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CONTENTS.

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THE HISTORICAL RELATIONS OF COREA AND JAPAN

AND THE CAUSES LEADING TO THE PRESENT ORIENTAL WAR.

THE relation of Corea to Japan runs back as far as the first century B. C., when the present Corea was divided into the three rival Kingdoms of Shinra, Mimana and Korei. It is recorded in early Japanese history that in the reign of Sujin the tenth emperor of Japan (32 B. C.) the little kingdom of Mimana dispatched an envoy to Japan with the first tribute. Ever since, the relation of the two nations has been close with alternate peace and war till the sixth century.

In the year 202, A. D., Jingo, a warlike queen of Japan, invaded Corea under the supposition that the Kingdom of Shinra had been assisting some rioters in Western Japan, and the whole peninsula was subjugated in two months. The Corean kings were, however, restored to their respective thrones as the vassals of Japan, and tribute was collected and laden on eighty boats with hostages for future annual tribute. A Japanese capital was then established in Mimana to control the peninsula. Thus the

three kingdoms of Corea continued to pay tribute to Japan till the sixth century when the Chinese invasion devastated the whole peninsula.

From the time of the Chinese invasion to the sixteenth century, the relation of Corea to Japan was comparatively less important. During this interval, Japan was called northward to conquer the barbarians in Main Island and Yezo. Moreover, a direct communication was established with the court of China. The result was that Corea was almost forgotten by the Japanese people for some centuries.

Corea, however, appeared once more in Japanese history in the sixteenth century. Hideyoshi, the Alexander of Japan, whose celebrated invasions of Corea are proudly recorded by the Japanese historians, is said to have intended to conquer China through Corean assistance. But his request for aid being rejected by the Coreans, the first invasion of the country was made, May 25, 1592.

The Japanese army was successful in every place. In a short time the whole peninsula was completely subjugated. The Corean troops and Chinese reinforcements were successively defeated and peace was finally proposed by China on the terms that Hideyoshi was to be recognized as the King of Corea, that the Japanese on their part were to return the two captive Corean princes and withdraw all their armies. Inexperienced in dealings with the crafty policy of the Chinese, the Japanese generals accepted the proposal, and returning the royal captives, withdrew their armies from the peninsula.

Three Chinese were dispatched to Japan with a document, bearing the signature of the Chinese emperor, which was supposed to be the recognition of Hideyoshi as the King of Corea. But the document proved to be a treacherous one. Its content was that Hideyoshi was recognized as the King of Japan, instead of Corea as was promised. Irritated by this deceitful conduct on the part of China, the warlike Hideyoshi at once prepared for the second invasion.

The second invasion, however, proved to be less successful, though the invaders again shortly secured command of the whole

peninsula. At the height of their success, the Japanese generals were called home by the death of Hideyoshi, and they retreated without any gain except empty glory.

These two fruitless invasions only served to inspire the Coreans with awe and hatred of the Japanese, and it is said that even now the Corean children will stop crying if the names of the Japanese generals are mentioned.

Since that time the little Kingdom of Corea has remained undisturbed by the Eastern Islanders till late in the nineteenth century. Meanwhile Japan has undergone a complete change both socially and politically by the recent introduction of western civilization. Hence, when communication was opened between Corea and Japan on Feb. 27th, 1876, the latter, contrary to the expectation of the Corean people, was found to be a just and humane race.

On September 19th, 1875, a Japanese man-of-war cruising off the mouth of the Han River was fired on by the garrison of a Corean fort. Thereupon on the 21st, the Japanese sailors, numbering thirty-six men, armed with breech loaders, stormed the fort. The news of the affair gave rise in Japan to two opposing factions, the one demanding war and the other peace. The peace party, however, finally prevailed. An embassy was despatched to Pekin to find out the exact relation of China to Corea. To the great satisfaction of the Japanese government, China presented to the envoy a written disclaimer of her authority over Corea by which "stroke of policy she had formerly freed herself from all possible claims of indemnity from France and the United States."*

Subsequently a vigorous effort was made by the Japanese Government to establish some definite treaty relation with Corea, and finally on Feb. 27th, 1876, the first treaty that recognized Corea as an independent state was concluded between the two nations.

The peaceful result of the Kang-wa affair dissatisfied the war party in Japan. Headed by Takamori Saigo the party during 1877 organized a rebellion, "to crush which cost Japan twenty thousand lives, fifty million dollars and seven months of mighty effort."*

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* Griffis "Corea, the Hermit Nation."

Under the new treaty, two Corean ports were opened to the Japanese vessels for mutual commercial interest. The Japanese legation and consulates were established respectively in Seoul and the treaty ports. Now the two contrary elements began to meet in the centre of the Corean Kingdom. The Japanese, being recently conquered by modern civilization, represented the western ideas, while the Coreans still adhered to the life and customs of the conservative Celestials. Hence, the residence of the Europeanized Japanese in Seoul, the Corean capital, began to be regarded by the hermit nation as the source of a constant annoyance to them.

The result was the outbreak of a mob on the 23d of July, 1882. Some four thousand rioters, murdering the Japanese policemen and students whom they met on the street, rushed with frantic violence upon the Japanese legation.

The whole number of Japanese in the legation amounted to twenty-seven, including the minister, and they defended themselves most vigorously. But finally, despairing of the aid from the Corean Government for which they had urgently asked, the Japanese marched out and passed through the overwhelming mobs. After a hard struggle and desperate march of three days and three nights, they were received on board a British gunboat which conveyed them to Japan.

The result of this uprising was the conclusion of a second treaty which authorized Japan to keep troops in Seoul for the protection of her legation and subjects.

As is the case with every newly opened country, there now appeared in Corea two parties, the Progressive and the Conservative. The Progressive party desired to free Corea from all Chinese influences while the Conservative party aimed at the exclusion of all foreigners. The former naturally relied upon Japanese aid and the latter upon the Chinese. The struggle of the two parties went on till it finally resulted in the ill-fated revolution of 1884 which was attempted by the men of the Progressive party.

On the evening of December 4th, 1884, during a banquet given to celebrate the inauguration of the postal service, the riot of the Progressive party broke out. Min-ai-Shun, the principal leader

of the Conservatives, was set upon by assassins, though he escaped death. The Liberals at once hastened to the palace and summoned the Conservative leaders thither in the name of the king. As fast as the latter entered the palace gates they were beheaded. The king, who was assured by the Liberals that he was in great danger, sent to Minister Takepoye for the Japanese legation guard.

The Japanese minister, ignorant of the occurrences of the day, was lying in bed with a cold when the royal message came to the legation. He had hardly spoken to the first, when a second messenger entered with an urgent request. The minister, however, from lack of an actual knowledge of the affair could hardly decide upon what course he should take, but in the midst of this hesitation there appeared the third messenger with the king's own signature. Thereupon he at once proceeded to the aid of the king, with his little band of one hundred and twenty-eight men.

While the Japanese infantry, with the Corean troops of the king, were guarding the inner gates of the palace a new ministry was formed with Kim Ok Kiun at its head, and edicts were prepared to be issued by the king, reforming ancient abuses and customs, and instituting new and radical measures of national policy.

"Death to the Japanese!" was soon heard everywhere, and revelry, butchery, and incendiarism were spreading rapidly. The palace was attacked by six hundred Chinese troops and three thousand Coreans, who, however, were driven back by the little band of Japanese soldiers.

The difficulty of the position being fully understood, the Japanese minister, after forty-eight hours service at the palace, took leave of the unwilling king, and retired to the legation. On reaching the legation, he found that it was being assaulted by an enormous mob of Coreans, and that the provisions were already exhausted. At once he ordered all the Japanese to march toward the sea, and despite hostile soldiery with rifles and cannon, they finally reached Chemulpo, where they were received by the Japanese men-of-war.

With the withdrawal of the Japanese troops from the palace, the short-lived Liberal government came to an end. Some of the

Liberal leaders then fled to Japan and America, while the remainder were cruelly executed in the usual barbarous manner of the nation.

To settle the affair, diplomatic conventions were held respectively in Corea and China, Jan. 9th, and May 7th, 1885. The most important result of this diplomacy was a joint agreement between China and Japan to withdraw troops from Corea and not to send any force there in future without notice.

With the utter crushing of the Liberal party, Corea once more fell under the sole influence of the Celestial Kingdom. The Corean King was reported to be progressively inclined but was helpless in the hands of the Min family. Min Ei-Shun, whose ascendency in power was secured through the influence of the queen, Yuen, was Chinese both in principle and action. Under the imperative advices of Yuen, the Chinese representative at Seoul, he attempted to exclude all foreign influences from Corea and to rule the country at the Middle Kingdom's pleasure. Treaties with Japan were frequently violated and one of the results was the Bean difficulty of 1893.

Corruption, in all its forms, has prevailed in Corea in all times, but it was never so vicious as under the administration of the Mins. The result was that rioters appeared here and there with grievous remostrances against the government and at last, during the first months of this year, the whole country was in a state of anarchy.

On the 16th of last May, the half-hearted government troops were signally defeated by the mobs. Frightened by this occurrence, Min Ei-Shun at the instigation of Yuen appealed to the Chinese government for assistance, an appeal which was kept secret even from the other members of the Corean cabinet till the landing of twenty thousand Chinese soldiers at Tasaka in the first days of June.

As soon as the news reached Japan, the Tokio Government sent an inquiry to the Pekin Government in regard to the action, which was a violation of the Tien Tsin treaty. China replied to Japan that it was done to assist the tributary kingdom in suppressing a revolt—a statement contrary to China's repeated

disavowals of her authority over Corea. Whereupon Japan prepared at once to dispatch troops to Corea, and half a month later, some five thousand Japanese troops were landed at Fusan, an eastern port of Corea.

After the dispersing of the Corean mobs, both Japan and China declined to take the initiative in the withdrawal of the troops. Japan, however, proposed to China a diplomatic consultation to settle the difficulties at issue, but not only was the proposal curtly rejected but a threat was even made by Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Viceroy, to the effect that Japan must withdraw her troops from Corea by the 20th of July, or else China would concentrate her military force in the peninsula by land and by sea. To this Japan replied that till her treaty rights were properly considered, she could not submit to the demand, and if China should attempt to send any further force to Corea, it would be regarded as a menace to Japan.

Through the mediation of foreign powers, however, England especially, a diplomatic consultation was opened. The main points which Japan brought out in the conference were that China should withdraw her claims of sovereignty over Corea in accordance with the disavowals she made successively to France, the United States and Japan, and also that she should join Japan in proposing to the Corean Government reforms necessary for the latter to fulfill the duties of an independent state.

Although these were the points which China could not agree to, yet she hesitated to give a decisive denial. In spite of the diplomacy in actual progress, Li Hung Chang was making a rapid preparation for war. The picked troops of China's standing army were at once assembled at the fort Taku. Twenty-five thousand Manchurian troops were ordered to Corea and were reported to have crossed the Corean frontier on the 25th of July. Many English steamers in Chinese waters had been chartered to transport troops to Corea, and it was reported that some of them encountered the Japanese men-of-war on the 25th of July. It was also reported that several countries in Europe received orders from China for munitions of war.

All these warlike preparations of China combined with a few

other incidents gave an impression to the Japanese Government that peace was not the ultimate aim of China and consequently that diplomatic delay would simply serve to give China the time needed for the preparations of war. Thus on the first day of August, the Emperor of Japan declared war.

Riusei Watanabe.

ROSSETTI'S "HOUSE OF LIFE."

Beneath the blossoming fig-trees and the vines,
He seeks the devious paths of love to trace,
Which lead at length unto the Shrine of shrines
Lit by the soul-light of her perfect face.

Anna Mc Clure Sholl.

A COWARD.

PIERRE DE MARSAC looked about the room sleepily. Where had he been last night? He hardly remembered. He had gone to the opera and then to a café. Yes, there was his dress suit on a chair under the overcoat he had worn. But what had he done, and when had he come in? He did not distinctly remember even at what café he had been, but in all probability his coat pockets would reveal some trace. He rose and dressed himself lazily. Then he looked at his watch. It was early and he had nothing to do. He would have time to put away his dress suit before breakfast. He did so, but the pockets revealed no trace of his whereabouts on the previous evening. But the overcoat was more explicit. First was a wine bill for twenty francs from the café Rector, "*pour Monsieur et ses amis.*" *Amis?* He had met no one at the opera but Jean Roussard. Clearly they had picked up others at the café. He wondered who they might have been. He found himself mentally hoping that August Faurie was not of the number. A parvenu, he would spread it through the clubs that de Marsac had taken too much wine at the café. In his objectionable

way, too. But Jean was discreet, and probably Faurie had not been of the party. Besides he would find means of closing his mouth. But how did he get the card he found next?

> *Capitaine Sarronard,*
> *De Chasseurs a Cheval,*
> *Boulevard des Malesherbes.*
> *10:30 A. M.*

Capitaine Sarronard? He knew no Capitaine Sarronard. Yet here was his card. Ah! A light broke upon him. He remembered having high words with an officer in the café late in the evening. It was the captain, and the card was a challenge and an appointment for a duel. Yes, that was it, he had quarreled. But over what? Ah, here it is, a woman's glove. He had, then, insulted the lady who was with the captain, and had been challenged. Quite right, too, he added. The captain could do no less for the honor of his companion. He wondered vaguely whether the duel was to be with swords or pistols. He hoped the latter. He smiled grimly as he crossed the room to where, on an ebony stand stood his case of duelling pistols. He lifted one. Yes, they were in good condition. He could put five shots into a space six inches square, at thirty paces. He had nothing to fear.

Then, who was to be his second? Jean, probably. If that were so, the weapons would be pistols. But why was not Jean here? Ah, the appointment was for Jean and the captain's second. At this moment they were arranging the place of meeting. He would be informed in time. In time. He smiled grimly. In time to get shot. Those chasseurs were all noted pistol shots, and the captain had probably fought many duels before. He himself had never faced a man on the ground. He wondered how it would feel. They would face one another, he and the man he had insulted. He could see the whole picture. He and the captain in their shirt sleeves, standing shivering in the cold air of the gray morning. The surgeon, with his ebony box of instruments watching the combat as a spectator at a bull fight. *He* had no

occasion to be afraid. It was simply a matter of business with *him*. Then the seconds would hand them the pistols. His pistols. Then the seconds would stand aside. One would drop a handkerchief. Then they would fire one shot, and if he missed—No, he must not miss. His hand should be as steady as a rock. He took up the pistol again. His hand trembled as if palsied. He would go on the ground that way, and would quail before the captain, and the captain would sneer, and lower his pistol, and say he was not a child-eater, and the story would go the round of the clubs that, he, Pierre de Marsac, had faltered on the field of honor. Faltered on the field of honor! Better dead at once than that ineffable dishonor. His friends would not know him, his associates would spurn him. A coward, afraid to stand up before a man whom he had insulted! Afraid—that was it, and there was nothing else to say. If it were only to die! He did not fear that. He would not fear. He would face death like a man. Like a man! But all the time he felt he could not. He would fail, and be disgraced. But why, when he had the remedy so near at hand? At least, no one could say that he had faltered. His name would be clean, his honor stainless.

Clearly—this was the only way out of it. He crossed again to his pistol case. It was hard, he was young, but death was preferable to disgrace. He put the pistol between his teeth. He took a grim satisfaction in noticing that then, at least, his hand did not tremble. But, stay! He had left no word of any kind. He must at least leave a note to Jean. There were cards, he remembered, in the inside of his overcoat. He took it up. What was this? His overcoat had no inside pocket. He looked again. No, and this overcoat was blue, whereas his was black. And across the top of the neck, inside, was the name, "Capitaine Sarronard de Chasseurs a Cheval." He saw it all now. The duel and all. He had exchanged coats with the officer at the Café Rector, and—

He rang the bell. His valet appeared. "Get me some breakfast," he said.

H. J. O'Brien.

SINCE I HAVE MET MY LOVE.

But yesterday the very world seemed dreary
Almost of life itself I was aweary.
  The silent snow fell mournfully,
  The wild wind, laughing scornfully
    Seemed but to flout me.
  But since I met my love
  All things seem bright above,
    Below, about me.
All the world has changed its hue.
The heavens are a brighter blue:
The pines are whispering of you:
The winds are singing "True, ah true
    Is thy dear love."

F. H. R.

THE PROBLEM OF CITY CHARITY.

WOODFORD ORATION, JUNE 20, 1894.

THE past twelve months have been full of hardship for the poor. A grave financial crisis has crippled industry, and thousands of men have seen the doors of employment close in their faces without knowing when or where they should again find work. The cry of distress has been heard from ocean to ocean. The appeal for help has gone forth from pulpit and press, and nobly has it been answered. Thousands of dollars have been given to feed and clothe the suffering, and in the great centers of population organized charity has devotedly fought starvation. So generous an outpouring of aid may well delight the heart of the lover of humanity. It proves anew that the silver cord of sympathy rather than the iron chain of self-interest is the bond that unites society. The great world-heart, after all, beats stronger with love of man than love of gain.

But while we rejoice at such generous relief of pressing need, we must not forget that in our great cities there is an ever present

poverty which has been temporarily overshadowed by the present unwonted distress. It is a poverty that is little affected by the ebb and flow of industrial prosperity. The sea deeps are ever calm though the waves above roll mountain high. There are depths of society so far below the heave and toss of surface storms that only the very breaking up of the fountains of the great deep can ever stir their stagnant waters. Well has the "submerged tenth" been named! Its dwellers are indeed submerged—submerged beneath a sunless ocean of degradation and vice. Into these unhallowed depths men sink to a life that is worse than the tomb. A misfortune, an imprudence, a misstep—despair overcomes them, and they are started down the descent that knows no rise.

Realize what such a fate means! It means the decay of hope, the death of morality, the extinction of character. It means the loss of everything that implies life or hallows death. It means men without manhood, human beings without humanity, the individual swallowed up in the mass of living corruption. It means degradation of body and death of soul.

How to save men from this social debasement is the question that confronts charity. The problems involved are delicate and difficult. For their solution are needed the knowledge of the scientist and the fervor of the missionary. Wisdom must go hand in hand with generosity and prudence be blended with zeal. This is no work for the sentimentalist. The ills of the social body, like those of the human organism, are made chronic by improper treatment; and no disease thrives so vigorously under a system of coddling as does pauperism. Better no charity at all than the weak lavishness that makes paupers of those it would help, and debauches honest labor by bestowing alms upon the shiftless and improvident. Moreover, the relief afforded should be permanent. It must not only put men upon their feet but give them strength to walk alone. The help that does not teach men to do without it fails to realize the true object of charity. The problem for philanthropy is: How shall the poor be wisely and lastingly saved from degradation?

The charity that will successfully solve this problem must be

guided by three cardinal principles. First, it must abandon direct giving as a method of relief. Next, it must uplift the character of the men it would aid. Lastly, it must influence men through personal interest and sympathy.

Direct giving must be abandoned. Charity in this form can be defended only upon plea of direct need, and should be continued not a day longer than necessity demands. The stimulant that carries a patient safely through the crisis of a disease is not his proper nourishment when once he is on the road to recovery. It should never be forgotten that the be-all and end-all of charity is to help men to help themselves. The almsgiving that accustoms men to rely for support upon other than their own exertions is dangerous to the very marrow of an industrial society. It encourages improvidence and breeds the cowardice that shuns the battle of life to skulk in the hospital tents of charity. It weakens the stamina and destroys the independence of the men it would benefit; it tempts the self-sustaining to fall easy victims to misfortune; it undermines the stability of a people's character. An enlightened charity will require work in return for the relief it offers. It will encourage men to help themselves by placing rewards within reach of their efforts. It will lead men and not carry them.

Such a charity must uplift the character of the men it aids. No reform can be permanent that lays hold of anything less than the whole man. The spirit has its wants as well as the flesh, and its neglect will drag the body down again to misery and vice. Men must be lifted to higher moral levels, if they are to be self-sustaining and progressive when the guiding hand is withdrawn. The sole guarantee of lasting social redemption is improved character. For this, success must depend upon personal interest and sympathy. The giving of alms may relieve the body, but it is powerless to touch the need of the soul. The personal visit, the kindly inquiry, the cheering word of encouragement and sympathy, the friendly clasp of the hand—these are the benevolences that touch the spirit and soften the heart and make the world akin. The charity that does not satisfy men's yearning for human sympathy and love understands not the words of Him who said: "Feed my sheep."

A broad and deep charity like this will not be the growth of a day. But it is no mere philanthropist's dream, incapable of realization in a human world. Its beginnings are already seen in every one of our great cities. In the most practical sense its benefits may be felt in our own generation, if the sympathy and generosity awakened by the events of the past year can only be intelligently devoted to the aims of this work.

A charity like this proposes no grand scheme of social reorganization. It does not remove the problem of city slums. But it does strive quietly, earnestly, systematically, to save men from sinking into these slums, to show them the better things of life, and to put the means of obtaining these within their reach. It strives to widen the outlook and quicken the life of poor; to make them feel the reality of human brotherhood; to teach them self-respect and independence; and to inspire in them a belief in the old doctrine that society's duty to man can never take the place of man's duty to himself. Such an enlightened charity accords with the strictest maxims of public policy; satisfies the most generous promptings of humanity; and rises to the sublimest heights of Christian teaching, when it offers to the poor: "Not alms, but a friend."

James Parker Hall, '94

THE RIDE.

Ever and ever to ride through a night in June,
Brown hair kissing my cheek, song, and the crescent moon
Pale above the hedge where the briar blossoms swoon.

What can the gods grant more, if she be by my side,
The river murmur borne from the trees where its ripples hide
For a long, long eve thro' the breath of pine and briar to ride?

The touch of her hand on mine as the hoof-beats fall and fall;
The odor of new-mown hay from the fields where the crickets call;
Moonlight, perfume, and song, a loved one near, that is all
And the witching glow in her star-lit eyes hath made me forever
thrall.

Edward A. Raleigh.

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.

"I ASKED you to come to see me, Mr. Craig, because I wish to talk to you about your future. I feel a strong interest in you, and perhaps that will excuse my seeming interference." Tom Craig nodded silently. He was so overwhelmed with the honor done him, that he would have assented, had Mr. North told him that two and two made five. To be invited to call upon one of the first artists in the country, and to be received with such cordiality, did not happen to a young man every day.

"I called at your studio last week, and found you out, but one of your friends was there, and showed me your picture. Mr. Craig, if you choose to take advantage of it, you have a great future before you. That picture shows genius, the real article, not popular talent nicknamed genius. If you have self-denial and perseverance to devote yourself entirely to art, your pictures will be admired, when mine and the rest of to-day's productions are forgotten. Mind, I don't say they'd be appreciated now. They wouldn't. The greatest painters had to wait for their fame. The picture in your studio probably couldn't be sold for more than enough to pay for the paint and canvas. To tell the truth, there are errors of technique. You should go abroad to study."

Tom Craig sat for a few moments staring at him in bewilderment. The one thing he had longed for seemed within his grasp. North went on. "Of course, this means giving up the poor sort of success, that is, perhaps, more attractive. You can't work for money and fame at the same time. Have you any assured income?" "No." "Any money saved?" "A little." "Take it and go to Paris. After it is gone, live as you can. That is my advice. If it seems too hard to follow, go on illustrating magazine articles. You would undoubtedly be a successful man, as most people estimate success. Think over the two courses, and when you decide, come and tell me about it."

Tom Craig rose. He tried to express his thanks, but found it hard work, and was out on the landing, before he had half finished. He went down stairs in a blissful dream. There was no need of thinking over the matter. He had already decided to devote

himself to art for its own sake, and, incidentally, for the sake of future fame. If there was the slightest chance of his doing what North said he could, he would be willing to live on the traditional crust for the rest of his life. He had walked several blocks, smiling over his prospects, when a sudden thought struck him. How would Jessie fit into the new plan? And they were to be married in the spring. There was a complication! Of course he couldn't take her to Paris, and, just as much of course, he couldn't go without her. The whole thing must be given up. And yet, didn't he owe it to himself, and, yes, to the world, to make the most of whatever talent he had? He walked two more blocks in perplexity instead of delight. Then the subject of his thoughts suddenly crossed the street and met him. "What are you thinking about so soberly?" she asked. He told her what North had said. "I am trying to make up my mind," he added, "It is very hard." "Oh! no. You are going to Paris. We must wait for another year. I am so proud of you Tom. I always knew you were a genius, and as to having to wait for appreciation till after you die, I don't believe a word of it. People see what is good sooner than they used to. No one could help liking your pictures. After a while I can join you in Paris, and we can live on almost nothing, I know how to do it. We'll be as happy —as—as—" "As we are now," interrupted Tom, who found all his difficulties dissolving into thin air before his eyes.

The next month was a busy one for both. Tom was getting ready for departure, and Jessie tried her best to help him. They spent a great deal of time in occupations which Mr. Gradgrind would have considered nonsense, but, lover-like, they did not seem to think so. Then Jessie went back to her hard life as a teacher, and Tom sailed away to seek his fortune in the Old World.

At first, all went well. Frequent letters passed between the two, and, gradually, a tacit agreement was made that the parting was to be for two years instead of one. Neither knew how it came about. Tom plunged headlong into artist student life at Paris. He soon found that his money would not last long, and lived on less and less a day, until he was pale from the want of

nourishing food. He worked like a Trojan, and his painting improved steadily. Still, he did not feel the confidence in his own ability, which had made even drudging pleasant, when he first came. He was not conceited and he could not fail to recognize that the work of some of his comrades was superior to his own. He began to feel discouraged, especially as he was growing poorer and poorer. There certainly were compensations in illustrating magazines. He worked as steadily as ever, and his letters to Jessie gave no sign of his state of mind.

One day, about a year after he left New York, he was walking on the street behind two American students whom he knew. Suddenly one of them said, "What do you think of Craig?" "He's a man of some talent," was the reply, "a hard worker. They say North advised him to come here, told him he was a genius." "Pshaw! I know two other men to whom North told the same thing. They're bright fellows, but they haven't set the world on fire any more than Craig will. It's too bad." Tom heard no more. He walked rapidly to the little room, he dignified by the name of his studio, and sat down to think. Had his hard work and self-sacrifice been for nothing? He was a fool to believe North. Should he go back, and own himself beaten? Or should he make his sacrifice now absolute? He started to his feet, and for an hour paced up and down the narrow room. Then he went to a drawer, took out a package of letters, and with white face and trembling fingers threw them into the fire. He started to do the same with Jessie's photograph, but something held him back. "There's no harm in keeping that," he thought. "It won't make any difference," and he put it away carefully. It was the end of happiness for him, but he would prove that North was right, if he died for it. How could he think of marrying, when he found it hard to spare the money for postage? It was kinder to her to let all intercourse cease. She would forget, of course. The next morning he began the great picture that was to bring him fame.

. . . . . .

Six months later, Tom Craig, the shadow of his former self, sat in his studio. He had been ill, so ill that there were days

which were utterly gone from his memory. He was much better now, but he gained strength slowly. Poverty is not a good room-mate for convalescence. The great picture stood unfinished on the easel, and the sight of it troubled him. He must get to work the next day. After all, what did it matter? Nothing mattered much. He listened to a step coming slowly up the stairs, and wondered idly who it was. It paused at the landing below, then came on again. A friend, perhaps, to see him; the fellows had been very good. Yes, some one was knocking at the door. "Come in," he called. The knock was repeated. He walked slowly to the door, and opened it. There, at the top of the flight of broken stairs, was Jessie. He staggered back, and caught hold of the door to keep himself from falling. She sprang forward. "I knew you were ill, and that was why no letters came. My poor boy, all alone and sick!" She made him sit down again, and they talked fitfully. After a while she went away. He sat very quiet for a long time after she had gone, then he turned over his papers, until he had found the photograph. He placed it on the window sill, and walked over to the easel. After looking at the picture a long time, he said slowly, "What a fool I was!" Then he took up his knife, and cut the canvas into strips.

Grace Neal Dolson.

ON THE "INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY."

As organ tones with deep melodious roll
  Through cloistered aisles with holy shadows dim,
  So with immortal longings comes this hymn
And sinks with mellowed music in the soul.

Robert Adger Bowen.

A REMINISCENCE.

"YALE!!"

He was down at the start of the hundred yards, and his cry came with the crack of the pistol that started the four men down the cinder track toward the crowd with the hole in it at the finish. He had no business there. The Executive Committee had expressly forbidden any such thing as coaching, and yet he was there,—he always is there—and his shout had scarcely less of command, scarcely less of thrilling demand in it than the pistol-shot itself.

It was a small thing, but, as the crowd prepared to swallow up the bare-legged runners, and the man who had shouted grew ridiculously excited, the lone Cornellian who had been standing by, turned away to saunter off across the Oval with that stirring "*Yale!*" in his ears, and doing a deal of thinking meanwhile. How that boy must have felt! How he must have heard it ringing in his ears and felt it throbbing through his brain after all else was gone in the dreadful weariness that was crowding on his breast! Perhaps his mother was over in the grand-stand, and some one with her who could point him out; perhaps it was a big brother who had taken him by the shoulders that morning, had looked into his eyes and had said something beginning, "Jack, old man," that had made him feel older all of a sudden,—had made him know, that "brother" might mean more than he had ever felt before; perhaps Somebody Else was there who had given him just a glance that had not made him think anything about sisters. Perhaps, but who can imagine what is in a boy's head? Whatever it was, it was all gone long before he had reached the press-stands; his heart was pumping "Yale!" into his reeling brain. He *will* go faster. There is a great "Must!" upon him. Faster! Faster! Ah-h-h! And the man that caught him as his breast broke the string, heard him gasp "Yale!"

Well, he was a very foolish boy, of course, and his mother and his father and the rest ought to have been ashamed to be proud of him; but that is not what was in the Cornellian's mind as the shouts of the crowd struck back from the green hillside. His

heart had gone back to Ithaca—that man's "Yale!" had gone along, and something not so inspiring was growing and spreading over his thought. He practiced it over softly to himself. "Cornell!" And he tried again and again to fancy it blending with a pistol-shot and transforming a bareheaded boy in white into a fierce, panting bit of the University.

It is strange how such a little thing can fix itself in one's mind and crowd out other things of so much greater importance. That Cornellian carried those thoughts around with him all day and brought them home with him, and they changed a great many things for him. He went to Percy Field. He was late. The game had begun and the old familiar yell greeted him as the hillside pounded it back; the team was playing well. But somehow it had not the inspiring effect on him it had once. He remembered other times when the bleachers had sat still and watched the men struggling against superior strength or skill, and had only profanely wondered, "Why they didn't hold them!"

And now he noticed the "I" in the yell for the first time. It never struck him just that way before and he stopped trying to fancy that boy.

The game was over presently, and the crowd swarmed to the cars in a wild jubilation. It seemed very strange. Had they expected, then, to lose the game?

Later he sat by his window and looked at the western sky that burned up from the cold line of the hills and thought hard—he was not given to that sort of thing either. He was beginning to realize how little true affection his Alma Mater had from her children. "Because she was young?" he mused. "Because it has taken her so little time perhaps to do so much? Because she is so generous, perhaps?" And finally, "What a load of selfishness she bears!"

The fire laughed and cracked jokes at him—he was no pessimist and insisted on a grate—and he began to dream of a time when it may *not* seem inappropriate to shout "Cornell!" after a runner who bears a C on his breast; when every man on a team shall know that every man in the audience is behind him, sharing the struggle, yes, if it must be, even ready to share the sting of

defeat; a time when every Cornellian's hopes shall end with "for thine own glory's sake, my mother;" when any man's election to any position of University trust shall depend solely on his fitness, and not on what fraternity or clique is behind him; when even a state scholarship man shall feel grateful for what the University does for him; a time when her sons shall be her eager and devoted defenders, keepers of her good name, and not those who rudely invade her hospitable halls to snatch and stow away all they can and then hurry on, forgetting all her benefits. The dream had been pleasant and had done him good. He rose and gazed into the glowing coals and smiled. Then he went to bed thinking "*Then* they *can* sing, '*We honor thee, CORNELL!*'"

And the next morning on his way up the hill, a man asked him for his vote for the Student Council.

E. P. Andrews.

HOW A FOOTBALL TEAM IS TRAINED.

ACCORDING to the custom of the football management, Cornell had about thirty men back to begin training for foot ball during the month of September. For the first week or so the candidates were put through the work of getting into condition, which is more beneficial than pleasant to a great many. They were given an opportunity to kick, pass and drop on a foot ball, and took a run every day. With such exercise the men were able to line up by the twentieth of September and have thus a decided start over the former Cornell teams.

On the seventeenth, the team was put under the charge of the coach and regular work begun, which consisted of tackling, dropping on the ball, kicking and catching punts, running with the ball, blocking and breaking through. The tackling dummy was swung between two trees and each man was shown how to throw it. By daily use of this dummy this season, the men should get accustomed to low, sure tackling. Each day the rush-line men have formed a circle, and dropped on the football, then one set of men lined up opposite another and practiced blocking and break-

ing through alternately. Since the twentieth the men have been lined up for regular practice and played for a few minutes at a time. The time of play is increased each day, thus gradually reaching the full time of play—thirty-five minutes each half.

This was the preliminary work for the rush line before lining up the men every day, but as the backs have so many different things to do, it was impossible to try everything the same afternoon. The quarterbacks practiced passing and blocking in the interference, and giving signals with the different sets of backs. The backs in preliminary work practiced starting with the ball, running fast, and hard and low where they strike the line, interference, backing each other up, catching punts and kicking.

The material at this time was light and young, (only a few of the old players had returned), the men weighing on the average between 150–155. A very few might have weighed 170, but these were so young that they were not strong.

Mr. Courtney has had charge of the condition of the men and looks after their bruises and pains with a care and skill that keeps all of the men in good shape. His individual observation of men in training has enabled him to detect signs of over training which are invisible to any one of less experience, and thus each of the players receives his care and the work of the team is regulated so that every one is strong and healthy.

Mr. Floy who played end on the Cornell team of '91–2, has been in town and coached the team during the week ending Sept. 21, giving the ends the benefit of his experience during his football career, and encouraging them during their play.

Every day the number of candidates increased up to registration day, until there were about sixty men trying for the team. Several heavy men have shown up, among them G. S. Warner and Joe Colnon, old players, and Rogers, who has not played on the 'Varsity before. For center, Warner and Fennell have made the best showing so far and are heavy enough for that position. Patterson, the hammer thrower, has been out several times and is trying for the position of guard. Weber and Beaty are also trying for this position. Several good men are trying for tackles, among them Walsh, Freeborn, McLaughlin, Hill, VanMater, and

Sanborn. Cool and Taussig are playing end at present on the first eleven; they have played before but are not heavy enough. Downey, Tobin, Ford, Fuller, Cook, Wright and several other men are trying for the position of ends, but all of these men are very light and have much to learn about the game. For quarter-backs, Beacham, of last year's team, has made the best showing. Wyckoff, Bassford and Miles are doing well and will make very good substitutes for the position. Ohl and Fabel are trying for fullbacks. Ohl played on the team last year and gives promise of making a first-class fullback. He is superior to Fabel in most of the work. There are no fast heavy half-backs and there is great need of all men in the University who weigh over 170 and can run fast and hard to try for the positions of half-backs and strengthen the team. Dyer, Ammon, Nelliger, and Whiting, the most promising backs at present, weigh about one hundred and fifty-five and do not run very fast, and even slow up when they reach the rush line. The team as a whole has made continual improvement and show signs at times of spirit and life, and play good football. As the first big game will come two weeks from Saturday every candidate for the team should use every means in his power to turn out a good eleven.

Changes have been made in the playing rules of the game which will tend to eliminate much of the roughness and make the sport more agreeable to many of the spectators. The start-off has been changed and the game now must open with a kick, doing away with all the complicated state of former years. A premium has been put on drop kicking and runs, as the ball is brought out to the ten yard line instead of the twenty-five yard line if a team fails to make a goal from the field on a try on the first down inside the twenty-five yard line. Momentum mass plays have been abolished as the public has demanded open plays. It remains to be seen if it will be satisfied with the plays that the elevens present this year.

M. Newell.

FALL CREEK.

Born in that region whence three rivers spring
To seek the Gulf, Ontario, and the Main,
A turbulent short course your currents strain
And to no distant seas your tidings bring ;
Through upland woody pastures first you sing,
Then broad and sunny in the open plain,
Then down the gorge as underground again
Your roaring waters to the lake you fling.

Come never Muses to your grovy vales
To teach the shepherds as of olden time?
Your ripening vineyards echo but the bird,
So alien song is to this Western clime,
But cowbells clank at dusk when drinks the herd
And farmboys whistle as they fill their pails.

Herbert Crombie Howe.

ONE.

"IF there's one thing about this town I like more than another," said Jack Brainard, struggling out of his mackintosh, "it's the calm nerve these people have of appropriating all the credit for the scenery to themselves and throwing the responsibility for the mud and sewerage on a long suffering Providence!"

"Yes?" drawled his chum, as he loafed on the divan with his latest meerschaum, trying to blow one ring through another, his one serious occupation in life. "Yes? Let's hear about it."

"About what?" growled Jack.

"This naughty temper."

"Whose naughty temper?"

"Mine, of course," said the chum sweetly, "couldn't think I meant yours surely did you? What's the row anyway?"

"Well of all the aggregation of misfit, second-hand, damaged weather ever imposed on one community ——" and the wrathful youth stood watching the still more wrathful rain pouring outside.

"Easy, easy, you'll get used to this—"

"Yes"—and Jack exploded again. "That's the old, old story. Musn't have decent crossings, can't have a windbreak by the library, nor rent decent rooms in this blooming old town. 'Never mind,' they say, 'you'll get used to these things and won't mind 'em a bit! Get worse rooms for more money in this town than any place in the world—but you get used to 'em. I'm getting tired of that."

"Yes," said the smoker reflectively, "allowing for rhetorical exaggeration that's all so. What you going to do about it?"

"Swear about it," returned Jack. "Don't help it but it relieves my mind." And he swore.

"Feel better now?" asked the smoker mildly when he stopped an instant. "Cause if you do there's another pipe and some Yale on the table or Golden Scepter if you prefer it."

"Don't," said Jack crossly, "dries my throat." But he took a pipe.

"What about your text, Jack," said the chum finally, "town people? Know any of 'em?"

