a driver through the Mohawk Valley, for such a position contained the double advantage of supplying board and at the same time bringing me nearer my destination. But there were no boats entering the lock and no trace of smoke from tugs in the river distance ; therefore, leaving my post I asked one of the locktenders, who was whittling in the shade of his "shanty," if any boats would go through the canal that day.

"Dunno. If a tow comes up there will be," he replied sagely. "One may come up and then one mayn't come up. There's no telling. Looking for a job?"

"Yes, I'd like a job drivin' ".

"Did you ever drive on the canal?"

"No."

"Well, you won't stand much show then. Will he?" turning to his fellow lock-tender.

"No", responded the latter. "There's plenty of them over there that know the business," with a jerk of his thumb toward the "Steersman's Rest," a tavern whose front and gutter were lined with the tipped-backed chairs of waiting canalers. I greatly desired to join them and to partake of a bit of canal life, but I knew that to reach Ithaca by the end of the week I must keep moving. Once more I searched the line where sky and river met, but there was still no tow. Accordingly, I put the canal project behind me and tramped down to Albany to begin my railroad trip toward the west, for if the railroads would carry me *gratis* I could eke out the last of my savings and at the same time enjoy a new phase of tramp life, that of the railroad tramp.

It was early afternoon when the first freight came creaking out from behind the Albany depot. A young fellow who caught it with me warned me to watch out carefully in the West Albany yard for detectives. He jumped before we got into the yard. I recognized his advice as good because on the previous day I had seen a newspaper account of the capture of twenty-three railroad tramps at Fonda, ahead on the line. Fortunately we passed through on a sidetrack, thus avoiding the dangers of the centre of the yard, and went jolting on toward Schenectady. Travelling between box cars is tedious. There is no shelf on which to sit as on coal cars. There you balance yourself and whistle or sing to break the monotony, though every note is lost in the rumble of the empties, westward bound.

At the entrance to the Schenectady yard my travelling was suddenly interrupted. The train stopped, and although the rear brakeman passing by looked my way but said nothing, the conductor stopped short. "What are you doin' there?" he asked.

"I'm goin' up to Amsterdam."

"Well, you'd better clear out of there, if you don't want to be run in."

"How's that?" I queried.

"Didn't the brakeman tell you?" he asked in surprise. "Just look up the yard and see."

Poking my head out, I saw four men in plain clothes at the other end of the train. I did not spend many moments in surmising, but quickly dropped to the opposite side, and, with the train for a screen, reached the other side of the yard. When the train pulled away I had put the breadth of the big yard between myself and the four detectives. They watched me narrowly as I continued up the yard, and, of course, I could but return the compliment. At the other end I found to my surprise that my train meanwhile had stopped, and was now just pulling out. With a glance back at the four men in plain clothes and with the knowledge that they could never take me, were I once aboard, I made

a dash for it, and swung up on one of the last cars. Immediately I looked back to see what my friends were going to do. They seemed interested in my train, but understood full well that the game was beyond their reach.

At Amsterdam I left this train partly because I had told the conductor that that city was my destination and also because I thought it might be safer to ride on the West Shore through the counties ahead. Accordingly, I crossed the river, but though I waited by the track till after six no west-bound freight rewarded my patience.

When I returned to Amsterdam I found a street peddler doing business on the city square. He was a young fellow who had written a short cut arithmetic. He had a high forehead, produced by baldness, and beyond it he had reared a tall black silk cap which tended to give him the appearance of a sage. The audience under his calcium lights was handled very skillfully. First, he would dazzle them with lightning calculations made on his blackboard, and then tell them that the book would teach them how to do the same. He would ask the members of the audience for the date of any event, whereupon he would instantly announce the day, saying for instance to one whom he thought a happy father, "It happened on a Thursday, sir. Was it a boy?" Finally he would sell his wares by flattery, remarking, "I know this won't appeal to every man. It takes a man who *thinks* a little to appreciate such a book." Whereupon the "thinking" men would purchase. When a runaway proved a greater attraction than his black cap and lightning calculations, he put out his lights and found rest in the same "hotel" that I did. The policeman and others whom I asked could direct me to nothing cheaper.

Early the following morning, I was again waiting beside the West Shore track. About ten o'clock two "hoboes" came up the track and sat down with me. They were not in the best of humor for they had been put off a West Shore train at Rotterdam Junction the day before, and forced to "drill" up the track to Amsterdam. One of them was a

slim fellow of twenty-five ; the other, a stout, powerful chap five years older. They both wanted to know where I had breakfasted. When they found I had paid for my board, my stock seemed to fall a little, but rose immediately when they learned that I was from the "big city."

"We had a good barn last night and didn't pay a cent for it either, and we got two or three lumps to eat this morning too", the younger one said. "This fellow (pointing to the stout one) wa'n't satisfied with four slices of bread and a piece of meat he got in one place, and tackled another. You never get enough to eat, do you?" turning to the stout one. I refrain from even indicating his profanity. They had both worked on the canal but had grown tired of it, and were now waiting, like myself, for a train to Utica. They were mere "hoboes," men temporarily out of work, and not true tramps, I concluded, and my conclusion was soon justified by one of the pure breed, who came down the track. He was brown and seedy from his hat and beard to the strings in his shoes ; at a distance, he was even sinister, but a near view discovered under his old slouch hat a wonderful pair of twinkling eyes. He joined us, whereupon we found that he "had been in the West for a year or two, but had come eastward just to see things." Having got into a box car at Syracuse with the intention of getting out at Utica, he had fallen asleep and had not awakened till he "reached this hole across the river last night." Of course, we inquired where he had put up for the night.

"I was over in the gas house, and had a lump or two from the lad there this morning. You know they get so full of gas over night that they can't eat anything in the morning." I saw a wisp of hay sticking in his shock of hair, yet he may have told the truth. At any rate, his remark about the gas house was not forgotten and shortly proved of value to me. The conversation naturally turned to the chances of being "run in", and it transpired that our new friend had had the experience.

"They get the poor 'boes lined up and offers you sixty days or go to work. There are lots of hayseeds round waiting to take you into the country, but I'd see them below before I'd work for those Reubs for thirteen a month."

While we were talking a west-bound train came in sight. Being a local it stopped, so that we all got aboard, but we had not gone many miles before we were shunted to a side-track to give way to a through freight. This faster train we all caught, although on different cars, and settled down for an undisturbed ride to Utica. To my dismay, however, a brakeman soon appeared above me with a peremptory order to get off, and my efforts at temporizing were received so sternly that I was not long in jumping. Then, as the train passed, I saw my friends jump in turn and knew that the action was compulsory. The last cars were now rolling by; the brakeman was far ahead. The opportunity was not to be lost. Therefore, with the hope that the brakeman would stay at the other end of the train, I again swung aboard.

As I stood astraddle the bumpers, a shadow passed across the sunlit car-end before me, and I rejoiced that the brakeman must have passed without noticing me. But it was a false foundation for my hope; some trees or high crag, perhaps, had cast the shadow, for when I had nearly forgotten there were such things as trainmen, *crack*, came a smashing blow across my back. A stick broke, half of it falling to the flying track below. The other half was in the hand of a black-faced, wrathy brakeman, who, flat on his stomach, glared down at me.

"I thought I told you to get off once," he fairly spluttered with rage.

It was hardly the occasion for angry demonstration on the passenger's part, so I swung out of reach and admitted his charge.

"Well, what the devil are you getting on again for?"

"I want to go to Utica."

"What for?" This was a poser.

"Maybe I'd get some work there."

"No you won't. There's more people than work there now. And why don't you pay your fare?"

Knowing that many brakemen hold up tramps for money, I asked him how much he wanted. In this I did him an injustice.

"I don't want anything," he answered, "but you fellows ar'nt going to ride on my train. As soon as we slow down you can just get off,—you."

Fortunately it was impossible to get off then as we were going right merrily on a down grade.

With this admonition to worry me he left me to ride otherwise undisturbed through Fonda, the town where, I recalled with misgivings, the tramps had been arrested the previous week, through Little Falls with its fantastic masses of rock and into the yard at Frankfort, whence a walk of ten miles brought me at dark into Utica.

After a light luncheon I sought the poorer quarter of the city for lodgings. I found plenty at twenty-five cents, but such a sum for mere shelter, to a man for whom it would bring two or three good meals, is monstrous. I tried many places and inquired of many persons but without success. In my wanderings I came to what seemed a Jewish quarter, where there befell me what has proved one of the most pleasing memories of the trip. From the open windows of a modest house came the clear soprano voices of a number of Jewish boys chanting a Hebrew *mizmor*. For several minutes I sat on some steps near by, charmed by the strange yet simple and soothing melody.

Pondering where I should turn next, I recalled the suggestion of the tramp, and sought the gas-works. To reach it I had to cross the Central tracks near the round house. In that network of track I narrowly escaped being run down by one of the noiseless, black giants creeping backwards to his home. I thought of those headlines in the paper, "Another Tramp Killed," and found myself wondering how many read behind the lines, "another life of some sort ended."

At last I found the hearty keeper of the gas-house fires and asked for a drink of water as the first step to acquaintance. Having received it I sat down on one of the upturned kegs on the edge of the furnace pit. The keeper was entertaining a couple of other men at the time, so paid no attention to me, but as soon as they departed he began to talk, subjecting me to a thorough examination. The result, I fear, was only partly favorable. Yet I soon felt that we understood each other perfectly ; nor was I mistaken, for he finally muttered, "Wait till they all clear out and I'll fix you up." When all were gone he went out a moment to return with the information that I would find a place in the coal room. In a pile of coal he had laid down a big door for a bed. The tramp's story about Amsterdam held good in Utica.

At five the next morning my host woke me, set me to work cleaning out the ashes from under the big boiler, and then arranged a pail where I could wash. This done he brought out his pail, in which he had saved me a piece of bread and a pickled pig's foot. When I left he gave me a sincere good-by and good luck on the way to Ithaca.

Once more I was waiting beside the West Shore track. A free ride into Syracuse would enable me to pay my fare into Auburn that night. But I missed the first train, and then came a long wait. Indeed, as the afternoon hours wore on a feeling of indignation arose in me against this particular railroad, and I found myself resolving to remain right there and ride all night if necessary—a most absurd attitude of mind, yet perhaps natural. Late in the afternoon, however, a train came along and I stealthily got aboard.

Secrecy was perhaps unnecessary, for at the next stop a tramp walked along without fear of being seen and told me that he had discovered a car-door open. "You'd better come and get in. It's a good sight better ridin' than there." Upon inquiry I found that it was a pigs' car that he had found, whereupon, somewhat to his surprise, I remained on the bumpers. As we again started a brakeman climbed on between my cars.

"Where you goin'?" he asked.

"To Ithaca."

"Well, this isn't the way," he said not disagreeably.

I explained to him the geography of the situation, and then answered his questions regarding my career and aims. When I told him how I had left the Central for the West Shore he laughed outright, "That's right. You want to see the fellows run after us when they see a West Shore caboose over on the other line. We don't bother them any if they're all straight. Yesterday, though, I had a fellow get on that told me he was going to Canastota. But when we got to Utica he was still on the train. He lied to me, so I told him to get off, never thinking he would jump then. But he was so scared he jumped while we were going as fast as we are now, and went flying down a gully as steep as that," pointing to the side of the track. "I saw him pick himself up, so I guess he wasn't hurt bad."

It was after sunset when we reached Syracuse and I caught the last train for Auburn. I do not doubt but that I could have beaten my way on this train, but now that it wasn't necessary such a course did not appear at all proper.