"No," said Jack. "Don't want to. Nobody, that is, but the man that makes my clothes, and shaves me and sells me ties and things and they're all thieves by day and highwaymen by night."

"What a pretty temper you *are* in," was the soft answer that stirred up more wrath. "What the deuce is the matter, anyway?"

"Have you seen the paper to-night?" queried Jack, suddenly turning around. "If you had you'd know what the matter was pretty quick."

"What is it, old man? Anything serious?" asked the other, with some anxiety.

"Look here, Tom, I'll tell you this story. It's funny. You can laugh all you darn please and I won't say a word, but don't guy me about it before the fellows. I'll have enough to stand." He smiled grimly in spite of his wrath, as he walked up and down the floor telling the story between puffs on his pipe.

"You know I went over to Newton about two weeks ago?"

"To see a girl. Yes?"

"To see a girl. Yes. Well, I went to visit John Adams's

people. John wasn't home, but he wrote to me and asked me to go to his house, and his people asked me and said they'd be mad if I didn't stay with 'em. So I said I would, instead of going to the hotel. There's where I was a fool."

"Yes," assented the other.

"Well, I got there about eight and went right up to the girl's house. Never met her, did you? Well, she's pretty as a picture and I had a beautiful time. I'd been to Newton to see Adams a good many times and knew the town as well as this. When I went away, Nell gave me the latch-key that Mrs. Adams had sent down for me so I wouldn't rouse the house when I came in. She said to just go up to John's room and go to bed without waking them. So I went.

"Well, I got to the house all right, unlocked the door and went in, hung my overcoat and hat up in the hall where there was a little light burning, and went up stairs to John's room. There wasn't any light in there, so I struck a match and lit the gas. The room was all ready for me, bed turned down and all, but the furniture was different. They'd evidently been fixing up a bit since I'd been there. I was pretty tired and began to get ready for bed in a hurry. Took off my coat and vest, collar and tie, and sat down to unlace my shoe, and—" he paused.

"Yes?" said Tom. "Go on."

"Well I noticed some invitations and things on the table and went over to look at the addresses. They were addressed to a Mr. Jones. That was curious. Then I looked around and saw a lot of what looked like children's clothes piled carefully on a chair in the corner. Then I thought probably Adams's had some other people visiting them, because they haven't any children but John, and he's grown up and away. And then it struck me I heard some one sneaking up to the door. In a minute a man I never saw stuck his head in the door, saw me, and pulled it out again in a hurry. I thought probably he was a burglar and I'd better alarm the house so I rushed to the door but he'd gone. Then I yelled "Mr. Adams! Mr. Adams!" to wake the people up. Then the man I saw before, came out of a bed-room opposite mine and wanted to know what I was doing there. I

wanted to know what he was doing there, too, and we stood and glared at each other awhile. He asked me what I wanted again and I told him I wanted Mr. Adams. Then he said Mr. Adams didn't live there. That staggered me but I thought probably he was bluffing and I was pretty sleepy and mad anyway so I told him that didn't go, that I'd been there before, that I came in that night with a latch key that fitted the front door and that I'd like an explanation of what the devil he was doing there. Then he began to laugh and I got mad. Then he asked me if my name wasn't Brainard. I said yes and he explained that the Adamses had moved about two months before. That's it, laugh! I told you it was funny. Go on, kill yourself! Hold on till I get through though. Then you can yell and I'll go outside.

"Well, we talked awhile. He introduced himself as Mr. Jones and urged me to stay the rest of the night there. I didn't stay. I got into my clothes and went down to Adams's and found the family awake. They got up and I told 'em about it. Yes, they laughed.

"You see Mrs. Adams had sent that key down to Nell with express directions to tell me they'd moved. Of course John didn't think to write me about it and Nell forgot to tell me—that's all.

"They kept it out of the papers but finally it crowded in, half a column of it, elaborated and enlarged. Now that confounded down-town paper 's got hold of it and published it all, with comments. Now laugh! And I've got to stay around here and have a lot of blooming idiots make fun of me, all because that girl forgot to tell me the Adamses had moved, and their latch-key fitted the other door. Couldn't have happened twice in a century. Couldn't have happened at all to anybody with any sort of luck. Just *read* that thing, will you?"

He shoved a paper into the hands of his chum who was rolling in convulsions of mirth on the big divan. The latter sobered down a little and read the article aloud bit by bit between explosions of laughter. The article written in the highest style of country newspaper English described the event with glaring baldness.

GOT IN THE WRONG ROOM.

Last Saturday evening Mr. John Brainard of Evanston, a student of ——— University, came to this city to call on a lady friend. Mr. B. is a warm friend of Mr. John Adams's and at different times has visited him and partaken of Doctor Adams's hospitality, always being a welcome visitor. Previous to his visit this time he announced his coming by mail to the doctor, (John being absent from home,) that he would arrive at a late hour. Mrs. Dr. Adams, kind lady that she is, to make things pleasant and convenient for him, sent the night key to his lady friend for him, as he expected to spend the evening with her, that he might be able to get into the Adams mansion without molesting the family, he knowing well where to find his room as he had been there before. But a change of ownership of the house had taken place, Andrew E. Jones had bought the house and taken possession and Mr. Adams had moved a square east. Mr. B. had not been apprised of this fact. After spending a pleasant evening with his lady friend, Miss Nellie Layton, he very gracefully bid her good night, took his departure as he thought to Dr. Adams' residence. He cautiously unlocked the door (the Adams house night key working like a charm in the Jones property,) took off his overcoat and rubbers in the hall and then tiptoed it upstairs to his room, struck a match, lit the gas, took off his coat, vest and collar, and was making haste to retire and dream lovely dreams, when he cast his eyes toward the bed and other surroundings. On the bed he discovered some baby clothes and examined them, great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, he was becoming nervous. What shall I do, I am in the wrong room, or else somebody else has been occupying it. He discovered on the stand some letters directed to A. E. Jones. Now he was greatly excited, rushed out into the hall yelling at the top of his voice, Doctor Adams! Doctor Adams!! oh, Doctor Adams!!! This yelling for Doctor Adams aroused Jones and wife. Mr. Jones peeped through the small opening in the door and began to think burglars were in the house, when he espied the young man. At this juncture of the situation explanations followed. Mr. Jones tried to prevail on the young man to remain all night, but he wanted to see Doctor Adams. He donned his wearing apparel again when he was directed where to find the doctor's residence.

When he had calmed down, Tom looked up.

"I'm awful sorry, old man. It's the funniest thing I ever heard, though I suppose truth is always funnier than fiction. How the fellows will roast you. But—"

"Well?" said Jack.

"It all depends on the girl, of course, like everything else in this world, as Rorison says, but—"

"Well, but *what?*" asked Jack, irritably.

"What I'd like to know," Tom went on meditatively, "is just whether or not that girl *forgot* to tell you the Adamses had moved?"

Jack looked at him in dazed silence for a minute.

"Well, I will be damned!" he said slowly at last.

"Probably," said Tom, without looking up.

HERE AND THERE.

PERHAPS it never struck you that way, but, after all, isn't the pleasantest part of this life that period we know as "getting back"? It does not seem to make so very much difference either, strangely enough, what it is we get back to, so much are we creatures of habit. We are, indeed, almost as glad to drop back into the harness of work after the summer's dissipation as we were to be welcomed by the familiar features of the summer resort and its owner at its beginning. Certainly, whether the simile can be carried far into the details of life or not, the most delightful part of college life is the annual getting back in the fall. There is a stir and pleasurable anticipation before the departure, the journey when one is so sure to meet some one else, new or old, and equally pleasant, bound the same way. There is the arrival, the new oldness of everything, the surprises whose great pleasure is made perhaps even more acute by the few regrets over those who have not returned. There are all the fellows whose hands one must shake with a vigor hardly the same again, whose welfare, whose past summer whereabouts and whose future plans must be learned with enthusiastic solicitude. There is news of every one from everywhere that must be learned at once, so that one's good resolutions and hours are sadly interfered with.

Are we not, indeed, always glad to get back? Glad to get back to the country to rest and glad again to get back to the city to work, glad to get back on a visit and from a visit; glad to get

back home from the city where we perhaps have gone to make a name, to the kindly people who are so proud of us and so interested in us; and, refreshed by this kindness and sympathy, glad to get back to strike more blows, even though in a losing fight, for their dear sakes as well as for our own.

How trite it all sounds and yet how vividly new it is each time really for the sailor to get back from the sea, for the dusty soldier to come from the dangers of war, for the survivors of a fierce charge to straggle back, hurt but alive. How glad we are to get back to our own great land from wanderings afar, to our land that has grown so vastly greater to us during and through those very wanderings. One might even make a try at the rejoicing over the birth of a child as an unconscious survival of soul transmigration—the joy at the wandering spirit's getting back to the world of humanity again. And who can deny that the spirits of our friends the mediums seem delighted to return to hold converse with us—though that may of course be explained from our charms. They even say that a boy "busted out" (pardon the slang) of the University is glad to get back. One can almost fancy, indeed, that some active law-breaker retired from the strife of the outer world in enforced seclusion and forgetting there all but its wickedness and pleasures, might be glad to get back again to his secluded life after further buffetings with the cruel world in his earnest pursuit of a dishonest livelihood—for it really is better after all than being hanged.

It is a very pæan of gladness, this hymn of those who get back, gladness and yet with a note of sadness, a minor chord that runs through the anthem, the note of those who do not get back, of those who go down to the sea in ships never to return, of those who go down into the world to perish there, well or ill, of those of whom we never hear, who drop out of our lives though not quite out of our thoughts, who only return as shadows to haunt our reveries, of the multitudes whose only record is they have gone and never will get back.

The MAGAZINE is certainly glad to get back in spite of the work that looms up ahead, and glad, too, to welcome so many students back. It is a relief to return if only for the sake of not

hearing for awhile about the Chlorine Trouble and How Miss Connor Took Woodford, two things that have followed and haunted some of us through the otherwise delightful summer, in newspapers and in the mouths of inquiring friends. We are glad to welcome back, too, the consciously humorous paper which comes to us this year under the name of the *Widow*. It came before under another name, but we hope this undertaking will be longer lived than its predecessor. We are glad to have this new point of view, and though it is not primarily designed as a civilizer and reformer, certainly it is to be hoped it will have that effect in certain directions. It does not claim, we understand, to fill a long felt want, and it has, fortunately, no declared mission. It even disclaims certain responsibilities that age the rest of us before our time. It solicits contributions from one and all, and the only improvement we might suggest is that it should not endure the contributors' names, even as an evidence of good faith, much less for publication. It will be issued fortnightly, which seems to the editors often enough to relieve the pressure of humorous material in Cornell. From that point of view they might better have called it the *Safety Valve*. It will endeavor to pursue its way, we imagine, just this side of libel and the other side of the *Era*, and it hopes to have rather more literature than the MAGAZINE and rather less bad spelling than the *Sun*. It is to be hoped these ambitions will be realized and we trust the new publication may be blessed with the same lasting success and perennial charm of that delightful character, nay institution, its namesake.

And, having welcomed the return of the Prodigal Son, or Daughter perhaps, since the comic muse, curiously enough, is feminine, we may be permitted a word about ourselves. The MAGAZINE has become an institution, its aims and methods are too well known to need comment here. But we must urge again the importance of support, literary as well as financial. This year we hope to surpass preceding years in the number, variety and excellence of our articles. Month by month we hope to present something from the pen of a member of the faculty, sketches, literary articles, stories and poems from graduates and undergraduates of Cornell, and to keep abreast of the times in timely arti-

cles of general university interest by specialists, for we have come to have undergraduate specialists in this progressive age. We will certainly have a series of timely articles on athletics by those best qualified to write them, a series of stories of college life, in addition to other features, and last but not least an exchange department representing some of the best work of other institutions month by month. So, with this long salutatory, we solicit the aid and support of Cornell men and women and hope to receive it fully and freely.

THE MONTH.

SINCE the June record of the month was written, two more naval victories have been added to Cornell's brilliant list of aquatic contests. Pennsylvania's crack crew was defeated on the Delaware, at Philadelphia, by nearly four boat-lengths, Cornell's time being 21 minutes 9 seconds. The freshman crew won from the Dauntless boat club, of New York, on Lake Cayuga, by five lengths; the time was 11 minutes 15 seconds.

At last our athletes have been able to move from the cramped quarters under the grand stand of Percy Field into one of the finest and best equipped athletic club houses in the country. There are now ample accommodations for the members of the four athletic teams using the field, as well as attractive quarters for the visiting teams. The new club house is named after the late George P. Witherbee.

The Student Court has had its power considerably enlarged and its name changed to the more dignified title of the Student Self-Government Council. This council will hereafter have included in its work the consideration of all cases of University discipline. A new arrangement has also been made by the council for another settlement of that vexatious problem, the regulation of contests for the underclass supremacy. The committee appointed to attend to the matter consists of Professor Wheeler, H. P. Goodnow, '95, R. B. Lewis, '95, E. E. Haslam, '96, and F. E. Moyer, '96.

Mainly through the generosity of two of her loyal sons, Cornell now possesses a steam launch for the use of Coach Courtney in training the crews. The handsome little boat has been completed some weeks, and cost about $6,000. Over half of this amount was contributed by Mr. Byron E. Shear, '74, of Colorado; and a large amount was given by Mr. H. J. Hagerman, '94, of the same state. The launch is 60 feet in length, or eight feet longer than the "Ben Franklin," the new launch of the University of Pennsylvania. The "Cornell," it is said, has a speed of 16 miles per hour, which is two miles per hour greater than the maximum speed of the Yale launch and three miles faster than that of the Harvard launch. The Pennsylvania boat is somewhat more speedy.

Captain Dyer and about a dozen candidates returned to Percy Field early in September, and began training for the football eleven. Since the opening of the university an unusually large number of men have appeared for practice. Full-back Ohl has been here all summer faithfully practicing kicking. His recent excellent work has led many to the belief that this year Cornell can score on the strong eastern teams. Coach Newell, Harvard's famous tackle, has charge of the players, and his efficient coaching has already made a strong advance in the work of the team. Manager Atkinson has arranged what is probably the best football schedule Cornell ever had. Cornell will meet the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, Harvard, Michigan, Williams, Lafayette, and Lehigh. The game with Lehigh will be played on Thanksgiving Day at Percy Field, and will no doubt be of great interest to the large number of Cornellians who will this year spend the holiday in Ithaca. The score on Saturday, the 6th, was, Cornell 37, Union 0.

A most unfortunate accident occurred just before the opening of the university, by which Claire Dewitt Goodnow and Edward Arthur Johnson, both members of the entering class, lost their lives. The young men were out on Lake Cayuga for a few hours' pleasure in a canoe belonging to Mr. Goodnow's brother. It is supposed that in some accidental manner the boat capsized, and the men were too far out in the lake to swim ashore. The bodies have since been found.

Clyde P. Johnson has been elected captain of the baseball team; George W. Rulison, captain of the athletic team; and Robert L. Shape, acting captain of the crew.

The greatly increased requirements for entrance into the university have decreased the number of freshmen, especially in the technical departments. Notwithstanding this reduction, the total enrollment is about the same.

The sudden death of Professor Herbert Tuttle during the summer, left vacant the chair of Modern European History, which has just been filled by the appointment of Professor H. Morse Stephens, Oxon., late lecturer on Indian History in Cambridge, and author of a number of historical works, the most important of which is a history of the French Revolution. Dr. L. L. Forman takes the place of Dr. A. G. Laird, as instructor in Greek, the latter having been appointed assistant professor in the University of Wisconsin. Mr. A. C. Gill and Mr. G. D. Harris have been appointed Assistant Professors in Geology. Assistant Professors Jacoby, Dennis and Willcox have been made Associate Professors. In Mathematics the new men are Mr. D. A. Murray and Mr. Joseph Allen. Mr. C. A. Martin has been made instructor in Architecture; Mr. H. N. Ogden in Civil Engineering; Mr. C. E. Houghton in Experimental Engineering, and Messrs. C. D. Child, C. E. Timmerman and J. L. Shearer, instructors in Physics. Dr. F. K. Fetter has been made instructor in Political Economy, and Messrs. H. L. Fordham and E. W. Mayo, assistants in English.

EXCHANGES.

We take pleasure in welcoming to our table the *Harvard Daily News*, which is published this year for the first time. It starts out well, to fill a long felt want, that of a college daily with editorials. The average college daily does not have editorials. They are generally notices from the business manager, asking non-subscribers to return their copies to the office, marked "Refused," or to pay their subscriptions or else effusions from the editor-in-chief greeting the infant 9—, or asking students to compete for places on the publication staff for the ensuing year. But the *Harvard Daily News* seems to have something to say.

James Whitcomb Riley, in one of his shorter prose sketches, "The Adjustable Lunatic," tells of a man who wrote a long and very beautiful poem which upon examination, disclosed no meaning whatever. A meaning seemed to be there, but whatever it might have been, it was as elusive as a will-o-the-wisp, and always hovered in the just beyond. Which is the fault of many of the verses that fill current college publications. The college versemaker—we would call him poet, but poet was used to signify one who made something—whereas the college versifier generally makes nothing, unless it be so many lines, brevier measurement, and a monotonous feeling,—the college versemaker runs sadly to the just beyond. His verses as a rule, start out bravely with the intention of meaning something, but get discouraged when about three lines have been written, and continue in despair and mystification to the end of the fourteenth. For as a rule sonnets are the peculiar affliction of a versifier of this description, and for good reasons. Primarily, as the versifier of an effete civilization must rhyme *a la mode*, and the rondeau and ballad, besides presenting greater difficulties of execution, must have a shadow of meaning to be even tolerable, the poetaster takes refuge in a fourteen line structure, easy to make, and so beautiful! Secondly, a long suffering public will take more abuse in the form of a sonnet than in any other known form of rhyme, even the villanelle. Indeed, they seem to expect a sonnet to mean nothing, and would be as angry at a sensible sonnet as was the Sassenach in Gilbert's ballad, at Macpherson Clonglocketty Angus McClan, when the latter succeeded, after many attempts, in eliciting an air from the bagpipes. It seemed unnatural, "revolutionary and ridiculous." We give below an example of the meaningless sonnet:

SUCCESS.

The world said: Praise--for he has won!
They saw the labors he had wrought
The copied reflex of his thought.
Each deed they counted nobly done
They weighed with keen discerning eyes
Against a counter weight of gold
But could not see that he had sold
His very soul to pay its price.
How he had bartered all his years
His honor, self-respect and strength
To find the prize he loved so much
Was turned to ashes at his touch.
So they to crown him brought at length
A garland wreathed of human fears!

This seems to have been evolved more in sorrow than in anger. We refrain from mentioning its source, for, as Mr. W. Edgar Nye says, we hate to inflict needless pain. Besides every college publication must plead guilty to something of this kind. Witness the following:

A YEARNING.

Grim, hoary woods that shelter beast and bird,
  Clear streams, wherein the speckled beauties dart,
  Huge rocks, festooned by Flora's tasteful art,
Wild dells, with echoes yet by man unstirred,
Bright tarns, with strands by human foot unblurred,
  Sweet perfume rare, unknown in city's mart,
  But best of all, to soothe the troubled heart,
Sweet music such as Eurydice heard :
  In spot like this my soul now yearns to be.
    What welling transport, thrill of blissful joy,
  To see unfolded Nature's mystery,
    To delve in truth profound without alloy.
O bear me then where vales with music roll,
To find the alabama of my soul.

Would it be profane to suggest a geography ?

NEW BOOKS.

Bill Nye's History of the United States. Illustrated by F. Opper. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"Facts in a nude state are not liable criminally," says the author in his preface, "any more than bright and beautiful children commit a felony by being born thus, but is is the duty of those having them in charge to put bright and healthy, and even attractive apparel on them at the earliest possible moment." So, he thinks, it is with facts, and this work is the result of his so thinking. "He seen his duty an' done it" in a way that would bring tears of laughter to the eyes of otherwise despondent potatoes. Those who have been accustomed to regard history as shrouded " all in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom," who have expanded in a billowy ecstacy of woe over the sorrows of departed American heroes, would have their grief miraculously dispelled by a perusal of the author's "*bong mo's*," besides contributing at the same time to the peace and well-being of an otherwise " deserving young man."

Dialogus de Oratoribus of Tacitus. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Indexes by Charles Edwin Bennett, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Cornell University. In College series of Latin Authors. Ginn & Co. : Boston, U. S. A., and London.

This book supplies the need that has long been felt for an English school edition of the first work of Rome's greatest historian. Professor Bennett

has performed his task with scholarly care and accuracy, and in the notes has shown an especially fine discrimination in selecting passages for treatment that would be liable to perplex young students. Particular pains have been taken to call attention to post-Augustan and Tacitean usages. The introduction contains all that any but special students need know about the dialogue; and whereas most editors assume that such aids as indexes are only for mature scholars, we are glad to see that one editor has recognized the indispensable nature of these features for younger students as well, and supplied them copiously.

The *Dialogus* is one of the gems of Latin literature, equal in thought, style, and dramatic interest, to any of the similar tractates of Cicero. Strange to say, until within recent years, it has been neglected in the schools and in the learned world generally. Such is the insight that it affords into the thought of the best minds of Tacitus's age, that it should be one of the first of Latin classics to be introduced into a college curriculum; and the edition before us leaves no reason why it should not now have its proper place.

Mad Sir Uchtred. By S. R. Crockett. Macmillan & Co. New York and London.

It is very hard indeed to characterize this last little story of the author of *The Raiders* and *The Stickit Minister.* Of course it is delightful, thoroughly; it is quaint, yes, like all his work; it is out of the ordinary, it has a strain of weirdness and uncanniness, it has a heroine who, though married, is quite as interesting as the bonnie lassie of the *Raiders*, and a very high class villain indeed. And of Mad Sir Uchtred, of Garthland, himself, in the beginning he "sat in the place that is called the Hass of the Wolf's Slock. It lies on the hoary side of Clashdaan, whence all the Dungeon of Buchan is seen to swim beneath like a blue cauldron shot with the silver threads of still and sleeping waters. They had hunted him with dogs that day. He was no longer Sir Uchtred, of Garthland, but only the man-beast of the hills, accursed of God, outcast of man, and the quarry of hunters." So with this epic beginning we are taken back through the story and told how this came to pass, how his fair wife sought him with love, and his brother with dogs, trying the while to marry the fair Phillipa of Garthland himself, and how at last falling into the Wild Man's hands the latter was touched by the pity of God and so brought back to his own again. It is certainly a great story in action and especially in atmosphere, the best, or at any rate one of the few best short stories that has come in our way for long.

The White Crown and Other Stories. By Herbert D. Ward. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

Readers of the magazines will recognize some of these stories at once, notably *A Cast of the Net* and *The White Crown*, which gives title to the

book. They are very good indeed, of unequal merit, perhaps, but not amateurish, and decidedly above the average throughout. There is not space here to go into details regarding them. *The White Crown*, in which the universal peace idea is made the ground plan of an extremely interesting story, is perhaps the best, but the book is certainly commendable in every way. The stories are more than trifles, there is much serious purpose throughout though the book is as delightfully far from having a mission as are the equally earnest stories of Kipling and Davis.

Tales of a Traveller. By Washington Irving. Students' Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

Perhaps this kind of a book delights the heart of the average reviewer more than any other that comes to his table, for this is a book which he does not even pretend to read. Pretend, we say, for of course reviewers never read books, it is so liable to prejudice them for or against the volume, than which nothing can be more harmful to a judicial opinion. But in this new and admirable Irving there is nothing to examine but the exterior and that, binding, size, style and all, are so eminently satisfactory it is a pleasure to recommend its sensibleness. The text is that revised by Irving himself, and the book is edited by Dr. Phelps, of Yale, author of *The English Romantic Movement*, a guarantee of careful accuracy. We are glad to welcome, too, the two new volumes promised, the *Alhambra* and the *Sketch Book*.

Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic. By J. L. Strachan-Davidson, M.A., in Heroes of the Nations Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons. London and New York.

The last number of this admirable scholarly series, which will include Charlemagne, by Professor Burr, and Alexander the Great, by Professor Wheeler, both now announced, has all the good qualities of its predecessors. It is always more or less of a question whether Series books of different kinds are of any value other than commercial, but Messrs. Putnam's Sons seem to have solved this difficulty admirably in the present series, the union of accurate scholarship and popular method, which means readable style. The names of the authors announced are sufficient guarantee of the latter, F. York Powell, C. W. C. Oman, Thomas Hodgkin, and many more. The present volume, as its sub-title indicates, is more than a biography of a great man, it is the history of a great period which is set before us. Mr. Strachan-Davidson has performed this task with great clearness and vigor and the book is well worth study as a matter of style as well as of history.

Claudia Hyde, by Francis Courtenay Baylor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is evident that Claudia and Mildmay represent Miss Baylor's ideals of manhood and of womanhood. All through the book there are evidences of what might be called in printer's parlance, "justification,"—little touches added here and there to make the character conform in every point to its pattern, until at last the work is done and the author demands, "Now, aren't they nice people?" Most assuredly they are, dreadfully nice, and the intention is so admirable that one is sorry that the result is so unreal and even humorous. Miss Baylor is perfectly satisfied with Mildmay, the disappointed heir-presumptive. He is all the world to her, for almost every one that he comes in contact with is either so vulgar or so mean that he shines like an athletic English angel of light in contrast. By the way, what an enormous number of 'varsity crews and teams they must have on the other side to supply all the doting wieldresses of the pen with captains and strokeoarsmen for heroes. However, in spite of his wondrous gullibility and humility and the frequency of his off-hand allusions to the classics, we must accept Mildmay as the typical English gentleman, for does not Miss Baylor finally distinctly set her seal of approval on him as possessing the "*mille-fleur bouquet* of the accomplished European gentleman, the repose of the Vere de Vere caste, the St. James *cachet*," as if to say, "for particulars the reader will please recall remarks and actions which have been put into preceding chapters." But for some reason we cannot quite make Claudia seem real. Perhaps it is because we never met any young Virginiennes who make jam and children's clothes, and incidentally instil Horace into youthful minds. We are glad that she finally married Mildmay; she never would have found anyone else worthy of her. With all its impossibilities, however, aud its overdone writing, and in spite of the absurdities of such characters as Terence Flanders, late of H. M. Service, and the rest, it is what girls call a sweet book and will no doubt give them many hours of pleasant dreaming of the pretty world whose only fault is that it does not exist.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia.

Bill Nye's History of the United States. Illustrated by F. Opper.

G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

Cicero. Heroes of the Nations Series. By J. L. Strachan-Davidson.

Tales of a Traveller. By Washington Irving. Edited by W. L. Phelps. Students' Series.

No Enemy but Himself. Elbert Hubbard.

The Artificial Mother.

Ginn & Co. Boston and London.

Tacitus, Dialogus de Oratoribus. Edited by C. E. Bennett.
The Roman Pronunciation of Latin. By Frances E. Lord.
Paul Bourget; Extraits Choisis. Edited by A. N. Van Daell.
Gustav Freytag. Doktor Luther. Edited by F. P. Goodrich.
Homer's Odyssey, Books V-VIII. Edited by B. Perrin.

D. C. Heath & Co. Boston.

Physical Laboratory Manual. By H. N. Chute.
History of the United States. By A. C. Thomas.

Macmillan & Co. New York and London.

Mad Sir Uchtred. By S. R. Crockett.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

The White Crown and Other Stories. By Herbert D. Ward.

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OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

A RECENT number of the *Cornell Daily Sun* contained the astonishing statement that the University of Oxford is the largest in the world, with an income of $6,000,000, and 12,000 students. This statement was copied from an exchange, and seems to be flying about among college papers. It will serve in the present instance as a peg on which to hang an article, dealing with some of those aspects of English university life, which are so well known to all Englishmen that they do not seem to demand explanation, while their strangeness puzzles and bewilders an American. It is quite as difficult for an Englishman to make intelligible to an American the actual relation between college and college, and between college and university, at Oxford and at Cambridge, as it is for an American, with the best will in the world, to unravel to an Englishman the mysteries of class spirit and the actual place filled by fraternities in American university life. An enumeration of bare facts teaches little; the subtle essence which underlies and pervades those facts is almost incapable of analysis. To know the number of fraternities in Cor-

nell University profits little, unless actual experience can be brought to bear to the understanding of their divers functions. It is, then, in the full consciousness of the difficulty of the attempt that an effort is made in this article to explain some of the simplest features of Oxford and Cambridge life, in the belief that these are the very points, a knowledge of which cannot be obtained from ordinary books on Oxford and Cambridge. Richard Harding Davis recently attempted, in an American magazine, to describe the Oxford undergraduate as he appears to American eyes; but with all his shrewdness of observation, he managed to perpetrate some curious blunders, which could never have been made by an English university man.

First, to deal with the misstatement which is going the rounds of the American college press. There were, according to the last Oxford Calendar, upon the books of the various colleges and halls, and on the Register of the Unattached Students, the names of 12,165 members of the University of Oxford. About three-quarters of these names were those of Oxford alumni who, after graduating, pay a small annual fee to maintain their names upon the books of their former colleges, entitling them to vote in the election of the two representatives of the university in the House of Commons, and to take a part in the government of the university. These alumni, after taking the degree of M.A., form the House of Convocation. It is this mixed body of members of the university whose names are kept upon the books, including both alumni and undergraduates, that has led the exchange quoted to announce that Oxford possessed the incredible number of 12,000 students. As a matter of fact, the colleges could not possibly accommodate more than 2,200 to 2,400 men. Nevertheless, a study of the Oxford Calendar for 1893 shows the names of 3,197 undergraduates upon the books. A marked proportion of this number, probably twenty-five per cent., and possibly even more, are not resident members of the university. Men, after completing their term of residence, often go down without graduating. Either they have not succeeded in passing their examinations, or, having passed them, they have not the money to pay the necessary fees, or they have been too careless to trouble about going through the actual

ceremony of graduating. For such reasons, and many others also, some men keep their names upon the books as undergraduates for many years, and are still reckoned as undergraduates in spite of their age and standing. The senior undergraduate at Balliol College, Oxford, at the present time is an Irish peer named Lord Cloncurry, who is over fifty years of age, and who was at Balliol more than thirty years ago, but who has never taken a degree. The last viceroy of Canada but one, the Marquis of Lansdowne, was nominally an undergraduate of Balliol at the time when he was appointed to that high office. An anecdote is told, bearing on this point, about the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goschen. He was an undergraduate of Oriel College, and for some reason did not graduate at the close of his university career. His name, therefore, remained upon the list of undergraduates, and after he had become a successful politician, and entered the cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty, his name was printed with the prefix of Right Honorable, by which privy-councillors in England are always designated. Enterprising money-lenders in London imagined that the mature statesman was some young scion of the nobility, confusing the prefix of Right Honorable with that of Honorable, and accordingly pestered Mr. Goschen with intimations of their desire to lend him money on good security. It is, then, almost impossible to accurately estimate the number of undergraduates actually under instruction in Oxford or in Cambridge at any particular date, but after making deductions for the cases described, it seems probable that there are generally from 2,200 to 2,400 undergraduates at Oxford, and rather more than that number at Cambridge.

Even more erroneous than the statement of the number of students is the assertion that the income of the University amounts to $6,000,000. If this were true Oxford would be able to provide herself with more of the equipment necessary for modern education and could adequately reward research and increase the numbers and the salaries of her professors. The actual receipts of the University for the year 1892 (those for 1893 are not yet accessible) amounted to a little over £62,000 or $310,000. This sum was made up of $100,000 from endowments and other ex-

ternal sources, $25,000 from the profits of the Clarendon Press, $35,000 from college contributions and $150,000 from payments by members of the University for matriculation, graduation, the maintenance of names on the books, and examination fees. The University is thus, as a University, one of the poorest in Europe considering its reputation, and its work could hardly be carried on if it were not that the wealth of some of the colleges provides for the endowment of many of the professorships. The University of Cambridge is poorer than the sister university for its total income seldom exceeds $200,000 a year. But although the universities are poor some of the colleges are very rich. The aggregate income of the Oxford colleges from endowments as returned in 1892 amounted to over a million dollars, but this sum is steadily decreasing owing to the rapid fall in the value of landed property in England. Those colleges which are fortunate enough to possess estates in growing cities or suburban districts, like Christ Church, Brasenose, St. John's, Magdalen and Merton, are becoming richer year by year, but the great majority of colleges which possess only rural estates find their income from endowments steadily diminishing. It is very difficult to estimate the income of the various colleges derived from tuition fees and rent of rooms, but it certainly does not exceed $550,000. The *Cambridge University Reporter* prints yearly the gross receipts of the colleges which amounted in 1892 from all sources, both endowments and fees, to slightly over $1,480,000. After this statement of figures, it appears that the total revenues of the university and the colleges of Oxford does not amount to more than $1,860,000, out of which the maintenance of college buildings and university institutions has to be provided, as well as the payment of professors and tutors and of many other charges absolutely unknown in American universities. The income of the university and of the colleges of Cambridge, similarly, does not exceed $1,680,000, and the statement of the American college press thus appears to be as inaccurate with regard to the income as with regard to the number of students.

One of the most interesting features about the universities of Oxford and Cambridge is their system of self-government. The

ultimate power of the House of Convocation, consisting of all the members of the university holding the degree of M.A. or the superior degrees in Divinity, Civil Law, and Medicine, whose names are maintained upon their college books, is now seldom appealed to, and the real government rests with the House of Congregation. This body consists of professors and examiners, and of all M.A.'s and holders of superior degrees residing within a mile and a half of the Church of St. Martin Carfax in the centre of the city of Oxford. It is in Congregation that questions of university policy are discussed and its principal duty is to legislate for the university. No statute, however, can be submitted to Congregation which has not previously been approved by the Hebdomadal Council, which consists of the vice-chancellor, the two proctors, six representatives elected by the heads of colleges, six elected by the professors, and six by members of Convocation. All legislation approved by the Hebdomadal Council and passed by Congregation comes before Convocation before it can be recognized as a Statute or act of the University. Convocation practically consists of the same members as Congregation for non-resident M.A.'s seldom take the trouble to come to Oxford, unless some burning question is being brought forward affecting the dignity of the Church. On these occasions the country clergy come up to Oxford by hundreds and might easily swamp the residents engaged in the work of teaching, were it not that the vice-chancellor singly, or the two proctors conjointly, possess the right of veto. As it is, Convocation sometimes hinders necessary reforms, but it can do no serious damage owing to the existence of the veto. The resident members of Convocation elect the various boards of delegates, which carry on the business of the university, as well as the curators of the Bodleian library, the delegates of the Clarendon Press, and similar officers.

The executive authority of the university rests with the vice-chancellor and the proctors. The vice-chancellor is the head of a college and is nominated annually in regular rotation according to seniority by the chancellor of the university, who is invariably a distinguished nobleman and who is elected for life by the members of Convocation. With the nomination of vice-chancellor

the work of the chancellor ends, and as it is the understood practice that each head of a college shall be appointed vice-chancellor in order of seniority, there is no opportunity for the display of favoritism. It has been the practice for some time past for each vice-chancellor to be nominated for four years in succession, when he is succeeded by the next head in order of seniority. The office of vice-chancellor is one both of dignity and power. All undergraduates are matriculated before him, that is to say, they sign the matricula of the university in his presence and are formally received by him as members of the university. He also confers degrees and presides at all meetings of Convocation and Congregation. His duties are multifarious, for he is a member of all boards and committees, and he is the official representative of the university to the outside world. The two proctors are chosen by the colleges according to a regular system of rotation. Each college nominates when its turn comes round either a senior or a junior proctor and these proctors hold office for one year. The proctors are responsible for the maintenance of discipline in the university. They parade the streets of Oxford at night escorted by their "bulldogs," as the university police are termed; they raid the billiard rooms and other places of public resort in search of undergraduates; they fine undergraduates out after dark without cap and gown, and are entrusted generally with full authority over undergraduates outside of the walls of their respective colleges. Needless to say the proctors are immensely unpopular among the undergraduates, who vent their rage by hissing the obnoxious officers loudly during the undergraduate carnival, known as Commemoration. At the University of Cambridge the system of government resembles that at Oxford, but there are various minute distinctions which it would be tedious to describe here. But it may be noted that the vice-chancellor at Cambridge only holds office for two years; that the legislative authority corresponding to Convocation and consisting of all M.A.'s and holders of superior degrees who have their names on the university register is known as Senate; that the resident members of the Senate meet in Congregation for legislative business; and that the authority which arranges legislation and cor-

responds to the Hebdomadal Council at Oxford is known as the Council of the Senate, and consists of four heads of houses, four professors and eight members of the Senate chosen by the residents whose names are on the electoral roll. Many minute differences between the universities such as the fact that what is known as an Act or a Statute of the University at Oxford is called a Grace at Cambridge might be here described, as well as some interesting relics of the past still existing in university procedure, but enough has been said to exhibit the self-government which distinguishes the English universities from those of America.

It is comparatively easy to describe the constitutions of the English universities; it is far more difficult to describe in general terms the exact place held in the universities by the colleges. Every one of the twenty-one colleges at Oxford and of the seventeen colleges at Cambridge has its own peculiar character, its own statutes, its own traditions, which distinguish college from college. Each college is an independent republic recruiting its governing body of Fellows, either by selection or open competition. With the exceptions of Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, to which the Crown presents, the body of Fellows elects the official chief or Head of the college, who bears different titles, being styled Master, or Provost, or President, or Principal, or Rector, or Warden, in accordance with ancient custom. The Head of the college together with the Fellows administers its affairs; certain of the Fellows are chosen as Deans for the maintenance of college discipline, others as Bursars to manage business interests and receive college fees, while the greater part are engaged in the actual work of teaching as tutors and lecturers. Each college is absolutely independent and is supreme within its own walls, and until recently every member of either university had to be a member of some college or of some Hall, a Hall being a kind of inferior college which is fast becoming extinct. Within recent years, however, there has been at both Oxford and Cambridge a class of Unattached or Non-Collegiate students, who are under the superintendence of special university officers, but who take a very small part in university life. From one point of view the universities may be considered as aggregations of col-

leges. The vice-chancellor, as has been pointed out, is always the Head of a college, and the proctors are likewise representatives of the Fellows or governing bodies of the different colleges. But the universities are really more than a mere federal republic of self-governing colleges. The corporate life of a university is as real as the corporate life of the different colleges and although the government of the university is in the hands of members of colleges the interests are kept distinct and treated as different parts of the system. It is the University which admits students, examines them and confers degrees, and maintains general discipline outside the walls of the colleges, and its only teaching officers are the university professors. The colleges carry on the greater part of the work of instruction and prepare their undergraduate members for the university examinations; they maintain discipline within their own walls and provide the undergraduates with board and lodging as well as with instruction.