In Auburn, so near my starting point and on the last night of the trip, I unexpectedly came across what I had expected but had failed to find in many other places where I had stayed. The proprietor of the city mission volunteered the information that his house was "all right." But I don't hesitate to say that these lodgings caused me more suffering from vermin than any place I had fallen into. Shortly after twelve several men entered and stumbled over me on the floor with a curse or two, one of them saying, "By gad, if he don't know enough to stay in bed, leave him alone. Jack! (to the clerk) be sure and call me at four in the morning." At that hour the next morning I, too, was out of the place, and before breakfast had reached Union Springs, where in the afternoon I boarded the old *Frontenac*. My friend, the captain, and one of my professors showed no signs of recognition, at which,

however, I was not surprised. Then before long the lights of Ithaca's play ground rising confusedly before the *Frontenac's* bow extended a mute but none the less welcome greeting home.

E. A. M.

DAY DREAMS.

I.

ON the wings of fancy are we upborne,
And we soar away in the blushing morn,
For the glamour of youth is o'er us thrown,
And around us the perfumed rose is blown.

II.

Ever before us our guiding star gleams
As we wing our way o'er the sea of dreams,
And clouds, rosy-tinted, are streaming by.
On the snowy masses, fair maids there lie.

III.

Their low love-voices breathe sweet in our ears,
And the strains they sing are silver with tears;
But our hearts are filled with a yearning strange,
For we see our loves into white mist change.

IV.

O cloud-capped castles of sunny Spain,
Shall we ever love in your halls again?
O mystic maidens with love-lit eyes,
Will you e'er again in our visions rise?

V.

Ah, but now, sweet shadowy lips we kissed,
While heaven around us was mantled with mist;
O youth with your golden broidered dreams,
Is heaven so near as it often seems?

Ralph M. Brown.

THE SMALL DUST OF THE BALANCE.

A STORY OF OLD FAIRPORT.

AVID, something terrible has happened to you. How can you think so little of our friendship as to hide your trouble from me —from me, your *friend*?''

They had come to the Harwood place, and David was holding the gate open for Deborah to enter, when she noticed that his face was unusually grave and troubled.

It was David's first impulse to conceal the cause of his trouble by some light evasion ; but there was a tender note of pleading in Deborah's voice, and tears were beginning to come in her dark eyes. She must know the truth ; for had he not decided that night, as they sat together in the Stone Church, that to tell her was the only honorable way ? Would she still remain his friend, he wondered, when she knew all ? There flashed through his mind with disheartening vividness the memory of his grandfather's anger and scorn on learning of his disgrace. Now that his grandfather had cast him off, he had only the North Haven people to look to for advice and help. They believed in him and had always made him a welcome guest at their homes. What would they think of him, if they knew that he was but little better than some of the inmates of the brick jail ? How could he summon courage to tell his secret to Deborah Harwood, his best friend in North Haven ? It was several moments before David had the mastery of himself ; then with a deprecatory gesture, as if impatient at his own weakness, he drew Deborah aside into the shadow of an arbor.

''Deborah ! Deborah !'' he exclaimed brokenly, ''I've no right even to ask you to listen to me. I'm a disgrace to the good name of Payson ; I'm base, deceitful. I don't deerve your trust and confidence,—and—and Deborah,'' he

continued in a low whisper, as if frightened at the portent of his own words, "I am a gambler."

Deborah made a motion as if to restrain him from any further revelation, but David was finding a kind of bitter pleasure in this self-inflicted pain.

"Deborah," he said with an effort, "you must hear the worst. That I might have more money to squander, I forged my gran'sir's name. It—it broke his heart, I think. He told me the night I confessed my misdeeds to him that he never wanted to see me again. You were all so good to me here in North Haven that I resolved by God's help to live down my disgrace. Ah, if I'd only counted the costs then. Yesterday I had a letter from Dick Forbes. I thought him my friend once, but now he threatens to go to your father and tell him of my disgrace if I don't pay him a gambling debt I owe him, a 'debt of honor' he calls it. Since gran'sir has stopped my allowance I've no money to spare. Of course your father pays me all I'm worth to him," he added hastily, in answer to Deborah's questioning glance, "but one can't earn much here. So I've decided to tell Forbes to do his worst. I'm going away somewhere—to Barbadoes—or Martinique—somewhere I'm not known."

"David, have you written this man yet?" Deborah had forgotten her own pain in her eager desire to help her friend. "I've a little money—not much. Write this man that he shall have this and more as soon—"

"Take your savings, Deborah? No! No! I cannot do that. Why—why did I tell you?" David interposed remorsefully.

"David, you did right, and I want you to listen to me," Deborah said gently, touching his sleeve as a sign to abstain from further self-chastisement. "Take this money; 'Daddy' gives me everything I desire. Think how mortifying and painful it will be for me if the Haven people come to know this. They will not understand, you know. Come, David, do this for me. Come, its late and 'Daddy' will be wondering what's kept us. Shall it be yes, David?"

David sat for a moment with downcast eyes. He was

sorely perplexed; it seemed to him like the violation of the sanctity of this new friendship to make demands upon it so soon. Could he have trusted himself to speak, he would have said "No," he thought; but he bowed his head in reluctant assent to her kindly offer.

"Thank you," Deborah said, and with a gentle pressure of the hand she bade her friend good-night.

When David reached his modest lodgings down by the harbor, he found a letter awaiting him. It was from Nahum Tucker, his grandfather's lawyer, and conveyed the sad news of his grandfather's sudden death and urged him to come with all possible haste to Fairport. A glance at the postmark showed that the letter was already a week old; the mail coach, his landlady told him, had been delayed by the spring freshets. Already his grandfather's funeral had doubtless been held; and the privilege of showing this last sign of respect to the old shipmaster's memory had been denied him.

All the tumultuous emotions of the evening were sunk in the realization of this new trouble. What if Gran'sir Payson had died without forgiving him. The thought made him sick at heart, for he loved the stern, old man, who on the death of Captain Payson had assumed the guardianship of the Captain's motherless son. But old Nathaniel Payson had held to the austere theory that a high-spirited youth, like a young colt, should have his will broken, and he had no sympathy with the promptings of those who would tame a youth to submission by tactful appeals to his better instincts. He had signally failed to understand David's proud, impetuous nature, so strangely like his own.

If his grandfather had only shown some sign of relenting toward him, brooded David despondently, how gladly would he have gone to him and asked forgiveness. Pride, he knew, had kept them both apart. Yet Gran'sir must have left at least some word of good-bye—perhaps some word of forgiveness. With this hope in his heart, David snuffed the candle, already low in the socket, and sought refuge from his trouble in slumber.

David had been away from Fairport only five years; yet as he came up the garden walk to Payson House through the overhanging clumps of hawthorn and southernwood, it seemed to him ages since he had played in the shadow of the giant oaks.

There were no signs of life about the place, and he felt a tugging at his heart when, like a stranger, he lifted the big knocker to announce his coming. The house was not entirely deserted, for he heard some one coming down the long hall in answer to his summons. It was Aunt Judith, whose black face lighted up with an expansive smile when she saw it was David.

"For de massey's sake, if it ain' Marse Dave! Come right in! I'se missed yo' dese days, Marse Dave. Miss Anne, she ain' home, but yo' is mighty welcome in youn's own house."

"Aunt Judith, what do you mean?" said David in astonishment, as he stepped into the wainscoted entrance hall.

"Why, Marse Dave, ain' yo' heered? Marse Nat, he done lef' yo' dis house an' lan' an' money. Marse Tucker read de will to-day. It was one pow'ful s'prisement to dat shif'less Thad Payson. I specs he done wanted all Marse Nat's money himself."

Tears came into David's eyes as he realized the meaning of his old nurse's words. Then it was as he had hoped; the stern old shipmaster had forgiven him all. How he condemned the pride that had kept him away from home so long. How hopeful the future looked for him! Then, suddenly, like an offending pall over the sunshine of his happiness, Dick Forbes' threat occurred to him; and here in his pocket, luckily still unused, was Deborah's little hoardings.

Bidding Judith call him when Miss Anne came, he hurried to his grandfather's secretary, still undisturbed, and wrote a hasty letter to Deborah, telling her of his good fortune and returning her money; and one to Forbes,

promising him that his demand would be settled at once. Then he looked for some seals for his letters. In his search David's hand came in contact with a projecting ornament which, at his touch, seemed to yield. There was a gentle click and, to his surprise, a secret compartment was disclosed cunningly concealed from inquisitive eyes.

In the compartment was a small bundle of papers endorsed in his grandfather's bold handwriting. A vague, disquieting suspicion possessed David's mind as he read on one of the papers, "The Will of Nathaniel Payson, June 5, 1837."

With feverish haste he drew the paper from the bundle. It had been drawn up by the old shipmaster himself shortly after David's disgrace, and the witnesses were Captain Grayson and Aunt Judith. *In the bequests there was no mention of his name.*

The paper fell to the floor unnoticed, while David sat gazing straight before him at the wall mindful only of this new trouble and of the irony of a fate which had shown him happiness, only to snatch it away in the moment of enjoyment. His pleasant dream of the future had vanished ; and in its place rose the sad thought that he must suffer unforgiven the penalties of his folly. And the debt—how he loathed the thought! He could not pay it now. He must suffer alone ; he would not ask Deborah to share his trouble. He would not even return to North Haven.

There came thronging into his memory, then, a thousand instances of his grandfather's goodness and affection. Why had not his grandfather mentioned the existence of this new will to Squire Tucker? Was it not because, later, he had forgiven him? he asked himself. He remembered, too, hearing his grandfather say that his bounty should never be wasted on Thad Payson. Why should he not enjoy this money that his grandfather was prevented from leaving him only by circumstances? The Old Self stood by his elbow in a position of advantage ; the New Self, that had been born in that time of penitence not long ago, was losing ground.

Why not destroy the will? he urged himself. Nobody

would be the wiser. Its existence was unknown to Squire Tucker; Captain Grayson was dead; and Judith was old and had forgotten. The voice of the New Self grew silent. The Old Self had conquered.

Yet, what if there were a copy of the will! David made a careful search among the papers in the desk, but discovered nothing further until far back in one compartment he came upon a little, morocco diary. On the fly-leaf, in a neat, girlish hand, was written "Charlotte Dow Payson." It was his mother's name. He had no memories of her; she had died when he was a baby. Yet her miniature he cherished among his most treasured keepsakes. On the last page of the diary there was an entry in the same handwriting as the rest, but with frequent irregularities indicating that the hand of the writer was not strong. It read:

"Doctor B. tells me I am better to-day. I hope I shall live for the boy's sake. Sometimes, it seems almost incredible that this little mite by my side will live to be a strong, thinking, loving man, struggling with the problem of good and evil. I've been thinking to-day of the valuation of what the world holds dear, the life of luxury and ease, money, fame, and social position, all of which are the small dust in the balance of life. The life that really counts is the honest life that has not been lived for self alone. I want my—" Here his mother, fatigued by the sustained effort of writing, had left the line unfinished.

Out of the dim past, David seemed to hear the gentle voice of his mother; and he listened reverently.

For a long time he sat there, silent and thoughtful. When at last he arose, Aunt Judith was calling up to him that Miss Anne had come back and was waiting in the garden to greet him.

There was a reminiscent note of struggle in David's voice as he answered, "Tell Miss Anne I will be down at once, Mammy."

Then, picking up the will from the floor, David turned with resolute step to join the Squire's sister in the garden.

H. A. H.

THE SENSIBILITY OF ROBERT WARREN, SOPHOMORE.*

FROM R. W.'S COMMONPLACE BOOK, APRIL 29, 1899.

WO things worried me this end-of-April day. One of them worried me a great deal, and no wonder. The other might have worried me a great deal, only I said to myself that I simply would not give way to all the worry that because of it I might easily have allowed myself to luxuriate in.

To be sure, the door-boy at Sage, to whom I gave my card, was a new boy. He hadn't any air of assurance when I, the afternoon caller, asked him most politely, I noticing that he was new: "Miss Craigie, please." He hadn't even a trace of the knowing air that James, I had always noticed, was wont to assume when such requests were put to him. Consequently, it was not with any feeling of disquiet, but rather with a feeling of amusement, that after a prolonged wait in the drawing room I received the new door-boy's hesitating answer: "Miss Craigie is very busy this afternoon. She told me to tell you she was not at home." The very precision of his "was not" would have shown me that the new boy was new, even if, when I handed him my card, I had not noticed that he was very lean, whereas James is very fat. Really it was quite amusing to hear the new boy's ingenuous repetition of Miss Craigie's words.

---

* On leaving the University last year to accept a rather good position on *The Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Warren turned over to one of the MAGAZINE editors, who roomed in the house with him, several old commonplace books with the permission to make free use of anything that might be of general interest. From this material we this month make use of the incident printed herewith.—ED.

It was only when I had reached the middle landing of the steps leading down from Sage that I began to feel uncomfortable and worried. With good reason. Yesterday the same answer had been given me, "Not at home." Even though at that time no ingenuous new boy had been on duty at the door to tell me the probable whole truth that "Miss Craigie is very busy this afternoon," the fact of the matter is, that even yesterday I more than half suspected that Grace was at home and simply didn't care to see me; that she did'nt care to resume, as I had suggested in the note scribbled on my card, the peripatetic English course of last spring. (Miss Craigie is in my English section this year; last year she and I, to make up the lack of a regular university course, did English by ourselves—that is, we took the Varna walk pretty often.) For, back of the yesterday there was the evening before at a professor's wife's reception, when Miss Craigie had bowed icily to me, and thus kept me from talking with her, and back of the night before there was the afternoon before, when she had barely recognized me on the Campus, she dressed up, and going to the Thursday recital, I in my black sweater, and coming from golf. Then still farther back in ancient history there was the morning before, when she had failed to look up as customarily, when we passed at eleven in front of McGraw, she coming from French, I going to Math. And away back in prehistoric times there was that incident that I have yet to tell about. It was clearly a far stretch from this afternoon's coldness to the warmth of the handshake just after her return from her summer vacation, when both of us began to be Sophomores. Surely it was right and proper that when I stopped to think as I reached the middle landing on this sunshiny April day, I should feel worried and dissatisfied.

Yet this was merely child's worry compared with the worry that I might have let myself feel because of the other disquieting incident, to which I've alluded above. Somewhere about the beginning of the spring term, before the

series of freezing incidents suggested just now, and long before my persistent attempts to see Miss Craigie on this April to-day, this end-of-April to-day, it happened one morning that when I was looking among the disordered piles of yellow pads in White I for my own pad I by purest chance cast a moment's glance at GRACE DAY CRAIGIE scrawled in the familiar angular hand and printed in big boyish capitals a dozen times all over the outer cover of a pad almost used up. It was by purest chance, too, that I caught sight of the scribbled query "Which is his glass eye?"

Now, be it known that I, Sophomore in Arts and student in one of Mr.—'s sections in Freshman English, am cross-eyed. Perhaps only a slight cast disfigures my appearance, yet a cast it is, most undeniably. Most undeniably, moreover, such a cast as it is, it is the thorn in my flesh; it is the sore spot in my sensibility. To think that the girl whom once I had thought capable of loving me should scribble for the edification of her fraternity mate, "Which is his glass eye?" Well did I remember, now that I had found the query, the precise moment in class at the preceding recitation when the mirth-evoking question must have been scribbled down. Well did I remember, now that I had a clue, the moment when the modest, self-retiring girl who sat next to my idol had looked from the pad suddenly at me and catching my eye had shone fiery red and even the idol herself had blushed at her own hard-heartedness as she caught my inquiring glance from the seat where I used to watch her instead of looking out of the window or at the cracked gray black-board. Surely this end-of-April day when this particular incident and all the other unpleasantnesses surged through my obstinate head, surely then I might have luxuriated in worry. Surely I might have lost myself in distress the moment when I reached the middle landing in the Sage steps and stopped to think over the new door-boy's "very busy, not at home."

Such it is to have felt oneself in love! I am cured. I

can now copy down with entire *abandon* in this year's book the words that I scribbled in my commonplace book on a bright cold April day just a year ago. I can now with entire *abandon* reveal to you the depths of my sensibility :

FROM R. W.'S COMMONPLACE BOOK, APRIL 29, 1898.

WHAT IS THIS?

Why is it that when I try to read, my thoughts suddenly turn off to something entirely unconnected with the story in my hand? Why is it that I sit scarcely able to breathe, wondering and wondering? Why is it that a bright, flashing eye flits on the page before me, dances and shines in soul-light? Why do I see glances that make me feel the taste of imaginary nectar? Why do I look up and look over and see only that white forehead, that brown rich hair closed in by its archaic netting? Why is it that with this page before me which tells of the cassocked monk in the wintry street of Boston my thoughts will not stay on him and his conversation, even though he talks with his beautiful, his most lovely, his most adorable cousin?

Is this sensation something for which I cannot find a name? Is it that which I have laughingly said, time after time, is only a myth, purely mythical? Is this that "love" which my classmate of earlier years seemed to know? Is it this which was always present in her eyes for one man? Is this that "love" which endureth long and is kind? Is this that "love" which caused friend George to treasure a worthless little lace kerchief long, growing years after *she* was dead? Is this that "love" which I have said over and over was something I should never know, because it was not my nature to love?

Why do these visions of perfect joy flit into my sleeping brain? Just this afternoon I was jokingly making up all sorts of caricaturing proposals merely for the great fun of whisking my mind along unknown fields, or fields known only from my reading. Why did I think it would be a good

subject for a paper before my club to collect the proposals of fiction solely in order that I might make the whole matter ridiculous?

Can it be that only this morning when the walks were hard and slippery, when the sun was rollicking his beams over snowy hill and lake and valley, I was capable of thinking thus cynically of this which now I feel?

What is it that I feel? I haven't done anything since the morning to make this change. To be sure I sat in Chapel and thought, not of the words of the hymns, thought not of the peals of the organ, thought not of the sermon, but only of that face off to the right which I could see sometimes when the man by her side bent back or she bent forward. To be sure, I walked a few steps with her after Chapel. She was walking along slowly, so that I easily had time to pass Charlie and the other fellows and all those girls who weren't she. But is this little walk to be the only rational thing that I can put my finger on and call the cause of this which now I feel?

Oh no. Months have passed since that short winter day of bliss when, starting off for my Christmas vacation, I sat by her side and listened and talked or sat silent thinking only of her, while the train carried us on unconscious of mountains and ice-fringed lakes and gleaming snow reflections. Months, too, have passed since that first happy meeting when we seemed instinctively to spring towards each other in a hearty handshake of jolly *cameraderie*. Yes, all these months this has been maturing. And now I LOVE.

FROM R. W'S COMMONPLACE BOOK, APRIL 30, 1899.

How funny all that frippery nonsense of yesterday, and that still more frippery nonsense of a year ago yesterday, now seems to me after my good eight hours of sound sleep, and my good eight hours of hard work to-day, bohning for Piyute's prelim. and getting up my Mediaeval.

FIVE TALENTS.

EACH faith o'er all the earth that man has held,
Holds something of the truth, some spark of light,
Of noble teaching to illume the night
Of the soul's darkness. From the farthest eld
The voice of Brahma sounds, whose whisper quelled
Brute passions of the ancient time by might
Of mercy ; while the Moslem's creed shows bright
An utter trust ; and reverence eastward dwelled.
Half-lights, it may be, all ; yet one small gleam
Guides wand'rers through dark places—tinted fires.
But we who know a faith as gold to delf
Compared with these, do we that knowledge deem
A trust, meet with obedience his desires,
" Love God, and love thy neighbor as thyself ! "

Georgia Benedict.

FUDGE-MAKING.*

OW, my dear young ladies, I will give you the third of our series of talks about some of the practical experiences of life. In my first, you remember, I discussed fully such important details of toilette as how you should tie your shoestrings, how you should use your curling irons for the best effect, and how you should cut your finger nails. In my second talk, you recollect I spoke of such phrases as are suitable and graceful for various occasions. Now in this talk, I will give you some useful points on fudge-making, which I am sure you will find helpful when you are at your country or seaside home in the summer time.

When you contemplete making fudge for your visitor, be

*One of the weekly talks to the young ladies at Miss Smith's Finishing School, by the Instructor in Etiquette.

sure that he is going to be interested in the process. There is nothing more unsatisfactory than to entertain in this way any man so unsocial as to prefer gazing at the scenery to watching the beautiful bubbles of boiling fudge. Then my first bit of advice is a "Don't". Don't make fudge for a visitor who is not interested in fudge-making.

When the right sort of man does come, ask him to sit in a comfortable chair facing the table and the chafing-dish. Have arranged gracefully before him all the accessories you will need, such as trays and spoons, milk, butter, sugar, and grated chocolate. Have the buttered tins ready in the next room. When you have everything handy, take the alcohol lamp from its holder and ask your visitor to hold it for you while you pour in the alcohol. Pour the alcohol carefully for it seems to disgust men to have a little harmless alcohol spilled on their trousers, or up their coat sleeves. Their interest in fudge-making varies inversely with the amount spilled on them.

Pour into the chafing-dish a large cupful of milk and two large cupfuls of sugar. Ask your visitor to light the lamp underneath. Here, as well as anywhere, I may mention that the best way to keep your visitor interested is to keep him busy. Let him feel that a large share of the responsibility is resting upon his shoulders. Another fact that you should constantly bear in mind is that the visitor is at all times more important than the fudge.

My dear girls, you have got to the point where you have the milk and sugar in the pan with a wide blue flame underneath. Let your visitor stir the liquid, while you from time to time advise him how to handle the spoon. At this stage, the stirring is really of no importance except to keep the visitor busy.

When all is bubbling merrily, put in the grated chocolate. The chocolate might have been put in at first with the milk and sugar, but it is well to save it until there is a gap in the conversation.

You, my young ladies, all know from experience how

the bubbles in the brown mixture grow larger and larger as the fudge becomes done. You all know how the fudge is done when it sticks together in little brown balls as it falls into cold water. When you find it done put in a piece of butter the size of an English walnut, and do not forget a teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Have your visitor turn out the flame while you stir the fudge, for it is important that the stirring be done very rapidly until the mixture begins to harden. When it begins to harden pour it into the buttered tins and, as it becomes hard, cut it into squares.

The fudge itself is after all of very little consequence. The way in which you make it is everything. Fudge-making is one of the dear, delightful, innocent ways by which you girls may entertain your friends. It gives you a chance to show a pleasing domesticity which can never fail to be appreciated. If you have a pretty apron, it gives you a chance to wear it. And what is more in its favor than anything else, it continually furnishes topics of conversation. Then if you fill an old Huyler's candy box with fudge to send to the mother or the sisters of your visitor, you leave a delightful impression of your generosity and thoughtfulness.

Kate A. Cosad.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE PROSE OF EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

MAGAZINE readers of fifteen or twenty years ago may remember E. R. Sill as a contributor of graceful verse or, perchance, of an occasional essay, but to college men and women of to-day even his name is scarcely known. The student, then, who takes up *The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill* (Houghton, Mifflin and Company) will wish to read the *Introduction* that he may see who Sill was and what he did.

The facts of Sill's life are simple enough. After graduating from Yale in '61, a sickly boy of twenty, Sill clerked in a California bank and pondered over what should be his life-work. In '67 he entered the Harvard Divinity School; he stayed here, however, but a few months, for he soon found he could not honestly preach the doctrines of the church. Then, in turn, he was an editor, a teacher, a professor of English Literature in the University of California, and a magazine writer. His death occurred in 1887.

The personality of the man is of much greater interest; it is his personality, indeed, showing forth in his letters and in the forty essays which make up the volume that gives the book the charm it has. Though many of these essays are slight, they turn on a variety of subjects—"Nature", "Literature and Criticism", "Music", "Psychology and Ethics", "Education", and "Life"—and show Sill to have been a thoughtful man of wide reading. Yet it is not his learning that most merits attention, not what he got from others, but rather what he got from the world directly; for he looked upon life with kindly eyes that saw much beauty. Sill is not a great teacher, he preaches no cult, and attacks no system; he will not provoke discussions, and his name may, therefore, be seldom noticed. Yet there will be many who will be glad to know him and to know some of the things of the world as they appeared to his gentle nature.