It is now time to point out how the individual undergraduate is affected by his dual existence as a member of a college and of the University, for there is hardly need here to trouble about the position of the non-collegiate students who form an insignificant fraction of the general mass. When a man desires to enter either of the English Universities he writes to the Head or to some Fellow of the college which he desires to join and enquires whether there is any possibility of being received. If he has shown distinction in his school-boy days he usually competes at the college entrance scholarship examination. If he is fortunate enough to obtain a scholarship, which may vary in value from $250 to $450 a year, he comes into residence at the commencement of the academic year and he is expected to work hard and to repay his obligation to the college for its pecuniary help by doing well in the university examinations. If not good enough to obtain a scholarship he may obtain an exhibition of $150 to $200 or may be permitted to matriculate without further entrance examination. Any vacancies there may remain unfilled in the college for the next term after a scholarship examination are filled by the college authorities in different ways. A college which is in the height of popularity may have so many applications for entrance

that it can complete its numbers by a competitive examination, and it requires as high qualifications merely to pass into some of the best colleges as to obtain a scholarship at those which are less popular. Colleges for some reason or another out of popular favor are glad to accept any man who can possibly by assiduous cramming be enabled to pass the university examinations. Having been admitted to a college, the entering undergraduate is taken by his dean with the others of his year to the vice-chancellor to be officially matriculated as a member of the university. It will thus be seen that while the English universities impose no entrance examinations of their own they only receive as undergraduates men whose competence for admission is vouched for by the authorities of a college or hall or by the censors of the unattached students.

After entering the university it is supposed to be the aim of every student to obtain his degree with the maximum amount of credit for himself and for his college; as a matter of fact he too often hopes to obtain it with the least possible amount of work consistent with an earnest application to athletics. The course of an English undergraduate's studies is entirely directed by his college tutor. His tutor tells him whose lectures to attend and what books to read; he usually has one definite hour a week in which he reports to his tutor how he is getting on and brings him some evidence of his work in the shape of a piece of Latin or Greek composition or an English essay. By this means an undergraduate is kept in close communication with his tutor, who often becomes his intimate friend, and many an Oxford man will admit that he owes his after success in life to the advice and active help of his college tutor. A good tutor treats his men in different fashions according to their different types of character or intellect. Some men he will recommend to go to many lectures given either by university professors or college tutors and lecturers, others he will excuse from lectures entirely if they show that they can work better by themselves; some he will rule with tight rein, others he will merely stimulate. The tutorial system of the English universities is practically unique in higher education; many objections have been and can be made to it, and its advantages

depend largely upon the actual character of tutor and pupil. College tutors also lecture upon their special subjects and their work is merely supplemented by the more advanced lectures of university professors, whose freedom from tutorial duties gives them leisure for reading and research.

From what has been said it will be gathered that attendance at lectures is not compulsory on English undergraduates. They have no "hours to make up"; but as a matter of fact very few men take their degrees without having availed themselves to a greater or less extent of the advantage of receiving instruction from the experienced teachers provided by the university and by the colleges. Degrees are given wholly upon examination and the undergraduate's life is made a burden to him by the necessity of satisfying the examiners appointed by the universities. No amount of attendance at lectures or of righteous conduct can compensate for deficiency in any examination. Unfortunate men who are naturally unable to learn how to express themselves clearly on paper fail to do themselves justice, while the brilliant youth who possesses the power of expression and the gift of style defeats too easily his more dull and conscientious rival. It would take too long to describe here the elaborate system of examinations which prevails at Oxford and Cambridge, but it must be pointed out that all examinations lead to the B.A. degree. The ordinary man takes what is known at Oxford as a pass, and at Cambridge as a poll degree—the word poll being derived from οἱ πολλόι—the requirements for which are not very severe. More ambitious individuals read for honors. A man can nowadays obtain a degree in honors in almost any conceivable subject, in classics, mathematics, history, law, divinity, natural science, moral science, oriental languages, and since last year in Cambridge in mechanical science. These examinations in the honor schools, as they are called at Oxford, which correspond to the triposes at Cambridge are very severe. They last several days and the examination papers test the whole of a candidate's reading upon his subject. The successful competitors are graded in classes and to obtain the first class in any school is an evidence of thorough mastery, or at the very least, of thorough cramming in

a subject. Nevertheless no distinction is made between the degree conferred upon the most brilliant honor man, who may have taken one or more first classes, and the dullest pass man who may have after repeated failures succeeded at last in obtaining his "testamur" or certificate from the examiners of success. All alike proceed to the degree of B.A. But before the degree can actually be conferred upon them by the vice-chancellor in full convocation the undergraduate has to give evidence not only of having passed the necessary examinations but of having kept twelve college terms or, in other words, of having resided in a college for three academical years. This is the minimum amount of residence, but as an undergraduate may take an examination in honors up to the end of his fourth year, few but pass men take their degrees at the earliest opportunity. The examination system undoubtedly is far from faultless. Professors and lecturers are almost in spite of themselves drawn into cramming men for the university examinations instead of covering their fields of knowledge adequately. The undergraduate is apt to look upou his work as mere matter on which he is to be examined and gets it up with an eye to examination success rather than with the desire of mastering it. But for all that the examination system enforces a certain standard of knowledge for graduation, which cannot satisfactorily be assured in any other way. A degree obtained upon examination denotes that a man has obtained a certain definite modicum of knowledge, rather than that he has attended a certain specified number of lectures.

Few things can be more delightful than a freshman year at an English university. Such a thing as class spirit cannot possibly exist when the five hundred or so freshmen entering are scattered over a number of colleges. On the contrary the freshman who is possessed of any social qualities at all and is not obviously offensive is speedily called upon by most of the second-year men of his own college. He is made to feel that he has become the member of a time honored institution and that it is his bounden duty to protect and enhance the fame of his college in every possible way. College life must resemble—if one uninitiated may be permitted to say so—fraternity life, with

the great differences that new members are not chosen by the undergraduates themselves but are admitted by the authorities, and that each college has a force of deans, tutors, and lecturers as an integral part of its system. Every college has its boat club, its cricket club, its football club, its athletic club, its various debating and essay societies, and sometimes its college weekly or monthly magazine. Every college forms a complete entity, and the first thing that a freshman learns is to love his college and to uphold its traditions even before he grasps the meaning of university patriotism. But the very cap and gown that he wears reminds him that he is not only a member of an ancient college, but also of a still more ancient university. It is in his college that he makes new friends and develops his taste for work or for athletics, but college patriotism is eventually rivalled and even exceeded by university patriotism, until he rejoices more in the victory of his university in the boat race or in the cricket match than in the success of his college over other colleges. But though an Oxford undergraduate's first love is for his college, he is not restricted to that love. If an athlete, he joins the 'Varsity boat club or cricket club or whatever it may be, and strives to become a 'Varsity "blue" as the members of the different teams which take part in the contests against the sister university are called, not so much for his own glory as for that of his college. If he is a social personage, he joins one of the numerous clubs, such as the A. D. C., or Vincent's; if he be given to politics, he joins one of the political clubs, and in any case he joins the Union, a sort of central organization of undergraduates which exists both at Oxford and at Cambridge, and at both places possesses fine club-houses equipped with large libraries and reading rooms and with debating halls in which many English politicians have first tried their hand at public speaking. It is the existence of these numerous 'Varsity organizations which prevents the English universities becoming congeries of colleges and keeps alive the spirit of university patriotism.

The chief distinction between English and American university life is the severity of discipline which exists at Oxford and Cambridge. Every undergraduate is amenable alike to the college

and to the university authorities. The mere fact that the members of a college live with but few exceptions in the college buildings, get their breakfasts and lunches from the college butteries and dine together in the college halls, makes it possible and, indeed, necessary for very strict discipline to be maintained. Every undergraduate has to be in college before midnight and has to attend from three to five morning chapels or roll-calls a week, at eight a. m. Infringements of these regulations and of other college rules, are punished by "gating," which means that the undergraduate has to be within the gates of the college by a certain prescribed hour, by rustication or sending down from Oxford or Cambridge, which loses the undergraduate a term or a year of the residence required for his degree, or by taking his name off the college books, which is equivalent to expulsion from the college and thus from the university. Not only riots and "raggings," but failure to pass university examinations are punished in this way by the authorities of the different colleges. A notable instance of severity occurred last summer when the Christ Church members of the Bullingdon Club were sent down in a body because all the windows in one of the Christ Church quadrangles were broken. Outside the college walls the undergraduate runs the risk of conflict with the university authorities. If he is seen in the streets after dark without cap and gown by a proctor, he is fined; if he is caught in a billiard room or some other resort disapproved of by the university authorities, he is made to pay a penalty, and there still remain among the university statutes many quaint prohibitions not now enforced, such as that at Cambridge forbidding "playing marbles on the steps of the Senate House." It will be seen then that the English undergraduate has no opportunity of aspiring to student self-government. The mere fact of his residence within college walls and the necessity for wearing cap and gown make it comparatively easy for discipline to be enforced. The English undergraduate is indeed allowed more liberty than the school boy, but his freedom is restricted in many ways and he has to pay for the privilege of dwelling within the beautiful and ancient colleges of Oxford by the loss of the personal freedom outside the actual precincts of the university, which every American student enjoys.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of the system of colleges as it exists in Oxford and Cambridge is the fact that it provides means for the cultivation of that healthy rivalry which is so great a factor in stimulating a desire for excellence. Most colleges are famous, or at least endeavor to be famous, in one or more definite respects. Some pride themselves on their success in examinations, others on their prowess on the river or the football field, others again on the social prestige of their undergraduates, and others on a characteristic religious or scientific tone. The spirit of rivalry tells in many directions, and many a man, whether college tutor or undergraduate, is kept up to the mark by the feeling that he is working on behalf of his college, Nowhere is this better to be perceived than in the value of inter-college athletics. In almost every conceivable kind of athletic contest the different colleges strive against each other. Possibly the rivalry is most keen upon the river. Both at Oxford and at Cambridge bumping races take place in which college eights row against each other every spring and every summer term. It will take too long to describe the arrangement and method of bumping races in this article, but reference may be made to the excellent description given by Mr. R. H. Davis in his study of the Oxford undergraduate which has been already mentioned. But college rivalry enters into all other fields of athletics to the great advantage of athletic pursuits and of college spirit generally. One reason for the non-existence of class spirit in English universities is to be found in the healthy rivalry produced by college spirit. The size of the colleges makes it possible for nearly all of them to put an eight upon the river and cricket and football teams into the field, and there is thus plenty of opportunity afforded for practice among a larger section of the undergraduate population than is possible in American universities. There are those who say that athletics fills too large a place in the English undergraduate scheme of life, but if that be so it is too late now to expect any radical change, and the enemies of athletics, seeing that their opposition is futile, have unwillingly to recognize that at any rate contests in feats of bodily skill and bodily strength do much to build up the feeling of *esprit du corps* which it is one of the glories of Oxford to produce.

Further, it is from among men who distinguish themselves in the inter-college contests that the teams and the crews which do battle in the inter-university contests are selected.

Just as the two great English universities consist of aggregations of colleges with a super-added feeling of university loyalty, so the 'Varsity athletic clubs are formed out of the college athletic clubs but call also upon a wider field of university patriotism. The 'Varsity Boat Club, for instance, is governed by the captains of the different College Boat clubs, who elect the president whose duty it is to choose the eight, which shall take part in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. The 'Varsity cricket club, athletic club, and football clubs are formed in the same fashion. Every athletic undergraduate yearns for a place in the teams which meet the sister university, and more men strive to obtain their "blue" than to get a first class in tripos or Honor School. The British public in its love for athletics encourages this feeling. The members of the 'Varsity eight receive an enthusiastic attention to all their doings which no senior wrangler or double first ever attracted. Their portraits appear in all the illustrated newspapers and to have taken part in the great boat race is a lasting distinction for future life. Hardly a spot can be mentioned or even a pursuit in which Oxford does not compete with Cambridge, but the most famous and popular are the boat race and the cricket match. Yet the inter-'Varsity athletic sports, the two football matches under the Rugby Union and Association rules, the racquet matches, tennis matches, the bicycle races, the cross country races, and even the chess and billiard games, are followed with interest by thousands of spectators or readers. To many Englishmen the occurrence of an inter-'Varsity contest is made the opportunity of their annual holiday, for on the field they find their contemporaries and fight the battles of their youth over again with their former rivals. But the inter-'Varsity contests do not absorb all the athletic rivalry of Oxford and Cambridge. Individual colleges from the two Universities play each other at football and cricket and at the Henley Regatta the college eights which are most successful in the summer on the Cam or the Isis meet to contend for the different plates. It is fortunate no doubt

that England possesses two universities in every way as nearly equal to each other as Oxford and Cambridge, for in the competitions between such rivals the truest emulation, the most honest emulation, can be brought into play.

The differences between Oxford and Cambridge seem very great to those who are actually Oxford or Cambridge men, but to the general public the distinctions between them appears so slight as to be immaterial and even trifling. One thing is certain, that although no Oxford or Cambridge men will admit that the sister university is equal to his own *alma mater* he will readily acknowledge that it were better for a man to have been at the rival institution than at no university at all. Each university cherishes its own peculiarities and pities the outside world which cannot appreciate them. Many are the verbal mistakes which the uninitiated make by attributing facts and names to the one university which only belong to the other. Lady novelists generally credit their heroes with becoming senior wranglers at Oxford or with winning the Newdigate prize poem at Cambridge in happy ignorance of the amusement which such mistakes cause their expert readers. Sometimes persons or things that are identical in their nature have different names. Thus the Combination Room at Cambridge corresponds to the Common Room at Oxford; the college servant is termed a "gyp" at the former and a "scout" at the latter place of learning; Oxford has her annual Commemoration, Cambridge her annual Commencement; Cambridge elects syndicates where Oxford chooses delegacies. More puzzling is the fashion in which the same terms designate different things in the two universities. An Oxford tutor performs different functions from a Cambridge tutor; an Oxford dean is responsible for college discipline while the Cambridge dean supervises chapel services; and, as a last instance, the lodge at a Cambridge college means the residence of the Head while at Oxford it denotes the dwelling place of the college porter. Many trifling differences of usage and discipline may also be noticed. At Cambridge there is a different undergraduate gown prescribed for every college which is worn both by scholars and ordinary undergraduates, while at Oxford the same sort of gown is worn by all undergraduates of

all colleges but is made of a different pattern for scholars and for commoners. More radical are the differences in the system of examinations pursued at Oxford and at Cambridge. At the former the successful candidates are arranged in four classes alphabetically in honor examinations, while at Cambridge the triposes are divided into two parts, in each of which the men are graded in three classes. In the first part of the mathematical tripos the successful men are arranged in order of merit, the three classes consisting of wranglers, senior optimes and junior optimes, the first man in the first class bearing the time honoured name of senior wrangler. Great is the distinction, too, between the studies prepared with the most success at Oxford and at Cambridge. Cambridge is the great mathematical university, whereas at Oxford mathematics attracts but few men. Thus nearly a hundred men took their degree at Cambridge last year with honors in mathematics, while at Oxford ten or a dozen make a full class list in mathematics. On the other hand Oxford boasts of a large and growing school of modern history, through which about a hundred men graduate in honors every year, while at Cambridge the historical tripos is almost as weak as the Oxford mathematical school. In classics the two universities have different aims in their final honor examinations, Cambridge laying most weight on pure scholarship, Oxford on philosophy and history. Finally, it is to be noted that Cambridge possesses a large and thriving medical school, second to none in the English speaking world, while Oxford grants her medical degrees to men who have taken the ordinary B.A. and who have pursued their medical studies elsewhere, on the presentation of a thesis on some medical subject. It will be invidious to contrast or compare further the two great English universities, for they differ rather in non-essentials than in essentials. It has been said that Cambridge has been the mother of great men, Oxford the mother of great movements, a generalization which, like most generalizations, contains only a half truth, for much depends upon how far the title great can be conferred upon either men or movements.

But it is not on account of the education in mere things intellectual that the English universities boast of their preëminence,

for in Oxford and Cambridge alike the aim pursued is to make men and gentlemen rather than scholars and bookworms. In pursuing this ideal they are aided by the history and traditions of the place. His residence at Oxford or at Cambridge fills the undergraduate with that sense of reverence for the past which forms one of the distinctively English characteristics. Matthew Arnold, a devoted son of Oxford, recognized the charm which her past traditions have thrown about the ancient university, and in a passage unsurpassed for beauty in modern English prose thus invokes Oxford.

"Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play."

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone? . . . . . Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this Queen of Romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?"

H. Morse Stephens.

SONNET.

(On reading the Idyls of the King.)

As nuns pass through their convent's narrow door
  And far behind them leave this busy world,—
  So, as I pass, as Gareth did of old,
Under those mystic portals figured o'er
With symbols quaint, that curiously, before
  The people's gaze, strange things to be, foretold,
  And pictured forth great Arthur's deeds of gold,—
Faint and more faint becomes the great world's roar.

For then to me there breaks that wondrous light
  Nor sun nor moon doth give: then lives again
    Lady and knight, and tilt and tourney prize;
And many-tower'd Camelot is bright:
  While, sweeter than from bugle's throat, a strain
    Of wreathéd melodies fills soul and eyes.

Robert Adger Bowen.

A TICKET OF ADMISSION.

"I THINK we'd better look him up," said the city editor, lifting his feet to his desk and lighting his pipe, with an air of relief that signified that his day's work was ended, "you see he's got money, and if he's a sociable chap, we may be sorry we didn't. Anyway, there's a chance of two or three meals in it, and lots of fun if he turns out to be a fellow we don't like."

"Who is he?" asked his auditor, Dick Hendee, the telegraph editor. "I only know what I heard you fellows talking about him. Where did you pick him up?"

"He's Morley's find, I believe. His full name is William Gascoigne Gallaher. His father very opportunely died after making a respectable pile out West, leaving him all of it. He came to New York about three months ago to become a bohemian."

"A what?"

"Fact. He'd read all his life about bohemian life in the metropolis, and has come here to join us."

"Guess he wouldn't if he knew what it was," answered the other, cynically. "Here I've got just $4.38 and a street car pass to last me till the tenth ef next month."

"Have you? Good. I'll eat with you to-night. As I was saying, Morley picked him up about a week ago. He'd given one of those *Tribune* men twenty-five dollars to show him the art studios; of course they visited Morley's, and Morley dropped at once."

"Trust the *Tribune* people to rob him," said Hendee. "What did Morley think?"

"Just this. He proposes that the five of us, you, Morley, Wilkinson, Harris and myself take this chap in hand; show him the town, put him on to a few things, and kind of generally initiate him. If he's any fun we'll take him in, and let him think he's one of us. If he isn't, we can drop him. Morley's dead fond of him already, though, so I guess he's all right. He and I are going there to-night. He's got a nice place up on 23rd street, four rooms, second floor."

That evening Morley introduced his friend Mr. Rawdon of the *Evening News* to his new acquaintance. He fulfilled the artist's most sanguine expectations; refined, cordial, and withal so genial and so sincerely anxious to entertain his guests, that they liked him immediately. He told them tales of his early western days, when the two had succeeded in drawing him out somewhat. Hendee, not to be outdone, proceeded to discount his host by relating so many veracious narratives of the metropolis that Rawdon finally grew ashamed of him, and proceeded to shut him off by making dates with the Westerner to show him around the city. Before they left they had engaged to bring their three friends to a small and early at his rooms the following evening.

During the following fortnight the sextette covered the sights of the metropolis. All of this he seemed to enjoy immensely.

Harris, who wrote leaders for the *Times*, borrowed a yacht and took him round the bay. Rawdon took him through the theatres, green rooms, dressing rooms, bar rooms, and all. Wilkinson showed him the intricacies of the Stock Exchange, which,

to the surprise of the five friends, seemed to interest him hardly at all. "We've got one in Chicago, you know," he explained, "only," he added, "they make more noise."

He displayed a remarkable quickness in noticing and remembering things and faces, and great accuracy in deducing conclusions from apparently trivial events.

"Why is it," he asked Rawdon one evening, the one who had progressed farthest toward his confidence, "that I don't get to know those fellows better than I do? Why are they always on their good behavior when I'm around? Now, there's Morley. We've been together daily for the last two weeks. I've kept him from doing any work at all."—Rawdon felt inclined to say that Morley had just sold a picture and wouldn't do a stroke of work until the proceeds of his sale were exhausted, but somehow refrained, and the other went on.—"Still, only the other day when I was in his den, a fellow came to dun him for some small bill and he went across the hall to borrow five dollars from Wilcox, whom I know he detests. Why didn't he ask me? And only yesterday, when I went into your office, you and Hendee were talking about some money you were going to raise to help out that artist I met one day last week. As soon as I came in you both shut up like clams, and changed the subject. Is it because I'm rich, or because I don't work, like you people? I told you, Rawdon, why I came here, and the people I wanted to know and live with. I've met them, or most of them, and tried to get in with them, but I don't seem to be making any progress."

Rawdon slowly knocked the ashes out of his pipe before he answered. "Well, Gallaher, it's just this. The rest of us have to work for our living, and you don't. They feel somehow as though you must despise a man that has to live, as they do, from hand to mouth. They will come here and eat your dinners and smoke your cigars, and take you places and treat you the best they know how. But they wouldn't think of coming in to borrow a pipeful of tobacco when you weren't here, any more than you would from one of them. Why? Because you're *not* one of them. I don't think it's your being better fixed than most of them. It's because they work and you don't."

"Yes, I see that plainly enough now," answered Gallaher,

smiling; "and that's exactly what I want them to get over. I might make a vow of voluntary poverty, move down town, open a den, and smoke there instead of here; but I'd be as far off as ever. They'd treat me just the same. They know we haven't enough in common."

"True," said the literary man, reflectively. "You can't paint, you say?"

"Not at all."

"Nor write?"

"No,— at least, not any good."

"I'm not sure about that," said Rawdon. "Did you ever try?"

"Yes. I wrote up some of my mining stories for a Colorado paper; but taste is different there."

"Well, you might try, at least. Write out some of those things you told us that first night, and I'll see. It's really worth while, even if they don't amount to anything. But I think they will."

Colorado taste was not so far biased as might have been expected. Three days later Rawdon was able to offer his friend a trial position on the *Evening News*, with prospects of its permanency if he proved satisfactory.

He did prove satisfactory. His work seemed easy to him, though he took care to do it well, so that there was no question about the permanency of his position. His real success, however, was with his friends. Their shyness wore off quickly enough, and he was delighted beyond measure when Morley called for a loan of twenty-five dollars. He was less delighted when Wilkinson called in his absence one evening to borrow his dress suit, his own having been deposited some ten days before as collateral with a Shylock whom he patronized frequently. Gallaher, however, took care to secrete the new dress suit which he had had made during the absence of the borrowed one.

During the following week he happened in on Morley, and was pained and surprised to find the latter's studio almost utterly dismantled. "Rent," was the brief response of the artist when questioned as to the cause. "Why didn't you come to me, Morley, my boy?" he asked.

"Well, you know it's all right this way," answered Morley slowly, "besides, you know, I don't like to borrow from you as I would from the fellows. I had an idea you wouldn't like it; and it's somehow different."

It was somehow different but the difference was not to be permanent.

"Hello, Rawdon," sang out Hendee one day, as he stood transcribing and correcting the reports from the wire. "There's been an awful scoop on us in Denver. Three banks went up together about half an hour ago, and we've just gone to press."

"There are others," answered the city editor. "How much?"

"Two millions and a half gone to ——." he whistled significantly.

"What were the banks?"

"First National, Third National, and Denver City," Hendee read from the copy before him.

"Why Dick—that's where every cent of Gallaher's money was!"

"The depositors are all right, the despatch said," answered Hendee.

"But he wasn't a depositor, he was a stockholder."

"Then," said the telegraph editor, "I'm afraid it's gone. Come."

"Where?"

"To see Gallaher."

Gallaher was surprised half an hour later to see the two friends come in decidedly out of breath, and throw themselves on the sofa. They had raced up the stairs to be ahead of a messenger boy they passed on the front steps. Some minutes afterward he entered bearing an ominous yellow envelope which he handed to Gallaher.

"He heard it over our wire, you know," said Rawdon at last, nodding toward his student companion.

The man from the West walked over to the fireplace and poked the telegram between the bars of the grate, watching it as the flames caught it. "I think I'll move in with your Rawdon," he said as he turned to face his two friends, "I'll be nearer the office down there."

J. B. H.

THE TENNIS SEASON OF 1894.

THE Eastern newspapers, having at last waked up to the importance of tennis among summer sports, have reported the tournaments so fully from week to week, that there really seems very little to say that is not already known. Eastern newspapers one says advisedly, for, with a few exceptions, Western newspapers have not followed their Eastern contemporaries in this branch of journalism, owing doubtless to the fact that the West has not as yet reached the interest and skill in tennis of the East as the East is still far behind England.

Almost all the tournaments were successful but it is to be regretted that so many players who are just in their prime so far as age is concerned have dropped out of all tournaments. When an American reaches twenty-four or five he usually stops playing tennis on account of business or for other reasons. This tendency alone has done much towards maintaining our inferiority to the English, and doubtless owing to the greater pressure in the West has worked to keep that section behind the East, as has been said. Last season there were really only five or six Americans playing whose tennis could be called first-class as against probably fifteen or twenty first-class men in Great Britain.

One important change which will doubtless be productive of much good has at last been effected. The National Tennis Association has finally decided to rank the players in classes, according to the English custom, instead of regarding them as individuals as heretofore. It is a much better plan than the old system as so many more men can thus be given their proper standing. It is so arranged that each class will be a certain number of points behind the class immediately preceding it, say "one-quarter fifteen." By this means every man of the thirty or forty who will be thus classified can tell just how far he is behind the leaders in the estimation of the committee that arranges the classes, and men who are just beginning to work up a good game can tell what improvement they make from year to year.

The past year has been particularly notable in American tennis

from the fact that for the first time in the history of the game in this country a first-class English player, Mr. M. F. Goodbody, made his appearance in several of our best tournaments, and finally at Newport, which tournament he succeeded in winning, much to the Americans' chagrin. Although he did not win the championship he showed such good tennis that next year, if he fulfills his promise to return and bring a better man with him, it looks as though the chances were in favor of the American championship being held by an Englishman.

In view of his very great success in nearly all the matches in which he took part it may be worth while to attempt some sketch of the points of his play and those qualities and methods that have proved so successful against our players.

Mr. Goodbody's game is a very deceptive one to watch and understand. In the first place he is about twenty-eight years old and knows everything there is to know about tennis. He never makes any of those very bad mistakes by which American players are continually being caught. For instance, it seems to me from watching his game and playing against it, that he never tries to pass a man at the net unless he is quite sure that a reasonably good stroke will do it. He would much more often "lob" a difficult return and so be sure that his opponent would have to make another stroke in order to win the point. With most of us it is very apt to be just the opposite, if there is even a *chance* to "pass" a man we take it, no matter how desperate it may be. In fact Goodbody's entire play shows more head work and method than that of any American except possibly Wrenn, who defended his title of champion against him last summer at Newport by beating him at his own game.

His playing here last season can hardly fail to teach some very needed lessons to most of us. If one goes over his record made in this country, it will be seen that in no case did he win from a steady, careful, good all-round man, while in his contests with the more brilliant, but also much more erratic players, he was at his best. Malcolm Chace and R. D. Wrenn each played him two matches and beat him every time, but F. H. Hovey and Clarence Hobart, who had certainly been considered fully the equal of

Wrenn and Chace, did not win from him. Each had only one chance, however, and Hobart at Newport was within one point of the match three or four times. I had four matches with Goodbody and won two of them, but the last one, which was worth more than the other three put together, he won after I thought I had beaten him.

This seems to show that steadiness and care are more important than very hard hitting, with perhaps two out of five strokes bad ones. Of course the good ones count, but at the end of a long match in a big tournament, a man's pace must necessarily fall off more or less, no matter how strong he is, which usually has the effect, instead of making him more accurate and sure, of sending most of his important strokes into the net.

Next year seems to promise more interest in the game than ever before. Four "challenge" cups have been won twice by different men, and as they need to be taken but once more to become their personal property this fact is certain to make large tournaments and exciting matches. The prizes offered are the National Singles, the National Doubles, the Seabright and the Southampton cups.

Then if Goodbody comes back and brings another player with him, as he is pretty sure to do, we on this side of the water will have some pretty hard thinking as well as playing to do in order to prevent the American prizes from going abroad.

W. A. Larned.

TWO.

"SAY, Tom," cried enthusiastic little Saintsbury, rushing in on Ralston one afternoon when the latter had just stretched himself out for a nap, "did you ever read Saracinesca?"

"Yes," said Tom, patiently, and hoped Dick wouldn't stay. But he did.

"Well," he said, with the air of a bearer of tidings, "I've just finished it."

"Yes?" said Tom, unenthusiastically.

Undaunted by Tom's lack of appreciation of this great event, Saintsbury went on, "What do you think of it?"

"Oh, it's well enough," said Tom, driven out of monosyllabic assent at last.

"Well enough! Well, I guess! It's out of sight! Ever read the sequels?"

"Yes," said Tom. He liked Dick immensely, but he was sleepy.

"Well," said Dick, triumphantly, "I've read them, too."

"Yes?"

"And they're great, too. Say, Tom, I want to talk to you. Am I bothering you? Throw me out if I am."

"No," said Tom, with deliberate prevarication, resigning himself to the inevitable with his usual good nature. "Go on. What the deuce have you been reading Crawford for, anyway?"

"Well," said Dick, ingenuously, "chiefly because Miss Davis told me to, I guess. Met her, haven't you? Of course. What do you think of her, anyway? Great, isn't she? Beautiful figure; just tall enough; lovely black hair and eyes, and no end of fun."

"Compliments extracted without pain," observed Tom.

"Exactly. Well, you see I'd run down some and I finally concluded it was because I hadn't read anything for a while, specially love stories, so I asked her what to read and she said Crawford. I've got through five."

"Feel better now?"

"Lots! What do you think of Crawford, anyway, you sulky old brute?" he asked, affectionately.

"He's well enough," said Tom. "Little beyond me, though. His people have such a lot of money! Such a rarefied social atmosphere, it's a little hard on us poor folks, you know."

"Yes," said Dick, encouragingly. "So you believe in love in a cottage, do you?"

"Good heavens, *no!*" exclaimed Tom, violently, waked up at last. "If I did, I'd have ———"

"Yes?" murmured Dick.

"Probably made an ass of myself long ago. I suppose," he continued, changing the conversation abruptly, "that it's just as easy to make a man worth a hundred million in a novel as not. He isn't any harder to draw than a poor devil that starves to

death, and he's more imposing. I wonder why Crawford does that, though? Wonder if he thinks true love and real character are better shown where all the machinery of life is eliminated? Wonder if he has an idea because a man has a lot of money he lets himself go more, is more human, more unrestrained, and all that? See what I mean?"

"Yes," said Dick, doubtfully. "Like savages."

"Pretty much," said Tom. "Well, I think he somehow misses it if he does. He does it from some artistic motive, of course. People are more interesting when they're unique in some way, never pure commonplace, very rich or very poor, or brainy or witty or maybe just local. There's one thing I like him for, though. He doesn't write many how-to-be-interesting-though-married stories like everybody else does nowadays."

"Did you ever write a story?" asked Saintsbury, apropos of nothing in particular, like most of his remarks. "I'm not literary a little bit, you know. Only a tech man, and I don't know Homer from a hole in the ground; but if you ever did write anything I'd like to see it." He grew more confidential. "I've always wondered about you, anyway, what the deuce you did do ———"

Just then there was a bump on the door, and before Tom could sing out "come in," Allston Reynolds entered.

"I just wanted to know," he said, in his patronizing way, "if you'll go up to Lake's to-night with me? There's a lot of girls up there, and I thought if you cared to go, I'd take you up. They urged me so hard to come up and see 'em, I suppose I'll have to. Go along?"

"Thanks," said Tom, "I'm engaged."

"Sorry," said Reynolds, briefly. "I had to ask some one. It'll be slow with only one man." He went out without a look or word for little Saintsbury.

"There's a shrinking modesty about that youth that I like," said the latter, when Reynolds had gone.

"Yes," said Tom, "he *has* pretty manners—for such a little, young boy. He fancies he owes a duty to himself and society to be a snob."

"Which he pays," returned Dick, viciously.

"I forgot to tell him," added Ralston, reflectively, "that my engagement was to take those girls at Lake's out somewhere to-night. Pity he sneered at his betters, I might have remembered it if he hadn't," and he puffed away solemnly at his pipe, while Dick grinned appreciatively.

"About your writing—" he ventured at length.

"Oh, yes," Tom said, "I used to write. There's a scrap book over there, third from right on top shelf. That's it. Now kid, if you want to amuse yourself with it you can; only don't bother me. See?" And he laid down his pipe, stretched himself out on the divan and was asleep in five minutes. Little Saintsbury wanted to talk to him, but seeing the tired face, refrained, and presently was glancing at stories as he turned over the leaves, reading a bit here and there as his eye caught phrases, never beginning or ending anything.

"They sat talking fitfully for a while," he read, finally, "watching the brisk wood fire that crackled merrily and was pleasant in the sudden chill of the early autumn. Presently she went over to the window and stood looking out quietly.

'Well?' he said, turning at last when her silence had become noticeable.

'It is very beautiful to-night. Would you mind walking somewhere?'

'Not at all,' he said. 'But you must wear a wrap. It's cold.'

She came back presently with a new wrap on and a hat he did not remember having seen before. It occurred to him suddenly that she was very pretty. He had known for a long time that no other girl, not even the one to whom he was supposed to be engaged, was half so pleasant for him to be with, but he never noticed before that she was pretty. She was very dark and tall and slender and graceful, with very black hair and eyes and beautiful hands. Her eyes and hands were a great part of her charm and half her conversation. They went out into the beautiful night. The streets were deserted, though it was early. It was crisp and cool and the trees had begun to shed their leaves. There was a bright moon and a little wind rustled the fallen leaves. Her mother came to the door.

'We'll be back presently, mother,' she called as they turned to go.

'Which way?' he said.

'I don't care,' she replied. 'Any way. It is all beautiful.'

It had not occurred to him before that she was romantic either. He was not quite so obtuse as usual to-night, he told himself.

'I forgot to tell you,' he said at last after a long, aimless talk, 'that I have a chance to go away next year.'

'And you will go!' she said.

'I don't know yet. They want me here.'

'Don't stay,' she said. '*Please* don't stay. Promise me!'

He looked at her, astonished at her sudden energy.

'You are better,' he said. 'The air is doing your headache good.'

'*Please!*' she said.

'It is good of you to take such an interest. You mustn't flatter me. I'm vain enough now.'

'Yes, very good.' she said somewhat bitterly. 'I thought we were past that. You know I take an interest. Please promise. Don't be flippant—to-night.'

'This is like a song,' he said. 'But my dear child, what is this all about? You are going to marry Leslie next month and go a thousand miles from here. What possible interest can you have? I don't see, I'm afraid.'

'Oh' she said 'you *won't* understand. Don't you know, haven't I told you I *don't* care for Leslie. Haven't I said it was because I thought it was my duty, because his mother told me it would kill him if I didn't? Why should I go over this again? I'm not asking this of you from any motive of good to myself. *I'm* not in this anywhere,' she went on bitterly again. 'It's for you and your good. You oughtn't to stay here and you know it. You'll stagnate, yes, and marry some girl here and *never* amount to anything.'

'Ah!' he said involuntarily. 'I see.'

'See!' She went on with a little note of weariness taking the place of her former impatience. 'No, you don't see and won't see and I suppose you never will. But do promise me. It isn't much and it's for your own good. I haven't asked much of you and I'm not going to ask much more. In a month I'll be

married and we'll never meet again.' Her hand trembled a little on his arm and he looked at her intently and they were both silent for a while.

'I will go away,' he said simply.

'Thank you,' she said.

They had reached the gate by this and went slowly up to the porch.

'Won't you come in?' she said.

'No,' he answered, 'I have a great deal to do yet to-night. I only came out to see how you were. Agnes,' he said slowly, 'you know and I know the last and worst and most contemptible thing on earth is for a man to come between a friend and the girl he loves. Don't you?'

She held out her hand. 'Yes,' she said. 'Good-night and—good bye. Pardon me, you did understand after all.'"

Then little Saintsbury stopped reading and looked at the tired face on the pillows.

"Poor boy," he said, "I wonder"—Then a moment later, "No, it couldn't be, he couldn't have written it—and yet—."

ONE WALTZ WITH HER.

To dance with her one life-sweet waltz; the rest
  Not worth regretting by a moment's sigh.
Till then, all eager-souled, I love her best,
  When the half smile lights up her lovely eye,
  And in the music's pause, as they glide by
To hear her rippling, silver laughter fall.
  (Will *Danube* never end?) But what care I?
One waltz with Janet will atone for all.

The *Nightingale*. At last! Dying upon her breast
  The roses cling, tired, poor children. So was I
  Till now. How passionate the waltz notes rise and die.
Her sweet eyes droop a little. Has she guessed
  How music and her beauty hold one's heart in thrall?
  Auf Wiedersehen. So; I dare not think "good-bye."
  One waltz with Janet has atoned for all.

Edward A. Raleigh.

THE MONTH.

THE annual class elections resulted in the choice of William F. Atkinson as president of the senior class; Edward Davis, president of the junior class; Charles D. Clinton, president of the sophomore class; and Wesley Steele, president of the freshman class.

The new home of the Cornell chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon will be opened on the evening of Thanksgiving day with a dance. The building is three stories in height, built of St. Lawrence marble, finished in hard wood, and furnished with all modern conveniences. Besides parlors, a library, a dining room, and smoking rooms, it contains study rooms and bed rooms for sixteen men.