FÉO.

Most of our romancers tell us stories of unknown lands or of times long past. Not so Max Pemberton. He sees romance in familiar scenes. Titles have a fascination for him, to be sure, and his heroines are conventionally beautiful and his heroes conventionally bold. Yet he can imagine that even in these pale days enough difficulties may arise in way of a marriage between the penniless maiden and her noble lover to make episode follow episode so swiftly that the maiden does not have time to reflect how unusual some of her actions may be. *Féo* (Dodd, Mead & Co.) narrates the troubles of an opera singer, Féo, in marrying Jerome, an Austrian nobleman, troubles due to a villain who, as agent of the nobleman's unsympathetic and wholly inconsiderate father, tries to keep the lovers apart. He fails, of course, and the book ends in the orthodox way, but not until there have been many strange adventures in London and Paris and Vienna. As "hot-weather literature" the book will doubtless sell; certainly it is "easy reading."

HOME NURSING.

Here at Cornell, where illness is welcomed as an invitation to live for a time in the Infirmary, *Home Nursing*, by Eveleen Harrison (The Macmillan Company), may not be in demand. In other places, however, where conditions are normal, the book will be more gladly received. Its distinguishing characteristics are conservatism and good sense. It does not aim to take the place of the physician, nor is it written in behalf of some fad. It merely states the rules followed by the well-trained nurse in caring for the various forms of disease, and advises the simple remedies that one likes to use when a doctor is not needed. An appendix of over twenty pages gives recipes for invalid cooking, and tells what dishes are best suited to alleviate the particular disease.

Arthur L. Andrews.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XII. May, 1900. No. 8.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly during the college year. Subscription price, $1.00, payable in advance; $1.25 after January 1, 1900. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address all books for review and all matter for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief*, 112 Sears St., Ithaca; business communications to the *Business Manager*, 329 E. State St. Printed by Andrus & Church.

Entered at the Post Office, Ithaca, N. Y., as second-class matter.

IT is the intention of the editors to elect the members of next year's board earlier than has hitherto been done. We wish, therefore, to request all those intending to submit manuscript to do so as soon as possible. In view of the changes that may be wrought in the membership of the new board by the consolidation of the MAGAZINE and the *Era*, manuscript from both Juniors and Sophomores will probably be considered in the elections.

Physicians' Directory.

W. H. LOCKERBY, M.D.,

Specialties, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and intubation of the Larynx. Office. 126 E. Seneca St. Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone F 162.

ELMA GRIGGS.

Office and Residence, 109 E. Seneca St. Telephone, 145. Regular hours.

JOHN BEERS HAWES, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence, 12 E. Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 145.

EUGENE BAKER, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. 10 West Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 2 to 4 and 8 to 9 p.m. Telephone connections.

DR. DAVID WHITE,

Hours 1.30 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m. Office, 56 E. State St. Residence 201 Prospect St. Telephone at residence.

EDWARD MEANY, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office over Post Office. Office hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. Telephone, 176 B and 176 F.

CHARLES P. BEAMAN, M.D.,

Office on cor. opposite Post Office. Hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4 and 7-8 p. m. Residence, 506 E. Seneca St. Telephone, residence, 184; office, 184 B. Surgeon to Cornell Football Team.

CHAUNCEY P. BIGGS, M.D.,

Office, Ithaca Trust Co. Building (second floor); residence, 17 E. Buffalo St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.; Sundays, 4 to 5 p. m. Telephone 143 F.

DR. PAUL R. BROWN,

139 E. State St. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 189 F.

JOHN WINSLOW, M.D.,

Office and Residence northwest corner East Seneca and Quarry Sts., always open. Regular hours, 8 a. m., 12 to 4 and 6 to 7.30 p. m. Telephone.

DR. A. B. EADIE,

Homeopathic Physician. Electrical treatment of nervous diseases, weaknesses, rheumatism, piles. Office 126 E. State St. Residence, 33 N. Aurora St. Office hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4, 6-8 p. m.

MARTIN BESEMER, M.D.,

Homeopathist, 133 E. State St. Hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

H. B. BESEMER, M.D.,

Surgeon. 10 to 12 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.

DENTISTS.

DRS. J. B. & F. B. HOWE,

1 and 11 Bates Block, Aurora St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Telephone 18 B.

H. B. HAMILTON,

Dentist.

73 East State Street.

Hours. 9 to 12, 1.30 to 5.

DR. C. J. McCLURE,

Dentist.

Opposite New Ithaca Hotel.

DR. F. M. WILLIS,

ITHACA, N. Y.

With G. W. Melotte, M.D.S., Wilgus Building.

DR. G. W. HOYSRADT,

Dentist. 115 and 117 North Cayuga Street, opp. Clinton House.

DR. FOWLER,

Titus Block,

West State Street.

All Branches of Dentistry.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

THE ALBERT TEACHERS' AGENCY,

Central Music Hall, Chicago. Established fourteen years. We have frequent opportunities of filling sudden and unexpected vacancies at this time of the year. Address C. J. Albert, Manager.

IF you are a teacher seeking advancement and worthy of it, or if you have had no experience but want to be a teacher, and if you know how many places the School Bulletin Agency filled, and how it filled them, you would register in it, and keep registered. Illustrations and testimonials sent on application.

C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1900

Sunday Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. Leave Ithaca at 12.15 noon, and 9.30 p. m. Arrive at Ithaca, 7 a. m., and 5.10 p. m.

SOME DANTE TREASURES UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

CORNELL MAGAZINE

THE GROWTH AND IMPORTANCE OF THE CORNELL DANTE COLLECTION.

IN May, 1894, when Professor Crane gave in the CORNELL MAGAZINE some account of the Dante Collection which in the preceding year Mr. Willard Fiske had brought together and presented to Cornell University, the bound volumes on the shelves numbered about 3,000,—certainly a very remarkable number of works on one author to be gathered in so short a time. A finding-list was then in course of preparation. Today the collection numbers nearly 7,000 separately bound volumes and there is about to be published an annotated bibliographical catalogue in two large octavo volumes, each of three hundred closely printed two-column pages. By the publication of its catalogue this collection will be made useful to the students of the country at large.

It is difficult to give the reader who has not delved into the literature of Dante an adequate idea of the size and richness of the Fiske Collection. Its book-plate aptly styles it as a "biblioteca dantesca." It is indeed a veritable library in itself and one of no mean size. Perhaps the statement that the manuscript card catalogue covered more than 25,000 library cards of the regulation size (3 x 5 inches) will convey some idea as to the extent of the collection and the amount of work required to catalogue it on the rather minute and laborious plan adopted some four years ago. Of the Italian text of the Divina Commedia, complete and

incomplete, there are some 460 editions in this collection, exclusive of those entered under "Selections" and omitting also most of the texts contained in works about Dante. Translations of Dante's masterpiece by 303 different hands and into twenty-five languages and eleven dialects of Italy are found here. The best argument for this multitude of translations is that given on the title-page of Bridel's letter on the manner of translating Dante: "Duo dum faciunt idem, non est idem." "Plus on étudie le Dante," says M. Mesnard in the preface to his own translation, "plus on admire la puissance de son génie; et, à mesure qu'on l'admire davantage, la séduction devient plus forte de reproduire, dans un autre idiome, les beautés, encore si neuves, de la Divine Comédie. Toute version, paraît incomplète, infidèle, et chacun porte en soi, selon sa manière de sentir, le besoin d'une traduction nouvelle." It would seem useless to hope for a final translation of a foreign classic into any of the living tongues.

Many happy circumstances united to enable Mr. Fiske to amass this wonderful collection. Chief among these were his long experience both as a librarian and as a private collector, his residence of many years in Italy with frequent trips to the various European book-marts, his knowledge of the best methods of hunting down rare books and his ability to pay for them, all combined with a systematic and enthusiastic devotion to the work. A striking illustration of the completeness of his collection is the number of forms in which many of the articles on Dante are to be had. Frequently you will find there a particular magazine article extracted bodily from the number in which it appeared, then a separate reprint, "deprint," "Abdruck," or whatever you prefer to call it, and if the article has been included in any of the author's collected writings you may generally count upon Mr. Fiske's having secured the volume in question. Still further, if it has been translated into some other language, the translation has been sought out and usually secured. And where the quest for any of these

later forms has failed, the cataloguer has taken upon himself the task of noting that such a reprint or translation of a particular work has been published, thus filling out the bibliographical history of the various items as far as practicable. Another remarkable thing about the collection is the enormous number of clippings preserved in scrap-books. They have been cut from magazines and newspapers and embrace original articles, reviews and polemics, running sometimes through half a dozen numbers of a periodical. Both the scrap-books and their pages being numbered, these clippings are as easily catalogued and as accessible as if they were lengthy articles, separately bound, with distinct shelf-numbers. Then, too, there are portfolios of various sizes for loose portraits of Dante and illustrations to his works, a photograph album for Italian views associated with Dante's memory, and letter-books for the preservation of general correspondence connected with the making of the collection. That the books were brought together by an enthusiastic collector is evidenced by the remarkably large number of autograph copies, to say nothing of inserted letters from the authors. These letters contain much information which had not yet found its way into the bibliographies; they have frequently been drawn upon in making the catalogue of the collection.

The aim of the Cornell Dante Catalogue is necessarily bibliographical rather than critical. Yet by means of the notes quoted from various authoritative writers, and by referring to the numerous reviews entered under the books, one can easily arrive at the received estimate of a work of any importance. The cataloguer's business was to enter everything which came to him bearing in any way on Dante. Those who think like the reviewer of Petzholdt's "Bibliographia dantea" in the *Athenæum* for Sept. 13, 1880, that a work "On the Syntax and Style of the Predecessors of Dante" has but little more right to an entry in a Dante bibliography than Southey's "Doctor" to a place in a medical library, can find much to cavil at in the breadth of sub-

jects covered in this collection. Those, however, who have had much to do with Dante literature know how diverse are the questions which have grown up both about him and his work, how as the foremost representative of his time he is again and again singled out for analysis as the embodiment of mediæval thought on the greatest variety of topics. As far back as the sixteenth century the universality of the subjects into the service of which Dante had been pressed for purposes of elucidation and illustration was epitomized by Benedetto Varchi in his remark : "Dicendo Dante, mi pare, insieme con questo nome, dire ogni cosa." Florentine chronicles and histories, manuals of Italian literature and miscellaneous material illustrating Dante's life and themes are included in this collection. Dante has been rightly spoken of as one of the three most elastic subjects,—the other two being the Bible and man's conscience.

The value of much of the bibliographical work that has been done on Dante by Italians and Germans has been lessened by the inexcusable practice of translating and even paraphrasing the titles of books in languages foreign to the compiler.* The aim of the Cornell Catalogue is to give the titles as they are found on the books themselves, no matter whether they be in Hungarian, Polish, Russian, Slovenian, or some other language with which the cataloguer can hardly be expected to be on terms of easiest familiarity. The quaint and obsolete spelling of the older books is retained, and, whatever has been added to the titles by the cataloguer is

*This is true, for example, of the "Bibliografia alfabetica" in Scartazzini's "Dante in Germania," 1881-83, and of Jaccarino's "Biblioteca dantesca," 1893, where all the German titles are translated into Italian. In the latter work we also find Miss Sayer's translation of the "Banquet" (Il Convito) entered as the "Bouquet" of Dante Alighieri, Hasenclever becomes Balenclever, Kopisch becomes Hopisch, etc. How can one use such a catalogue as a check list? It requires either an extraordinary ability at guessing the real names of the authors, or a perfect familiarity with the bibliography of the subject, and in any case an inordinate amount of patience.

bracketed and in English. It is hoped that the pains taken with the proof-reading of the Cornell Catalogue have reduced the number of inaccurate transcriptions to a minimum. I know how annoying it is to find English titles recorded as carelessly as they are in Ferrazzi's "Manuale dantesco." I trust that Italians will not meet with the same annoyance in consulting Italian titles in my work.

Some students of Dante have felt that the presence of a large collection of books on the subject was a check on investigation (or at least on the publication of their own views about this or that matter) and so defeated its own ends. "One sometimes asks one's self, in moments of despondency," says Mr. Irving Babbitt in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March 1897, "whether the main achievement of the nineteenth century will not have been to accumulate a mass of machinery that will break the twentieth century's back. The Harvard College library already contains, for the special study of Dante alone, over eighteen hundred volumes;* about three-fourths of which, it may be remarked in passing, are nearly or quite worthless, and only tend to the confusion of good counsel. Merely to master the special apparatus for the study of Dante and his times, the student, if he conforms to the standard set for the modern specialist, will run the risk of losing his intellectual symmetry and sense of proportion, precisely the qualities of which he will stand most in need for the higher interpretation of Dante." The

* The Harvard Dante Collection must now number in the neighborhood of 2,500 volumes. It is unfair to compare the Harvard and Cornell Collections by their respective volume numbers, inasmuch as Harvard has been in the habit of binding together a number of pamphlets by one author or on one topic, while in the Fiske Collection the great majority of the items are bound separately, no matter what their size. Moreover, many volumes of miscellaneous essays and the like, bought by Mr. Fiske because they contained something on Dante, have been placed on the Cornell Dante shelves, while the same volumes at Harvard might be found scattered throughout the library according as to where they best fitted into the general scheme of classification in vogue at that institution.

position here taken is somewhat akin to that of the Italian priest, Matteo Romani, who in his 1864 edition of the Commedia remarked "che per correggere la Divina Commedia non occorrono testi, ma teste." But only by fresh and continual expounding of Dante can we bring him to the attention of the ever changing reading public. What are the majority of books on Aristotle and Plato but rehabilitations of time-worn facts? Yet these old truths, when dressed up anew, reach a new audience of people who might otherwise remain totally unacquainted with them. Many of the books in the Fiske Collection have undoubtedly had their day, and having served their purpose, great or humble as it may have been, are now of value only as records of the methods of interpreting Dante to previous generations. Other items in abundance are but bibliographical curiosities, serving only to elucidate the literary history of some expounder of Dante, or the fortune of Dante's own works in the world of type and paper.

If it were true that great bibliographical collections are but bewildering to the student, then the British Museum, the storehouse of some of the greatest collections in the world, should form the most confusing of literary workshops. But in how many authors' prefaces have we seen the opposite testimony! Hundreds of scholars have gladly paid their tribute to the wise and generous management of the English national depository of books from which they have received the greatest benefit, indeed without the enjoyment of which they would have been compelled to hunt in dozens of scattered libraries for the literature of their various subjects and even then would have missed the priceless advantage of having had the works simultaneously at hand, to compare and weigh them one against another. The truth is that the *great* library is a source of joy or of despair according as to how the investigator is disposed toward his work. If he is a man of vitality and discriminating powers he will not be daunted by the presence of the proportionately large part of the literature of his

A CORNER OF THE DANTE ALCOVE

subject which he never hopes nor wants to look into; he will know how to choose his reading and will be able to separate the wheat from the chaff without threshing the whole stack. If, on the contrary, he does not know exactly what he wants, or is in doubt as to how to go about his investigations, then he had better do his reading in some small library in which the books have been collected of necessity on some eclectic or critical principle. Some readers will never learn to distinguish for themselves the useless from the valuable, the sentimental and æsthetical outpourings of a dilettante from the results of scholarship and critical research.

Illustrating this brief article about the collection will be found two views of corners in the library stack where the books are housed. These illustrations will give some idea of what I have tried to do to relieve the harshness of iron floors and fire-proof construction. When I first assumed charge of the collection it seemed to me rather a pity that books having such a claim on lovers of literature and art should have such dismally bare surroundings. There was no inviting place near the books themselves where the visitor to the collection could consult them and keep in touch with anything poetical. There was a prosaic lack of any indication of the presence of this wealth of material on one of the great world poets. The collection suffered for the want of such accommodations as those given to the books of Ex-President White. No separate room was available for the Fiske Collection, and, moreover, its classification as one division of Italian literature almost necessitated its being kept near the general subject of Romance literature. So, making the best of these circumstances, I thought of hanging a few portraits of Dante on the walls of the stack and at the ends of the book-presses. Then I added a few portrait busts and reproductions of some of the more interesting pictures inspired by Dante's life and works. The acquisition of Hollyer's fine platinotype copies of the paintings by Rossetti made me question the advisability of

putting them away in portfolios where they would be rarely seen; and so they were added to the collection of framed pictures. Eventually the latter included fifty-six pieces. A visitor to the library, whose pictorial ideas concerning Dante had apparently been derived from Doré's illustrations to the Inferno, admired these illustrations of a very different kind and remarked: "Why, I always thought Dante pictures were terrible, but these are not at all so!" For the benefit of such visitors I have compiled a hand-list of these framed portraits and pictures, giving in guide-book style some elementary information about the originals and the episodes upon which they are based.

It is, of course, to be understood that this is not a representative collection of art about Dante. Many things which I should like to have seen on the walls were not procurable in the form of separate reproductions suitable for framing. Botticelli, for example, ought certainly to be found in a collection aiming to give a fair representation of the "poetical in art" about Dante. But although Botticelli's drawings have been excellently reproduced, they are not to be had singly. The entire series can be found in portfolio and book form on the shelves of the Fiske Collection. The catalogue of the latter contains an appendix of some thirty pages on the general subject of Iconography. Besides lists of reproductions of portraits and pictorial illustrations, this division also enumerates examples of "Sculpture relating to Dante," "Monuments and Statues," "Early Italian Art as illustrative of the Divina Commedia," and "Reproductions from Manuscripts." The resources of the entire University Library have been drawn upon for the enrichment of these lists.

Unless kept up to date such special collections always deteriorate in usefulness. People will continue to write on Dante notwithstanding the wishes of collectors and cataloguers who are trying in vain to keep up with the subject. Readers and students will continue to want the latest word on this as on other topics. And so the mere possession of

such a treasure as Cornell has in its Dante Collection carries with it the responsibility of giving it attention and fostering care. But above all, the presence of these books should have a practical result in furthering the study of Dante and Italian literature at Cornell University. I not only believe that there is a healthy interest in Dante among the students and residents of Ithaca, but I also think that if properly stimulated this interest will be greatly increased by the presence of the superb Fiske Collection. Encouragement should be given to the study of Dante by yearly lectures, such as have been given for a dozen years or more at University College, London, and within the past few years at Florence and Milan under the auspices of the young and active Società Dantesca Italiana. Oxford not only has its Dante Society but can also claim for its own the profound scholar, Dr. Edward Moore, who has done so much for the more serious study of Dante in England. Recently the Dante Society of London has held public meetings for the discussion of questions connected with the subject, and under its auspices some of the foremost English students of Dante have given addresses. The English University Extension Society, through its most able and competent lecturer the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed, has aroused a wide-spread interest in Dante by numerous courses of lectures given throughout England. The American University Extension Society has within the last year instituted a course of six lectures on the Divine Comedy, given by Prof. E. H. Griggs. The latter might well be invited to give these lectures at Cornell. Another year, perhaps, Prof. L. Oscar Kuhns of Wesleyan University, an enthusiastic student of Dante, might be prevailed upon to address an Ithaca audience. It is to be regretted that the dean of all American students of Dante, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard, has already so many claims upon his time that, owing to the distance of Ithaca from Cambridge, we can hardly hope to be favored with a hearing of his lectures on Dante delivered on the Turnbull foundation at Johns Hopkins University.

It is interesting in this connection to read the quaint memorial addressed to the priors of Florence, half a century after the death of Dante, petitioning for the establishment of the chair to which Boccaccio was the first to be appointed. The document, dated August 21, 1373, begins thus: "In behalf of many citizens of the city of Florence, desirous as much for themselves as for other citizens aspiring to virtues, as well as for their children and descendants, to be instructed in the book of Dante,—alike for the resulting disinclination towards vice and the acquisition of virtue,—they respectfully petition your excellencies to deign to provide, as you may elect, one worthy and learned man, well-informed in the knowledge of this kind of poetry, for such time as you will, not more than one year, to read in the city to all who may wish to hear, the book which is popularly called The Dante."

It might be well for Cornellians and Ithacans similarly interested in Dante to petition the University Trustees to provide for some public exposition of the poet's life and work. The experiment need not be costly and if unsuccessful could be readily discontinued. The University now owns much suitable material for an interesting and instructive Dante exhibit which might be held during the term of the lectures. Such an exhibit would make the undergraduates more familiar with the collection than can be ordinarily expected when these treasures are stored away in a stack to which they do not have access.

Theodore Wesley Koch.

THE QUATORZIÉNE.*

EOFFREY BANWELL, son of Simon Banwell, guardian of Wychwood Forest, if the time-dimmed entry on the parish register at Shipton has been accurately deciphered, was at the time of this adventure only one and twenty ; yet, since leaving the cloisters of Malvern Priory, he had experienced far more dangers, and had been the recipient of far more kingly favors than generally fall to the youth of humble origin. After leaving the priory, he had entered the King's service as Master of Archery, and had risen to the rank of captain. For five years he had been a prisoner in France. On his return, his handsome face, pleasant address, and ready command of French had attracted the attention of his royal master, who had elevated him to the enviable position of under-secretary attached to the king's person.

Thus it came about that he arrived in Paris one afternoon, entrusted with a delicate mission, and secured lodgings at Saint Merceau, some distance from the Cité. Before venturing out again, he had considered it prudent to assume the garb and tonsure of a mendicant friar, for Paris, at this time, was the stronghold of the Burgundians, and his position demanded that he should swear allegiance to neither of the rival parties.

---

*[No house in Paris bears the No. 13, and in that city the Quatorziénes are recognized persons in society who hold themselves in readiness to be invited to any dinner which otherwise would have the fatal thirteen at the festal board. The thirteen superstition, briefly stated, is that if thirteen persons, either by accident or design, dine together at the same table one will die within a year. Its origin has been traced back to the old Norse mythology, in which occurs the story of the gods sitting down to a feast with Loké in the Valhalla. Baldur was the thirteenth at the table, and had to die.]

Origin of the "Thirteen" Superstition. . . . J. R. Abarbanell. . . Belford's.

When poor, irresponsible Charles VI. ascended the throne of France, he found the country disorganized by two warring factions. The great princes and nobles of the land were arrayed either on the side of the Duke of Burgundy, or of the Duke of Orleans, whose followers had taken the name of D'Armagnac from Bonne D'Armagnac, who had married Charles of Orleans.

The Burgundians had the advantage of the struggle, since they held Paris, the center of the conflict. The D'Armagnacs had asked Henry V. of England to aid them, promising as payment for his services all the cities, castles, and baliwicks that they still held in Guienne and Poitou. Before pledging himself to either party, Henry was desirous of knowing the strength and status of both parties ; and he was, even at this time, planning an invasion of France to claim the crown.

The sun had gone down and the candles were being lighted in the neighboring wine-shops as Geoffrey came out of his lodgings and descended the street toward the Cité. A cold wind that penetrated his thin cowl and chilled his closely-shaven head was blowing from the north. The streets were filled with a merry, jostling throng of artisans going home from work, students from the university, law-clerks, and apprentice butchers, all wearing the badge of the allies of the House of Burgundy.

As Geoffrey turned down a side lane to avoid the maudlin sallies of this rollicking company who had evidently already indulged in a round or two at the wine-shops, he heard a shrill voice calling to him from the upper window of a house that lay at the foot of the lane.