The series of six lectures on "The History and Literature of Buddhism," by Professor T. W. Rhys-Davis, Ph.D., LL.D., of London, were listened to by large and interested audiences. This course of instructive lectures is to be given before seven of the leading educational institutions of the country under the auspices of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religions, of which committee President Schurman is a member.

The excellent work of the football eleven calls for the heartiest praise and commendation. The games already played speak for themselves. Syracuse University was defeated by a score of 37 to 0, Union 37 to 0, Lafayette 34 to 0, University of Michigan 22 to 0, Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn 22 to 0, and Hamilton, by the second eleven, 30 to 0. Princeton won from Cornell, 12 to 4, and Harvard, 22 to 12. University of Pennsylvania won from Cornell 6 to 0, Nov. 17, after one of the most brilliant games of football ever seen in the country. The Williams game, 0 to 0, was a surprise and a disappointment to Cornellians, and was naturally considered a victory by the Williamstown collegians. The success of the eleven has been accompanied by a great increase in the interest in athletic matters by the students and the alumni. Much enthusiasm has been manifested by the Cornellians in the

large cities where the team has played, and with a single exception the metropolitan press has accorded to Cornell impartial accounts of the games and favorable consideration of her claims for recognition in the football world. Glenn S. Warner, left guard on the team for the last two seasons, has been chosen to succeed George P. Dyer as captain of the eleven. The latter while acting captain of the eleven, devoted his entire energy to building up a team which should represent Cornell with credit, and the success already attained is largely due to his unselfish efforts. Coach Newell has been assisted in his work by Henry Floy, '91, George W. Bacon, '92, and Bert Hanson, L.S., '93.

The Athletic Council has elected William T. Hastings manager of the navy; Robert J. Thorne, manager, and Richard Franchot, assistant manager, of the lacrosse team; William G. White, manager of track athletics; and Charles S. Young, manager, and Edward Davis, assistant manager, of the baseball team.

The Sophomores, by winning two out of the three athletic contests, have won the underclass supremacy over their Freshman rivals. The track events in the Fall Meet were won by '98, while '97 carried off the honors in the field events. The deciding contest, a football game, was full of excitement and interest, the Sophomores winning by the close score of 6 to 4.

The Military Department is to have an entire new service and equipment for its artillery. New field guns, with all the latest inventions combined, and costing about $5,000, exclusive of the caissons, have been ordered by the government for the department. The band, which has reached a high grade of proficiency, has also been favored with a new and complete equipment of musical instruments.

The Athletic Council at its last meeting unanimously decided to send a crew to England this year to compete in the Henley Regatta, which will probably be held the first week in July. The particular race which the Cornell crew will enter will doubtless be the one known as The Grand Challenge Race. This race is for a distance of one and one-half miles, and has been won in recent years by the Leander Boat Club, composed of the best oarsmen picked from the Oxford and Cambridge crews. It is not expected

that the friendly relations with the University of Pennsylvania will be interrupted, as another crew will be trained for that important race. Nearly all the oarsmen in last year's 'Varsity crew will compete for the crew this year, in addition to the members of the two Freshman crews of last year. Consequently Coach Courtney feels confident that there is sufficient material in the university from which to develop two 'Varsity crews. It is estimated that the Navy will need $10,000 to carry out its schedule for the year.

EXCHANGES.

Apropos of our leading article this month, the following from the *Oxford Magazine* may be of interest. Certainly it is hard to imagine how anything in the way of a graduate's farewell could be finer than this :

HORA ADEST.

It is late ; the sun is setting ; it is time for us to go ;
The shadow-light is creeping down the sky ;
There's a melancholy music through the branches soft and low
For the passing of the breezes as they die.
But now above, and now below, a passionate refrain
Is throbbing to a pæan loud and long ;
For us the tones and tremors of a melody of pain,
For you the chime and cadence of a song.

We have lived ; but you are living ; we have twisted ropes of sand,
For you the web of tapestry is meet ;
You shall weave the varied blossoms of this long-enchanted land
And the tender grass that grew beneath our feet ;
And we shall watch, and smile at you, and wondering if we
Had half your verve and vigor, shall inquire,
"*If ever to grow older, and to leave it all, could be*
The course of any decent man's desire ?"

Well, we know our days are over, and we really wouldn't stay ;
Besides—we have an antiquated air ;
We simply cannot swagger in the very latest way,
Nor imitate the fashions that you wear.
Our work is done, and poorly done ; but if we could begin
And start afresh, and take another load ;
The chances are that native ineradicable sin
Would meet us and upset us on the road.

Meanwhile the cultivation of a captivating smile,
  A *savoir-faire*, a cynical disdain,
Will win us to the world within a very little while,
  And bring us all to love of life again ;
The world that lives, the world that moves, will claim us for its own,
  The ancient order yielding to the new ;
And our lips would breathe an ether that would warm a heart of stone—
  But still, we shall not cease to envy *you*.

For when some of us are clerics, and when some of us are not ;
  And when most of us have drifted to the Bar ;
When a few of us have ruled the roast in some too-torrid spot,
  And we absolutely don't know where we are :
A sign—a dream—an echo—from these consecrated towers ;
  A message, or a murmur, or a breath,
Shall move to life the measure of the fervour that was ours,
  And must be ours and yours for life or death.

Appearing in the same journal is a longer poem, "The Eternal Feminine." It is extremely witty throughout. Here are some half-dozen stanzas, curiously applicable to local conditions.

O happy Oxford—to have known
  The blessings of a bygone day !
The University thine own—
  Thine own the work ; thine own the play !
Now round thy growth the tendrils twine
Of the Eternal Feminine.

I see within our College Hall
  Our Modern-History Lecturer stand ;
The seats beneath him, one and all,
  Crowded with youths, a student band.
But on the dais in double line
Is set the Eternal Feminine.

This might not inaptly have been written of ourselves. The author continues in the same strain :

Or, haply, under Radcliffe's dome,
  The temple of the shy recluse,
Where once grave Dons found peaceful home,
  And students learned the scholars' use,
Lolls on two chairs a Form divine—
It is the Eternal Feminine.

To Sheldon's pile some Doctor goes
  To hear a lecture for a bit;
But in the semicircle-rows,
  Where he, poor man, was wont to sit,
Like serried ranks of mountain-pine
Is wedged the Eternal Feminine.

On Sundays, in St. Mary's Church,
  When, in official raiment dressed,
The Heads of Houses seek their perch—
  The soft, red cushions where they rest—
From that preserve, with eyes malign,
Looks forth the Eternal Feminine.

The next stanza can be easily transposed to read:

And doubtless it will come to pass,
  When next year's Football Term begins,
Tall, kilted maids will stalk the grass,
  With pads upon their tender shins;
And Captain *Warner* will resign
To serve the Eternal Feminine.

* * * * * * * *

And when our sisters come to see
  The College Eights, with eager eyes,
They'll find a Tragi-comedy,
  And learn, to their intense surprise,
Oxford's no longer ours, but thine,
O brave, Eternal Feminine!

American collegians are more melancholy. They seem to feel an overpowering world-sorrow, that shuts down on them like a pall. Occasionally their musings are clever; generally they are not.

The following, from the *Vassar Miscellany*, is of the first class:

FATE.

A lazy wing hath the buzzard-bird,
  A lazy wing hath he;
He sways and swings,
He floats and flings,
He dips and dives and darkling hangs
  Above the church-yard tree.

A lazy wing hath the buzzard-bird,
  A lazy wing hath he :
In sky of noon,
A plume wind-blown,
He wafts and waves and wings adown
  Anigh the church-yard tree.

A lazy wing hath the buzzard-bird,
  A lazy wing hath he ;
But lack-a-day !
Though he delay
To circle and soar, and swing and sway,
He settleth sure at set of day
  Upon the church-yard tree.

NEW BOOKS.

Citizenship. By Julius H. Seelye, D.D., LL.D. Ginn & Co. : Boston.

The title page proclaims this to be "A Book for Classes in Government and Law." The prime necessity of any scientific text-book is a logical classification, and this requirement is admirably exemplified by the book before us. The author takes the broadest view of citizenship as shown by the fundamental principles of society, and discusses the subject under three main divisions : (1) The General Foundation of Government and Law, (2) International Law, and (3) National Law. The first section is, of course, introductory to the other two, and it explains his system of classification. His object was not to present an exhaustive treatise, but to give in a compact form a practical and comprehensive outline of the subject. Although the volume is intended for an elementary text-book, it will supply a long-felt want for a convenient and brief manual for the advanced student ; for the larger treatises are often too bulky, and from the smaller ones, so much has been omitted that they are often of little value. The profound scholarship of Professor Seelye is a sufficient guarantee of the trustworthy character of his statements.

The Use of Life. By Sir John Lubbock. Macmillan & Co. : New York. Price, $1.25.

It seems to be a part of Sir John Lubbock's mission, as indeed it ought to be that of every lover of the truth, to correct the errors and mistakes which cause men continually to stumble. Thus, for example, he takes a biblical text or a verse of poetry which has often been misapplied, and sweeping away the clouds with which it has been enshrouded, he causes it to stand

forth again in all its original splendor. He makes abundant use of quotations, which he often enriches with his own delightful comments. He has the faculty of saying old things in a new way and new things in a way which no one can imitate. Epigrams and aphorisms seem to be a necessary concomitant not only of his expression but even of his thoughts. Thus his individuality shines out on every page, and renders the book as attractive as it is wholesome for the reader. No subject is too commonplace for him to discuss; and certainly his chapters on Tact, Recreation and Health suffer not at all in comparison with those on Education, Patriotism and Character.

Our Notions of Number aud Space. By Herbert Nichols, Ph.D. Ginn & Co.: Boston.

This book embodies in a very convenient form the results of a systematic investigation in experimental psychology. The author starts with the well known fact that "the experiences common to our various regions of skin differ widely from one another;" and his purpose is to determine the distinctive characteristics and the laws of those variations of judgment, which result from the same outer facts, when mediated by different tactual regions. The details of the several experiments are presented in tabular form, and the final results are summarized in one hundred and nine laws of principles which govern the formation of our judgments, and therefore of our mental habits in general, since our brain habits and modes of thought are the direct resultants of definite past experiences.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Macmillan & Co. New York.

The Use of Life. By Sir John Lubbock. $1.25.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co, Boston and New York.

In the Dozy Hours and Other Papers. By Agnes Repplier. $1.25.

G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

Ariel Edition of Shakespeare. 40 cents a volume.

Ginn & Co. Boston.

Elementary Chemistry. By G. R. White.

Doktor Luther. Edited by Frank P. Goodrich.

Citizenship. By Julius H. Seelye, D.D., LL.D.

Our Notions of Number and Space. By Herbert Nichols, Ph.D.

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THE HENLEY REGATTA.

THE recent decision of the Athletic Association to send a Cornell crew to the Henley Regatta, has apparently aroused in university circles considerable interest in this significant undertaking, and has awakened a natural desire to learn more of the nature of that important English aquatic meeting. The object of the present article is to attempt to satisfy this desire, and also to add a few items of information for the benefit of any Cornellians who may plan to include the regatta in their summer outing.

An attractive route to England is by the steamers of the American, North German Lloyd, or Hamburg lines, which touch at the old Saxon town of Southampton, well worth, although rarely receiving, a transient glance. From there it is only two or three hours to London. But even this short journey may be enjoyably broken at Winchester for the stately cathedral, the great Public School of Wykeham's foundation, and the quaint old hospice of Saint Cross with its horn of ale and slice of bread freely dispensed at the portal. Those intending to visit the continent later, may find a delightful and even economical route home in September

from Genoa by the German Lloyd and Hamburg steamers, which touch at Gibraltar and cross the middle Atlantic, avoiding the ice and fog of the northern track.

Henley itself, the birthplace of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, is a homely and homelike little provincial town, lying along the left bank of the Thames in Oxfordshire, about thirty-five miles, or scarcely over an hour's ride, from Paddington Station, London. During the race-week, twenty trains are run daily each way. It is therefore an easy and comfortable excursion to run down and back each day from London without missing any of the sport.

The Henley-on-Thames Royal Regatta was established in 1839, and embraces at present eight events: The Grand Challenge Cup for eight-oars, established in 1839, the Ladies' Challenge Plate for eight-oars (1845), the Thames Challenge Cup for eight-oars (1868), the Stewards' Challenge Cup for four-oars (1842), the Visitors' Challenge Cup for four-oars (1847), the Wyfold Challenge Cup for four-oars (1855), the Silver Goblets for pair-oars (1845), and the Diamond Challenge Sculls for scullers (1844). Of these events the most important is the Grand Challenge, and for this race the Cornell Eight is to be entered.

The course was at first somewhat over a mile and a quarter in length against a slight current, with a rather sharp turn toward the finish. Its disadvantages were very great. The crews, often three in number, on a comparatively narrow stream, were handicapped by the difficulty of steering and passing without the danger either of fouling one another, or of running into the bank; while the boat with the inside station had all the benefit of the turn unless the wind happened to blow from a quarter which would give it the roughest water. In the Henley Regatta of 1881, the Cornell crew lost its chance in the first heat by a collision with one of its rivals, and in another heat by running so near the shore as to foul and upset a child on the brink with the port oars! In that year the inside or Berks station won nine times, the middle station twice, and the outside or Bucks station not once.

Owing to these various drawbacks a number of important

changes were made in 1886 in the arrangements of the races. The course was shifted and made one mile and 550 yards, and is now, with the exception of a slight bend at the start, very nearly straight away in a southerly direction up stream. The course is marked by piles, with white flags fixed upon them for the rowers' guidance. At each quarter distance is a bell. The width of the course between the rows of piles is 130 feet. Only two boats are entered for each heat. The start is made at the little eyot called Temple Island, the half distance is at the Fawley Court Boat-house, and the finish by Phyllis Court, not far below Henley bridge. These changes in the course and the limitation in the number of contestants for each heat, render honors easier between the two sides of the river, and nearly eliminate the element of chance if the weather be propitious. With the wind blowing from the Bucks side, however, the crew drawing that station is considered to have at least a length's advantage.

The best time made is that of the Leander eight in 1891—6 min. 51 sec. Brasenose College, Oxford, made 7 min. 37 sec. in 1890, with a four-oar crew. The Columbia College four, in 1878, did the earlier distance in 8 min. 42 sec. On account of the varying conditions of tide, wind, and current, however, and the difference in the "heaviness" of the water, no sure inference could be drawn by a comparison of these figures with Cornell's world's eight-oar record for the Childs cup, in 1889, of a mile and a half in 6 min. and 40 sec., or her unequalled eight-oar record on the Thames at New London in 1891 of three miles in 14 min. 27½ sec.

An English crew is seated on alternate sides of the boat, and there is accordingly much more of the length of the oar inboard than with us. To the untrained observer the movement of such a crew seems to lack somewhat of the trim and slim, elongated, feathery progress of the American crew; that level, central, pendulum swing; that even line of smoothly writhing, articulated rings, with its lengthened, spidery sweep of oar-antennae, and its rapid retrogressive advance, which so fascinates the eyes in its flashing track along our native waters.

On account of the limited water and its general accessibility, the

practice upon the river, at least during the few days preceding the regatta, is necessarily of the most open character. The time of each trial is noted and reported in the press, with the proper deductions regarding the comparative probabilities of the final tests. During these trials, to be sure, everyone else afloat keeps out of the way, for it is considered very bad form to interfere in any manner with a crew in training. It does not seem, however, to occur to the British mind that it is important to have secret trials of speed, and to elude and to delude the public judgment regarding the merits of the crew. And why, indeed, in a competition in which honor alone is at stake, and where the gambling fraternity may expect no consideration,—why should the strength or weakness of a crew, or its specific prowess, except perhaps in the matter of starts, be overcautiously guarded? Let there be fair play for all without favor, and may the best crew win, is the amateur watchword.

The following laws of boat-racing are observed at the regatta.

1. All boat races shall be started in the following manner :—The starter, on being satisfied that the competitors are ready, shall give the signal to start.

2. A boat not at its post at the time specified, shall be liable to be disqualified by the umpire.

3. The umpire may act as starter, or not, as he thinks fit ; when he does not so act, the starter shall be subject to the control of the umpire.

4. If the starter considers the start false, he shall at once recall the boats to their stations, and any boat refusing to start again shall be disqualified.

5. Each boat shall keep its own water throughout a race. A boat departing from its own water will do so at its peril.

6. A boat's own water is its due course, parallel with the course of the other competing boat or boats, from the station assigned to it at starting, to the finish.

7. No fouling whatever shall be allowed ; the boat or boats committing a foul shall be disqualified.

8. It shall be considered a foul when, after a race has been started, any competitor, by his oar, boat, or person, comes into contact with the oar, boat, or person, of another competitor ; unless in the opinion of the umpire such contact is so slight as not to influence the race.

9. A claim of foul must be made to the umpire or the judge by the competitor himself before getting out of his boat.

10. In case of a foul the umpire shall have power—

A.—To place the boats not disqualified in the order in which they come in.

B.—To order the boats not disqualified to row again on the same or another day.

C.—To re-start the boats not disqualified according to his discretion.

11. The umpire shall be sole judge of a boat's own water and due course during a race, and he may caution any competitor when in danger of committing a foul.

12. The umpire, when appealed to, shall decide all questions as to a foul.

13. Every boat shall abide by its accidents, but if during a race a boat shall be interfered with by any outside boat, the umpire shall have power, if he thinks fit, to re-start the boats according to his discretion, or to order them to row again on the same or another day.

14. No boats shall be allowed to accompany or follow any race for the purpose of directing the course of any of the competitors. Any competitor receiving any extraneous assistance may be disqualified, at the discretion of the umpire.

15. Boats shall be held to have completed the course when their bows reach the winning post.

16. Any competitor refusing to abide by the decision of the umpire, or to follow his directions, shall be disqualified.

17. The umpire, if he thinks proper, may reserve his decision, provided that in every case such decision be given on the day of the race.

18. The jurisdiction of the umpire extends over a race and all matters connected with it, from the time the race is specified to start until its termination, and his decision in all cases shall be final and without appeal.

The general regulations covering the contests are carefully framed and the management of the races is prompt and accurate. The greatest danger is of careless interference with the contestants. Efficient though the Thames patrols may be, there is constant anxiety lest some bungling amateur waterman may push off from the shore in his skiff at a critical moment, and mar a spurt or spoil a victory. Nevertheless a determined effort is always made to keep an entirely clear and fair course. Before each race bells are sounded by sentrymen in boxes along the shore, red semaphores are exhibited to warn away intruders, and the police launches hugging the banks keep vigilant watch. The names of the winners and the winning times and distances are

announced by the distance judge after each heat by means of bold placards which are also exposed near the grand stand and on the umpire's boat, which returns directly down the course.

The Henley Regatta, described as it is by fervent English feuilletonists as the "Goodwood and Ascot of the river," "the greatest Water Carnival of this or any other age," summons the finest forces of amateur oarsmanship from all the leading boat-clubs of the United Kingdom, and especially from the great English Universities. It is this collocation which renders the occasion attractive to all college men. The representation and the success of the university contingent seems to be steadily increasing. In earlier years the regular University crews of Oxford and Cambridge appeared at Henley, and were frequently enumerated among the winners of the Grand Challenge. Of late the distinctive University crews have given way to the crews of the different colleges, while the Leander Club has grown to be a sort of joint undergraduate and postgraduate harbor for both institutions. The Leander boat won the Grand Challenge in 1891 and 1892, containing solely Oxonians, while in 1893 and 1894 it won with a strong combination of both Dark and Light Blues. When one considers that last July the crew was composed of six of the winning Oxford University Eight of the previous March, reinforced by two old Cambridge oars and coached by a Cambridge graduate, the significance and distinction of the contest with such an aggregation will be readily perceived.

During the last decade the University contingent has captured the share of the lion among the trophies. As between Oxford and Cambridge the balance is very nearly even, while Trinity Hall, Cambridge, leads the whole list of individual records. In 1887 Cambridge crews also accomplished the remarkable and unexampled feat of winning every single event of the meeting against all comers, a performance which naturally recalls the similar *tour de force* of Cornell University at Saratoga in 1875 and 1876.

When all is ready, the scene at Henley presents a varied and fascinating aspect. Along the Berkshire banks lie clumps of clustering greenwood, with glimpses between of expansive, soft, and deeply verdant lawn, and rolling field. Close under the shore

is moored a broken line of more than a mile of college barges and gay houseboats, gorgeous with radiant masses of flowers and trailing vines, decked with brilliant awnings and trimmed with motley lanterns, which at sunset dispel the gathering evening shades. Thus sings a local poet :

'Tis of Henley I would rhyme,
Henley in the twilight time,
In the cool and dusky twilight, with the gleam athwart the stream
Of a thousand lanterns' shimmer !

Then the river, a placid current, stirred with sporadic gusts which come

"Shadowing down the hornèd flood
In ripples,"

and covered with craft of every pattern, steam and electric launches, skiffs, graceful canoes and punts, and unwieldy tubs, propelled with every degree or absence of skill. The fair sex bloom upon the water in charming nautical attire, with cummerbund cavaliers. On one occasion a prettily decorated punt might have been seen bravely paddled by six ladies in different shades of green, while another was navigated by a party of five damsels all in pink. By many of the masculine skippers the attitude rampant, perilous but imposing, is assumed ; while the swart Charons of the house-boats increase still more the confusion by their diagonal deviations. After each heat is ended the surface is swarmed over as if by magic by this brilliant mass of jovially laden craft, in the midst of which the most good-natured progress can be made only by inches until the warning bells again make clear the watery ways.

Along the Buckinghamshire margin runs the open path following the course, upon which the youthful adherents of the various crews sprint with breathless shouts ; and further back, stand the carriages and coaches in bivouac, with the bowery hillside sprinkled with cottages rising beyond and dominating the distant background. The Berks side is not generally accessible for viewing the contests, and even the houseboats are usually approached by water. The opposite side, on the contrary, with its great

reaches of firm and level meadow, is the grand gathering-ground for the floods of humanity which pour over the scene during the picnic week. Here is to be seen as democratic a medley as ever embellished one of our own county fairs. Cheap and light refreshments are dispensed, and cheap and light amusements are presented, the fakir, the tumbler, the hawker, the masked quartette, and the false Ethiopian's minstrel strains. The advertising fiend, whose wake is betrayed all along the railway route, leaves here, too, his trail. Here are encamped the family parties with large hampers of solids and liquids. Here are the temporary booths, the permanent club-houses, the grand-stand for spectators, and the stand where some regimental band at intervals discourses good music. And with a smiling face on verdant nature, what scene more exhilarating and welcome! "Henley itself," cries an enthusiastic scribe, "Henley, the healthful, the hilarious, the happy, pranked out in all the splendor of its festive attire, bright with color, harmonious with music, palpitating with joyous life in every artery—what might it not make one forget? To breathe its air is to take a fresh lease of life!"

Foreign crews have often been seen at Henley, but victory has almost invariably perched on British pennants. In 1878, however, Columbia College won the Visitors' Challenge Cup, and in 1892 a Dutch sculler of somewhat questionable amateur standing carried off the Diamond Sculls. The failure of Cornell in 1881 still lingers among her many victories as a sombre memory tinged with the *amari aliquid*, but is brightened by the later gallant record of her single-sculler Psotta, whose chivalrous performance has not yet been forgotten at Henley.

The plan of sending a crew abroad a second time is not new. It has been debated here for several years, and has been earnestly advocated among others by Mr. C. S. Francis, whose own skill as an oarsman is equalled only by his enthusiasm for the sport. (Note the article on Boating at Cornell, CORNELL MAGAZINE, June, 1893, pp. 336–337.) Negotiations had been initiated by Mr. Francis through rowing authorities on both sides of the water, and the results were submitted to the Navy management, through whom further correspondence was conducted. The ob-

stacles seemed numerous if not insurmountable; but finally it was decided to send a personal representative to England to examine the situation at short range. As the writer happened to be in Europe during the past year, this function was delegated to him, and the occasion of the Henley Regatta was utilized as the best available opportunity. The leading university rowing authorities of both Oxford and Cambridge were consulted and the boating situation on both sides of the water was frankly discussed in various private talks and informal conferences. As to a race with Oxford or Cambridge University, there appeared to be no disposition to decline a challenge from Cornell on any general grounds, apart from the moot point as to the suitable representative of the rowing championship among American Universities. The express desire of both Oxford and Cambridge men has been to row only our best crew, but the practical difficulties in the way of any international University race seem to be serious. Oxford and Cambridge boating men are obliged to train through the winter for the inter-university race in March; they are then to continue in training for their college races in May, and with scarcely an interval are next expected to get ready for Henley in July. After this event the men are stale, the well earned vacation period comes on, and it would be difficult to get together a crew again before the opening of the fall. But all voices agreed in advising Cornell to come to Henley, and on every hand were tendered the most friendly and hearty offers of assistance in the arrangement of any necessary formalities, and in securing quarters for the crew. A similar cordial spirit was evinced by a number of prominent Englishmen interested in Cornell. Perhaps the most welcome utterance of this sort to Cornellians would be the words of "Tom" Hughes, whose early visit to Ithaca is linked with the principal impetus given here to boating pursuits. Judge Hughes writes as follows: "The account which you sent me of the rowing record of your University is certainly a very remarkable one, and I am very glad that I seem to have had some share in starting your aquatics on their triumphant career. You certainly ought to keep the lead as far as natural advantages go, for surely there is no University in the world which has such a 'training

ground' as your lake close at its doors. I cannot say, of course, that I wish you may *beat* Oxford, as you have all rivals on your own side; but rejoice to see that you are likely to have a crew at Henley before long, and I promise, as you ask, to wish them well!"

From this projected trans-Atlantic expedition of our crew we hope for some results beyond the mere temporary decision regarding the comparative rapidity of a few competing boats. To take a trip of a thousand miles by land and six thousand by sea may seem in truth to be a somewhat costly experiment for a contest measured by minutes only. It is not too far, however, to carry an illustration of American mettle. Nor is England so remote that we may not wish to become better known yonder in a generous and friendly rivalry, of which a struggle between representatives of a well-rounded education is but one of many phases. Such a contest may even slightly serve to promote the growing solidarity of the English-speaking races. It will certainly be a privilege for our representatives and their fellow students who may accompany them, to meet so admirable a body of manly young Englishmen as are assembled at Henley. Whether we give or receive lessons in rowing, our national and international horizon will indubitably be enlarged; and a beginning will be made of that thorough appreciation of others' work and worth, which is at the root of genuine enlightenment.

Horatio S. White.

RUBÁIYÁT.

I.

Omar is gone, yet still within the Close
Lingers the fragrance of a late blown Rose;
His Wine is spilt, yet still from other Jars
For whoso will, a priceless Ruby flows.

II.

And he that once in easy-tempered rest,
Held revel with the Souls he loved the best,
And had at Eve no fear of what the Morn
Might threaten him withal, was he not Blest?

III.

This was a Prophet, follow him who may ;
This was a Master, let who can obey ;
  This was a Teacher, were his Lessons conned
I think we should be wiser in our day.

IV.

If Life has joys, why let us take our share ;
Fill once again, put Roses in your hair ;
  The Season of the festival is come ;
Use well its Days, for there are few to spare.

V.

And if, perchance, the Master of the Show
Dismiss thee, ere thyself had thought to go,—
  Go thou in peace, as having seen Enough,
And cut no sorry figure doing so.

VI.

Live now thy fill ; not long will Fate allow ;
Pluck the sweet Fruit while it is on the Bough,
  But what's to follow? Have no thought of that ;
Make sure of thy Enjoyment now, *now*, NOW.

VII.

The Paths are many, make no surly choice ;
Fear not To-morrow, but To-day rejoice ;
  In many Figures was his Counsel wrapped,
Like many Songs sung by the self-same Voice.

VIII.

Far down the years we hear their Echoes roll,
Still as a magic Music to the Soul ;
  A Music that will still be a Delight
When we, like Omar, shall have reached our goal.

William Strunk, jr.

JIM AND I.

"NO!! *you little fool, put it up!*" Ah, Jim, what did you save me from that day! What could have been expected though when the big man suddenly waked up under my prodding and scrambled to his feet with drunken fury in his eyes and lumbered after us with such frightful speed as we fled down the long way between the lumber piles. My pale little heart bobbed to my throat as I realized that he would have his great hand on my shoulder before I reached the corner and then——. My hand dived instinctively into the pocket where the pistol was bobbing against me as I ran, and Jim caught the hand and in a moment had dragged me around that blessed corner; the man lay heaped up against the opposite pile.

All of us boys carried pistols. Mine was my father's, which he had put away carefully for safe keeping. We used to practice after school down in the lumber yard and I had really hit the knot in the fence only the week before. Jim had patted me on the back then, and I was going to hit that knot twice next week or feel very bad. I was—let me see—ten years old then; the smallest fellow in the class, but Jim Lowry called me "the kid" and let me go around with him, and I was proud and happy.

Probably I had never enjoyed a year of school so much as that year down in the Fourth Ward. My mother had thought that it would be nice to have me under Miss Reynolds' care—for Miss Reynolds was a nice woman and a friend of hers. So I had left my own school and had gone down to the school near the railroad. The boys were different but I soon grew to like them and Miss Reynolds—well she didn't count much of course. These boys swore nicely and that was very novel and attractive. Indeed I was in a fair way to outstrip the best of them in the use of ornamental language until one day Jim Lowry told me to quit it. That was the first I knew that he had noticed me, for he was somewhat older than I and the best fighter in the whole school. Of course a white little fellow like me who couldn't even swim or chew tobacco was not in the same class. He explained that it

didn't sound right for me to swear—just when I had come to think myself capable of doing something really artistic in the line, too. So, in a way, I attached myself humbly to Jim and he began to tell me what things not to do. If I had obeyed his orders I should never have persisted in my efforts to learn to chew until I met my father on the street that memorable day and swallowed the tobacco as I was accustomed to swallow gum when the teacher started down my aisle in school.

I never knew just where Jim lived; he never offered to take me home and never would come home with me. What time we were together was spent chiefly around the lumber yards and along the river among the boats. It was a new life for me and I was delighted at my mother's choice of school and friends for me. I learned to swim and felt that there was some hope for me, and finally I found the pistol in a drawer and knew that my entrance into society was assured. I was all right now. It was not nice to sit on, but oh, what a delight to have!

I remember once Jim was absent two days and the Geography class didn't go well in consequence, for he was good in Geography and used to contribute stories he had picked up about various seaports, and rivers and islands, that Miss Murphy wisely encouraged, and that lifted these places forever out of the "lesson" and made them promptly no longer black lines and dots, but things to argue about and to compare with our river, and our harbor where the boats were and with our own "Battle Island" up the river, that had trees on it and was made of dirt and that you had to get to in a boat. When Jim finally appeared he had a bad cut over one eye, and from some of the other boys I learned to my horror that his mother had struck him with a plate which she had thrown at her husband while they were both drunk. This was a bit startling to my ideas, but I had become rather proud of my ability to keep from betraying that anything I met with was in any way novel. I lost all desire to go home with Jim in spite of myself, however, and I wondered how it must seem to be used to going home, to a home like that. It couldn't be so bad after one got used to it, for Jim never seemed to mind it, although it was a fact that he never would say any more than

he could help about his father or his mother—whom he always referred to as the "old man" and "old woman." Evidently he had not the words "father" and "mother" in his vocabulary. This was very interesting.

My admiration for him never abated all the year. I don't know what I should have done without him. He got into a fight twice, I remember, for me, and saved me once at least, a thrashing I richly deserved, and he sent me back to school when he caught me playing truant with Dennis Hogan who had a pack of cards and was "showing me how." The only time when he did not act kindly toward me was once when I was down the river skating, with my sister and a number of the girls and boys of our neighborhood. I saw Jim over on the other side cutting wondrous figures in the ice for a ring of admirers, and when I skated over there and told him that I knew the girls and the fellows had never seen anything like it and asked him to come over with me, he seemed unkind and said he was all right where he was without them, and I couldn't conceive what he meant. I gathered, however, that something was wrong and that I was not even welcome myself.

The year went by and I must leave the school and return to the higher school in my own ward. Jim and the rest of the boys seemed to take it as a matter of course that they should go to work now—and dear me, we had not gotten over to Interest yet in the arithmetic. I was sure that it was a mistake for them to stop going to school for a number of years yet—but they took it as a matter of course in the strangest possible way. I used to see them driving grocery and meat wagons and hanging around the docks after this and began to notice that some of them used to look at me on the street in a queer way as if they thought maybe I wasn't going to speak to them.

One Fourth of July night the boys and girls were gathered on the porch of one of the girls's houses amusing themselves by throwing fire crackers into the air, trying to hit trees with torpedoes and, such like youthful delights. I had recently begun to attend dancing school and was just about making up my mind that I certainly should ask her for a waltz the very next Thurs-

day night when two fellows, evidently slightly under the influence of liquor, came along the sidewalk. Some of the boys began to show their adeptness by throwing firecrackers from the porch so they would explode under their feet. The men stopped and began to remonstrate, unpleasantly of course, and the boys stopped for the sake of the girls. But the men still leaned over the fence and continued their remarks. Finally one of the boys, a big fellow somewhat proud of his size and strength, rose and remarked that he would go down and send them on. He must have been unwise in his methods, for we heard an oath and a blow and could dimly see that one of the men and our champion were fighting. When the rest of us boys got there the stranger was beginning to punish our man badly. I caught a glimpse of the other's face by the glimmer of the street lamp and seized him by the arm. "Please go away, Jim," I begged, almost beside myself in my distress. He turned and gazed at me. "Jim!" I begged. And he caught his companion by the arm and hurried him away as best he could.

"Why, he's a friend of mine," I explained simply to the boys; 'I never saw him drunk before. Isn't it awful!"

"Queer sort of friends you have!" sputtered our big man with a handkerchief to his nose. That was all the sympathy I got, and I sagely concluded that this was a strange world.

"A friend of Jack's!!" I heard the girls exclaim as some one started to report; but I only wondered whatever made Jim get drunk like that.

The next time I saw him he looked ashamed, and I was shocked at such a look on his face and said nothing about that night but talked enthusiastically about what a fine boxer the third baseman had proved himself to be, and how he was going to open a school of sparring in the fall after the ball season was over. Jim was at home on such a topic and waxed warm in his praise of certain styles of feints and countering in which the new man showed great skill. I knew very little about the subject, but it was good to see Jim himself again and I asked for no explanations.

In September I was sent away to school. Several of the boys

of my age went into exile with me, but it began to dawn on me that the force of circumstances was squeezing me up from among most the boys I had played marbles with. In spite of myself I was being locked up in a clique away from many of the fellows I had liked best. No one seemed to be doing anything to bring this about, certainly I was not; I was just floating on the current that I was born in and which I had not noticed until I sat and gazed out of the car window that day at the sliding hills and fences and trees, and thought great boyish thoughts, and experienced the strange oldness that comes with the first objective glance at one's own years of living.

On one of my spring vacation-days I found a crowd on the bridge watching a boat which lay just below. A man was diving into the cold yellow water that swept past the boat and as he stood up in the bow, rope in hand for a plunge, I saw that it was Jim.

The same old pretty dive, as in those happy August days on the docks, when we lived in the water and dived from the piles. What is he doing so long down there!—the crowd is visibly relieved when he appears and is hauled in, to crouch in the boat while the men pull on the rope and bring to light a great piece of bridge iron. This then was the place where the ship struck the bridge in December last year, and the junkmen are after the iron that went to the bottom.

"That boy is a good one to dive," remarked a man, as if he knew. "Yes," answered his neighbor, "just fill that boy up with whiskey and he'll do anything."

And I remembered when he used to do it without the whiskey.

Perhaps three years after this, I was fishing along the river-front one day when I was delighted to come across Jim seated on the edge of the wharf, gazing down into the water. "Hello, Jim!" I said, as I dropped down beside him in the good old way. I expected he would be surprised. But he was not and it was *not* the old way, and I grew conscious that I was a very poor conversationalist. What could I talk about; for he would not help at all. He would hardly look at me even. What had I done! Was I not acting just as before? Before! Before what? What was the barrier between us?

Finally, desperate, for something must be said pretty soon, I burst out with, "Where've you been the last few years, Jim? I haven't seen—that is, we haven't seen each other for a long time, have we."

He kicked off a splinter of the rotten timber and remarked as he watched the current whirl it around, "In Auburn."

This was encouraging. "Working?" I queried interestedly.

"Yes; for the State."

Well, I had done it, sure enough. But Jim brightened up in a defiant sort of way that was worse than the other, and began to talk of it.

"And then they put me in the hole," he said at the end of his recital, "and my feet got froze and they haven't been any use since."

I had not been listening to the last of the weary story of his prison life, but these words, as he climbed to his feet, broke in on the memories of our boyhood days and brought me up beside him with pity or sympathy or something else as weak in my mouth. But there was nothing to invite it or accept it in his eyes or in the cold, hard, vicious face. Why, I had not seen the face before. It was not my Jim at all! And he read the thought.

"You are respectable and oughtn't to be seen with me," he said bitterly, and went down the street alone.

I am sitting in my room here at college with my books around me and my mother's letter on the table telling me of the good times they are planning at home for Christmas, and I am going next week. But I am not as glad as I ought to be. Perhaps it is the cosy slippers and the warmth of the fire that feels so good against them that has made me hear it again—"And my feet got froze." The rest has followed while the day has gone, and I gaze in the fire and wonder where Jim is to-night — what state's prison holds my boy friend who saved me, when I would have shot that man in the lumber yard so many years ago.

F. Q. B.

VICTURI SALUTAMUS.

Long were our years of training stern and hard,
Of hoped deferred, chance gained and lost, and all
  The petty cares that hold men's souls in thrall,
  But now in youthful strength, with arms unscarred,
We burst our irksome bonds and snap the chain—
  Dull linked routine of daily circumstance—
  Seek the great world-arena there to chance
Our fortunes, all to lose or all to gain.

So let us not, with downcast eye, make moan—
  "O Caesar, we about to die, salute thee now,"
  But rather turn with clear untroubled brow,
Fearless in heart, face lifted to the throne
With joyous cry as we pass through the gate—
"We, now about to live, salute thee, Fate."

J. N. D.

SIDNEY LANIER.

"THE lives of men of genius have been for the most part, a conscious and deliberate realization of the ancient myth—the tree of knowledge and the tree of life stood side by side, and they chose the tree of knowledge rather than the tree of life."

Heretofore, the contrast has been between mind and body—between material prosperity and intellectual growth. How novel, then, the fact that just now, when mankind has been brought to the point of acquiescing in the judgment rendered for the mind, we are told that the end is not yet ; that the fight must be waged anew, with the intellect opposed, not to the means of living, but to life itself. Now such an agitation becomes, not only justifiable, but necessary when, as has been so aptly said, we find all

manner of men deploring how little they *know* with no evidence of regret for how little they *are*. We are quite ready to accept the first clause of the proposition: that man shall not live by bread alone, but are not quite prepared to admit the conclusion that we are to live by *every* word that cometh out of the mouth of God.

But there have never yet been wanting those who have not bowed down their knee to this modern Baal, and there is many a benighted soul, occupying a less exalted position than Daniel Deronda, who "hates more than he hates the dwelling-place of lost souls, that dead philosophy of culture which knows not everything, but everything about everything—as though one should be ignorant of nothing concerning the scent of the violet, but the scent itself."

To this class belonged the subject of this sketch, Sidney Lanier, who was born at Macon, Georgia, a little beyond the middle of this century,—most inauspicious time for a poet's birth.

Fortune dealt capriciously with Lanier, pouring into his lap her most priceless treasures, and then, as though regretting her own munificence, withholding from him those very gifts which were needed to make the former complete. A nature highly susceptible to the beautiful, with immunity from the turmoil of life—these were her gifts. But opportunity she withheld. The end was given; the means he must make for himself. Had he possessed wealth, or even a competence, he need not have taken his place among the unfortunates whose sorrows he sings so pathetically.

> "But oh, the poor! the poor! the poor!
> That stand by the inward-opening door
> Trade's hand doth tighten ever more,
> And heave their monstrous foul-air sigh
> For the outside hills of liberty,
> Where Nature spreads her wild blue sky
> For Art to make into melody!"

To him was denied also that other, so important thing, association with men who "have either seen, or written, or done large things." But the sympathetic encouragement which was denied

him from without, he received from within his own home, in the intimate and tender concern of his wife for the interests of her husband. Unless we remember this, a large part of his poetry will lose what now adds to it an indescribable charm. Among these poems we must notice "My Two Springs," by which fanciful title he characterizes the eyes of his wife. The first and last stanzas follow:

"In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

* * * * * * *

Dear eyes, dear eyes, and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,
—I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then you shine!"

To this class belong also his "Acknowledgement" and "In Absence." His Evening Song we cannot forbear to quote entire.

"Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands.
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart,
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands,
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart
Never our lips, our hands."

The poetry of Lanier impresses us as something new. He does not come with denunciation saying, with Carlyle, "repent ye, repent ye"; nor with Emerson, bearing a message of peace, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He does not sing with a purpose, save as does the nightingale to ease his burdened heart.

A noteworthy feature of his poetry is the absence of any desire to make a convert of the reader. He does not say, perhaps no great teacher ever says, "come with me and I will do you good." He says simply, "this is my good, if it be thine, follow thou it." It is hard to classify a poet like Lanier. He has a likeness to Tennyson and to Poe in his mastery of verse, though he is superior to the first in delicacy of imagination, and to the latter in sympathy with humanity; in his love of beauty he is akin to Keats, while his sensitiveness to sound and cadence will at once suggest Swinburne.

It was once said of Goethe's poetry—though with what show of justice we do not now consider—that it was lacking in spontaneity, it was "not inevitable enough." This is a comment no one, I assume, would think of applying to the poems we are now considering, for it were hard to find, except in isolated cases, poems which show more freedom from effort. There is no such thing in the entire range of Lanier's poetry as a thought "struggling to be born," but thoughts and the thought-forms in which they are clothed, spring complete from the author's brain as in the days of old did Pallas Athena from the brain of Zeus. What for instance can be less suggestive of the midnight lamp than the following bit from "Sunrise."

"Oh, what if a sound should be made!
Oh, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and silence a-spring,—
To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence the string!
I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphanous gleam
Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a dream,—
Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of space and of night,
Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted with light,
Over-sated with beauty and silence, will seem
But a bubble that broke in a dream,
If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made: list! somewhere,—mystery, where?
In the leaves? in the air?
In my heart? is a motion made:
'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade.
In the leaves 'tis palpable: low multitudinous stirring

Upwinds through the woods ; the little ones, softly conferring,
Have settled my lord's to be looked for ; so ; they are still ;
But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill,—
And look where the wild duck sails round the bend of the river,—
And look where a passionate shiver
Expectant is bending the blades
Of the marsh grass in serial shimmers and shades,—
And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
Are beating
The dark overhead as my heart beats,—and steady and free
Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea—
(Run home, little streams,
With your lapfulls of stars and dreams),—
And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,
For list, down the inshore curve of the creek
How merrily flutters the sail,—
And lo, in the East ! Will the East unveil ?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
A flush ; 'tis dead ; 'tis alive ; 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it : nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn :
Have a care, sweet Heaven ! 'Tis Dawn.''

The man who can write like this is a poet. Not only does he see visions and dream dreams, but he can sing them. This is art, and if, as Walter Pater has said, the difference between the fine and the industrial arts consists in the addition of details only to please and not to serve, then this is art of a high order.

We have characterized his style as smooth. It is more than this, for not only does he marshal his consonants so as to secure great ease of utterance, but as with the wand of a magician he conjures up rarest effects by the variety and fitness of the arrangement of his vowel sounds. He can run the whole gamut, there seem to be no letters in the alphabet which can say to him, ''thou hast piped but we have not danced.'' A few examples must suffice. In his ''Psalm of the West'' we have :

''O long June Night-sounds crooned among the leaves ;
O whispered confidence of Dark and Green ;
O murmurs in old moss about old eaves ;
O tinklings floating over water-sheen.''

And this from ''The Symphony'' :

"But presently
A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed, and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone
And boat-wise dropped o' the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where the shadows bide."

For a suggestion of the lilt and cadence of Swinburne take this from "The Marshes of Glynn":

"Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light."

But if Lanier had the form of poetry he had the substance also. He touches upon the weighty things of life as well as upon its beauties. There is deep political wisdom as well as mastery of verse in "The Psalm of the West", while in "The Symphony" we have Utility, in the person of Trade, brought to trial before Art, and condemned in favor of Love. In "Clover" we have another aspect of the same question, Utility being here contrasted to the Beautiful in Art. To this class belong also "The Crystal", "Individuality", his "Remonstrance" and "Beethoven."

But if at times he touched the deeper passions of human life, his most noteworthy characteristic was his appreciation of the beautiful. "His human nature," writes Asgar Hamerik, for six years his musical director, "was like an enchanted instrument . . . needing but a breath or a touch to send its beauty out into the world." Even a superficial examination of his poems is sufficient to corroborate this estimate. Much of his poetry is expressed in a musical notation as though he felt in terms of tone. Such a conclusion would, however, be erroneous, for to him

beauty was a unity, and appealed not to the individual senses, but to

> "Some soul of sense within my frame
> That owns each cognizance of the outlying fire,
> And sees, hears, tastes, smells, touches all in one."

Apparently an exaggeration, this estimate is justified by the facts. The bounds between the different orders of sense perception are constantly being broken down. Thus to take a few cases where many abound—as though a flute note were not, in itself, sufficiently suggestive of smoothness, he must needs make it a "velvet" flute-note. The beech "dreams balm", and while the wild-grape breathes "ambrosial passion" from its vines, the robins

> "thrid the heavenly orange-tree
> With orbits bright of minstrelsy."

The effect is much increased when the conception is longer sustained. Thus:

> "The dew-drop morn may fall from off the petal of the sky."

Or from "The Psalm of the West":

> "O Darkness, tawny Twin whose Twin hath ceased,
> Thou Odor from the day-flower's crushing born,
> Thou visible Sigh out of the mournful East,
> That cannot see her lord again till morn."

Or again from the same:

> "And he learned that hearing and seeing wrought nothing alone,
> And that music on earth much light upon Heaven had thrown,
> And he melted-in silvery sunshine with silvery tone;
> And the spirals of music e'er higher and higher he wound
> Till the luminous cinctures of melody up from the ground
> Arose as the shaft of a tapering tower of sound—".

But we have not yet touched upon the most striking characteristic of Lanier. If we refer to his spontaneity, he must share the glory with Coleridge; if we make him master of the technique of his art, he is inferior to Tennyson; if sensitiveness to the beauty of sound, to the sensuous quality of verse be his forte, he is surpassed by Swinburne. But if we make him the poet of the beautiful in nature, we know not his rival.

Poets who sing of spring are legion, those whose theme is nature are not a few, and of these among our own, Bryant is regarded as the chief. But how cold and unimpassioned is his utterance! There is none of that fire, that intoxication of expression which bespeaks a lover. His attitude is rather that of a lawyer holding a brief for a client. His nature-poetry suggests culture rather than creation, its chief characteristic being careful observation, a perception of the beautiful and a retentive memory. A comparison with Wordsworth is more difficult owing to difference of attitude. To Lanier nature was something to be enjoyed; to Wordsworth, a thing to be understood, and his pleasure in her society was as largely intellectual as Lanier's was aesthetic. And how Lanier revels in her contemplation! To him she sings, not of "those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things," but, of "sunlight, song and the orange-tree."

But there is no undue familiarity. Instead there is a feeling almost of reverence. How charmingly—and this is not the only passage where this feeling is expressed—how charmingly is this shown in this quotation from "The Marshes of Glynn."

> "So:
> Affable live-oak, leaning low,—
> Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
> (Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
> Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
> On the firm-packed sand,
> Free
> By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea."

Lanier's range of observation is less wide than that of Wordsworth and Bryant, and his poems of observation less keen, but he has that nameless something, so easily felt, so impossible to define, which enables him to make his nature-poetry more than a mere bald catalogue of charms. Much of this sort of poetry is no more than this. There is too much mere cleverness, it can too readily be accounted for. Not so Lanier. The most unexpected beauties burst out upon you everywhere. And then the picturesqueness of it all! There is little or no description—an epithet, a chance allusion which touches some old association, and lo, the

work is done. How quiet, yet how effective this picture of high tide.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

How much, too, Lanier will make of the most unpromising materials! Gloomy woods, and interwoven branches, and twilight shades, and whispering leaves: can any good thing come out of Nazareth? But forgive us, we had the apprentice and not the master in our thought. Listen:

"Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful, braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—
Emerald twilights,—
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn."

One of the surest means, according to M. Scherer, of securing a poetical effect, is the appropriate use of metaphors and comparisons. Here Lanier is eminently successful. The following lines I quote from "Clover," the whole of which is an admirable example of this means of securing a poetic effect.

"'Tis a perfect hour.
From founts of dawn the fluent autumn day
Has rippled as a brook right pleasantly
Half-way to noon; but now with widening turn
Makes pause, in lucent meditation locked,
And rounds into a silver pool of morn,
Bottom'd with clover-fields. My heart just hears
Eight lingering strokes of some far village-bell,
That speak the hour so inward-voiced, meseems
Time's conscience has but whispered him eight hints
Of revolution."

For an example of even more exuberant imagery take the lines beginning:

"O Darkness, tawny Twin whose Twin hath ceased."

Here we have the poetry of the beautiful with a vengeance! But why should this need an apology? "Is it any weakness," asks George Eliot, "to be wrought upon by exquisite music? To feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibers of which no memory can penetrate, and binding together your whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration?" Our whole history has been likened to one long battle of the Commonplace against the Unconventional in the sacred name of Uniformity. With this verdict Lanier would have agreed. None understood it better, none felt it more. What, however, should he do? Should he cease to sing because the mob shook its head? He waxes wroth at the thought, and sings in the very face of contemporary criticism—"that criticism that crucified Jesus Christ, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul as a madman * * * reviled Shelley as an unclean dog, killed Keats, and cracked jokes on Glück, Schubert, Beethoven, Berlioz and Wagner."

It is never a very far cry from a genuine poet's art to his religion. It is not here, and as we contemplate Lanier's work from these two points of view we are at a loss which to admire most, the sureness of his art-instinct, or the beauty of his religion. With regard to the latter we are rather surprised at what we find. So close is the relation between life-experiences and religion, that one might be excused for finding Lanier's utterances a little disappointing. Life had brought him far more of the "sky but gray wind over a grave" than she had of "sunlight, song and the orange-tree," and we look naturally for some evidence of a pessimistic spirit. But we look in vain. There is no rebellion against the decrees of fate. Even in his early work there is submission which in his later life becomes acquiescence. Illustrating the first mood we have his "Hard Times in Elfland" where the humorous element serves to heighten the pathos as the cap and bells of Lear's jester only emphasize the tragedy of a breaking heart. Indeed it is a characteristic of Lanier that under his apparent gaiety the *Weltschmerz* is not far to seek, and we say with Matthew Arnold:

"A fever in these pages burns
Beneath the calm they feign;
A wounded human spirit turns
Here on its bed of pain."

In a wholly different vein are his later utterances. Here all is characterized by a child-like confidence in God.

"As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
and the skies."

There was in Lanier's life no "parenthetical recognition of God." To him God was not isolated either as to time or place, and at least in his later years he had attained that higher pantheism which finds God in all his works, yea, in man's very self:

"Yea, lastly, Thee,
God, whom my roads all reach, howe'er they run,
My Father, Friend, Belovèd, dear All-One,
Thee in my soul, my soul in Thee, I feel,
Self of my self."

For Lanier's estimate of Jesus Christ one must read his "Crystal."

This is not the place to discuss Lanier's position as a poet. To attempt the task, would be but to raise again the old question as to the function of Art, and the dispute would turn as it has ever done upon individual preference. Those who, with Matthew Arnold, make poetry "a criticism of life under the eternal conditions of poetic truth and poetic beauty," may deny to Lanier a title freely vouchsafed to Walt Whitman; but those who believe with M. Scherer that "the poetical element in things is the property they have of setting the imagination in movement, of stimulating it and of suggesting to it more than is perceived or expressed"—those holding this view, will be quite ready to find a place for Lanier in that illustrious group which contains such men as Chaucer and Burns, Coleridge and Keats. But why may not a man love both! Must we give up Browning if we love Coleridge, or Shelley if we are fond of Keats? We think not, but if the worst comes to the worst; if the battle must be fought, some of us at least, will be against Walt Whitman and in favor of Lanier.

Albert G. Heppert.

THREE.

NOW Tom Ralston as everybody knew was the pleasantest and laziest and best natured fellow in the world and everybody knowing that took advantage of it and of him. He couldn't say no to anyone or anything. No one ever knew him to refuse to do a favor at any cost to himself and presently he was the best liked and worst abused man in the place.

His particular forte was answering "Here" for other men who for various reasons saw fit to absent themselves from divers and sundry recitations and lectures, especially eight o'clocks. His one particular failing, his friends said, was that he could not or would not cut lectures and he was thus a useful man to know, his friendship being especially cultivated by men who did cut.

He answered to the names of his friends when asked to do so—and that was very often—with painstaking care. But one day when he had answered for five men at one lecture it occurred to him of a sudden he was somehow being imposed on. It was hard work to remember to answer for them in the right place. Now the best natured of us do not like to think our kindness is being taken advantage of and the more Tom thought the situation over the more firmly he became convinced this thing must stop. For a time he was puzzled to find just how this could be done. It was no use to tell the men he wouldn't, that would make hard feeling, it would take a lot of time and trouble and it would be months before men would quit asking him. Some simpler plan must be devised that would be quick, effective and universal, something that would impress his change of heart forcibly on their minds. He said nothing to any one about his decision. He was not that kind. He kept his own counsel and, having a sense of humor, devised a plan presently in his easy-going way that he thought would work.

Professor Summers' class was very large. Three times a week he lectured to two or three hundred men of several classes and courses. Tom's friends mustered in to these lectures in force and it was here he was obliged to perjure himself oftenest. Here it was, then, that his plan must be put in execution.

One evening going down town for the mail after tea he met a chum, "By the way, Charlie," he said, "I'm going to cut Prof. Summers in the morning. Answer for me, will you?"

"Glad to," said Charlie.

He met another an instant later, with the same request and answer, and another, and another, till he had unostentatiously pledged some twenty-five or thirty men to respond to his name. Then he dropped in on several men on his way up and got them. At breakfast he asked some more, and all he met on their way up, till half the class had agreed to assure the mild Professor of his presence.

Then, when they had gone rejoicing on their way, with his slow sweet smile he strolled up the campus and dropped unnoticed into a seat by the lecture room door as the roll was being called. It went as peacefully and monotonously as usual, "Adams, Alexander, Arkwright, Baldwin, Berdick, Binks, Blinn," and the "here," "here," "here," "here," "here" till along at the end there came "Perkins," "here," "Platt," "here," "Prather," "here,"—"Ralston," and with an emphasis that rattled the windows half the class answered "HERE!!"

Then there was a sudden hush. In the deathlike silence each of the obliging men looked curiously, then angrily around at his companions, suspecting that somehow he been betrayed yet not fully understanding how. The other half of the class looked even more stupefied but, supposing there was some joke on the professor, laughed. The professor himself, startled from the dull routine of the roll-call, looked up in puzzled surprise, not unmixed with anger, but seeing an equally puzzled look on the faces of some of the men nearest him, waited a moment and called again "Ralston!" And from the far corner where Tom sat with his slow, sweet smile, there came with startling distinctness his "Here!" that turned his half of the class in their seats as if they had been moved by an electric shock. But he sat and smiled pleasantly at them.

Then the old professor looked over his glasses. "Mr. Ralston," said he, "will you kindly stop a moment at the desk after the lecture. I should like to speak to you." And so after

the lecture Tom went slowly up to the desk while his friends waited outside.

"Mr. Ralston," said the professor, "that was a curious manifestation in class to-day."

"Yes," said Tom, encouragingly.

"Do you—ah—happen to know, Mr. Ralston, the—ah—names of any of those young men who—ah—put up that joke on you this morning?

And Tom with smiling truthfulness assured the dear old man that he knew no man who had played any joke on him that morning.

But the anxious friends who awaited him outside assured him in turn, on his emerging safe from the hands of the professor, that if he ever dared tell that story while he was in college, they would do themselves the honor of attending his execution *en masse*. And he, having sufficiently impressed his point on their minds by his little joke, and having through it become a college tradition, be it said to his honor, never did tell the story till years afterwards when he came back an alumnus.

THE MONTH.

Clinton R. Wyckoff, L. S., '96, the quarter-back of the football eleven, has been elected captain for next season.

The Athletic Council is considering the advisability of adopting a university athletic medal which shall be a certificate of a man's membership in some intercollegiate team. It has been proposed that the medals be made of bronze, and that they indicate in some manner to what teams the holder of the medal belonged.

The Cornell Band gave a most successful concert in Geneva on December 7. During the banquet which followed, Mr. R. W. Groom, who has recently resigned from the leadership of the band, was made the recipient of a handsome present.

The faculty has selected the following men to compete for the '94 memorial prize in debate: W. P. Chapman, W. P. Belden, G. L. Bockes, H. L. Fordham, F. E. Moyer, F. L. Nebeker, A. B.

Reed, and W. C. White. This debate will take place on the evening of January 10, at the Armory. The question to be debated is, *Resolved*, That the taxation of incomes should form a part of our system of federal taxation; it being understood that the revenue of state and local governments is collected without resort to the taxation of income.

The New York State Intercollegiate Press Association met at Cornell on November 23. Interesting addresses were delivered by Professors Benjamin I. Wheeler and H. Morse Stephens. An enjoyable banquet, with Mr. A. T. Freeman, of the University of Rochester, as toastmaster, followed the last session.

H. W. Wallace has been chosen chairman of the Junior Ball Committee. J. W. Beacham, Jr., is chairman of the Sophomore Cotillion Committee, and C. M. Henrotin has been selected as leader.

The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs will take their trip during the Christmas recess this year. The itinerary is as follows: Dec. 24, Scranton; Dec. 26, Brooklyn; Dec. 27, Washington; Dec. 28, Williamsport; Dec. 29, Pittsburgh; Dec. 31, Cincinnati; Jan. 1, Toledo; Jan. 2, Cleveland; Jan. 3, Erie; Jan. 4. Buffalo; Jan. 5, Rochester. On November 28 a joint concert with the musical clubs of Lehigh was given in Ithaca.

The football season closed with an exciting game against Lehigh on Thanksgiving Day, at Percy Field. Cornell won the game by the score of ten to six. The Lehigh men refused to accept the decision of Referee Young, allowing a touchdown by Starbuck, and left the field. Michigan won the game in Detroit on November 24 by the score of twelve to four.

The annual debate with the University of Pennsylvania will be held in Philadelphia on March 8, 1895. The question for debate has just been announced by Pennsylvania: *Resolved*, That the most effective means of restricting the liquor traffic is to eliminate the element of private profits. Cornell has the choice of sides, and the privilege of rejecting the question if it is not found to be satisfactory.

Charles E. Courtney, the veteran coach of the crews, has been seriously ill for over a month.

The Athletic Council has elected J. W. McCulloh assistant manager of the navy, and H. J. Westwood assistant manager of track athletics.

President Atkinson of the senior class has just announced the following committees: Senior ball, J. V. Westfall, chairman, G. P. Diehl, W. P. Beeber, C. M. Marsh, F. F. Jewett, J. R. Wilson, R. H. Williams, F. J. Emeny, and F. W. Phisterer; Class Day, A. W. Barber, chairman, Paul Ott, T. W. Dixson, G. F. A. Brueggeman, G. H. Powell, C. M. Russell, C. P. Storrs, F. W. Thatcher, and J. R. Woodbridge; Memorial, C. S. Young, chairman, C. C. Egbert, H. P. Goodnow, Thomas McNeil, R. L. Shape, Miss Reed, and Miss Newhouse; Statistics, W. R. Eastman, chairman, E. C. Hager, W. W. Hoy, R. E. Morgan, J. R. Lewis, A. S. R. Smith, and C. R. Sanderson; Banquet, H. J. Clark, chairman, J. R. Aikenhead, C. L. Babcock, H. L. Collins, George Hillyer, jr., W. D. Pomeroy, and F. B. Stratford; Photograph, W. R. Eckart, chairman, E. C. Jones, N. H. Livermore, Hugh Troy, and E. P. Van Mater; Prizes, M. W. Thompson, chairman, H. J. O'Brien, R. L. Gordon, W. B. Sanborn, and O. H. Fernback; Music, Benjamin Andrews, jr., chairman, E. U. Henry, J. A. Mc Carroll, Miss Clark, and Miss Stebbins.

The Athletic Council has promoted Frederick R. White from assistant manager to manager of the football eleven. The football season was a financial success, the net earnings amounting to about $3,500. The new management will have a reserve fund of $1,600 at its disposal.

EXCHANGES.

An exceedingly clever imitation of one of the best known of the "Barrack Room Ballads," appears in the *Aberdeen University Magazine*. It would seem that conditions there vary little from local ones, if the following is a true portraiture:

THE CAPPING DAY.

I went up to the Chapel door upon a capping day,
But Byres, he up and says to me, "Now Student, get away."
The matrons seated near the door, they giggled fit to die;

So I outs into the quad again, and to myself says I—
O, it's student this and student that, and "student get away,"
But it's "thank you, Mr. Student," on matriculation day,
Matriculation day, my boys, matriculation day,
O, it's "thank you, Mr. Student," on matriculation day.

The magistrands are eager till the capping day arrives,
But then there ain't no tickets for their mothers and their wives.
The reason isn't obvious, but still it's very plain—
'T ain't for common, vulgar students that the bishop built the fane.
O, it's student this and student that, but student plainly sees
That he's never so respected as when paying of his fees.
The paying of the fees, my boys, the paying of the fees;
O, there's plenty room for students at the paying of the fees.

There are ladies in the Chapel, and they're weeping at the prayer;
They've come to patronise us and to make each other stare.
And "isn't Latin *beautiful?*" and "oh, I like the noise,
But isn't Mr. Blank, you think, rather hard upon the boys?"
O, it's student this and student that, "there's standing room for two."
Although you run the solemn show, the capping ain't for you.
The capping ain't for you, my boys, the capping ain't for you;
Although you pay and run the show, the capping ain't for you.

We aren't no solemn greybeards, and we aren't no blackguards too,
Just jolly undergraduates, most remarkable like you.
And, if our conduct ain't what professorial fancy paints,
Why! Professors once were students and not always plaster saints.
O, it's student this and student that, and "student leave your stick."
You can't refine a student more than make a strawless brick.
Than make a strawless brick, my boys, than make a strawless brick.
No you can't refine a student more than make a strawless brick.

You talk of better rooms for us and a graduation hall.
We could even wait for that, if you'd treat us rational.
One here and there may be a don, and one may be a dunce.
But one can be a student and a gentleman at once.
O, it's student this and student that, with patronising smile,
But it's "credit to his teachers" when they think it worth the while.
It's student this and student that, and everything you please;
The student ain't a blooming fool,—you bet the student sees.

Our old friend, the *Oxford Magazine*, contributes the following:

LINES ON AN OLD THEME.

Methought I heard in dream all humankind
Singing together: for a whole day long
Troop caught from troop the antiphon of song
Where none outran and none was left behind.

First rose the song of Youth with rising sun,
  The slow hours of the morn with music winging;
  And Joy was all the burden of his singing,
The Joy of all things to be thought and done.

So Pleasure broadened in the breadth of light,
  A thousand rivers flooding one great sea,
  Until his large diffusion rolling free
Touched the eternal verges of delight.

And so Youth pass'd, but with the perfect noon
  Came graver choirs of men in life's mid span,
  Who set the latter excellence of man
To a more sober and advisèd tune—

Chanting how action, ripening 'neath the eye
  Of him who plann'd, and high hopes full achieved
  (Mature strength proving all young faith believed)
Made the bud blossom and the fledgling fly.

These also pass'd as eventide drew near,
  And with twilight appeared a new succession,
  Old men who sang how peace excels possession,
Age rounds to the full Youth's sunny hemisphere;

How looking back they saw that life was well,
  Nor mourn'd their inactivity who lay
  Sheaves reap'd and garner'd for the threshing day.
An hour they sang, then ceas'd, and darkness fell.

The *Yale Lit.'s* verse is usually—we might better say unusually—clever. The first clipping subjoined is from the October number, the other from the November number.

OCTOBER.

Child of the grand old Autumn,
  October floateth by,
A regal grace on her sun-kissed face,
  And light in her beaming eye;
Over her polished shoulders
  To the dull and fading grass,
The golden brown of her hair flows down,
  As her springing footsteps pass.

She will breathe on the dim old forest
  And staining of crimson light
Like the blushes that speak on her own bright cheek
  Will fall on the leaves to-night;
And the mellow sight of the dawning,
  When the first faint sunbeams play,
And the flushes that rest on the sunset's breast
  She will leave on the trees to-day.

Then she'll touch the tree-tops softly,
  And a carpet all fresh and sweet
In colors as bright as the rainbow's light
  Will fall at her fairy feet;
Sometimes she woos the summer
  By the light of her magic smile,
Sometimes she calls at the past King's halls,
  And bids him reign awhile.

Then when the hills are woven
  With many a tinted strand,
When a veil of romance (like the bright cloud's dance)
  Is wrapped over sea and land,
Like a dream that is wild with splendor,
  Like the sun at the close of day,
Like the visions that rest in a maiden's breast,
  October will float away!

THE WAITING YEAR.

Twice lingers on her way the fleeting Year
  In April first—the darksome winter past—
  She smiles through happy tears that follow fast,
And prescient of the Maytime loitering near,
She waits in listening mood, perchance to hear
  Some faint heraldic note of wandering bird,
  Some whispered hint, some confidential word,
Of pregnance in bare boughs and meadows sere.

Anon she lingers in the arms of Death,
  Shorn of her glory, yet withal content
To feel upon her cheek his chilling breath.
Her birds and blossoms gone, she, too, must go.
  'Neath gray November skies, with head low-bent,
She waits the benediction of the snow.

In the way of persiflage, that genial exchange of cheery insult that adorns so much newspaperism, this—

"I simply dote on Horace!"
  Said the Boston maid; "don't you?"
And the maiden from Chicago,
  Wondering, queried, "Horace who?"

But the daintiest conceit it has been our good fortune to meet with in a long, long time is this from the *Nassau Lit.*

BEFORE DAWN.

In dreams, the other night, I sought the cave
Where the dear daughters of the Nymphæ dwell.
A fountain twinkled near the sacred cell,
'Round which they gathered merrily to lave
Their lithe limbs in the cooling, foamy wave,
Which stole thence through fair fields of asphodel
To seek the sea. As I drew nigh, there fell
A silence o'er their mirth. I did but crave
Of that sweet stream a dozen priceless sips
To cool the fever of my soul. One brought
A beaker, bade me drink, and then begone.
E'er I could raise it to my eager lips,
A fairer maid than all, approaching, caught
And dashed it from me. Lo! it was the Dawn.

NEW BOOKS.

In the Dozy Hours, and Other Papers. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York.

This charming collection of essays constitutes a sort of antidote for the manifold cares of life. They remind us that there is such a thing as relaxation, that we can occasionally relieve the mind of that severe tension to which it is often strained and find thorough satisfaction "in the dozy hours." They might be read, as fancy would direct, in the intervals between our more serious occupations, and our spirits would be refreshed and our souls enriched by their healthy and contagious optimism. The author's exquisite taste, artistic sensibility and undisguised sympathy make this one of the most attractive books which the season has produced, and it calls forcibly to mind the *Essays in Idleness*, which elicited such favorable comment a year ago.

Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery. By Noah Brooks. New Edition. In Heroes of the Nations Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

This new biography of our greatest national hero, written in the charming style of Noah Brooks, is in one respect a very difficult book for the reviewer to handle. It is so intensely interesting that he becomes all-absorbed in the narrative, reads on and on, forgetting that a magazine must be published and the editor is waiting for "copy." The same reason, however, has given the book an enviable popularity. It has been written by one who was a personal friend of his illustrious subject, and many of the incidents of Lincoln's early life were related to the author "during hours of secluded companionship." It is the privilege of few men to enjoy this intimate relation of friendship with the choice master spirits of mankind, but it is possible for them to share with all the world the inspiration gained from this lofty companionship.

Great men often seem so far above the common level of humanity that it is a difficult matter to form a true estimate of their lives. Myths gather about their names and obscure their true personality. But, as Mr. Brooks says, "the simplest truth is always best; and the simpler and more direct the biographical sketch of Abraham Lincoln, the more deeply will his image be impressed upon the heart of that 'common people' whom he loved so well and of which he was the noblest representative." It is one of the enigmas of American life that the frontier "rail-splitter" and the canal boy have risen in turn to the highest office in the land, but this fact affords the strongest proof that they were worthy to exercise the trust which the people placed in their hands. The character of Lincoln was moulded and developed by his early training. It was in the seclusion of humble life that he became fitted for a great and peculiar service. And this fact of his early training is the key to his later career. Among his chief traits of character were unselfishness, simplicity of tastes, never failing common sense, clearness of vision, and unswerving loyalty to the right.

Mr. Brooks does not surround Lincoln's youth or any part of his life with a false halo of glory. His effort is to place the man in his true relation to the events of his time, and to introduce him to the present generation as he was actually known to his contemporaries. The author is assured of the unqualified thanks of the American people for this life-like picture of their Martyr-President.

The Odes and Epodes of Horace. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by Clement Lawrence Smith, Professor of Latin in Harvard University. In College Series of Latin Authors. Ginn & Co.: Boston, U. S. A., and London.

The place which the poetry of Horace occupies in a University curriculum is unique. His works afford to an American student the best opportunity for an intelligent and appreciative study of Latin poetic usage; and at the same time the light which they throw upon the state of society in the Augustan Age, gives us a clearer idea of Roman life at that time than we possess of any other phase of social development or decline in the ancient world. Bearing these facts in mind, Professor Smith has produced an edition of the Odes and Epodes, which for general use in the college course is unsurpassed. The Introduction includes an admirable account of Horace's life and writings, and a characterization of his language and style with numerous select examples.

The notes are ample and are conveniently placed at the foot of the page. The editor's work is characterized by such care and accuracy as modern scholarship and the high merits of his subject demand.

For many reasons Horace is more generally read than any other author among the Greeks and Romans. His poems possess a powerful attraction on account of his keen and delicate sense of humor, his superior literary taste, his cosmopolitan spirit, and his insight into human nature. These elements fit him to be read not by any one age or clime, but with equal delight by men of all ages and nations. He possessed, it is true, a high esti-

mate of his own powers; but it would be difficult to say that his opinion was not correct, for it has been seconded by the verdict of the centuries.

The Story of the Civil War. By John Codman Ropes. Part I. To the Opening of the Campaigns of 1862. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

The importance of the element of the "point of view" of a historical work is so great that it ought never to be overlooked. The American Civil War offers a writer two standpoints, and many books have been written from each side. The task attempted by Mr. Ropes in *The Story of the Civil War* is "to write of the subjects treated from the standpoint of each of the contending parties." This fact will give the work its chief value, for it eliminates as far as possible all sectional prejudice and partisanship. We must realize that the two sections of the country were in reality quarreling about different questions. Of course the main issue was one, but it was presented in such different lights, that few people of one party understood the real position of the other. Since the war the two sides of the case have been treated ably and well by writers who at the time represented the opinions which they have now attempted to expound, and with these materials it has at length become possible for a writer of the character of Mr. Ropes to weave the various threads into one fabric. A due regard for truth and justice demands that the exact facts connected with the origin and incidents of the war be clearly set forth with no attempt to minimize the difference of opinion which divided the people into two hostile camps. This the author has endeavored conscientiously to do. It is to be hoped that the book will meet with the reception which it deserves in the South as well as in the North, for the rapid disappearance of sectional prejudices and animosities shows that fair-minded persons no longer cherish feelings of enmity for those who were once their enemies.

The typography of the book is excellent and the maps at the end of the volume are a valuable feature.

The Southern States of the American Union, considered in their Relation to the Constitution of the United States, and the Resulting Union. By J. L. M. Curry. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

A faithful record of the South will show that her career has been rich in patriotism, sagacious statesmanship, and heroic achievement. These the author attempts to set in a true light in order that we may know definitely what contributions the South has made to our national advancement and to civilization. As long as he adheres to this part of his thesis, his work is a gratifying success, especially in his characterization of the patriotism and devotion of the South to the American cause during the Revolutionary war. But when he goes on to discuss the nature of "the Constitution and the Resulting Union," the argument miscarries and it is often impossible to pronounce his reasoning sound or his conclusions trustworthy. It is rather astonishing that a book which pretends to treat of constitutional principles should neglect entirely one of the most striking constitutional aspects of

the Louisiana purchase, and should at this day seriously advocate the theory that the Constitution is a "compact" between the States. The author also treats briefly of Nullification and Secession; but he fails to depict the gradual growth of these doctrines, and to discern the fact that the Nullification intended by the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 was a very different thing from that attempted by South Carolina in 1832. It is unfortunate that Mr. Curry's laudable effort to vindicate the reputation of the South should have been coupled with such serious errors of judgment in other respects.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

The Southern States of the American Union. By J. L. M. Curry. $1.25.

Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery. By Noah Brooks. Heroes of the Nations Series.

The Story of the Civil War, Part I. By John Codman Ropes. $1.50.

American Song. By Arthur B. Simonds. $1.50.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

In the Dozy Hours. By Agnes Repplier. $1.25.

Ginn and Company. Boston and London.

Odes and Epodes of Horace. Edited by Professor Clement Lawrence Smith.

Doktor Luther. Edited by Professor Frank P. Goodrich.

Introduction to French Authors. By Alphonse VanDaell.

D. C. Heath & Co. Boston.

An Introduction to the Study of English Fiction. By William Edward Simonds.

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LESSING.

THERE is perhaps no German author whose opinions, though often challenged, have held such unquestioned sway as those of Lessing. The authority of his name is sought upon the most diverse questions. His views of literature, art and religion cause him to be claimed by opposing parties as their advocate. He is to many a leader of advanced thought, to others a rational defender of established truth. The problems regarding the social and political rights of the Jews look to him for advocacy and support, and fresh discussions of his relations to living questions which are agitating Germany constantly arise. "To go back to Lessing is to advance," said a profound German. He is a commanding form in literature, a knight, standing alone and counselling with none, who holds no truth so small that it is unworthy of his rescue and defense. If Luther is one of the most complete embodiments of the German character, Lessing's love of freedom and fidelity to truth make him, in literature, equally a representative of his nation. It is of present interest to follow in the footsteps of such a man and trace his life in its various sur-

roundings. Lessing was born in Kamenz, one of the former "Six Cities" of Upper Lusatia, now one of the "Four Cities" of Saxon Lusatia, which early won imperial privileges through the valor of its inhabitants. It lies in that debatable border land which was won from the Slavs by Henry the Fowler and Otho the First, and which the tides of war have carried at times to the Austrian, Hungarian, Bohemian and Saxon crowns. The name Lessing is of Slavic origin, as is that of the city of his birth. Vigorous partisans have claimed him as a Slav, as Luther has been claimed, but others point rightly to an uninterrupted German descent of four hundred years and assert that he is the child of a true Teutonic ancestry.

Lessing belonged to that honorable middle class which is not always independent, but which fills places of trust and honor, often performing the real work of those of higher rank and wealth. His ancestors had been clergymen and burgomasters for several generations. His grandfather, Theophilus Lessing, was burgomaster of Kamenz. He wrote for his master's degree a thesis upon "Tolerance in Religion." A copy of this thesis which has been found recently shows that Lessing inherited the noble toleration which characterizes his spirit and writings,—a toleration not of error or untruth but of honest differences of belief. This mild toleration was an equal characteristic of Lessing's father, who after a distinguished career at the university of Wittenberg desired to become a professor. He wrote for his master's degree a defense of Luther and the Reformation. He was a fine historical scholar, and made many contributions to the history and controversial literature of his church. He translated Tillotson's "Rule of Faith," for which he wrote an introduction, a work in which his son exulted as worthy of his broad views and humane character. "What praises would I not heap upon him for this were he not my father." A portrait of Lessing and his younger brother Karl was discovered recently which had long lain covered with dust and forgotten among parochial documents in the loft of the church of Kamenz. It was painted by the artist Haberkorn, who was Lessing's first teacher in drawing. Tradition says that the painter wished to represent the boy with a cage

and bird, but that he refused to allow his picture to be painted unless he could be represented with "a great pile of books."