On approaching the doorway, he discovered in the light of a flickering cresset a battered sign suspended from a carved, projecting beam. On the sign was a rude painting of a masque, and this curious inscription :

GILLES MASCARD, QUATORZIÉNE,
Ne donnez pas à treize
On mourra avant la Saint Michel.

"Who is it that calls me?" Geoffrey demanded, advancing cautiously into the dark entrance-way, and standing hesitatingly at the foot of the stairs.

"Ascend, good father, I pray you. In Heaven's name, don't delay," implored the voice. As his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the passage way, he saw crouched at the top of the landing the gaunt form of an old woman.

Without further hesitation, Geoffrey leaped up the narrow stairs, and followed the old woman along the corridor to a small back chamber under the eaves.

In the meagre light of a single candle he saw lying on a pallet an old man, whose emaciated face, covered with a tangled mass of white beard, was turned toward him with a feeble smile of welcome.

The room in which Geoffrey found himself was hung with torn and faded tapestries, the cast-off furnishings of some baronial hall. Suspended upon pegs were dusty trappings, gay robes, and the miscellaneous properties of the mystery. Even the pallet upon which the sick man lay was ornamented with silver, gilt and scarlet fringe. It had served evidently as the throne of some stage dignitary.

"My good man, what would you of me?" said Geoffrey gently, approaching the pallet.

"Good father, I'm not long for this world—I'm dying, they tell me." The old man's breath came with difficulty. "If you've not come to mock me—oh—forgive me good father—Celeste went to Father Ambrose to-day. He would not see me. He denied me the sacrament. Why, you ask? Because I'm only a poor player, a harlequin, outside the pale of the Church. Father, you're young—you'll have mercy!" Exhausted with the effort of speaking, the dying player sank back upon the pallet motionless, yet scanning anxiously the younger man's face.

"Comfort yourself, my good man," said Geoffrey quickly. "It shall be as you wish. Even though it is against the express commands of the Church, I must obey the voice of a

yet higher authority within me—the voice of my conscience.'' His words reflected something of that mental revolt against the arbitrary regulations of the Church which had caused him to leave the Priory. Then he sank upon his knees before the pallet, and prayed long and fervently for the repose of the soul of Gilles Mascard. When he arose he found the soul of the player had already taken flight.

As he stood looking at the old man's peaceful face he heard the clatter of hoofs in the lane. Someone rode up to the door, alighted with a jingle of spurs, and knocked impatiently with a mailed hand.

Geoffrey turned enquiringly toward the place where the old woman had been standing. She had disappeared, probably frightened at the dread presence of death.

''Ho there ! Gilles Mascard,'' hailed the person at the the door.

Geoffrey went along the corridor and called down to the retainer, who stood thumping the stock of his lance against the door-sill. ''What wouldst you with Gilles Mascard, friend ?''

''Pon my soul, Gilles Mascard, I've been made to stand too long outside this magpie den of yours. Master John de Troyes will have your service and entertainment at Hôtel de Troyes at once. He dines with thirteen—a rare opportunity for your mummery, I tak't,'' scolded the retainer, putting his foot in the stirrup.

''Tell Master John—'' Geoffrey was about to announce the death of the Quatorziéne, but a hazardous scheme suddenly flashing through his mind, he said instead, ''My compliments to Master John. I will wait upon his wishes.''

Geoffrey hurried to the death chamber. The old woman had not returned. He stepped into the corridor and called her name. There was no reply. He heard only the sound of the wind in the trees of the courtyard and the distant cry of the watch going his rounds.

To change his friar's garb for crimson and yellow hose, a green taffeta doublet, and a cap with bells, which he found

on one of the pegs, was the work of but a moment. The addition of a false beard made his disguise complete. Inside his doublet he thrust his credentials to Count Bernard, and, throwing a cloak about him, he set out for the Hôtel de Troyes.

The great rectangular hall of the Hôtel de Troyes, on this particular evening in March, 1415, was filled with the bustle of maids and serving men intent on preparing for a great feast. On a dais, at one end of the hall, they were setting a small table for the honored guests, and below, a larger table for the retainers of the houses of Thibert, Legoix, and St. Yons, leaders of the guild of butchers. On one side of the room, an enormous buffet was piled with confections, fruits and pasties ; on the opposite side, in the embrasures of the windows that overlooked the court, attendants were hoisting great tuns of Pomard and Auxerre. At the farther end of the hall from the dais, a staircase of black oak led to a gallery, which entirely surrounded the hall.

In an alcove opening off this gallery, a young man and a young woman were seated before the blaze of a yawning fire-place. The young woman was dressed in a long, fur-trimmed mantle of red, which set forth to best advantage the maidenly graces of her form. A lace kerchief thrown carelessly about her shoulders did not conceal the subtle curves of her finely arched neck. On her head she wore a velvet cap, from which escaped a wild confusion of golden hair, giving to her pretty face a jaunty air. The young man, who was reading to her a poem from manuscript, had the pale, intellectual face of a scholar, and was dressed in a somewhat threadbare suit of black serge. The young girl was Diane de Troyes ; her companion was Raoul Montessan, her cousin, and a student at the University.

"Do you approve of that last couplet, cousin?" said Raoul, looking up from his reading.

Diane started. "Ah—I crave your pardon, Cousin Raoul, but my thoughts were far away," she said.

The sentiment of the poem had awakened in her mind the memory of a song she had heard at Calais. It was a song of the unfolding of spring, of the plaintive song of the ousel-cock, of the brook coursing over the stones, and of the two English lovers wandering together down the primrose way of life. He had called her his primrose, that handsome English archer. Had he thought her only a child, or did he really care for her and would he come back to France as he had promised ?

"Will you let me share your pleasant thoughts, cousin ?" said Raoul, a trifle piqued.

Without answering him, Diane motioned him to be silent. Was she dreaming ? From the hall below floated the melody that had been lingering in her mind. The words were French ; yet the voice was the same. Could it be ? Had he really kept his promise ?

Hastening to the balcony, she looked down upon the throng of retainers crowding about the singer with shouts of approval.

"What miracle hast given thee a voice like a chorister, Gilles Mascard ?" cried a sergeant-at-law, thumping the singer on the back.

As the singer faced about to answer, Diane caught sight of the white beard of the Quatorziéne. What miraculous power could have endowed this decrepit old player with the voice of another ?

"More ! More ! Give us the song from the Mystery ! Give us the Triumph of Love !" the retainers cried.

"Valiant followers of the fortunes of the House of Burgundy, we will have the song from the Mystery later," said Master John, rising in his place. "Let us first drink confusion to our enemies. Drink it, friends, in the products of their own vineyards of Pomard and Auxerre. Come forward to the dais, Gilles." The cold perspiration came to Geoffrey's brow as he slowly approached the thirteen leaders of the corporation of butchers. He had never heard of the song from the Mystery.

"Confusion to the Dukes of Berry, Orleans, and Brittany!" cried Jaboche St. Yons in a voice that made the very rafters tremble.

While the toast was being drunk, loud cries sounded at the hall's entrance, and breaking away from the men-at-arms that attempted to restrain her, an old woman hurried toward the dais.

"What! Mother Celeste!" exclaimed the company in astonishment.

"To arms! Master John de Troyes. There is some dastardly plot on foot to burn the Cité. A moment ago, passing the Hôtel Dieu shambles, I came upon the incendiary setting fire to the north wing of the cattle sheds. Get thee to the Cité, I say," the old woman cried.

"By the devil's mercy, another vile D'Armagnac plot. Rally, men, at the shambles! You, Jehan Kobus, ring the tocsin at Notre Dame," stormed Guillaume Legoix, buckling on his sword and preparing to follow his men.

In the confusion that followed her words, Celeste had not perceived Geoffrey; but turning in the direction of Legoix, she saw him sitting at the table. With a wild scream of rage and triumph, she dashed at him, precipitating him to to the floor; and, before he could make any move to prevent her, she had torn the beard and cap from his face.

"There he is. There is one of them. There is the cursed D'Armagnac spy," she cried exultingly, waving some papers in Geoffrey's face as he arose painfully to his feet. He thrust his hand into his doublet. His credentials to Count Bernard were gone.

He looked about him; there was no avenue of escape; on all sides were the fierce eyes of the retainers.

"By the rood, Celeste, your old eyes have served us a good turn," said Master John, glancing hastily at Geoffrey's credentials. "How now, my English fox, what brings you skulking here? Who are you?"

"By the grace of God and special favor of my royal master, Henry V. of England, special envoy to Count Ber-

nard D'Armagnac.'' Then seeing the dangerous look on the faces of men about him, he continued, ''Look to it well, sire, that I suffer no injury under your hand, lest you answer for it to my royal master. You have not forgotten the 'gray goose shafts' that shattered your lines at Crécy and Poitiérs.''

''By Heaven, think you to frighten me with empty threats? Here, Ranulph Dormeil, search this fellow carefully, and throw him into the dungeon. He will swing from the gibbet for this, and before many hours, too, I promise you. Come on men, five hundred livres parasis to the man who brings me a D'Armagnac, dead or alive,'' and Master John strode toward the door, the veins in his neck swelling with rage at Geoffrey's taunt.

At the mention of the gibbet, Diane, who had been watching with breathless excitement, gave a startled cry of terror; for there came before her mental vision the horrors of Montfaucon, with its gibbeted dead. Impelled by the thought of her lover's peril and disregarding Raoul's restraining hand, she hurried down the staircase to the hall; but before she could reach the entrance, her uncle and his men had gone and the great door had closed behind them.

''Cousin—cousin Diane, you are ill!'' said Raoul, running down the stairs to Diane, who was leaning against the carved newel-post, pale and trembling.

''No, no, cousin, I shall recover presently. Will you be so kind as to help me to my chamber?'' Diane answered flushing at the thought of having betrayed the secret of her heart.

Geoffrey, meanwhile, after being thoroughly searched by the marshall of the hall, was led by his guards down a flight of stairs, along a damp corridor, and pushed unceremoniously into a cell lighted by a single grated window.

As the guards turned to go, one of them put into his hand a loaf of black bread and a jar of water. ''A poor devil should at least have the small pleasnre of going to death with a full stomach,'' he said, not unkindly, as he shut the door and drew the bolts.

Geoffrey had faced dangers innumerable on sea and land, but to die like a knave made him desperate. He groped forward to examine his cell; as he did so, his foot struck something living which uttered a low angry snarl, like a hungry animal disturbed in the enjoyment of prey. Geoffrey started back, every muscle tense and alert in the expectation of attack. Suddenly the object moved into a beam of moonlight. It was not an animal, but a man. In his hand he held a bone which he was gnawing ravenously. His hair and beard were long and matted, his eyes wild and staring.

"Who are you, friend?" Geoffrey demanded. There was no reply. Geoffrey drew nearer; the man wore the livery of D'Armagnac.

"Friend, are you in the service of Count Bernard?" Geoffrey ventured again.

Again there was no answer. Believing the man had gone mad from long imprisonment, Geoffrey returned to a dark corner of the cell to watch him. For hours Geoffrey sat there, thinking, planning, yet not daring to hope. He was just falling into a troubled sleep, when he thought he heard his name called.

"Who calls me?" he asked, believing that he had been dreaming.

"Geoffrey, Geoffrey, come here to the wicket," said a voice, the sound of which brought him to his feet.

"Diane! *Ma petite primevére!*" His heart gave a throb.

"Sh—*mon capitaine.* We are not alone?"

"Have no fear, it is only another poor unfortunate like myself," rejoined Geoffrey reassuringly. "Diane, this is a happy moment for me, yet I fear—"

"Yes, yes, I know all. Listen to me, for there is yet hope. Underneath your cell a secret passage leads to the buttery hatch. You have only to lift one of the stones. Hark! they are coming back from the Cité. It is the stone with the ring. Take this taper and this dagger. With it you can loosen the stone—the rest is easy."