Lessing left his father's house in mere boyhood and was supported in school and at the university upon scholarships founded by private benevolence. He bore away from his home the lesson of the frankness, sincerity and absence of pretense which characterized his life. Perhaps a hidden interest in the theatre lurked in his heart, for his favorite teacher, the Rector Heinitz, who influenced most powerfully his early years, had published a defense of the stage as a teacher of eloquence, for which he was obliged by the Kamenz magistrates to resign his position. It is possible that the boy with his ardent temperament warmly espoused the cause of the teacher whom he loved. He was trained in a sterling Lutheran community, and his father though tolerant of opposing views was an earnest advocate of the doctrines and glory of his church. The boy was carefully instructed in the principles of his father's faith.

The classical training which fitted Lessing to write the Laocoön and his papers on ancient art, was obtained at the famous Prince's School of St. Afra at Meissen, where classical study was thorough. Great attention was paid to imparting an elegant Latin style, and Lessing wrote Latin verse with skill and grace ; he was proficient in mathematics also, and acquired a fair knowledge of French.

Lessing's teacher said that he was a fine lad, but a horse that needed double fodder, for he mastered so rapidly the tasks set for the other scholars. His favorite authors were the dramatists Terence and Plautus. To the boy, bred in a country town, in the quiet circle of a pastor's family, the world of character mirrored in these plays proved indeed a revelation. Notwithstanding the irksome oversight and narrow-minded teachers, he afterward called his school days the happiest of his life. Lessing's university career at Leipzig and Wittenberg is involved in much obscurity. We cannot in all cases say what lectures he heard or what his special interests were. He himself says, "I should be embarrassed if required to tell what I studied." The new era in classical learning had just begun. The elegant scholarship and enthusiasm of Ernesti were inciting students to

seek an acquaintance with the literature and the thoughts of the ancients; Gesner's wise views had dissipated that minute attention to verbalism which so long deadened all zeal in classical study. The mighty advance in philological science which took place under Wolf and Heyne was to come. To Christ's lectures we owe undoubtedly Lessing's interest in ancient art. There is in his letters, so far as they are preserved, a remarkable absence of enthusiasm for his studies or for any of his teachers. It is more than probable that the attractions of a large city and the freedom which he felt in being removed from the minute discipline of St. Afra caused him to neglect his duties. He was supported upon one of the hundred foundations provided for brilliant scholars from the Prince's Schools. His father designed that he should study theology and become eventually his successor as chief pastor in Kamenz. But Lessing had a repugnance to the profession for which he was destined, and he was finally permitted to study medicine and literature with the hope of obtaining an academic position. Classical learning at the time was subordinate to the study of eloquence and to scriptural interpretation. He ran rapidly through the different courses of lectures and was drawn away to the theatre, which attracted him irresistibly. He become intimate with actors and haunted the green room; he translated and adapted plays in order to secure free admission, until at last he was present at nearly every representation. He supported himself by literary hack-work and among the books which he translated at this time was Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life." Character and the manifestation of passion were his delight. He enjoyed the easy transformations of personality which the actors exhibited, the transition from common-place to heroic, tragic and romantic. He even became enamored of a young actress. He lent money to his theatrical friends until his own credit was involved and he was obliged to leave the city. Just before his departure his first play was performed, when he was only nineteen years of age, the "Young Scholar."

Leipzig was the seat of a fashionable school of literature. The big-wigged and much worshiped Gottsched was the centre of

a circle of ardent disciples. In this period of pedantry and jejune literary discussion, it is wonderful that Lessing escaped the vapid refinements of these formalists. He was from the first a writer, and he threw himself with ardor into the literary discussions of the day, and henceforth his life was a record of controversy, until he became, according to Macaulay, the greatest critic of Europe. There was from the first a wonderful maturity in all his powers. Weisse, his fellow-worker, who was older, conceded his preëminence even as a youth. His early plays, which are only valuable as exhibiting one stage in his intellectual growth, caused him to be regarded as one of the most original dramatists of Germany, and equal to foreign writers. Had Lessing accepted the professorship at Königsberg which was afterward offered to him, his range might perhaps have been narrower and his influence upon literature less extended. He became a man of letters with no exclusive devotion to any department, and he made the life of a *litterateur* honorable, when pursued with a noble purpose and a vigorous love of truth. He was a sentinel upon the outposts of literature, and his influence upon German thought was a constant factor in the intellectual growth of his nation. In Leipzig, Lessing met Von Kleist, the chivalrous soldier and author, whose reckless courage at Kunnersdorf occasioned his early death. No friendship of his life was so ardent and no personal influence over Lessing, not even that of Moses Mendelssohn, was so great. "If Lessing were dead half my life would be gone," said Kleist. Lessing inspired Kleist to write his tragedy of Seneca, and Kleist in return evoked Lessing's Philotas. Through Kleist, Lessing learned to know Father Gleim of Halberstadt. Gleim was secretary of the cathedral chapter in this old episcopal town. Lessing won his regard through his friendship for Kleist, as well as for his ability and winning personal gifts. He visited Gleim in the little house which still stands behind the cathedral where his friends were entertained. Lessing valued the simple, true-hearted Gleim but he did not fall into the poetic fever which afflicted the Halberstadt poets. His love of reality, and healthy, practical nature saved him from the fascination of a modern Anacreon and Pindar

revival. He could not take pleasure in the garlands of myrtle and laurel and in the gushing sentiments which attended the banquets and bumpers of this enthusiastic circle.

There are periods in Lessing's life of several years when we can only trace his activity in reviews, when the personal element in his life is hidden ; and other periods of silence, in which only incidental statements show the direction of his studies. The four years at Breslau are of the latter kind, when he was gathering material in reading and society for some of his most remarkable works, as the Laocoön and Minna von Barnhelm.

Frederick the Great's insensibility to the merit of German writers, or possibly personal prejudice against Lessing, kept him from receiving royal recognition, which would have relieved his harassed, unsettled life, but which could not have destroyed his independence. There was a need of change in Lessing's nature, and his restless spirit sought, from time to time, a new home amid changed environments. He went to Hamburg with a lofty hope to aid in founding a national theatre. His residence in this city of multiform life and commercial activity furnished opportunity for the study of human nature which he most enjoyed. But the period of national or even popular support of theatres had not come, and, though dramatic criticism was enriched by the Dramaturgie, the outward purpose of his residence failed. When his hopes were disappointed, he received the appointment of librarian of the Ducal library in Wolfenbüttel, where he found the most permanent refuge of his life. To this dull place he came to spend the last ten years of his life. The one attraction of the city was then, as it is now, the magnificent library, containing over three hundred thousand volumes and a precious collection of manuscripts. He found his home during the first six years in the great castle of the former rulers, which stands opposite the library, where he finished Emilia Galotti. He called it in his letters his "accursed castle," for it was a prison to him, full of memories of loneliness, and of years of controversy. No place is so lonely as one full of associations of vanished life and gaiety. It is not surprising that one who loved the life of men as much as Lessing, should have found his position almost intolerable. He needed

the stimulus of personal association and contact of views to call out his best efforts in writing. He concerned himself little with the proper work of a librarian. He early adopted the notion that the duke had conferred this office upon him, not because the library needed him, but because he needed the library. With this theory it is not strange that the practical work of conducting the library fell upon his subordinates. Lessing never seems to have made any report of his administration, to have paid no heed to recording additions, nor did he exercise a careful guardianship over the treasures of the library, He formed grand schemes for rearranging the books, of which nothing came, He loved to rove with inquisitive interest through corridors of volumes, bound and unbound, and found a fascination in the mysterious contents of unpublished manuscripts. He discovered an unknown work of Berengarius of Tours, with which he initiated his publications of "Contributions to Knowledge from the Wolfenbüttel Library": manuscripts of Leibnitz followed, but the sum of the discoveries in literature which he gave to the public during his ten years' control is not great. The temper of his mind was controversial; he was only at his best when some real or incorporeal adversary stood before him. If the public estimate of a man was founded on an error or imperfect knowledge, it was enough to call out all his powers of championship and defense. He loved to find some obscure hero who had fallen a victim to an unjust and intolerant condemnation, and to reverse the popular judgment. Hence arose those Rettungen, recoveries, in which, with recondite learning, he rescued some character that had been pilloried by fate. A similar spirit led him to undertake the publication of the manuscripts of Reimarus, the Hamburg professor. From this publication he had nothing to gain, and it exposed him to more vituperation than any other act of his life. It is doubtful whether the work was written with a view to publication. The author said: "From the beginning, the occasion of my writing has been simply for the satisfaction of my own mind," and his prohibition to publish in the present temper of the public mind, was still in existence. Many of Reimarus' friends were indignant that his name should be cov-

ered with obloquy for the authorship of a book which, though it had occupied him nearly forty years, he had never seen fit to give to the world. Lessing was consistent with his principle, that all sides of a question should receive adequate presentation. He was fearless as regards the safety of truth; to him all truth was good for all men; facts could not come to the knowledge of the public too soon, and he shrunk from no consequences; he held that the truth educates at all times. Lessing could not have believed that error was harmless. He would have opposed the enthronement of all questionable theories and assumed facts as truth. There is a specious and captivating plausibility in the arguments with which Lessing persuaded himself. All truth is not for man in all stages and conditions, though an ultimate end to be attained in his growth and development. It is not for the perverted and childishly ignorant. There is a harmony in truth, a symmetrical relation of all its parts. Lessing published the "Fragments by an Unknown Author" under cover of a special permit which he enjoyed, to issue any new works found in the library without the approval of the censor. In sending the manuscript to the duke he requested a receipt for the same, as belonging to the library. He invited a conflict, and was disappointed when the public ignored the wild heresies which he put forth from his anonymous writer. His mystification regarding the author, his suggestion of other possible authors, his claim that the manuscript was found in the library, and his attempt to deceive the Hereditary Duke upon this point, can scarcely be defended in the interests of truth. The book was not one whose publication or non-publication was of importance to the world; it is an apology for rational worshipers of God. It was written with an honest purpose, and out of a great mental struggle, and exhibits learning and much acuteness, and, though often repeating only the arguments of the English and French writers of the time, it originated in Germany a theological conflict that has continued to the present day. The bulk of the work still lies in manuscript in the city library in Hamburg. Lessing wrote introductions to the parts published, often criticising and withholding assent from the views of the author. The bitterness which this

publication aroused followed Lessing to his death. Common people believed that he was a monster of evil, and it was even popularly reported that when he died he was carried away by the devil.

Lessing was indifferent, however, to public opinion, and he carried on this controversy in the midst of ill-health and loneliness. His letters reveal the discouragement and sadness of a strong man. His marriage to Eva König, the widow of his Hamburg friend, which was delayed for so many years, brought happiness at last to the solitary thinker. Even in the engagement to the woman that he loved, the strange contradictory elements of his nature appear. Frau König was in Vienna seeking to rescue portions of her husband's property for her children; Lessing in savage isolation, perhaps in part to suppress his own gloom, often permitted months, and once nearly a year to pass without writing to her, although he must have known how greatly distressed and in need of comfort his friend was.

In the midst of his controversial writings, Lessing turned aside to write that beautiful dramatic poem, Nathan the Wise. It was well that he did so, for its influence has been fresh and permanent when many of his criticisms have been forgotten: character embodied is worth more than character analyzed and discussed. Lessing now lived in the little librarian's house which stands near the library. Here the room is pointed out in which this famous poem was written. It was the room in which his wife died, and which he ever after used as his study. Here, with his cat on the table beside him, he wrote and studied. Lessing's work consists mainly of fragments,—even the Laocoön realized but a part of the author's purpose. Only articles called out in the heat of conflict saw the light quickly, others were begun and then forgotten. It is to be regretted that a dramatist capable of such beautiful creations should have consumed his strength in controversy. An urgent demand upon his powers was necessary for production. A universal interest distracted his attention. If a call to write was imperative, he walked the room reflecting upon his subject; if his eye caught sight of some new work, or some question occurred to him which he had not settled, he took down book after

book, became absorbed and read with eagerness, and his main work was forgotten. This was the history of his literary activity, —enormous and varied plans and halting execution. His was a nature which grew ardent in conflict, but which experienced long periods of aversion to work. A sudden lull in the strife produced Nathan. Even this, Lessing confesses, is an indirect polemic. He calls it the "son of his advancing years delivered by the aid of controversy." He labored uninterruptedly upon this work, which was first sketched in prose. It cost him a month's labor to render each act into verse. Its great character, which embodies, however, his own views, was drawn from his friend, Moses Mendelssohn, the grandfather of the musician.

The effect of Nathan the Wise as a contribution to enlightened, humane thought, cannot be easily estimated. No single poem has perhaps influenced more deeply popular sentiment. It has mitigated the narrowness of German prejudice and equally softened Hebrew exclusiveness. After a hundred years it has a living power, and to-day it is again an advocate in a political question which has lost but a part of its bitterness and is still a real issue in Germany. It is only possible to surmise what Lessing's life would have been under more favorable surroundings. There was none of that easy entrance into fame accompanied by wealth and patronage which characterized Goethe's life, nor that popular enthusiasm which marked some periods of Schiller's life. The destruction of old ideals and false standards must precede the new; Lessing's criticisms banished the unnatural creations of the French school and led to the truer study of the dramatic art in Shakespeare and the English dramatists. Poetry was no longer the painting of natural objects nor the fantastic fashioning of glittering images. Lessing was the prophet of the new era. The early recognition of Goethe and Schiller would not have been possible had not Lessing swept away much that was false and prepared the Germans to appreciate the genius of their native writers. His life was harassed by debt, the result of his own improvidence and prodigality, and due in part to his endless compliance with the extraordinary demands of his family. His salary of nine hundred thalers and a home in Wolfenbüttel would have been ample for

his support, had he not from the first been involved in obligations from which he never freed himself. His duke lavished immense sums upon the beautiful Countess Branconi, and paid thirty thousand dollars a year to his Italian master of amusements, while the most illustrious critic of his time received no answer to repeated requests for assistance. Lessing's independence of speech did not please the Prince, for he did not hesitate both in private and public companies to express his scorn of his sovereign's weakness.

Lessing sought the social life which he lacked in Wolfenbüttel, in Brunswick, the capital of the duchy, which was but six miles distant. Here he spent many weeks at a time. It was the seat of one of those gay and extravagant courts that were found in every minor German state at the close of the last century, which spent large sums in profligate luxury, and sold its citizens as mercenaries in order to replenish its failing coffers. Lessing enjoyed the respect and friendship of the duke, but he disliked the wearisome formalities of the court and seldom attended, save when official etiquette required. In this city he found a select circle of friends. Eschenburg, Ebert, Zachariae and Leisewitz, who in early life wrote a play so good that Goethe was supposed to be the author, resided here, and it was here that Lessing died. His physical powers had long been failing, but in spite of weakness his intellectual activity did not cease. His letters at this time are sad in tone, though at times his belligerent spirit flames out against some new narrowness or pretense. His health and love of life were broken. There is no sadder irony in suffering than in the letters which he wrote after the death of his son, and during the illness of his wife; they may still be seen in the archives of the library, and the neat regular lines bear no trace of the agony which inspired them.

"I embrace this moment when my wife lies utterly without consciousness to thank you for your kind sympathy. My joy was only brief, and I lost so unwillingly my son, who possessed so much, so much intelligence. Do not think that the few hours of my fatherhood made me an ape of a father. Was it not intelligence that so soon perceived the folly of the world? Was it not

intelligence, that he took the first opportunity to betake himself away? To be sure the little rascal is tearing his mother from me with him. I wanted for once to be as well off as other men, but ill has overtaken me."

A few days later he wrote to Eschenburg, "My wife is dead and now this experience is over. I rejoice that many similar experiences are not in store for me and am quite easy."

Lessing was slightly above the middle height, compact and erect in form and natural and courtly in manner. He never permitted himself the slightest carelessness of attitude or dress, even in the family circle. His eyes were blue and his glance winning and commanding. Voss, in describing a conversation with Lessing, said his eyes flashed like those of an eagle. The charm of his personal presence often disarmed the prejudice of opponents. The two most valuable pictures of Lessing are those by Tischbein and Graff. The former hangs in the museum of paintings in Berlin and represents Lessing as a young man. The latter, which has never been well engraved, is in the possession of his grand nephew Herr Landgerichtsdirektor R. Lessing in Berlin. Lessing found rest and diversion in games. His acquaintance with Mendelssohn was sought on account of the latter's reputation as a chess player. He loved games of chance, especially with cards, and in early life in the excitement of play lost large sums, so much so that his chief, General von Tauenzien, was obliged to caution him to restrain his passion. When he could no longer play faro in Wolfenbüttel he indulged in the risks of the lottery, a passion which continued to the last. Only a few days before his death he purchased a number of tickets which were paid for by the administrator of his estate. He shared in the popular belief that a fatality attached to a ticket bearing the holder's age upon it, and that it must win. Although Lessing wrote reviews for his support in his early days, he was faithful to his principles of independent criticism. In later life he grieved over the time which he had spent in writing for money. He even regretted the labor bestowed upon Nathan the Wise, one of the most perfect of his works. "For moderate returns, I will never again make myself a slave to dramatic work for five months. So

much time, alas, I have wasted on it, and who knows how it will be received?" He experienced what is so common among literary men. At the completion of each new dramatic work he ceased all labor and proclaimed himself exhausted, and felt that he was incapable of any fresh undertaking. As sickness came upon him, a tendency to sleep overcame him whether he was in company or alone; and in conversation his thought was often left unexpressed, or the food upon his plate untasted. In speaking or writing, he could not find the word he sought, and used involuntarily another; at times he could not write two sentences grammatically. Long musical performances wearied him, and he always sought the open air to breathe after them. He said, "I am not indifferent to praise and blame, though not hungry for praise." Lessing wrote with a distinct moral purpose; his leading characters are often embodied principles or qualities, rather than living human beings with endless play of involved passions and contradictory purposes. The classical element in his training, which long colored his individuality, often gives a stiff and learned character to his style. At Wittenberg he busied himself with epigrams; he loved condensed truths and brilliant and unexpected turns. He was a child of the spirit of the Reformation, if not of the letter. Of Luther he said, "I am glad to have discovered a few failings in him, as I should otherwise have been in danger of deifying him. The traces of humanity in him are as precious as his most dazzling perfections; they are even more instructive than all these taken together." His detached thoughts which were written on single sheets of paper with the purpose of a subsequent final arrangement, which was not achieved, show the riches of his mind. In conversation he threw off lightly the profoundest criticisms. His apparent scepticism is often a withholding of belief for lack of trustworthy proof. He chivalrously defended poor Jerusalem, who rested under the obloquy of suicide and the passion and weakness with which Goethe invested Werther. His anxiety to do justice to every fragment of truth often renders his work unsymmetrical, and makes him appear to exalt isolated parts to undue proportions. He seems to argue against established faiths when he is only seek-

ing to rescue some unrecognized member of the body of truth. This gives at times the appearance of casuistry to his writings, when he appears to take pleasure in overthrowing what he had laboriously established. Read superficially, his work often shows manifold contradictions but these are only the partial reflections from scattered rays of truth. Fichte's impassioned address characterizes the spirit of Lessing's writings, when he says: "If no one of thy statements as thou hast expressed them in words shall permanently abide, yet thy spirit of insight into the soul of knowledge, thy perception of truth which shall endure, thy deep sincere soul, thy independence and hatred of sham and easy-going negation shall be indestructible as our nation."

W. T. Hewett.

ONE WINTER NIGHT.

Steady, Ted, and away!
There's a road lies white
For your hooves to smite
Where the star beams play;
And a maiden dreams
Where the hearth-fire gleams;—
Be swift, I say.

Ah, life is gay
When the sun's asleep
And the mild stars peep
Thro' the sky in play;
For a swift, wild ride
By night to her side,
—And a kiss in pay?

Mine, mine for aye.
"And dear old Ted
Shall be *ours*," she said;
"No more good-nights to say."
Wind, stars and snow
Or the hearth-fire glow;
But Janet's love alway.

Edward A. Raleigh.

RELIGION AND THE COLLEGE MAN.

"Sceptic and Orthodox to me are one,
Dry roots that wither 'neath the eternal sun."

NO one of an observant nature can fail to be impressed with the continual growth of scepticism among college men of the present generation. Those who are not sceptical are either entirely indifferent to religion, or else follow blandly in the footsteps of their fathers, clinging like parasites to a more or less blind and unthinking orthodoxy, which they perhaps are not to be blamed in considering sufficient food to sustain their spiritual life. They are not to be blamed for this mode of taking things for granted because of the great influence that tradition, custom and inheritance have had upon them, and because of the general lack of such an impetus in our collegiate curriculum as will tend to make them investigate for themselves, and find out that an unreasoning faith is nothing but a cowardly makeshift, no more commendable than an unfounded atheism.

The writer is aware that the propositions set forth in the above paragraph will call forth a host of dissenting voices, and would scarce dare to make them did he think they would be judged strictly. They are merely the results of his experience and observation during four years at Cornell University, and no one would be happier than he to find that he has not taken account of all classes of students, and that his propositions are far too sweeping to merit consideration. When, therefore, he examines the spiritual life of Cornell University to support his premises he realizes that the odds are against him, because the liberal spirit of that institution and the broad basis of its religious organization make it vastly more enlightened than any other university on this continent. Nor does he presume to criticise the University authorities; the fault, if there be any, lies more with the students themselves and with the church.

It is so easy in matters concerning spiritual belief to mistake appearance for reality, and mere form for sincerity, that almost any community has apparent reason to congratulate itself upon the flourishing condition of its churches. But nothing is less minute-

ly examined into than the actual belief of those who are the members of our Christian churches; and while it is not fair to call the average church member a hypocrite, it is no more justifiable to point to him as a proof of the advance of religion and the ultimate triumph of Christianity. The long line of fashionable churches on Fifth Avenue in New York are weekly filled with large congregations, but that does not prove that the individuals which compose them are in any true sense Christians. The influence of attending these dimly lighted edifices, pervaded by softened rays from gorgeous windows and harmonious tones of organ, harp and rich soprano, is most soothing and beneficial to anyone, and we perhaps cannot be blamed for perjuring ourselves a little in order to enjoy the benefits of such genial influences. The creed is often *sine qua non*, according to custom, at least, to such enjoyment, and when expounded in a melodious voice from the lips of a well-educated clergyman to those who are too young to understand what is incomprehensible to many more mature, it is not surprising that so many accept it and become "members" of the church. What, then, does being a "member" of the church mean? To many it means merely falling in the path that our fathers have trodden before us. If they had been Buddhists or Jews, we should have been the same instead of Christians, at least until we began to think. The above example is but one by which, through tradition and custom, we come to call ourselves Christians, but the process varies in many ways which anyone, if he but takes the trouble to investigate, can plainly comprehend.

What, then, is the religious condition (if we may use the phrase) of the average young man of to-day when he enters his university. Unless he has been brought up in a good old orthodox fashion, as the average boy was fifty years ago, so that everything is settled once for all with him, so that the mere expression of a doubt is heresy to his sensitive positivism, it is safe to say that a majority are either conventional church members, or have no prejudices whatever concerning religion. Now, in regard to the first of these three classes, the strictly orthodox, little need be said, for they are in the minority and, however little we may be inclined to sympathize with them, they certainly have an important place to fill in

our University life. Not having to spend any of their mental energy in doubting, they have more time for action, and though their place may not be an exalted one from an intellectual standpoint, it is necessary. They add no new verdure to the tree of life, though the trunk could not live without them. The other two classes of men will, therefore, be more particularly taken into consideration. Let us attempt to examine into the various stages of their intellectual development.

The college course is to most men the commencement of a new era. Broken away suddenly from home influences and launched into strange surroundings, self-confidence is for the first time in their lives forced upon them. For the first time they are compelled to choose for themselves and a broad and hitherto unseen horizon is spread out before them. They find themselves in a new community separated and elevated above the rest of the world, which they may calmly survey as from a scholarly eminence. The past and the present assume to them a similar reality; the map of history is laid open for their inspection. In inquiring into causes they unite the actions of the past with the policies of the present. The present is not, as in after life, the one essentially important period;—for these four years they are freed from all considerations of personal policy and worldly gain, and hold themselves aloof from motives that actuate the older man in his struggle for existence. Such is the scene of action. Then the student begins to come in contact with well-trained and scholarly men. They initiate him into the problems of philosophy and science. Their methods are thorough and consecutive; their explanations clear and concise. They state nothing without the authority of evidence and what time and improved methods have shown to be false they cast aside, however eminent may be the authority thus unceremoniously consigned to oblivion. They seek truth at whatever cost and to reach it they sacrifice everything. It is a constant, untiring, ever-renewing attempt to *know*, as surely as man, at the present state of his development, can know. The student is permeated through and through with these methods of precision; they are instilled into his very being and it betides him ill if he is incapable of grasping them. The

most eminent men of the land are gathered together to instruct him. In spite of himself, he will begin to think, if he never has before. And as he thinks he will wonder; at many things, but at one thing above all others. Here, in the midst of this almost universal inquiry concerning man and nature there is one subject upon which all are strangely silent; a subject which is approached with awe as though it were too sacred to treat in this ordinary method of precision and accuracy. He tries to find some solution and in his dilemma turns to philosophy, but finds that philosophy is not religion. In his attempt to explain this singular silence concerning the spiritual life he naturally looks to the church, or if he is a church goer, the weekly sermons assume an entirely new significance to him. He compares them with what he has been hearing during the week and the comparison is not usually a very happy one. It seems incomprehensible to him that here alone truth must be hampered by the traditions of the past. The constant and vain attempt to reconcile dead issues with living facts confounds and disgusts him. The insincerity, the unquestioning faith which smooths over a thousand inconsistencies, the vain controversies concerning creed and dogma, the petty contentions between sect and sect, the intolerance and unfairness are all so at variance with the spirit of generous inquiry that characterizes all the other branches of study that, from the very nature of the case, he rushes into the extreme of scepticism and irreverence. The training which he has received in the lecture room and laboratory has opened his eyes to the instability of what hitherto he has been accustomed to regard as the foundations of religion. Such impetuosity is not to be wondered at in this plastic era of intellect. It would be strange if the result were different.

If now there were to come into his life a counter influence to re-act against this unfortunate mental state, if a sufficient impetus were given him to make him realize that religion is something more than prayer and dogma; that true faith is something loftier than parasitism, he might be rescued from the indifference into which he has fallen and which too infrequently is shaken off in after life. But this is where our colleges are found wanting.

Instead of rescuing him from his perplexity at this critical period as might be done were they to furnish as eminent guides for his spiritual as they do for his intellectual training, they rather encourage him in his scepticism. No doubt such an assertion from one who has lived four years at Cornell will excite indignant surprise from those who pride themselves upon the strong religious influence of that institution. It will, therefore, be necessary to attempt a further explanation of what the thoughtful student craves at this juncture to satisfy his religious doubts.

Even if it be granted that many men do not take advantage of the religious opportunities offered at Cornell and that the opportunities are unusually good in comparison with those of other institutions, the fact remains that they are in no way adequate to meet the spiritual needs of the average student. As we have attempted to show, the stimulus needed is an unusually strong one, much stronger than would be necessary in earlier or later life when our faculties are not at so high a tension and when on account of worldly affairs we are more ready to slur over our doubts and accept the best that presents itself. Then, too, young men feel a certain vanity in scepticism and are proud to think themselves superior to their hoodwinked elders. If left alone they will, while believing themselves most fairminded and unprejudiced, drift into the extreme of intolerance. Such a man as Robert Ingersoll is fascinating to them and his arguments will far outweigh those of the average clergyman. The lectures of this man are alone one of the most pernicious influences of the present day and their effect upon young men cannot be too greatly deplored. Gifted with a remarkable eloquence and persuasive style, he uses his powers to quench with ruthless sarcasm the lingering spark of faith and, under the disguise of reason, succeeds by clever but gratuitous argument in ridiculing a religion which, notwithstanding its weaknesses, has withstood the attacks of centuries and had as its disciples the foremost intellects of the world.

What the young man desires is to have the cause of religion upheld to him by men who are the intellectual equals of Ingersoll, men who proceed directly and unhesitatingly to the point after the same fashion as his professors. He does not want apologists

for religion any more than he wants apologists for philosophy, but men who will acknowledge and not attempt to reconcile its defects, men who are sincere in their every assertion concerning Christianity and who have an enthusiasm for their beliefs,—an enthusiasm capable of being transmitted to others; not a hypocritical and incomprehensible exaltation which cannot bear the scrutiny of sense. If there is such a thing as faith he wants to see it in such men as he can admire for their intellectual attainments. He does not ask to have a reason for faith, but he wishes to be sure that it exists in men whose sincerity he cannot doubt. He wants them to be frank and open with him concerning it and to have the subject freed from the glamour of mystery that seems to hover about it. He wants to know how far he is to let his sensations contribute towards his faith and to understand the relation between ritual and belief; whether or not religion can stand upon its own foundations without the help of the paraphernalia of the church. Doubtless this is asking a good deal, but college training would indeed be a failure if it did not induce such desires.

Having shown the reasons for disbelief and indicated what the student needs to offset it, let us glance at the actual opportunities offered by our University to build up the spiritual life. The Christian Association is of the greatest benefit to many men, but it cannot be said that it affords a sufficient incentive to arouse many of the most thoughtful out of their indifference. It does not appeal to them in a manner calculated to promote a thoughtful and serious inquiry into the doctrines of Christianity. The weekly classes held by some of the professors afford a splendid opportunity for a thorough and scholarly study of the Bible and other sacred books as do various courses in the University itself, but it is in no way derogatory to the professors holding them to say that they do not usually reach the essential need of the passive soul. By far the greatest religious influence in the University is the series of sermons given at Sage Chapel during the fall and spring terms. Here can be heard the most eminent preachers in the country, and it is the aim of the University to select the best of all denominations so that the student may not be confined to

merely one point of view. Many of these sermons are samples of theology addressed to the faculty pews, which, however praiseworthy, appeal but little to the average young man ; but occasionally there comes one whose words are like fire-brands kindling a multitude of emotions and aspirations that have rarely been touched by the most learned of our professors. These men are like oases in the desert of uncertainty and fill us with hope and determination. They make us ashamed of our vainglorious and intolerant attitude. On leaving the chapel we are imbued with a desire to lift ourselves up into this newly discovered world of the spirit. The impetus is a great one but merely transitory. It is but rarely that such a spark of religious truth flashes upon us and it is soon quenched in the ordinary course of our daily training.

And now to the solution. Why not have some of these men in our midst continually so that they can live into us, impress upon us the depths of their beliefs and make us grow with them into their world, as the physicist and philosopher make us grow into theirs. We cannot learn the truths of physics by an occasional and cursory treatment of the whole subject ; we must be led from point to point systematically and slowly. No more can we learn the truths of religion and spiritual life by a few good sermons, however convincing may be the men who deliver them. The very fact that these few men who touch us so deeply can have so great and lasting an effect upon us shows that, were they continually among us, we would learn to love them and adopt their beliefs. We want more such men among us ; men who have time to devote their whole energies to the spiritual needs of this great University. But, it will be said, such men are impossible to secure ; they are few and far between and they are already filling the pulpits in the great cities of the land where their influence extends over a much greater area than it would here. But, surely, no sacrifice would be too great to get them. The trustees search the world for an eminent historian and do not stop until they have secured his services. There are many men here, who, in their particular intellectual spheres, have no peers. They fill their pupils with their wisdom and give them the benefit of their experience, thereby sending forth the seeds of their knowledge

far and wide, which germinate and multiply for the benefit of civilization and humanity. But we look in vain for even one whose duty it is to guide us in the other and no less important phase of our existence. Some one may say that such men would be out of place here and that their proper sphere is the theological seminary. Any one who makes such an objection has entirely missed the point of this paper, and it would be vain to attempt to set him right.

It is frequently asserted that the tendency of modern education is too much towards the scientific and practical to the exclusion of what our forefathers termed the humanities. However this may be, it is certainly a fact that too little attention is paid to that all important factor in the life of every human being—religion. If in our youth we could be more nearly set right in regard to it, we would be spared much mental anguish and perplexity and feel ourselves much more strongly and thoroughly prepared to enter upon the tasks that life has in store for us.

—*Herbert James Hagerman.*

DAVIE.

"WHEN land is gone and money spent,
Then larnin' is most excellent,"

remarked Uncle John Hopkins.

I knew that this scrap of wisdom was quoted at me, for the diploma with which Elmdale Seminary had honored me was held in great respect by my friends, especially by Uncle John.

The first part of the proverb was true enough. In some way I never understood, papa had been relieved of a great deal of land and money, and now I had a glorious opportunity to be the support of my family as well as its pride and ornament. Uncle John's words were ominous of what was expected of me. Remorsefully I recalled my nights of feasting and days of flunking, the notes that were not upon lectures, and the interlining of my Latin books.

Uncle John—uncle by courtesy—was a pleasant, breezy farmer from "up the state," whose generous hospitality we had been in

the habit of purchasing during our summer stay in Benton. He always had a warm interest in my personal affairs, and as he was in the city on some agricultural mission, he had come up to condole with us.

"Ya-as," drawled Uncle John, "I had a mighty nice little school thet I wish you might hev hed, but I promised Belle Wilkes last winter that she could hev it if they made me trustee. But they's a good many deestricts that haint got teachers yet and if you had any idee thet you wanted to teach, I don't doubt I could git you a school 'thoutn any trouble."

Papa's eyes were twinkling with laughter, and mamma was dumb with amazement.

"Nonsense, John," said papa, "what could a rattle-brained young girl like Bessie do with a big winter school. Don't you remember the winter that Kate Bartlett taught in the Skinner district, how she had to call in Judge Dean, and Elder Shaw to straighten us out."

Uncle John laughed heartily at the recollection and then the two lapsed into reminiscences calculated to discourage any hopes I might have of conquering a Benton school.

"But," concluded Uncle John, "that was when *we* was young, you know. Boys nowadays are better behaved, I guess, or else the school-ma'ams are prettier," with a sly glance at me that I interpreted as a compliment. "They haint been no such doin's in a good many years. They haint what you'd call a rough school now in the town of Benton."

"Of course, I wouldn't have to take any examinations," I asked, thinking of my pink-ribboned certificate of "scholarly attainments and moral worth."

"Wa-al yes, you'd hev to be examined fur a stiffcut, jest in joggerfy and 'rithmetic and sich things," replied Uncle John, confident of my proficiency.

At first papa treated the idea of my becoming a Benton "school-ma'am" with sweeping contempt, which changed to anxiety when he found I was really in earnest, and finally as in nearly all our family councils, I triumphed. I was glad to escape from the sympathy of my friends, and I looked for relief from homesickness

at Uncle John's, and among the jolly country girls and boys at Benton.

From the darkest attics of my brain, I dragged forth my fragments of knowledge of the "three R's," and I passed the examinations, though with what margins I shall always refuse to tell. So one September morning Uncle John drove me over the rolling hills of Benton township into the "Sawmill District," to conclude my bargain with the trustee. By this time I was full of misgivings, but I had put my hand to the ploughshare, and I met my trustee unflinchingly. The fact that I was a "graduate" weighed against my youth and inexperience, and I was engaged for the compensation of seven dollars a week to do what I could for the enlightenment of the Sawmill district.

Possibly there is somewhere the ideal "deestrict," where the school-house of romance really exists, a picturesque old building covered with faded red paint and school-boys' carvings, nestled among trees, with a rippling brook and flower-strewn meadows near by to tempt the truant. But such was not the Sawmill school-house. It was a building of severest squareness and whiteness, perched on the top of a steep knoll, past which a cross-road of rolling cobble stones and dust went tumbling down to join the converging branches of the highway on either side. In the play-ground were a few slender maples, gaunt and leafless, the failures of recent Arbor Days. But a flourishing young elm, which had sprung up by itself by the door-sill, cast quite a respectable shade over me as I stood on the step one morning at eight, and wrestled with a key and lock between which there seemed to be a serious misunderstanding.

Once I thought I heard a suppressed giggle; a second time I was surer. Then whispers and tiptoeings became audible, and at last a sympathetic voice came through the key-hole: "Tea–cher! If you'll come around to the back side you can get in."

There was a shouting and scampering, and when I reached the rear of the building half a dozen merry faces were peeping out of an open window above a woodpile. Recent foot-prints on the wood pointed out the method of entrance. So, over the woodpile and through the window, I made a most undignified entrance on the scene of my labors.

By this time several more youngsters were clambering over the wood-pile, and I was busily engaged in enrolling volunteers, when sounds of woe arose from the door-step, mingled with soothing words. The key fitted the inside of the lock, and we all rushed out to investigate.

A slender little barefooted boy of five or six was leaning against the elm-tree and sobbing till the branches shook. His tearful face was pressed against a grimy slate and was not being improved by the contact.

"She won't whip you neever," Nellie Martin was expostulating, "she wouldn't whip nobody the firstest day."

I lifted the head of tangled hair and got a peep at two terrified blue eyes which were immediately buried again in the slate.

"Are you going to be one of my scholars?" I asked in my most persuasive tone, but got no answer.

"Won't you tell me your name, please?" I ventured again.

"David Scott Palmer," was the muffled reply; then raising his eyes timidly, but with growing confidence, "ain't you going to lick me?"

"Why, of course not. What made you think so?"

"Burt said you was. Burt said everybody got licked at school."

"And who is Burt? Your brother?"

"No, he ain't my brother. He's—my—my—" David looked puzzled.

"It's his favver," answered Nellie Martin with great scorn for his ignorance.

An alarming change came over the little figure by the elm tree. He drew himself up with flushed face and flashing eyes.

"He ain't my father!" he shouted defiantly. "My father's Benjamin Scott, and he's dead. Burt, he's my—my Burt."

I felt that my stupidity was hopeless, but Sara Martin, who more than once had served as interpreter, came to my aid.

"His father was Ben Scott, Nellie," she said reprovingly, "and Burt Palmer is his step-father."

"There, Burt Palmer is your favver," Nellie sang out tantalizingly.

Like his namesake David had seized a cobble-stone, and he shook it wrathfully. "He ain't my father," he cried. "If you say that again, I'll hit you."

"Burt Palmer is Dave Palmer's favver," chanted Nellie dancing to and fro. The stone whizzed past her ear and Nellie began to howl vociferously. I seized the assailant by the shoulder, but he slipped out of my grasp, and in a second a shock of brown hair was vanishing down the turnpike, and two bare feet were sending back clouds of dust.

I did not pursue, for I already had other knotty problems to deal with.

Attendance in the Sawmill district seemed to have been voluntary and the courses of study elective. Until noon I worked trying to limit to twenty recitations nine small people of various attainments, preferences and text-books. Then Bobby Martin discovered a wasp's nest in the loft, and proceeded to break it up, with the result that the wasps broke up the school.

I dismissed my wounded and tearful charges, and went back to my boarding place, half laughing, half crying, amused and enthusiastic, but weary and homesick, and with a painful sensation behind my left ear. In my sorrow I remembered the little boy whose presentiments had frightened him away from school, and I asked Mr. Brown about him.

Stripped of incidents the story was this. Mrs. Ben Scott was "a shiftless woman." She neglected her churning until the cream was spoiled, and she did not put up preserves in autumn, or knit in the winter. Poor Ben was forced to darn his own stockings or wear them undarned. Finally what interest she had in her household and her only son was lost in the enthusiasm of a Free Methodist revival, which she attended day and night, leaving her son in the care of the cat, and laboring between meetings for the salvation of her husband. One day Ben remarked that he was "going where he could get less grace and more grub," and shortly after he joined a party going to Oklahoma. He died at Guthrie from a bullet meant for another man, and after three weeks widowhood his wife married Burt Palmer, one of the blackest sheep that the revival had failed to save.

"An' I guess Burt aint any too good to the little chap," ended Mr. Brown. "Many 's the time I've seen that little feller sittin' up on a kag down to 'Dolph Fisher's store till 'leven, twelve o'clock at night, jest a waitin' to lug home some bundles for Burt, and a larnin' to cuss like old 'Dolph himself.

One morning about two weeks later I came into the schoolroom and found Davie Palmer buried behind one of the largest desks, surrounded by an expostulating circle, and insisting on his right to any seat he chose regardless of size.

As I entered he slid to the floor, came and stood before me and gasped out this little speech:

"Please teacher, if you wont lick me, I wont throw any more stones, and I'd like to come to school."

I accepted the apology, and his freshly scrubbed face beamed with the pleasure of a relieved conscience. He was a funny looking little chap as he stood before me with ruffed hair and round, blue eyes, his mouth expanded in a wide brownie smile, bordered with dimples.

I cannot say that Davie held to the letter of his promise. It is the most natural thing in the world for a young boy, when tormented, to pick up the nearest stone, and when big Tom Spaulding came whining to me with a bloody nose, Davie's plea of "he hit me first" seemed to me quite logical.

When unmolested Davie proved one of the most good-natured and lovable of my flock, and we became great friends. Nearly every day he brought to my desk some trifle that he had found. I accepted them gratefully as a proof of devotion, and I did not throw all of them away.

He was such a remarkably bright little fellow, too. I could never get enough work prepared for him to do. When my higher classes were learning anything particularly interesting, I found him listening intently, and when review time came I caught him prompting the older pupils that sat in front of him.

His delight at any unexpected addition to his knowledge was amusing. One day when he had been let out to play, Davie came in and said to me in a loud whisper, "Teacher, Mr. Towner's little geeses have got out and are goin' up the turnpike. Can't I go an' tell him?"

In a few minutes he rushed in again and, forgetting that school was in session, shouted, "Say, teacher, Mr. Towner says they aint little geeses, they're goslings!"

Mischief, too, was quite in Davie's line, as I appreciated when he and Bobby Martin filled the ink wells with chalk, or caught bull-frogs and put them in the little girls' lunch pails.

Davie had one serious trouble, and that was the "Burt" whose identity was at first so puzzling. Davie never mentioned his father without a scowl and an involuntary tightening of the fist. There seemed to be a constant feud between them. "How did you break your slate?" I asked one day. "Burt sat on it," with sullen lip, "and he let the puppy chew my 'rithmetic all to pieces, an' I haint got none to study."

It was Burt who ate the orange I gave Davie, and Burt who smashed the little "schooner" that Davie had made because he could not have a sled. One day Davie appeared with a cut across his cheek. "Burt did it," he explained. "I told him what you said about comicks, an' he said you didn't know no more about 'em 'n anybody else. Then I told him you knew more 'n he did anyhow, 'n Burt hit me."

I heard constantly of the doings of Burt, and I was always on the watch for him, but I never could meet him. He was the one of my patrons who eluded me. I began to believe he was a purely mythical bugbear. Yet one evening when I was returning late from Uncle John Hopkins', we passed "'Dolph" Fisher's store and I saw Davie sitting dejectedly on a high stool in an atmosphere blue with smoke, and I was more grieved than surprised next day when I had to correct him for using language stronger than a boy of six had any use for.

Davie's mother I met at the Sunday school, which was conducted every week in the Sawmill school-house by a Mr. Wilson, from Benton. Mrs. Burt was a pale, faded, untidy woman, with a sour expression. She held the Palmer heir in her arms, and choked its attempted howls, while she talked to me so continuously that one of my own pupils had to nudge me and prompt me on the golden text. I tried to please her by telling her of Davie's astonishing progress. "Yes," she answered, "he does seem to be

mighty stuck on his books. Burt can't get a bit of work out of him since he went to school. He's awful head-strong. I've sent him to Sunday school every week, but he's got a temper just like his father's and it can't be broke. Burt has awful times with him."

One day a teacher was lacking and I was called to take the class in which was Davie. The text was "honor thy father and thy mother," and I did my best to impress the little ones with the beauties of filial love. When I had finished, Davie remarked, in a tone audible throughout the room, "Anyhow, I haint got to love Burt, cause he aint my father."

"Yes you have, too, Dave Palmer," contradicted Nellie Martin, instantly. "Folks does have to love their step-fathers, don't they, teacher?"

I felt that my religious reputation was at stake, and for fear of teaching heresy I referred the question to Mr. Wilson, who, knowing nothing of the case, promptly sided with Nellie.

Burt's persecutions continued. It was a matter of indifference to the parents of my pupils whether they came to school at nine o'clock or ten, and, various punishments for tardiness having failed, I offered a small reward for punctuality. Davie Palmer, although he lived a mile away and had numerous chores to do, was one of the most punctual.

One morning it was bitterly cold, so cold that all the ink-wells in the back seats burst, and the little girl who tried the frosted door-latch with her tongue, learned a severe lesson. The little Martins came waddling through the drifts like animated bundles of drygoods, and the bench by the stove was hung full of dripping leggings. Just as I reached the L's in the roll-call, Davie tumbled in, panting and sobbing, covered with snow to his arm-pits, with great icicles clinging to his stockings.

"Have you called my name yet? Burt sent me up to Joe Stebbins' after I got started, an' I came cross-lots 'cause it was shorter, an' I fell into an air-hole, an'—an'—Well I got here anyhow!"

So he had, after going two miles through drifts and creeks. We brushed the snow off him, and put Sara Martin's leggings

and Tom Spaulding's slippers on him, but in half an hour his frosted toes were aching, so we hailed a sleigh and sent him home, where he had to remain several days.

At last I met the famous Burt. One night when I staid to sweep the school-room, for I was janitress as well as teacher, Davie lingered, and when I suggested that he had better go home, he informed me that "Ma and Burt had gone to the village and he didn't have to go home just yet." We were chatting pleasantly together. Davie was telling me what he knew about his own father, who was his favorite hero, and I was telling what I knew about Oklahoma, when the door opened. I felt sure that it was Burt returned from Benton, and I turned to meet the sly, mean, cruel face that I had imagined he possessed. Instead, I saw a rather handsome man not more than twenty-five years old, with black hair, round ruddy face, stupid eyes set far apart and a dark moustache over thick red lips. He was evidently dressed up, for he displayed much red neck-tie and gold watch-chain. In his hand was a rawhide which made us both tremble.

"Oh, you kept the kid after school did you?" he blustered. "I've got use for him at home. Besides it's agin the law to keep scholars after school. If he don't behave you kin lick him, but he's got to be home by half-past four."

"I am through with him. He can go now," I answered, glad to have the blame fall on me.

But Davie was too honest to take this chance.

"She didn't keep me, Burt," he chirped, "I just staid."

"Oho, so you thought you'd do as you pleased while we were gone. I'll have to spoil that little game." With a sharp crack the rawhide swept around Davie's shins. Before it could fall again I had seized the lash and was calling Burt a brute and a coward and I don't know what. Burt regained the lash and answered me—with a chain of oaths. I began to realize that his trip to Benton had not been purely on business. I expected that when the lash fell again it would be on me, but Davie came to the rescue. Putting all his force into his little cowhide boot, he gave his step-father a tremendous kick. Then for a few seconds there were shrill, whirring sounds mingled with oaths and wails, and then I was left alone, leaning trembling against the blackboard.

Davie did not come to school again. I tried to go to see him but got no admittance.

The day came when Mr. Brown harnessed his sorrel nag to the democrat wagon and carried me away from the Sawmill district forever. As we passed the Palmer house a shrill voice piped, "Good-by, teacher," and I saw Davie waving to me from a window.

In spite of the cold rainy weather, my Benton friends flocked to celebrate my departure. We were dancing and playing games in the big kitchen. I had just finished a jolly "money musk," and was trying to decline an invitation to chase a tall country lad around a chair for the reward of an old-fashioned country kiss. As I stood leaning against the window, I thought I heard a wailing voice outside. My companion told me it was the back gate creaking in the wind. In a moment I heard it again. It was not the back gate that was calling "Tea–cher!" I opened the door, letting in the rain and sleet. There, leaning against the door-post, was David Scott Palmer, clad in his night-gown and Burt's slouch hat, dripping and faint.

We did not stop to ask him questions. Aunt Sophy seized upon him and hustled him into dry night-clothes and a warm bed, and dosed him with innumerable herbs.

"Burt got drunk and put me out," was all the explanation he made before he fell into a troubled sleep. Meantime I was explaining the case to Uncle John.

"Whose boy did you say? Ben Scott's?" shouted Uncle John, at the top of his lungs. "Holy Jerusalem! He ain't dead. I saw him down town half an hour ago. He's just come back from Oklahomy, with a bullet hole in his shoulder, but otherwise alive." And he seized his hat and rushed out into the storm.

In half an hour he was back with Ben Scott and a doctor, for Davie was feverish, and breathing with difficulty. He tossed restlessly, and two words slipped occasionally from his lips: "Teacher"; "Papa."

Ben Scott stood by the bed with folded arms and looked at the sleeping boy. Two tears rolled into his brown beard and he said chokingly, "I was a durned sneak to leave that kid with her."

The Sawmill district has ideas of justice, and when it was learned that Davie Palmer was likely to die there was talk at 'Dolph Fisher's of tar and feathers. Also Mr. Brown remembered that it was several months since Burt Palmer had paid any rent, and the game constable began to wonder how Burt got fresh rabbit after January first. One morning when they called on Burt together, they found the house empty, and the justice-loving people of the community were relieved of a duty.

Davie did not die. He is now David Scott again, and lives with his father at Benton, and I am afraid his temper will never be properly "broke."

F. P. M.

FOUR.

BLIVENS lived somewhere out west in a little town. That was about all we ever knew of him for sure, for he didn't talk much about affairs outside of the 'varsity happenings. But there was a great campaign on once and his State was doubtful. That made him talk about it till it tired us all a little, though he went away early in June and we didn't see him again till October. Then he was full of election. He didn't have much to do with it, of course, because he was away from home most of the time, but he got in it wherever he could, and the editorial columns of his local newspaper was one of these places. It seems they have a system there of publishing a daily and making their weekly up out of the best that goes into the daily.

He had written a good deal of stuff for the paper at various times and the foreman was very fond of him. So one day when both of the owners of the paper were suddenly called out of town at once on urgent business, leaving the foreman to run the paper as best he could, the latter came over to Blivens, whose father's store was just across the street, and asked him to do the editorials for that issue. Blivens hesitated a good deal, but finally said he would, on condition that the foreman would print whatever he wrote and never breathe to any living soul who did it. He expected to live in the town afterward. The foreman promised

unhesitatingly. Then Blivens looked around for something to write about. He was a rabid Republican, like the great majority of people in his county, and being young and enthusiastic he wanted something strong.

As it happened, just at that time a great Prohibition "rally" was to take place in his town, which was the county seat. Great preparations were made and the faithful were whipped into line far and near. It was gall and wormwood to the Republicans, because this was the strongest "Prohi" county in the State and the Democrats, despairing of electing their own ticket and hoping to cut down the Republican majority as much as possible, endorsed part of the Prohibition ticket and furnished the latter with campaign funds. They, as well as the Prohibitionists, worked to make the thing a success. The notorious St. John and the little less notorious Mrs. Helen Gongar were to speak and there was to be music and oratory galore. It was here Blivens determined to spread himself.

The great day arrived. Hundreds of people flocked into town from every direction, friend and foe alike, to swelter around the hot square till noon when the procession appeared, led by a local band. It was very long and very tedious but Blivens gloated over its every feature. In the afternoon he went over to the shady side of the court house to sit on a hard board through hours of political harangue.

Then he went home to write his article. It has been said he was young and enthusiastic, and he put all his youth and enthusiasm into that editorial. It was three columns long. He began with the procession and paid his compliments first to what he was pleased to designate as "a home-made band from somewhere in the out townships." He touched on the fact that a large four-horse wagon bearing the legend W. C. T. U. in letters three feet high on its sides contained three men and two boys as its only occupants. He elaborated at some length the information he had concerning the division of expenses between the two county committees and verged on libel in associating prominent names with this statement. He enumerated the Democrats in the parade as he gathered their numbers from men who knew

them and included the names of several Democrats that he himself knew who served as mounted marshals, in the list.

Inspired by this he went on to the speakers and paid them some passing compliments. There was really a good deal he could say in that line. Then with a wholesale denunciation of the whole show he stopped. His father getting wind of the affair wanted to know what the trouble was about, and Blivens read his production to the old gentleman, who cut out the libel. Then under oath of secrecy the foreman took it and printed it as it stood.

The next week one of the editors came home and read the article with some surprise and tried vainly to get the secret of its authorship out of the foreman. He knew that worthy couldn't have written it under fear of instant death, but he never learned who did.

That was Monday. Tuesday a large wagon full of perspiring men drove into town and, having slaked their thirst and put on their coats, they went to see the editor. The spokesman was a large man with a wealth of voice. They went into the office with more noise than they need to have made. "Good afternoon, gentlemen," said the editor pleasantly, guessing their errand.

The leader scorned civility. "Are you the editor? he inquired loudly.

"I am," the editor dropped some of his courtesy, and a curious look came into his eyes.

"Well, we're the Springville Band."—and he stopped to notice the effect. There wasn't any.

"Yes?" said the editor quietly. "Well?"

"What we want to know is did you write this thing in last week's paper about that band?" He held out a copy of the paper that the editor took and examined with apparent interest.

It was never worth while to try to bluff the editor. No one ever had done it but the band man didn't know that.

"Well?" said he again, more quietly, as the spokesman stopped.

"Because if you did you've got to answer for it,—to *us.*" And, deceived by the editor's modesty, the leader drew himself up at this point.

Then the editor lost his temper a bit, too, and forgot the facts. He rose to the occasion nobly.

"Yes," he said, "I wrote that article and I'm responsible for every —— word of it. If you don't like it you needn't. Nobody cares what you think of it, and you can't come over here from Springville or any other one-horse town and bluff me. If any one or all of you want any satisfaction out of me go ahead and get it if you think you can. But don't blame me if somebody gets hurt."

There was a loaded revolver in the drawer at his right and he knew it. But he had nerve besides that. His remarks were unexpected, and they had a very ugly sound. They seemed to have business in them.

Well, they stood around awhile, said he'd pay for this and they'd see him again. Then they went away. He asked them pleasantly to call again. This was only a sample of what happened nearly every day for two weeks. A committee of women from the local W. C. T. U. came to him with war paint on, over the free advertising he had given them and demanding its retraction. He looked it up.

"Yes," said he "I believe I said you had a wagon containing three men and two boys didn't I? Yes. Well?"

"Yes. But.——."

"Wasn't it true?"

"Yes. But. ——."

"Good afternoon, ladies. I'm very busy as you see. Sorry. Be glad to see you almost any time—and on any other business."

They threatened him with libel, at which he laughed. The foreman came over duly in the evenings and told Blivens the events of the day while the editor frankly lied across the way.

When Blivens got back to us he was surprised with himself. "I tell you," he said, "if I could go into partnership with that man, write the editorials and let him do the prize fighting, we'd get rich."

"Yes, till he got killed," we said.

THE MONTH.

FOUNDER'S DAY was celebrated with appropriate exercises on January 11th. The address of the day was by Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, on "The Art of Newspaper Making."

William Porter Chapman, Jr. won the '94 Memorial Prize Debate. He spoke upon the affirmative of the question: *Resolved*, That the taxation of incomes should form part of our system of Federal taxation.

The Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs had a most successful and enjoyable trip during the holidays. The last concert was given in Elmira on the evening of Founder's Day. In every city visited, the presence of the clubs was made the occasion for brilliant social gatherings.

William Porter Chapman, Jr., Herbert Latham Fordham, and William Patch Belden will represent Cornell in the joint debate with the University of Pennsylvania. Messrs. Chapman and Fordham debated against the Pennsylvanians last year.

The candidates for the positions of pitcher and catcher on the baseball team are now in training in the gymnasium. The candidates for the other positions will be called out some time next month.

Professor H. Morse Stephens recently addressed the students of Smith and Wellesley colleges.

A gymnastic team has recently been organized, with Guy Gundaker as acting captain. The new club may join with a number of other universities in forming an Intercollegiate Gymnastic Association.

One hundred and twenty-five men have responded to the call for crew candidates. With such a large number of candidates the real need for eight more rowing machines is plainly seen.

President Steele of the freshman class has appointed the following committee for the freshman banquet: D. M. McLaughlin,

chairman; W. F. Rittler, J. R. Ammon, L. H. Hays, W. J. Kline, F. L. Davies, and J. H. Wynne.

The Cornell Congress has challenged the Woodford Debating Club to a joint debate.

The editors of the '96 *Cornellian* have awarded the special fall term literary prize to A. R. Horr. The fall term artistic prize was given to W. R. Wilder.

A successful benefit concert for the Student Hospital fund was given in Barnes Hall on January 14th.

A challenge has been received from Columbia for a triangular race in connection with the University of Pennsylvania this year. The challenge will doubtless be accepted.

The festivities of Junior week were marked with a lavishness of detail that outdid previous efforts as social successes. Tuesday evening, some very creditable acting was displayed in the Masque performance, "Nita's First." The Cotillion on the following evening was almost flawless, though the attendance was hardly sufficient to make it a success financially.

Thursday evening the Glee Club Concert was given at the Lyceum, and was by all odds the best amateur musical performance ever given under the auspices of the University. The event which gives its name to the week, the Junior Prom., completed the round of festivities on Friday evening, and, with the possible exception of some inartistic effects in the decorations, was the best arranged social function Cornell has seen. Many out of town visitors were present at the festivities of the week.

EXCHANGES.

The *Glasgow University Magazine* has just reached our table. Like most of the publications issued by universities of the United Kingdom, it is extremely clever throughout. Possibly because of its own intense literary tone and conscious rectitude of manners, its department of exchanges is devoted to short, terse criticism of magazines—sent, as it explains, for review. Its utterances are apparently ex-cathedral, and its tone suggests that from its criticism there is no appeal. Hardly a sample bit of its verse is the following:

DUSK AND DAWN.

Steeped in the sombre heaviness of night,
  Chilled by the cold clasp of the wandering wind,
  And vaguely fearful, like one wholly blind,
Of the long retrospect of light,
Whose clearness casts up to the searching sight
  Moments misspent, and toil in vain, and mind
  Sold as a slave to passion and her kind,
I only long to sleep and quit the fight.

But when dawn launches forth the craft of day,
  Flying the pennant of a new-born hope,
  My heart revives to all the martial glow
Of youth, and sallies forth in haste to slay
  Dragons, with whom could never champion cope
  Of all who battled in the long ago.

Besides its intense local interest, something that will appeal to college men the world over, is the ode in memory of Dr. Robinson, the initial poem of the December *Brown Magazine*. We reprint four of the six stanzas:

God speaks to man in many a voice and tone,
  His yearning love is ever pouring forth
Through all the throbbing pulse of nature shown,
  To call to nobler life the sons of earth.
His voice is in the sunshine and the flower,
  E'en in the storm and shadows deep He can
Speak forth His love and truth; yet in each hour
  His truest voice is in the life of man.

* * * * * *

We sorrow not in any thought of thee;
  Thy life no longer here beside our own
Shall yet, to us and many, ever be
  The clarion voice of God, and undertone
Of deep formed hope and faith, that yet in man
  Is smouldering that spark of life divine,

God-sent, immortal thing of life, that can
  Our half-formed purpose seize and make sublime.

* * * * * *

Small tribute can we bring to offer thee;
  We who have scarce begun the work of life:
A nobler, deeper tribute far we see
  Framed in the many lives, whose manly strife
Is quickened, deepened by the spirit thou
  Didst breathe in them as learners at thy feet.
Yet thou wilt not reject the humbler praise
  From unformed lives which thine shall help complete.

A benediction thou dost breathe to-day
  Upon our Alma Mater aged and grand;
The holy incense of a life that aye
  Shall in our memories and heart-shrines stand.
Thou voiced to men erstwhile in word and deed
  The deeper meaning of our Heritage;
Oh not less to our younger lives of need
  Speak thou ever on from age to age.

The *Yale Courant* has clever verse as a rule,—witness the following:

A SEA PICTURE.

The sun sinks low, and all the sea around
  Is bathed in wondrous beauty by his light.
The gentle waves give forth the only sound
  That breaks the silence of this coming night.
The sun has gone, and dipped his golden rim
  Beneath the wave. Now darkness comes apace;
A star peeps forth; while out the distance dim
  The sea fog floats, and in its still embrace
  Enwraps the wearied Earth, and veils her face.

And this from the *Red and Blue* is above the average:

ART.

I stood within the royal court of Art,
  And saw her children grouped around the throne;
  Sculpture, that takes a moment for her own,
And gives it grace that never can depart,
Painting, whose touch a history may impart,
  Music, the echo of Life's semitone,
  And Poetry, the rules o'er smile and groan,
And leads the chorus of the human heart.
Let Science turn from passion with a frown,

And banish beauty from his chill domain,
Oblivion's hand is reaching for his crown;
Art's laurels fade, but 'tis to bloom again,
For long as smiles are smiles and tears are tears,
Art reigns triumphant through the countless years.

Our constant contributor "Ex," furnishes the following:

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

A piano loved a carpet gay
On account of its figure trim,
"But the chair has rocks," said the carpet gay,
"So I think I'll marry him."

To finish up with a breeze from the West:

GROWTH.

Up to my knee all smiles he came,
The child with the curly head;
Two little straws in his dimpled fist,
"Draw one," he shyly said.

Years came and many a change they brought,
As the years are wont to do;
And, when once again I saw the lad,
This time I heard, "Draw two!"

—*Sequoia.*

NEW BOOKS.

Stories of Old Greece. By Emma M. Firth. D. C. Heath & Co.: Boston.

This is such a charming little book that one hardly knows what to say about it. We are tempted to quote almost indefinitely from the preface, which describes in such felicitous terms the author's purpose in writing these stories. "The telling of a story," she says, "has a broader meaning than that of entertainment." So she endeavors to make "what the child loves" a means of leading him to an idea and appreciation of spiritual truth. And this is not done in the time-worn way of telling the story and then printing the "moral" in bold-faced type at the end. No—as the child reads, he unconsciously receives the lesson, and thus it becomes a part of himself.

Another purpose which books of this kind fulfill is to counteract the realistic tendency and to cultivate the imaginative faculty which is necessary both to the enjoyment and to the production of art and literature.

An Inductive Greek Primer. By William R. Harper, Ph.D., D.D., President of the University of Chicago, and Clarence F. Castle, Ph.D., of the University of Chicago. American Book Company: New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. Price, $1.25.

Teachers who are acquainted with the "Inductive Greek Method," will be pleased to know that another volume is now added to President Harper's Inductive Studies. This book will meet the needs of younger pupils than those for whom the "Greek Method" is intended. It differs from the method in several particulars. The lessons are shorter, the notes more elementary, and the exercises simpler. The text upon which the lessons in the Primer are based includes Chapters I.–VIII. of Book I. of the Anabasis. An excellent feature of the book is the manner in which the students' knowledge of Latin is used as a stepping stone to the mastery of Greek. Nothing is of greater assistance to a student than the association of one study with another by analogy and contrast. Let him see that the various branches which he pursues are not detached and isolated from each other, but are articulate members of one system, and at once he begins to understand the great aims and ends of education.

We make no comparison of this Primer with other beginner's books in Greek. It stands upon its own merits, which, it must be admitted, are very great. Its mechanical execution in typography and binding are excellent.

Exercises in Greek Prose Composition. Based on Xenophon's Anabasis, Books I–V. By William R. Harper, Ph.D., D.D., President of the University of Chicago, and Clarence F. Castle, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Greek in the University of Chicago. American Book Company: New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, 75 cents.

This book is a worthy companion and supplement of the "Inductive Greek Primer." The authors have placed it before the public in the conviction that Greek prose composition is not an end in itself, "but a means for learning the principles of the Greek language, that they may become the key to unlock the literature." And emphasis is placed upon the fact that, since this is also the purpose of the student's first study and translation of a Greek author, "it is economy of time for both student and teacher to unite the two processes in connection with the same text." Moreover, the pupil's powers of observation, critical faculties, and personal interest in his work are stimulated in such a way, that gradually and almost unconsciously he becomes "an investigator in a truly scientific manner."

As a general rule, students look upon Greek and Latin prose composition as the greatest burden and bugbear of their lives; but, after all, it is largely a question of method, and we are inclined to believe that Messrs. Harper and Castle have found the correct method.

The exercises, naturally, form the largest part of the book, and the abundance of material offers the teacher every facility for making a selection for his classes. A chapter of "Suggestions on Composition" precedes the exercises; aud at the end of the volume there are several chapters of "Inductive Studies in the Uses of the Greek Modes."

A Scientific German Reader. By George Theodore Dippold, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Modern Languages at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Ginn & Co. : Boston.

When a student begins the use of scientific books in a foreign language, having already become familiar with the principles of its grammar, two objects control the selection of a book and the choice and pursuit of his reading. He desires first, and principally, to obtain a vocabulary of scientific and technical terms; and secondly, to learn something of the history and biography of the various branches of science, since it is impossible to devote much time to these subjects in the practical work of the regular course, and, "to say the least, an acquaintance with the history of the development of a particular science is certainly a most desirable and interesting subject." These considerations have influenced Professor Dippold in the choice of his articles for the "Scientific German Reader;" but this has not been his only object, for the book contains much matter which relates to scientific facts, and has no connection with biography and history.

There are chapters on Chemistry, Physics, the Steam Engine, Geology, Geometry, Mineralogy, Anthropology, the Thermometer, the Compass, with notes and a series of Exercises for translating English into German. The articles are interesting and thoroughly practical, and many of them are illustrated with diagrams and drawings.

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MUSIC.

WHEN a newcomer is received into any social circle, one of the first questions put to him is—"Are you musical?" Generally, the question means: "Can you play or sing?" and generally the answer given implies that it has been so interpreted. The polite negative runs: "I am fond of music, but I don't perform myself"; a statement which is as often untrue as true, if its whole sense is taken. For it may very well mean: "I know nothing about music; but I imagine that you do;—so please go on, and don't mind me": or again it may mean "I am too deeply interested in music to put any value on my own performance, or upon that of any ordinary amateur": just as it may honestly imply what it is supposed to imply: "I have had no opportunity to cultivate in myself a power whose exercise by others I enjoy". We shall never get rid of the *mots d'usage*;—most of us, perhaps, have no desire to do so.

But there is in all this a great deal more at stake than the morality of a little piece of conventionalism. There is involved an altogether wrong idea of that in which 'musicalness' consists.

Musicalness— if I may be allowed the word—cannot be defined in terms of ability to play or sing. Apart from hereditary disposition or aptitude, with which I am not here concerned, musicalness consists in knowledge, and in knowledge of two different kinds: knowledge *of* music, and knowledge *about* music. A few illustrations will make the distinction clear.

The man who has knowledge *of* music is the man who is familiar with music as rendered, whose musical memory is strong and well stocked, who recognises a succession of complex sounds just as in ordinary life the rest of us recognise complex groups of visual impressions,—a friend's face, or a house, or a landscape. He knows that this, which is being played to him, is *Norma* or *Semiramide*, is an Impromptu by Schumann or one of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, is *Carmen* or *Don Juan*. If by chance—but this will very rarely happen—he is unfamiliar with the particular composition, he will be able to name the composer, or at least the composer's school; he will *recognise* the work of of Gluck or Verdi, Weber or Berlioz. The form of the music will appeal to him; song of Brahms, sonata of Beethoven, nocturne of Chopin, each in its kind. And where two masters have worked from the same fundamental idea, as is seen in Beethoven's first sonata, and the last movement in Mozart's G–minor symphony, he will appreciate the difference of handling; the hearing of the one will suggest the other; and to the pleasure of receptive listening will be added the pleasure of critical comparison. On the other hand (to select a few examples near home) knowledge of music would have prevented the Ithacan critics from congratulating Paderewski upon his admirable representation of—something which he did not play at all; it would have prevented the remark which I caught after one of the delightful historical recitals given by Miss Fernow last winter—"I should have enjoyed it more if I had known where the Bach ended and the Mozart began"; and it would have prevented, one is tempted to think, the Choral Club's interpolation of a Jakobowski air in Sullivan's *Patience*, to which a critic in the *Daily Journal* very rightly took exception, on musical grounds.

Let me say at once that a lack of this kind of knowledge is not

by any means necessarily something to be ashamed of. We are, all of us, unavoidably ignorant of many things that it would be good for us to know. We may not have time, we may not have opportunity, we may not have money for the study of music. But let me point out further that this knowledge may be required, in the total absence of any ability to perform upon a musical instrument. The piano-player has, it is true, this great advantage, that he can live with the great musicians at his own home: however imperfect his rendering of their works, he can devote odd moments to familiarising himself with them: he learns to estimate execution at its right worth, neither worshipping nor depreciating the great masters of instrumentation of his day. And these are the best uses to which he can put his ability. At the same time, this ability is not a prerequisite of knowledge.

Knowledge *about* music is a much wider and more heterogeneous category. Many excellent remarks and suggestions under this head were made by Mr. W. S. Pratt, in the lecture delivered to the University last May on "Music as a University Study" under the auspices of the Cornell Musical Union. I will not attempt an exhaustive summary of the kinds of knowledge that I now have in mind; but will merely outline some of the more important of them. First of all, there is knowledge of musical physics and musical physiology. The physical laws of the production of tones, the principles of resonance, the physical reason for the difference between the *C* of the organ and the *C* of the piano; the anatomical structure and physiological mode of functioning of the ear, in regard to tone, the physics and physiology of the human voice; these things must all be known. Then there is knowledge of the individual psychology of music. What is the psychological basis of the musical concepts 'harmony' and 'consonance'? How do tones and overtones blend in consciousness to form unitary clangs and chords? Why, of the 11,000 tones that our ear can distinguish, does music employ only 80 to 90,—and why the particular 80 or 90 that she does employ? When the *d* of our song-score is resolved upon *c*-sharp and *a*, do we sing and hear the *c*-sharp or the *a* or both or something different from either? Under what psychological conditions did the

musical scale take shape? These are a few of the hundred questions raised by individual musical psychology. Then, thirdly, there is knowledge of the comparative psychology of music. Here we are met by the problems of the relation of animal utterance, say, the songs of birds, to human musical expression; of the relation of primitive to developed music,—of the Carib or Bushman howl to the German symphony; of the relation of musical systems built upon the descending fourth—Indian, Persian, Arabian, Egyptian (?), ancient Greek and modern European to those built upon the ascending fifth—Chinese, Japanese (?), Javan, original Siamese; of the evolution of music, by way of scales or by way of harmony; and so forth. For these studies there is necessary some acquaintance with the technical terms and sensible relations of 'harmony' in the sense in which the word is used by students of music and in which we are accustomed to speak of 'text-books of harmony.' Then again, there is knowledge of the history of music, and of two phases of this history. In its wider meaning, the history of music tells of the conventionalising of the *Volkslied*, of the beginnings of harmonic singing, of the secularisation of harmonic music, of the growth of modern orchestration, of Classicism, Absolutism and Romanticism, of the revolt against counterpoint after two centuries of submission: these are random subjects, jotted down as they occur to me. In its narrower meaning, the history of music treats in detail of the great composers, utilises the biographies of Jahn and Spitta and Thayer, shows what Chopin and Liszt have done for the piano, how Schumann and Berlioz and Dvorak have developed the overture, and knows that Schumann and Wagner made contributions to literature as well as to music. In a word, the history of music gives us what all history gives us,—a picture in perspective, with extraordinarily rich and complex foreground. There are side lines to this history: it is well to know minor matters, the attitude of the public to various great musicians, the stories of particular failures and successes, who have been the famous singers, and where, the ups and downs of historical opera houses and concert-halls—like *La Scala* at Milan, or the Leipsic *Gewandhaus*, the changes and chances of musical criticism. Nor

is this all, there is knowledge about music as a department of æsthetics, for instance. The æsthetic principle, unity in complexity, 'harmony' in the etymological sense of an apt fitting-together of parts into a congruent whole, is nowhere better exemplified than in the case of music. And lastly—if one may venture to write a 'lastly' in regard to music—there is knowledge of musical pedagogy and of what Mr. Pratt calls "musical practics, the sociological applications of music to things outside itself, as to the problem of child-nurture, to emotional hygiene, to mental culture as a whole, to civic amusements, to religious worship in its many forms."

Now for the acquisition of all this knowledge,—and there is enough of it to occupy several lifetimes,—I would point out, again, that the ability to play an instrument is unnecessary. A man may be a musical historian, a musical critic, a musical psychologist, without ever having set finger to key-board or string. Musical performance, that is, is useful under certain circumstances, although not absolutely necessary, for the obtaining of knowledge *of* music ; it is altogether superfluous for the obtaining of knowledge *about* music. To pin a reputation for musicalness to the single test of performance signifies either ignorance or thoughtlessness. It is as though no one could be 'artistic' in taste who was unable to mould clay or paint canvas, or as though no one could be 'literary' who was unable to write lyrics that were worth printing.

In thus roundly declaring that there is current a misunderstanding of what constitutes musicalness, I feel that I have laid upon myself the duty of 'showing cause' why this misunderstanding exists, and how it arose. One reason, and a chief reason for it undoubtedly is—another misunderstanding : a misapprehension of the nature of musical enjoyment. Music can only be 'enjoyed' it is thought, by way of musical representation. It must be heard, as played or sung. As a matter of fact, there are two distinct kinds of musical enjoyment, which we may term the intellectual and the emotional. Intellectual appreciation of a composition produces in us a feeling akin to that which we experience at the conclusion of a well-ordered and convincing logi-

cal argument,—say, after reading through the *Origin of Species;* or to that which rises in us as we look upon an elaborate color-scheme or a complex grouping in perspective, realising that it is right, fitting, perfect of its kind, not to be improved on. Emotional appreciation is very different. In it the reader or hearer disposes himself to reflect the feelings of the composer; lets the music have its way with his emotions; suffers and rejoices as the child does, reading of the good and ill fortune of his favorite hero. The former kind of enjoyment is critical, comparative, educated; the latter primitive, unreasoned, individual. It is true that things are complicated by the existence of the romantic school, which writes always with emotional reference: but emotional appreciation of its work is really, paradoxical as the statement may appear, of an intellectual character; the hearer cannot 'let himself go' but must perpetually be enquiring—"is this emotion the emotion that was meant to be excited?" And recent work in experimental æsthetics has shown that, even when this intellectual check is employed, the original, naïve personal interpretation tends to get the upper hand; so that while A is being inspired to deeds of martial valor, B is picturing the tragedy of a sinking ship, the intention of C, the composer, having been to arouse the idea of impotent anger.

Plainly, emotional receptivity is more common than critical and intellectual enjoyment. But equally plainly, it seems to me, is the latter kind of enjoyment the more real and complete. To take a score in one's hand and read it intelligently; noting how idea follows idea, how the dominant idea is suggested and modified and suggested again, how freely the master moves in the trammels of musical expression, how he has advanced beyond his age here, and revived there in new and subtle form some old and forgotten canon of the schools, how he has ventured this daring collocation, but relieved its harshness by that other concession to the conventionalities, how he has thought of one of his predecessors and then again of another and how the thoughts of the two have blended in a novel thought that is one,—*that* is musical enjoyment. Performance is not needed: if performance is obtainable, it must be preceded by reading. Would anyone want to

hear a Brahms sonata before he had read it? If he did, would he enjoy it as he does enjoy it with knowledge? Nor does emotional enjoyment, in its best sense, demand performance, although performance certainly assists it. Enjoyment in its most wide-spread meaning, the enjoyment of popular and society songs for example is oftentimes distinctly bad in its effects, enervating; although not invariably so, if it serves the purpose of relaxation and recreation.

Another cause of the misunderstanding of musicalness is the fact that professional musicians are performers, and that performing composers come before the public more than the rest,—Rubinstein more than Brahms, for instance. Another is the fact that musicalness is a *society* term, referring more to amusement than to the imparting of knowledge. And there are others.