"Diane, my good angel," he cried passionately, but she would not listen.

"Adieu, adieu, *mon capitaine.* May the saints protect you!" she said, and hurried away.

Geoffrey's heart welled up with emotion as the sound of her light footsteps was lost in the distance. Every fibre of his being was tremulous with feeling. A few hours ago he had despaired. Now he was to live!

There was no time to be lost; his guards might return for him at any moment. By the aid of the taper he soon discovered the stone and grasping the iron ring he tugged at it with all his might. It did not yield an inch.

Rushing to his fellow-prisoner, who was now asleep, he shook him roughly. "Wake up! Wake up!" he whispered hoarsely. "Life—freedom!" The man sat up for a moment, blinking at the feeble light; then, with an impatient grunt, he turned again to the shadow. Almost bursting with vexation, Geoffrey began digging with the dagger. Again he grasped the ring and bent his back to the task. This time his effort told; the stone lifted, revealing a narrow passage below.

For a moment he hesitated. He could not think of leaving the D'Armagnac to such a fate. He dragged the man to the mouth of the hole. "Look, knave, here is freedom —freedom, I say," and pointed down the passage. A feeble gleam of intelligence flashed over the pinched face. "This way," said Geoffrey, dropping lightly to the floor of the passage, and leading the way with the taper.

After some minutes of tedious crawling, they came to the iron door opening into the buttery hatch. Geoffrey cautioned his companion to be quiet, and pushed open the noisy door; then he waited, fearing the sound had alarmed the porter. The streets were silent and deserted. Plucking his companion by the sleeve, he motioned him to follow.

Once in the street, Geoffrey again hesitated, at loss which way to turn, when, suddenly, a cloaked figure approached him from the shadow of a doorway. Geoffrey clutched his dagger.

"Geoffrey, you are safe ! God be praised." It was Diane.

"It is to you, my good angel, that I owe my life," said Geoffrey drawing her toward him and tenderly kissing her white forehead. "But, Diane, I must not keep you here. You must hurry back to the Hôtel before they find you gone."

"Forgive me, *mon capitaine*, but I—I could not let you go away without—two years is such a long time."

"Yes, two years is a long time, little one. There are many changes—."

"But your heart, *mon capitaine ?*"

"*Votre capitaine t'aime toujours !* Come, little one, you must go," he said firmly, then in a softer voice he added, "Do you see that flag up there on the flag-staff of the Constable's palace, Diane? Not many months from now *ma primevére*, the royal banner of England will be waving up there. Then, Diane, we shall meet never to part."

In 1420, the *States General* of the realm was convened at Paris, and Henry V. of England was declared the future sovereign of France ; but Geoffrey's prophecy made in all the confidence of exultant youth was realized only in part.

Below the entry of his birth on the parish register, there read another entry in a feminine hand :

Mortuus · est · in · pugna · Agincourt · die sexto · anti · Kalendas · Novembris · MCCCCXV · dum · Regales · Sagittaras · fortiter · ducebat · Laus Deo · qui · victoriam · dat !

H. A. H.

THE WAY OF IT.

IME: the first of September. Scene: one of the countless wooded islands of the St. Lawrence. Through the trees gleamed soft lights. A sound of music drifted out across the silent river. Now and then a boat would glide from the little boat-house, shoot out into the moonlight and disappear again in the shadows. It was a birthday celebration—the music, the lights, the laughter, all were in commemoration of the nineteenth birthday of Betty Carrol.

That young lady herself was standing alone on the dark veranda, looking out over the river, a thoughtful expression in her bright eyes. The incongruity of her solitude amused her and drove away the momentary seriousness. The discovery that must come soon lent excitement to the situation. She drew back against the rough wall of the house and gathered her white skirts closely about her. So well was she concealed that a young man, hurrying by, had quite passed before he noticed her. He felt her presence more than he perceived it.

"Well—I've been hunting for you all over. A nice trick to play your friends—and this the last night!"

Betty came out into the light. "I was tired of dancing. Besides, I wanted to see who would hunt for me first."

"And now that the honor is mine?"

Betty laughed. "And now? Do you want me to dance?" quizzically.

"No—I am as tired of it as you are. Shall we take a boat?"

Betty looked longingly at the river. "Dear old river," she said softly. "Let's take the Sybil. It's the last chance, you know."

She glanced hurriedly over her shoulder at the house. The people were still dancing. White figures whirled by

the windows, white figures silhouetted against the black dress of the men.

"We'll be discovered if we linger," whispered Newbrook. "Let's run." With girlish impulsiveness she slipped her hand into his and ran lightly down the steps. It was not the first time they had raced like this to the boat-house; not the first time they had stolen away from the others and drifted over the river in the Sybil.

Philip Newbrook had become what might be called *blasé* very young in life. He had tired of almost every outing place; his one desire was to be somewhere where he could sleep and smoke a great deal. So when just before college closed for the summer vacation, Bob Carrol had invited him to spend August on the river, he accepted with surprising alacrity and came promptly on the first day of the month. He found some other college men in the party, some pretty girls, good boats, good fishing, good beds, good tobacco—and he was happy. He slept and smoked for a week. Then he opened his eyes and looked around. He discovered several things. First, that Bob Carrol's little sister Betty was a splendid girl and would make a splendid woman; second, that he was apparently the object of interest in the household. Newbrook was frank with himself. He knew he was a fine-looking fellow; he knew that his splendid build attracted notice and admiration everywhere. He considered these facts most philosophically, as characteristics which he could help no more than he could help the color of his eyes or his hair.

A more perfect night could not have been found than this September evening. Every star in the heavens was reflected in the dark smooth water, and the moon trailed after it a shimmering path of silver. Across the bay twinkled the lights of the Crossman House, and Thousand Island Hotel was outlined against the sky in a blaze of electric lights Now and then a faint sound of music would come on the wind and mingle with the dreamy waltzes at the house. The drowsy stillness of the air was broken by the shrill far-

away salute of some boat, or the throbbing of the engine of some yacht.

Betty sat in the stern of the Sybil, her face turned toward the moonlight; Newbrook sat opposite, his hand on the wheel. He was looking hard at Betty, and thinking some curious thoughts.

"Isn't it dreadful to be so old?" It was she who broke the silence.

"Dreadful—" in surprise. To him she seemed to be just blossoming into a perfect woman.

"Yes, I am afraid. I'd rather stay young—and up here. I don't want to go back to the city—grown up."

"Well! you are a strange child. You'll change your mind—they all do. You'll come out; you'll receive scores of invitations and boxes of flowers; everyone will talk about you. Then the next year you'll have two or three proposals—all of which you must refuse—and then you must travel. Perhaps you'll marry a foreigner—"

Betty frowned. "Don't talk such nonsense! I suppose I'll have to come out; they'll make me. But there'll be few invitations and flowers—I hate such things. Tell me—" turning her big serious eyes towards him; "are you coming up to the river next summer?"

"Is there any better place to come? Is there another river like this? Or another boat like the Sybil? Or another girl—like you?"

"That's the way to talk," exclaimed Betty enthusiastically. "Bob thought you hadn't had a good time. I knew better."

"Never mind the river. I am most interested in you. Next summer we'll take a long ride in the Sybil and you shall tell me all your conquests and about your good times; I shall be your confidant. We'll talk the season over together—and I shall give you sage advice. We'll look back upon this happy month and think what children we were."

"We will?" questioningly. "Shall I regret anything of this month?"

She asked the question carelessly enough, but something in the words caused Newbrook to glance at her quickly. She was trailing her bare hands in the water, looking across at the distant lights.

He left his seat and went to her. She laughed as the launch rocked at his motion.

"Betty—you'll catch cold. Take your hands out of the water. Wrap this around you."

She obeyed him mutely. He felt her hand tremble a little as he drew it from the water. But her face was perfectly calm as she lifted it to his. He wrapped a soft white shawl about her bare shoulders.

"Are you afraid I shall have rheumatism?"

"One hardly thinks of rheumatism in connection with you, my bonny girl. But there are other things as bad."

Betty was silent. "I wish tonight would never end," she declared after a bit. "I am happy now; and shall I be happy a year from now? It's all so dreadfully uncertain. I never felt this way before. Perhaps it is because I have never had a happier summer."

Newbrook hesitated before he answered. "Tomorrow I go back to the city. In a week you return home. Next week Bob and I start work. Isn't it funny how people drift together and sort of row along side by side for awhile and then the current takes them apart—perhaps never to drift together again."

"Don't," interrupted Betty sharply. "Do you mean that you don't think we'll ever drift together again? There are other summers"—defiantly, "but—well, this is over. Let's go home." Her voice broke a little.

Newbrook turned the wheel and the pretty prow of the Sybil pointed toward the island. They shot into the moonlight, across the silvery path, back into the shadow, and up against the deserted boat-landing.

"Yes, this is over. Hark! hear that waltz? It's our favorite. Won't that make you homesick next winter for the little island and the Sybil and—. No, you'll forget all about us. Why! Betty, child, you are crying."

Betty sprang upon the dock. "Goodby," she said quickly and held out her hand. "Can't I cry when I'm nineteen, or am I too old for that? Goodby."

She did not wait for him, but ran ahead up the dark path and out of sight.

"Well, it is over—and I am glad," Newbrook muttered to himself. "Nice little girl, but too susceptible. I've been monkeying with edged tools. Kept the other fellows guessing, though."

After the dancing had ceased and the lights had gone out, Newbrook and Carrol lingered on the veranda for a last smoke. Newbrook was humming softly to himself.

"That's a fine little sister of your's, Bob."

"Think so?" lazily.

"Yes. She's an innocent child now, but she'll grow into a stunning girl. Have her on for the Junior."

"Thank you; I intended to. Yes—Betty is a fine girl."

PART SECOND.

Extracts from the diary of Miss Elizabeth Butler Carrol.

"Nov. 4th, 18—.

"Oh, I'm so sleepy, but I must write tonight. I must tell you, dear little diary, how happy I am. It has been such a glorious night. There was the reception first and such hundreds of people spoke to me, it made me fairly dizzy. Then afterwards came the dance and oh, I had such a good time. That Jack Penryn knows some Cornell men I know. He knows Bob—and Mr. Newbrook. By the way, diary, I received some violets from that person. Some violets and a little note. There are the violets right here. I can't have all my flowers on my desk and you know I like violets best. I am going to put the note in my scrap-book, just because it has such a pretty monogram. Oh—I was writing about the dance. Mr. Newbrook asked me to dance one dance for him. I did it—just because the idea was so novel. I looked well tonight; mother told me so. Dad kissed me and said

he was proud of me—there was more to me than to most girls. Foolish, dear old dad. Mr. Newbrook told me that once. I sent my photograph to Bob today, with the date on it. I wrote on the back 'your grown up sister.' I am grown up now—I am a woman. Guess I don't like it, diary. Mr. Newbrook said I would, though."

"Dec. 12th, 18—.

"Went to the theatre today. Saw Jack Penryn there. He knows Bob and Mr. Newbrook better than I thought he did. He calls the latter Brookie and only his most intimate friends call him that. I quite like Mr. Penryn. He sent me some violets—they're down in the music room. I told him after this to send me roses. Of course I like violets best but —what was I writing about? Oh, the play. It was fine, but so sad. I cried. Mr. Penryn laughed at me. He told me something about Mr. Newbrook and a cousin of his who is abroad now. I didn't hear much of it, for the orchestra was playing such a pretty piece. I received a letter from Bob to-day. He's cramming hard. I wish I was there. I love to get his letters, they are always full of the news of the college, and I am going down there in February—think of it. I shall see all those jolly men and have such a good time and dance, dance, dance—and I shall see Mr. Newbrook."

"Jan. 29th, 18—.

"Diary, I shall have to leave you awhile for I shall never have time to write while I am down there. Oh, my gowns are so pretty. Mamma found the cutest things for my hair. Bob will like them, I know. Mamma and I are going to New York first. I am going to attend to my packing to-day. I refused to go to Mrs. Atwood's tea. I should go wild at a tea while that stupid maid was ruining my pretty dresses. When I come back I'll tell you all about it. Wish you were going with me—but you can't."

"Feb. 1st., 18—.

"Goodby, diary, I shall see Mr. Newbrook in just two days."

PART THIRD.

Time: February at its worst. Scene: Cornell University, such of it as is not covered with snow.

Three men were gathered around a small table over which reigned Betty Carrol, supreme. She was wielding a chafing-dish spoon with considerable force, talking like a magpie the while. She had been in the house one day. She knew every man in it well and was quite at home. She insisted upon activity every minute. She had been up at an early hour with no trace of fatigue. Now it was five o'clock and she was going to serve them with some wonderful concoction which she had learned from Mrs. Rorer's famed recipes.

Newbrook had not prophesied wrongly; she was a splendid girl. So thought Bob as he came into the room—so thought Newbrook as he entered the room close at Carrol's heels.

In just such scenes the lively play of Junior week passed by. One by one the fellows dropped away and left Newbrook alone with Betty. Bob took her to the Sophomore Cotillion, but it was with Newbrook that she had most of her dances. He had a way of coming in for her extras. He seemed to be always sitting just the other side of her in the box. Bob sent her roses, but she wore violets to the dances. She said violets went better with her gown. It was always Newbrook who sat beside her on the drag. Bob was growing a little thoughtful, the other fellows were a little jealous.

The day of the Junior Prom. had come. The sun burst out through the gray clouds and shone warmly on the snow-clad hills. The icicles on the Armory slowly melted and dropped little drops of silver and gold. The tall pine trees of the gorges slowly raised their heads as the warm air relieved them of their burden of snow. It was a glorious day.

Betty Carrol was alone in the pretty room which had been allotted to her. She was standing perplexed before two

open boxes. One contained white roses, the other violets. "It's so dear of Bob to send me roses. I wonder if he sends the violets, too. I don't suppose so. I've worn violets every night. People will laugh at me. But I do like them."

Her door was partly ajar; without she heard the sound of footsteps and voices drawing nearer. The familiar tones of one voice struck her ear and involuntarily she listened. They had evidently stopped at the window-seat in the hall and lit pipes, for the smoke penetrated into her room.

"She's a queen all right, but I guess I've gone the length of my tether. On risky ground now. Got to slack up a bit."

The drawl was unmistakably Newbrook's. The other voice was not as familiar; afterwards she remembered it as belonging to a quiet little senior, by name Johnnie Evans.

"But you've been awfully attentive. We fellows thought you were serious this time, Brookie. You're a chump not to follow it up."

"Johnnie, I'm older than you are. I've seen more of this wide world. Take my advice—amuse yourself all you want to, but never be serious. It doesn't pay. She's a queen, but the world is full of queens. You'd have one in your hand only to find you had a better one at your elbow. There's sage wisdom for you. No, I'll look for the one at my elbow next."

Johnnie made a sound which resembled a slap of the knee. "By Jove, Brookie, if you weren't my friend, I'd call you a villain. Say, are you sure Miss Carrol isn't in her room?"

"Sure—she went out with the others."

That evening Miss Carrol wore white roses. She had never looked more beautiful than when she walked proudly into the Armory on Bob's arm.

"Bob," she had whispered, "please take all my extras."

Bob asked no questions. He was a clever fellow in his way.

As the evening wore on Betty Carrol grew more beautiful.

A soft color came into her pale cheeks. She had never danced with more spirit, nor talked more gayly. She was especially kind to Johnnie Evans, simply because she agreed with him on one point. Then the night wore away and dawn broke. Newbrook came up to her in the box.

"I say, Bob, I haven't danced once with your sister. Give me this?"

"The last?"

"I am going to dance it with Bob," Betty herself answered softly. "It's the last. You dance it with the queen at your elbow."

FINALE.

"June 3d, 18—.

"Dear diary, I have just written to Bob to tell him that I am too tired to go to the Senior. I'd like to see him graduate, but I am tired of college men and college dances. I like a man like Jack Penryn. Mother and I are going to Narragansett for July. Jack Penryn is going to be there. I shall never have a good time again—I don't enjoy a single thing, except the flowers and candy and books Mr. Penryn brings me. He brought me a bunch of violets once and I threw the things across the room so hard that they struck a photograph and stained it—and wasn't it funny—it was Mr. Newbrook's. By the way—I've gathered up the photographs of every college man I know—excepting Bob—and stuck them away in a chest, and the room looks so funny and bare with just poor Jack Penryn's face visible—"

Jane Drake.

"QUEEN ANNE'S LACE."*

Up through the rocky pasture
  Where the blackberry globes hang low,
A stately dame has come wand'ring
  Back from the long ago—
Back in her sable velvet
  With its showers of ancient lace,
In the pearls and curls and ribbons
  That mock her weary face.

What says my lady Marlborough
  As the queen goes here and there?
Is not dame Abigail angry—
  (She has those robes to wear)?
White as the bloom of the berry,
  Fine as the cobwebs trace,
Scattered on thorn and bramble
  Glistens our Queen Anne's lace.

Far and wide o'er the meadow
  It shines where the sunbeams fall,
It waves where the brooklet ripples,
  It droops by the old stone wall:
Wherever the queen may wander,
  Tired of court and crown,
Her way is marked by the lily lace
  The briars tear from her gown.

Georgia Benedict.

* The wild carrot.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Forms of Prose Literature by J. H. Gardiner, (Charles Scribner's Sons) is designed to supplement the well-known work of another member of the Harvard Faculty, the *English Composition* of Barrett Wendell; consequently it does not consider questions involved in the selection of words and the construction of sentences and paragraphs, but rather the "wider and less definite problems" attending the selection and arrangement of material. To the ideas advanced by other modern writers, Stevenson included, Mr. Gardiner has added some of his own, so that all-in-all, his book is not only the latest but also the best exposition of the principles underlying the various forms of writing.

His method of presenting these theories is to be commended. I like particularly the frequent use of the word "purpose". "Are you going to throw new light on the subject, and make it easier to understand; or are you going to amuse and arouse your readers by the vividness and charm of your perception of life? According as your purpose is one or the other, your way of going to work will vary." This is a matter of thinking. In the words of the author, used in a somewhat different context, he would make the "study of English composition something more than practice in phrase-making".

UNLEAVENED BREAD.

Robert Grant's novel, *Unleavened Bread*, (Charles Scribner's Sons) departs from the usual modern novel in being intensely modern. The heroine is a handsome Western girl who believed that "to be an American woman meant to be something finer, cleverer, stronger, and purer than any other daughter of Eve . . . . . Her mission in life had promptly been recognized by her as the development of her soul along individual lines." That is the theme of the

story—the struggles of an ambitious girl to develop her soul. Yet the book's marked characteristic is its tone of bitter satire. Perhaps Selma White was mistaken; perhaps her mission in life was not so much to develop her soul as to make the world believe that a great soul and a great mind had been hers from the first. At any rate, the story of her success is of great interest, and is likely to bring insistent questions to the most self-satisfied American.

GOING ABROAD?

Going Abroad? is a paper-bound book of 161 pages, written and published by Robert Luce, of Boston. It answers simply and clearly the thousand and one questions that confront the preparing voyager, and many more of which no one would think until they demand answer. It is a practical book, and should aid one to avoid many of the unpleasant and sometimes costly experiences incident to travel among strange peoples.

Arthur L. Andrews.

The Cornell Magazine

Vol. XII. May, 1900. No. 8.

The MAGAZINE is published monthly during the college year. Subscription price, $1.00, payable in advance; $1.25 after January 1, 1900. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address all books for review and all matter for publication to the *Editor-in-Chief*, 112 Sears St., Ithaca; business communications to the *Business Manager*, 329 E. State St. Printed by Andrus & Church.

Entered at the Post Office, Ithaca, N. Y., as second-class matter.

THE amalgamation of the MAGAZINE and the *Era* may be considered as marking a stage in the growth of a literary spirit at Cornell. The MAGAZINE, itself, is an exotic; it was started by a professor in the English Department, Professor Edward Everett Hale, Jr., and for a number of years was kept alive by contributions from the Faculty. Gradually, however, contributions from the students became more and more frequent, until in recent years, the MAGAZINE has been devoted almost wholly to the writings of undergraduates. Now, after twelve years, the time seems to have come when the undergraduates of Cornell can have a literary monthly that will prosper. For sentiment's sake, the new paper is to be called The Cornell Era. Practically, the new paper is not new; it is a continuation of the MAGAZINE, now entrusted wholly to the undergraduates. In their care it should continue to grow to greater honor and usefulness.

Physicians' Directory.

W. H. LOCKERBY, M.D.,

Specialties, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and intubation of the Larynx. Office. 126 E. Seneca St. Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone F 162.

ELMA GRIGGS.

Office and Residence, 109 E. Seneca St. Telephone, 145. Regular hours.

JOHN BEERS HAWES, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence, 12 E. Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 145.

EUGENE BAKER, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. 10 West Seneca St. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 2 to 4 and 8 to 9 p.m. Telephone connections.

DR. DAVID WHITE,

Hours 1.30 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m. Office, 56 E. State St. Residence 201 Prospect St. Telephone at residence.

EDWARD MEANY, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Office over Post Office. Office hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. Telephone, 176 B and 176 F.

CHARLES P. BEAMAN, M.D.,

Office on cor. opposite Post Office. Hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4 and 7-8 p. m. Residence, 506 E. Seneca St. Telephone, residence, 184; office, 184 B. Surgeon to Cornell Football Team.

CHAUNCEY P. BIGGS, M.D.,

Office, Ithaca Trust Co. Building (second floor); residence, 17 E. Buffalo St. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.; Sundays, 4 to 5 p. m. Telephone 143 F.

DR. PAUL R. BROWN,

139 E. State St. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 189 F.

JOHN WINSLOW, M.D.,

Office and Residence northwest corner East Seneca and Quarry Sts., always open. Regular hours, 8 a. m., 12 to 4 and 6 to 7.30 p. m. Telephone.

DR. A. B. EADIE,

Homeopathic Physician. Electrical treatment of nervous diseases, weaknesses, rheumatism, piles. Office 126 E. State St. Residence, 33 N. Aurora St. Office hours, 9-10 a. m., 2-4, 6-8 p. m.

MARTIN BESEMER, M.D.,

Homeopathist, 133 E. State St. Hours, 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

H. B. BESEMER, M.D.,

Surgeon. 10 to 12 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.

DENTISTS.

DRS. J. B. & F. B. HOWE,

1 and 11 Bates Block, Aurora St., Ithaca, N. Y.

Telephone 18 B.

H. B. HAMILTON,

Dentist.

73 East State Street.

Hours. 9 to 12, 1.30 to 5.

DR. C. J. McCLURE,

Dentist.

Opposite New Ithaca Hotel.

DR. F. M. WILLIS,

ITHACA, N. Y.

With G. W. Melotte, M.D.S., Wilgus Building.

DR. G. W. HOYSRADT,

Dentist. 115 and 117 North Cayuga Street, opp. Clinton House.

DR. FOWLER,

Titus Block,

West State Street.

All Branches of Dentistry.

TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

THE ALBERT TEACHERS' AGENCY,

Central Music Hall, Chicago. Established fourteen years. We have frequent opportunities of filling sudden and unexpected vacancies at this time of the year. Address C. J. Albert, Manager.

IF you are a teacher seeking advancement and worthy of it, or if you have had no experience but want to be a teacher, and if you know how many places the School Bulletin Agency filled, and how it filled them, you would register in it, and keep registered. Illustrations and testimonials sent on application.

C. W. BARDEEN, Syracuse, N. Y.

R+0

1.00