In conclusion, I must guard against one or two possible misconceptions. I would not be held to assert that there is a hard and fast line of division between what I have called knowledge of and knowledge about music. Each must play into the hands of the other; as the student learns music, he learns about music, and vice versa. Nor would I be understood to depreciate the value of musical performance. Salon music,—'family' music,—chamber music, choral music, concert music, operatic music, all are admirable in themselves; it is the fault of audience and performers if they are not. The more of them we have, of the right kind, the better; let that be said emphatically. Only let us see to it that they *are* of the right kind. How would you enjoy a literary evening, if the items upon the programme were readings of this sort: (1) a chapter of *Sartor Resartus;* (2) incident from the *Bad Boy's Diary*; (3) selections from *In Memoriam*; (4) a paper on modern improvements of the dynamo; (5) a chapter from Isaiah; (6) paragraphs from *Dodo;* (7) some descriptions of Westmoreland scenery from *Robert Elsmere*? And yet that is the kind of thing that we stand time and again in a concert programme, because we are content to let our ears be tickled, and ask for nothing more.

Everybody in Cornell is interested just now in the musical question. That is good. Most of the activity displayed runs in

practical channels: the formation of bands, orchestras, singing clubs. That is also good; the student of music, who will make music his profession, is obliged to acquire this practical knowledge; and the student who is interested in music, secondarily, does well to acquire it,—it will be a constant source of recreation and enjoyment. But shall this be all that is done? Must performance be the be-all and the end-all? I, for one, should be sorry to think so. I should like to see groups of students getting together for the private study of music; one perhaps for the study of harmony, another for the study of definite compositions from the point of view of musical theory, musical construction, a third for the study of the life and work of a particular musician, for the analysis of his work into its tendencies and conditions, and for the tracing of the ideas that moulded it. I should like to see increased attendance at the classes in which the theory and development of music are handled, and increase in the 'outside' work done upon those subjects. I should like to see the musical clubs putting themselves at the disposal of those in the community who know *about* music, so that public lectures, with illustrations, could be delivered for all to hear; and so on. All this will come with time: my interest in it must be my excuse for this attempt to hasten its coming.

E. B. Titchener.

TO FURIUS AND AURELIUS.

CATULLUS XI.

Fast friends that with Catullus are
Prepared to roam that Indian land
Where the monsoon-swept Orient strand
Resounds afar;

Ready with him, fond, fearless hearts
To dare the seas old Nilus stains,
The tented Arab's torrid plains,
The Parthian's darts;

Who swear that, should Catullus climb
The horrid Alps great Cæsar crossed,
You, too, would brave the Gallic frost
And British rime ;

With him on Rhine or North Sea shore,
And all the Gods' will might decern :
Tell her I loved on your return—
I ask no more—

Catullus bids that shameless one,
Who keeps three hundred at her call,
Continue favoring, ruining all
While true to none ;

And bids her not remember now
A love that died as wild-flowers die
On meadow rims when wilted by
The passing plough.

Alfred Emerson.

THE RELIGIOUS ATTITUDE OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

RELIGIOUS ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE UNIVERSITY.

THE founding of the chair of the History and Philosophy of Religion and of Christian Ethics, by the gift of the Hon. Henry W. Sage, had for its object the promotion of science and of true religious feeling. The instruction given is not to be restricted to dogmatic points of view. Scholarship cannot omit to take account of the progress of research in Biology, Anthropology, Philology and kindred departments of knowledge in their relation to Religions. Nor should it fail to do justice to the imperatives of the Spiritual consciousness, to those emotions and affections which, enlightened by reason and the teachings of history, constitute the impulses of the religious life. The object of this chair is, through the study of history and of the religious

consciousness of mankind as revealed in Hebrew and other literatures, to help the student to gain an intelligent idea of the authority of religion, as a development of the purpose of absolute goodness in human history.

It would seem that they who fear to investigate the origins of religion cannot believe in the immanence of God in man and the world, but regard religion as a human device, and think that it can survive only by repression of enquiry, and a substitution of hysterical emotion for rational judgment and an unselfish life, or by the commitment of all *credenda* to the esoteric verdicts of ecclesiarchs. In reality, the intelligent study or the genesis of religious ideas and of the bases of Christianity, is the only safeguard for one who is to go down into the *mêlée* of life and meet agnosticism on its own ground. To decline the method of reverent research and fall back upon tradition or sentiment may be the way to gain selfish quiet of mind; but it condemns one to lasting impotence in important fields of Christian activity.

The courses of study in this University have been arranged with the purpose of showing that Christian faith rests upon the grounds of eternal reason and of historic development. Therefore, the first weeks of the college year are devoted to a consideration of the *psychology of prehistoric man*, and of the *vestiges of primitive life* which attest his consciousness of God. The origin and progress of his religious ideas are constantly attributed to the presence of the Divine in the finite soul. The religions of the Syro-Arabic peoples, including that of Egypt, within the historic period are studied; use being made of the opulent disclosures of the cylinders and monuments. Religion is seen to be the plastic agent, the Divine impulse which gives rise to tribal, social, and even legal institutions: as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out.

The march of the race towards higher ideals of reason, conscience and religion, when traced through the centuries, is, to a serious mind, as inspiring as the chanting of hymns in a church, or as the listening to the choir of a cathedral. The study of *Comparative Religions*, the subject of another course, not only extends the horizon of our science, but makes broader the

cincture of charity, and exalts our faith in the mercy and goodness of the Creator.

It is inconceivable that a student, after calm and judicial research, should not feel the conviction that nothing can contribute more powerfully to establish a virile Christian faith than the study of the *Philosophy of Religion*. Philosophy is only the love of wisdom; not a professed enemy of religion. In this study the object is to show how our rational, ethical and æsthetic ideals (which we share with God, the ground of our being) find their realization in His nature. We possess reason, I assume, in order that we may use it, and it would seem that true feeling and faith should derive as much certitude and inspiration from these sublime reflections as from the homilies of the pulpit or the earnest appeals of the evangelist. In the lectures upon the Philosophy of Religion the effort is made to do justice to the spiritual affections as facts of consciousness, and it is not evident that the scholar would make always more rapid progress in spiritual character were he to leave these reverent and quiet studies, under the guidance of thinkers like Dr. Martineau, and betake himself to holy vigils in cloisters and an unceasing recital of litanies.

The course in *Christian Ethics* aims to inspire the student with a high ideal of character. The various conceptions or ideals of moral worth are compared, during the first term of each year, under the general head of "Idealistic Ethics." The ethics of the Optimist, the Pessimist, the Romanticist, the Agnostic, and of Socialism are compared with the ethics of the Founder of our Christian religion. Individualistic Ethics commands the attention of the student during the second term. Such subjects as Self-government, Intellectual integrity, Veracity, Honor, and others ought to be inspiring to lovers of true manhood. During the third term, Socialistic Ethics is treated in such a way as not to encroach upon the Department of Sociology, and having concern with political, journalistic and society ethics. These courses will next year be one-hour courses. The course in the *History of Religions* may be united with that of *Comparative Religions*, to constitute a two-hour course, if the student so wishes. The *Philosophy of Religion* will be presented in a one-hour course of

lectures. There is also a two-hour reading of Dr. Martineau's *Studies in Religion*, and of Lotze's *Philosophy of Religion*. Both authors are noble defenders of the religious realities.

That the moral and religious life of Cornell University suffers not by comparison with that of Yale, Princeton and other seats of learning, is due to a great extent to the weekly expositions of Christian truth in Sage Chapel.

It is a matter of surprise, that, when the attendance is not compulsory, for over two decades this service has been so largely attended. Obviously no greater opportunity can be desired, or is offered, through the conscientious efforts of the President, to the whole body of students, and if the scholarship, piety and eloquence of men who are the flower of the American and I may say also of the English clergy, shall not prove a blessing, the fault must be attributed to the students themselves.

Indeed there may be said to be a surfeit of opportunity. The most recent of these external influences is the course of lectures of Prof. J. Rendel Harris, who has just left. As a Christian scholar he has a reputation in both hemispheres. Messrs. Mott and Sayford have been listened to by large audiences. To revert to the services in Sage Chapel, it may with truth be said that the preachers distinguished for greatness of soul, for intellectual power, and for pulpit eloquence are sought from all over the republic and no expense is spared to bring them from distant cities and centers of learning. It is to be questioned if a resident of New York or Boston, should he go from one church to another, could listen in the course of a year to more conscientious presentations of truth, or hear speakers combining more successfully devoutness of spirit with polished address. We are made fastidious by the very excellence of the instruction given us, and shall have much to answer for, if we do not advance in spiritual life.

The influence of the chapel worship is great even upon those who do not attend the services. The sermons are discussed and stimulate thought and feeling. The attendance of the President and members of the Faculty, who reverently assist in the service, is in itself an impressive and educative fact. The living impulse which radiates from the Chapel service is not less potent than any

other within University Halls. It is as true of the chapel worship as of all great influences, openness of heart will find it a blessing, opaqueness of heart will render one inaccessible to good influence in literature as well as religion.

Charles Mellen Tyler.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES AT CORNELL.

FROM the very first, Cornell University has had to contend with more or less violent prejudices and against widely circulated and generally accepted misrepresentations. Most of them have been already outlived, but there is one notion which is still abroad, concerning which it may not be amiss to speak. In many parts of New York State at least, the opinion prevails that the tendency here is towards scepticism, that the influence of the University is irreligious.

If it were not for the generous state scholarships, probably many a boy would be prevented from coming here, even now, by the remarks of well-meaning advisers, including perhaps his pastor, who characterize Cornell as a "godless place." The writer is convinced that remarks of this nature are not infrequent and that in many a case the undeniably splendid opportunities which the University offers are felt scarcely to offset the tremendous risk of putting a boy under the supposed deadly influence of this institution. That such ideas should have existed at one time is not to be wondered at, in the light of the independent stand taken by Cornell's founders from the very start and their uncompromising refusal to make an alliance with any religious sect. It is difficult for a great many people to distinguish between "non-sectarian" and "irreligious," and the University and its farsighted promoters learned only too soon how very prone human nature is to ascribe evil motives rather than admit the possibility of good ones. The enterprise, therefore, was denounced by the religious press throughout the country. It was a godless place! So far as can be learned, the only specific charge that was brought, besides that of stubborn non-sectarianism, was that there was actually not

even compulsory morning chapel, indeed no morning chapel at all.

At that time, this charge meant a great deal to those who did not appreciate the circumstances, for chapel was a feature, however unpopular, of every other institution of learning in the country. Of course since then a change of ideas has come about in regard to a university's province. This has resulted in bringing about practically the same state of affairs, in other non-sectarian institutions, as was instituted here at the first. However unfortunate, therefore, it was for the men who planned the University's policy to anticipate by several years that abolition of religious paternalism which has characterized the subsequent development of American universities, the charge has little weight now, and indeed is probably seldom thought of. Any attempt at a daily convocation of all the students of a university as large as Cornell would of course be preposterous and futile.

But the impression persists, in spite of its lack of reason, and people continue to be surprised when they visit Cornell. The surprise is generally of a pleasant nature, and it has long been felt that to bring here the bitterest foe Cornell has, on some pretext or other, and let him see and hear for himself, is apt to change him into an enthusiastic friend.

Clergymen come here with misgivings as to the relations they will be obliged to sustain with the University's officers and straightway find themselves welcomed as co-workers by those who have most to do with shaping the University's policy, and, as soon as they comprehend the spirit that is here, are outspoken in their expressions of gratification.

The freshman, too, meets with many surprises as he comes to recognize the influences among which he is to live. The slip of paper which introduces his name to the University rolls carries information to the University Christian Association concerning his previous church affiliations or inclinations. If he will accept it, the Association will help him to find a room and get settled, and before he has had time to unpack his trunk he is called upon by some representative of the religious denomination to which he belongs, and cordially invited to select a church home for his university course. He is astonished to find what a beautiful building

the Christian Association occupies and at the numbers that frequent it. He may wonder at some things which he hears in the President's address. Quite possibly he had not expected to hear the man who stands at the head of Cornell emphasize so strongly the necessity of religion in a man's life if he is to be a symmetrical man. Perhaps he attends the Christian Association reception to new men ; in most cases he does.

It may be that, instead of accepting the invitation to the down-town church, he decides to go up to the Chapel on Sunday and hear the preacher, a man whom he has long known by reputation and has always wanted to hear. He arrives in good season, as he thinks, at least before the chimes have ceased playing the familiar hymns, and finds that he has barely escaped the necessity of standing. He enjoys the good music and the sermon.

He finds that many of the professors have bible classes, in the Christian Association building or in the down-town churches, and is surprised at the numbers that attend them.

Not to prolong what is familiar to every man here, he grows to learn that the people who told him about Cornell must have been misinformed or not informed at all. As he goes on in his work he avails himself, if he is wise, of the courses in the History and Philosophy of Religions and in Christian Ethics. His opportunities are indeed exceptional. The men who fill the pulpit of Sage Chapel week after week are acknowledged to be leaders of thought and action, and they come fresh from contact with the world and its problems at different points and in different ways, and the result is that the Cornell man can keep in closer touch with the world and hear better preaching than a resident of many of the large cities. It is hard to conceive any class of students that is not provided for by the various preachers, bible classes, the Christian Association and numerous student unions, alliances and the like. They appeal to every phase of religious development and with remarkable success. Sage Chapel is always filled, and it is probable, from estimates furnished by the city pastors, that at least half the University attends service down-town every Sunday; the Christian Association has an active membership of between three and four hundred, the bible classes are well attended and the at-

tendance is uniformly increasing. Far from there being an increase of thoughtless scepticism, it seems that anyone who has mingled at all with the students must feel that the case is the exact reverse; that an honest, reverent desire to find the truth is growing here year by year. Anyone can do as he pleases of course, but there is an active influence toward better living and higher thinking coming from a great many of the Faculty, and the general tendency of the University is undoubtedly that way.

It is probable that it might be a help were it possible for some of the men who come to us from the outside world to stay a time, as is the case in some institutions; not long enough for them to lose touch with the world and wear out their influence, but for the space perhaps of three weeks or a month. Aside from this it is difficult to imagine how the conditions here could be bettered.

Universities have always been considered, by those who judge superficially, hot-beds of infidelity. As a matter of fact, however, all the great reform movements have had their origin in the universities, and there is certainly no tendency at present, in the colleges of this country, toward scepticism. Indeed the facts are directly the reverse of any such assumption. In 1840 about five per cent. of the undergraduates in American colleges were Christians, but in 1890 more than twenty-five per cent. were communicants of evangelical churches, and the percentage is increasing each year.

It has been the purpose of this paper to show that Cornell is no exception to the general rule; that the University encourages in every way possible the cultivation of a man's religious instincts and that the results, as indicated by the numbers affected and the general tone of the student body, indicate a state of affairs that must be extremely gratifying to every one who has the best interests of the University and of its students at heart.

F. Q. B.

UPSTAIRS.

IN his study over the library, the young professor had been writing busily all the afternoon upon the first of a series of lectures. He looked tired almost to exhaustion and in his forehead there showed plainly two sharp lines which his sister half-laughingly, half-sadly declared were fast becoming chronic.

It was more than two years ago since people first began gossiping over their afternoon tea-cups about the young professor and his brilliant work. Then the older professors over their coffee talked among themselves of young Carlyle's prospects and shortly the newspapers fell upon him, assuring their readers that he was carefully considering the proffered presidency of a certain new and flourishing university. Meanwhile the professor himself was paying the penalty of all the gossip, from tea-tables to editorial columns. He knew that he was not remarkably young as people tried to convince themselves. He realized that his works, although carefully done, had its weak points, and the tale about the presidency had not even a corner-stone of foundation. He regretted that it was so, and then forgot all about it. However, he was firm in his purpose to make the last lectures the best work of his life so far. As a result they continued to improve in style and scholarly research, while the professor himself grew farther and farther away from the world and more and more into his books and himself. Once he had liked people above all things. He was interested in them still, but he had no time for them. There was always a point to be looked up or a statement to be disproved, and time went so rapidly. It was rather odd that the newspapers never spoke of him now although his work was more scholarly than ever. He felt the change and regretted it but there seemed no other way. The work still remained ; so much was expected of him. He must do his duty. The old over-conscience of his youth conquered him.

His sister looked on sadly but helplessly while the veins showed more and more plainly in his forehead, almost transparent at times. She suggested that his health was not good and that he needed a

change. He looked grieved, assured her that he was in the best of health, and turned to his writing.

Someway this afternoon his work had not gone smoothly. He gathered the written sheets together and began to read them but tossed them aside impatiently, crying,

"Such stuff! and a whole afternoon wasted!"

A month ago such a waste of time would have seemed little short of unpardonable, but of late he was surprised to find himself wondering if he were not making a little mistake, as Molly tried to convince him. It was so hard to tell when to stop, and then he remembered that he had never really tried.

From habit he gathered up his papers again. Voices could be heard in the hall below,—then the door closed and he knew that Molly's friend was gone.

"Molly's friend," he burst forth bitterly, "and my friend. Mine!" Now she was gone and for always, and he had not even said good-by. A dozen times in the afternoon he had been tempted to go down and sit with them before the fire in the shadowy library. Often and often when his head was hot and confused from long hours of research he would slip down and listen to them. Their quaint, womanly philosophy amused and soothed him, Even fashions were delightful when *she* gossiped about them. All this he had foregone for the sake of a stupid lecture over which Miss Floyd-Smith would gush the next time they met. Lectures, articles, essays! How he detested them. Probably he would never see her again, at least not for years, when she would come back to see Molly. But she would be different, everything would be changed. Married perhaps—probably—of course. In a way she had seemed to belong to Molly and so to him. That would not be any longer. If she could only be his for always. It was preposterous. Then he wondered idly how it would seem to ask such a thing. He forgot his self-scorn and drew up the tablet upon which he had prepared his lecture. For a moment he hesitated, wondering what was the usual thing first said, and then wrote—

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND:

I am surprised at my own temerity perhaps as much as you will be, in thus addressing you or in addressing you

at all, but I could not let you go away from us, from me, without letting you know how much you have grown into my life. I think that you have never even suspected it. I did not know quite what it meant until to-day. Had we been less friends I could not tell you all this, but surely such a friendship must count for something. I love you. I have never loved anyone else and I know that I never can ; I ask you to be my wife. It is much to ask ; the most a man can ask of a woman, and still I can summon courage to do it. Pardon my clumsiness. I have never before felt how idle are words. If those four years of friendship must be all, do not waste a moment of regret upon me for I am hopelessly your debtor,

ROBERT CARLYLE.

His pen trailed into an idle scrawl. He had begun in the old, curious, investigating spirit and he had ended cruelly in earnest.

With a smile, half-ashamed of himself, he crossed the room and scrutinized his face carefully in the mirror. He saw every line, each gray hair, the strained, weary eyes, and then he saw himself, narrowed, grown into certain set ways from which he could not change. The smile had faded, and he dropped into the chair at his desk again, repeating softly,

"It would never do—never do—never." For a long time he sat with his head between his hands. A newsboy across the street glancing curiously up at the window with its curtain still undrawn, stopped, stared at the quiet figure and ran on.

It was late when he rose to go down to dinner. Molly never disturbed him now by summons as once she used to do. He had never noticed it until to-night. As he was leaving the room his glance fell upon the paper lying on his desk. He took it, folded it carefully and, pressing it to his lips as if he were thirteen instead of thirty, locked it in a tiny drawer among his most private papers and then went down to dinner. His father was speaking half to Molly, half to himself, as he entered.

"So your little friend goes to-morrow, does she? I am sorry, for I liked her best of all your girls, Molly. Someway I always felt like calling her, *Sunshine;*" and a little sadly, "I suppose we shall not see much more of her." The professor looked across at

his sister. She was busying herself with some flowers in the lace of her gown so that her face was bent over them, but he thought there were traces of tears on her cheeks.

As they rose from the table, he crossed over to where she stood and, touching softly her beautiful, bright hair, said—

"I'm going to work rather late to-night, Molly. Things did not go well this afternoon. But don't worry. It's the last time. I've found it isn't worth while."

Lillian Constance Swift.

A DREAM OF MEETING.

There is no song to bathe the sense to-night,
  Of all the music of those days agone;
No echo of her voice, no sweet delight
  Of parting hands reluctantly withdrawn.

No song or word, of any night or dawn,
  Yet still I half can hear the river flow
Whispering by her cottage and the outlying lawn;
  Can all but see where apple blossoms blow—

Blossom and fall about her. Even so
  She stood that eve—that latest eve of all;
Just here she said farewell—yet lingered, tho'
  The night fell dark along the river wall.

* * * * * * *

Across the water still the crickets call.
  A white form flickers in the tremulous light!
And then a word, part smile, part sob, yet all
  Tender. So Love came home to-night.

Edward A. Raleigh.

THE POLICE REPORTER'S STORY.

IT was a bitter night, even though the day before had been the first of April. The wind howled and whistled around the editorial rooms of the *Morning Standard*, bearing up to the ears of the tired editors and reporters the chimes from the Episcopal clock in the next block which were just striking two o'clock. The clank and crash of the type-setting machines, setting up the paper, came indistinctly through the closed doors. The day had been a hard one and the reporters were lounging about the offices, smoking and chatting to pass the time until the first edition should be out.

The 'phone jingled. Every man straightened himself and listened to Clark, who had taken down the transmitter and was talking. "Hello? The Police Headquarters? Oh, all right. He'll be there right away." Rogers, who was assigned to the police department, drew on his great coat and arctics and was away down the stairs in a moment with the city editor's words, "Remember, we go to press at three," still in his ears. As he came out on the pavement, he pulled up the collar of his ulster and settled his hat more firmly on his head, muttering, "I wonder if the chief is trying some of his April Fool jokes."

The Police Headquarters were soon reached and he hurried up the stairs and into the private office where the Assistant Chief, a tall, good-natured man, was stretched out in two chairs before the stove. "What's up?" asked Rogers. Without moving, the chief answered, "The Binghamton Wagon Works just asked for help, and I have sent Weslar and Jones." The newspaper man looked inquiringly at the officer, for the wagon works were away across the city and the night was a bad one for a fool's errand. Evidently satisfied with the look, he turned to the window overlooking the cab stand. "Might have known it," he growled stepping to the 'phone, "Never a cab there when it's wanted." In a moment he had called up one of the depots and had asked to have a cab started for the Headquarters. Then he bolted out of the office with a hasty "Thanks, Chief."

"There's been a burglary at the Wagon Works and I want you to take me there instanter," he said as he jumped into the cab, which he met on the corner. The driver chirruped to his team and away they went. Rogers leaned back into the corner of the seat and pulled his collar more closely about his neck for the air was very cold. They had been bowling along some five minutes when the cab came to a standstill. Rogers got out with an impatient query. The "cabby" apologetically remarked that he had lost his way. "I should think so," remarked Rogers when he got his bearings. Then he ascended to the seat by the driver and took the reins. It was getting near three o'clock and he remembered the city editor's injunction. Some precious minutes were consumed in getting out of the alley into which the cabman had wandered. Once out, however, he urged the team on to its best.

At last, the great, dark building loomed up above them, and the new driver pulled up his horses. Paying no attention to the shivering driver, he jumped from the box and hurried toward a door, where a light could be seen. He went to the door and knocked but received no reply. Away up toward the top of the building, there was a noise as of some one cautiously opening a window. At the same time there was a noise behind him. Turning quickly, he found the trembling cabman there. Without a word he dropped back into the shadow, dragging the cabman with him.

The noise above them ceased and a head was put out very carefully. Rogers gave a short, sharp whistle. The head was withdrawn quickly and the window lowered as cautiously as it had been raised. "I'll bet they're up there yet," muttered Rogers. Cabby shivered sympathetically.

The window had not been closed a minute when the sounds of a struggle came indistinctly down to the two men standing in the shadow. Suddenly two shots followed each other in rapid succession. There was a crack of glass and little pieces fell to the ground from the windows of the floor where the head had appeared. Someone swore and there was a thud as though something had fallen. Then came an appalling stillness. The cabman seemed paralyzed and Roger's face was pale. He stood still for

several seconds. They seemed long minutes to him, as he was thinking what he had better do. He supposed the police had found and captured the burglars. While he was still cogitating on the matter, the door of the engine room creaked. The frightened cabman's eyes seemed to bulge from their sockets and he gave a helpless sort of gasp that did not exactly inspire Rogers to deeds of valor. The reporter's heart thumped against his waistcoat unpleasantly as he turned in the direction of the door. But he felt re-assured for he saw the brass buttons of a policeman's coat glisten as the door closed behind two men. One was a policeman, the other a fellow of medium size whose collar was grasped firmly by the officer. Rogers stepped out of the darkness with an ejaculation of pleasure at the sight of them. Both the policeman and his charge started violently. Then the policeman raised his free hand and the shining barrel of a Smith and Wesson was painfully visible to the reporter. This was too much for the cabman and he collapsed altogether. Rogers cried, "Don't shoot. It's me, Rogers, the reporter." The officer lowered his arm but the finger still encircled the trigger and he demanded in a voice strange to Rogers, "What d'ye want?" The strangeness of voice and appearance struck Rogers but he remembered that several new officers had gone on the force during the week, and he surmised that this was one of them. "I want to find out about this trouble. What was it upstairs? I see you've got one of them." "Yes," replied the policeman, "I've got him. Bob and George are up stairs with the other one. Bob and the burglar are hurt and I'm going for 'the wagon' and a doctor."

"Why don't you use the 'phone in the office?"

The man was turning away. Rogers had not had a fair look at his face but he thought nothing of that. The retreating officer growled, "It won't work. I want your cab for a minute." "All right," answered Rogers, and turning to the cabman, who had managed to get to his feet again, he said, "Drive this officer to the nearest 'phone and then come back for me."

By this time the officer and his prisoner were in the carriage. The driver got to the seat as though glad that he was going

away. Rogers shut the cab door and returned to the building, out of which the two had just come. As he entered the building he muttered. "Pshaw, I didn't ask how to get to them." But he picked up a lighted lantern which he found by a chair in the engine room. It took him some time to find the stairs. But once he had found them, he climbed quickly to the floor where the fight had taken place. Reaching the top of the last flight, he called, "Oh, George! Where are you?" No answer. He repeated his call. This time he heard a muffled groan. He listened intently. He heard it again and without stopping to wonder at the silence of the officers, he hurried across the big work-room to a door from which the sound apparently came. He pushed open the door which was unlatched, and held his lantern inside, but saw no one. He was about to turn away when he heard the groan again and, stepping across the threshold, he made a more careful scrutiny of the room. It was evidently used to store raw stock in, for big bundles of spokes and hubs and long hardwood boards were piled up all around the walls. He looked at the floor. There was a pool of blood. Again he heard a groan and it was so near that he nearly dropped his lamp from surprise and fright. He looked around and there behind the door lay two policemen, one without his coat and hat and both bound and gagged. In an instant, it was all clear to him. He had sent the burglars away in his cab and here were the officers who had been overpowered by them.

As rapidly as he could, he unfastened the two officers, one of whom was apparently suffering intensely from a wound in the chest. The other had a lump as large as a goose-egg on his head and was still in a dazed condition. He hastily enquired the particulars and bolted down to the office where he surmised the 'phone was still in working order. First he telephoned the particulars, as he had learned them, to his city editor. Then he called the Police Headquarters and two doctors. This done, he went back to the two disabled blue-coats and did what he could to relieve them, It seemed a long time before the doctors and the Chief arrived but they finally came. Rogers detailed the story as he had heard it and what he had seen, for one officer was uncon-

scious and the other delirious, evidently from the blow he had received. The wounded men were taken home and Rogers went back to the office to write the story for the second edition.

Detectives were set on the track of the burglars the next day and within three days ran them down in a house in one of the suburbs. In an attempt to arrest them, the big fellow who played the policeman so well was shot and instantly killed, but not before he had winged another officer. The other culprit was taken, tried and convicted and is now serving a long sentence at Sing Sing. The officers recovered in time and Rogers is still doing the police department.

R. A. Gunnison.

FIVE.

"HAVE you heard that story about Langton and his New York trip yet?" asked Jack, as he loafed down, pipe in mouth, to where half a dozen men were grouped around the big fire-place in which glowed the last embers of a mighty fire.

"No," they said, "tell it."

"Wait till the child finishes his tale though. Go on kid," said the Other Man.

And the kid thus admonished, took up his narrative at the place he had dropped it on Jack's entrance.

"—and so he got out into the hall and the girls all went with him to tell him good night. Well, you know there's two doors side by side and just alike in that hall, the outside door and the one that goes into the coat closet. Well, he made one last bright remark, said good-night while they were laughing at it, and started out in a blaze of glory, red lights and all. But, as it happened, he got hold of the closet door and opened it, dived into the closet and shut the door. The girls never said a word." He paused for the effect.

"Well," they said, "what happened?" "Nothing," said the kid, disappointed. "Only a second later he jumped out of the closet and out the front door and the girls shrieked. He hasn't been there since."

"Great Scott, that immaculate lily of the field, Newton. Think of it," said one. "Well go on Jack. What's your legend?"

"Mine isn't any funnier," said Jack charitably, "only it don't depend on the girl, as you say, Rorison, to everything."

"Didn't that last story?" asked Rorison.

"How?" said Jack.

"Why," said Rorison in deep disgust, "they didn't tell him. All their fault. Go on."

"You know Langton went to the game," said Jack. "Well, when he came back he concluded he'd get a berth for nothing. First he went and tried all the fellows he knew, and asked them to take him in. They said they were sorry. Then he went to the porter, gave him a quarter, told him to make up the upper in the corner, keep his mouth shut to the conductor and he'd make it all right with him in the morning. So the porter did and Langton went to bed and got to sleep just before they got to Easton. Then the girl that had engaged the berth ahead got on at Easton—"

The fellows laughed.

"—and the conductor and porter threw Langton out and the conductor wanted to know what the devil he was doing there and a lot of things. Then Langton went over to where one of the fellows had an upper over a lady and begged so hard to be let in, the fellow let him. Train gets here between six and seven, you know. Well, after while he woke up, found his berth-mate gone, looked at his watch and found it was half past seven and that he was apparently going on to Buffalo. Then he started to dress in an awful hurry and found his trousers had dropped down into the lower berth, and he couldn't get 'em."

The fellows laughed.

"He was in a devil of a fix. Couldn't get the porter, couldn't get a man he knew, couldn't get his clothes. After a long time he caught sight of the fellow he had been with, coming down the aisle. Couldn't imagine what he was doing but explained about the clothes. Then the lady got up and out and the other man fished out Langton's trousers. He got 'em on and got out of his berth. Asked the other man why he hadn't got off, and found the train was *four hours late*!"

And the men howled.

"Heard about the joke they played on Perry?" asked a man.

"No," said Jack, "go on. Rorison, where's a girl in that story?"

"Whole thing depended on the girl," said Rorison in disgust.

"You know Perry's a chump," said the Other Man.

"Yes!" they shouted.

"Well, he had a habit, you know, of coming around to a man's room *late*, when he thought there was anything to eat or drink there."

"Yes!" they shouted.

"Well, he went up to Chaffee's one night when there were some people up there playing cards. They didn't ask him to stay, but he did, thinking there'd be something for him later. He watched the game awhile and finally about midnight he went to sleep on the couch. They found it out after while, made sure he was asleep and then fixed him. They took all the furniture in the room, tables, desk, chairs, everything, and piled it up around the couch so he couldn't get out without a balloon. Then they turned out the lights and closed the blinds so it was pitch dark, went off and left him. They went into the next room and went on playing. After while he woke up, didn't know where he was, of course, and got up. Then the house fell down. He didn't bother Chaffee any more."

"What time was all this?"

"About half past two," said Rorison.

"Oh, were you there?" said the Other Man, disappointed.

"Yes, till four," said Rorison.

"I wonder," said the Freshman, "where all these stories come from anyway. Some of them sound as if they might be true ——."

"Perhaps you think they're not," said Rorison in his smooth tones that always meant trouble.

"No," said the Freshman hurriedly, "but—but they sound so much like the ones we had in prep. school. Not that they were just alike," he added apologetically "but—you know——."

"Yes?" said Jack, "for instance?"

"Well, we had a story there, you know, about a green man years

ago, they tried to haze a bit. I've heard the story here since I came, and it's rather mixed me. The alarm clock story, you know."

"No," said the Other Man, "tell it."

"It isn't much," said the Freshman. "It's only the story of the new man who came to the school, and the fellows trying to put up the alarm clock gag on him. He was very tired and awfully sleepy when he came, so some of them amused him down in the parlor till he almost went to sleep on their hands. Then a lot of them went up to his room with him and told him good-night for half an hour. By that time he was half dead and finally told 'em he *must* go to bed. Then they went away. He got in bed as fast as he could, and was asleep in a second. About fifteen minutes after that, there was the most infernal noise right by his head, you ever heard. He woke up scared and didn't find the alarm clock till it had run clear down. Then he went to sleep again. In just half an hour another went off, this time on top of the dresser, where he found it but couldn't make it stop. Then at intervals of half an hour eight more went off. He woke up every time but didn't get up. Then, after number eight, he got up, lit his lamp and hunted alarm clocks. He tore everything in the room up. They were in his dresser drawers, closet, trunk, under the bed—the room was alive with 'em. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed and thought awhile. Then he took 'em all and set 'em from half past five on to six—every one, took the whole lot down and put 'em on the rug before the door of the teacher that had charge of the house, on a rug so they wouldn't make any noise ticking. Then he went to bed and slept peacefully. Well, they all went off and there was a show. The teacher came out and tried to stop it. Course he couldn't, he never knew which one was going off next, and it was funny to see him try. The boys came down to see the fun and weren't tickled a bit. He sent 'em all back. Well, that's all. The new man came down lookin' like a lamb the next morning, the rest were all reprimanded and one man sent home for doing such a thing to the teacher. Course *he* wasn't suspected and nobody could say a thing against him. Man don't carry a trunkful of

alarm clocks around with him you know, generally. But they didn't play any more tricks on him——."

"Yes, said Dick, "that wasn't bad. Wonder if that really happened."

THE MONTH.

The first issue of *The New York Law Review* has appeared under the management of the following board of editors: Professor Charles A. Collin, Consulting Editor; C. H. Werner, Managing Editor; E. B. Hand and F. W. Welch, Associate Editors.

The crusade against intercollegiate athletics, within the Faculty, resulted in the adoption of a resolution favoring some restriction on the number of absences granted to members of the athletic teams, the restriction of contests to college grounds, when feasible, and emphasizing the existing regulations concerning the eligibility of players.

A triangular boat-race between the 'Varsity crews of Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania has been arranged. Four courses for the race have been proposed, Cayuga Lake, Hudson River, Delaware River, and the course at New London. June 19 has been named as the latest date for the race.

Coach Courtney has reduced the number of candidates for the 'Varsity crews to 32 men. The first 24 are the following: Captain Shape, Hager, Dyer, A. C. Freeborn, F. W. Freeborn, Troy, Hamilton, Matthews, Sanborn, Roe, Slade, Tatum, Crawford, Kinne, Scott, Spillman, Chriswell, Dillingham, Louis, Taussig, Ohl, Fuller, C. H. Smith, and Bosse. The substitute eight consists of Fennell, Saussy, Odell, Tiernon, Stebbins, Brown, Crum, and Sanderson.

A second appeal to the alumni for funds to enter the crew in the Henley Regatta has just been issued by Frederick W. Kelley, Albany. It is imperative that the Navy know at once what amount the alumni will subscribe.

Fifty-seven men responded to Captain Johnson's call for base ball candidates. This year the players practice in the main hall of the gymnasium. A large cage of twine affords opportunity for practice in battery work and batting.

The following schedule of base ball games has been announced, subject to the approval of the Faculty committee on athletics: April 15 and 16, Syracuse League; April 25, Trinity College; April 29, Princeton; May 4, University of Michigan; May 18, University of Pennsylvania; June 1, Columbia College; June 5, Cuban Giants; all at Percy Field. On April 27, Cornell will play Princeton at Scranton; May 25, Pennsylvania at Philadelphia; May 30, Michigan at Detroit; and June 15, Orange Athletic Club, at Orange, N. J. Efforts are being made to arrange home games with other leading teams, including Harvard, Brown, Lehigh, University of Virginia, Georgetown, Wisconsin, and the New York League team.

The coaching will be done this year by Cornellians alone. It is expected that Harry L. Taylor and Edwin P. Young, captains of the '93 and the '94 nines, respectively, will assist Captain Johnson in selecting the team and coaching the players.

Ten men have been selected to continue training for the Freshman crew. They are: Savage, Fuller, Moore, Sanford, Johnson, Jeffers, Inslee, Rittler, Ammon, and Baker. Rittler is acting-captain and stroke.

The Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs gave concerts in Dansville, Hornellsville, and Corning on February 21, 22, and 23, respectively. Another trip through New York state will be taken during the spring recess. The first concert will be given at Binghamton on the evening of March 25; on the next succeeding evenings the clubs will appear in New York, Newburgh, Kingston, Poughkeepsie, and Albany. The Masque is also considering several requests to repeat their performance of "Nita's First" in several cities of the State.

The lectures of Mr. J. Rendel Harris, Professor of Palæography at Cambridge, on New Testament criticism were listened to by large and appreciative audiences.

Eugene P. Andrews, '95, has been chosen to fill the Senior vacancy on the board of the *Sun*.

The musical clubs are seriously considering the question of accompanying the crew abroad, giving concerts in England before and after the races of the Henley Regatta.

Professor Horatio S. White recently received a letter from the president of the Cambridge University Boating Club, cordially inviting the Cornell crew to spend the first part of the training season at Cambridge and offering them the use of the boat house.

Both the Law School and the Freshman banquets will be held on Friday, March 1. The arrangements for the latter are being made without the usual secrecy.

Charles S. Francis, '77, editor of the *Troy Times*, has presented Coach Courtney with a handsome gold stop-watch.

The Law School has recently received a picture of Chief Justice Kent from Andrew D. White.

Professor Charles Mellen Tyler has been elected president, and Dr. L. L. Forman, secretary, of the new musical chorus. About 200 persons were present at the first meeting of the organization. The object is to prepare for a grand musical festival to be given in May.

Professor James E. Oliver is still critically ill.

The most noteworthy musical event in Ithaca since Paderewsky was the piano recital given by Professor Carl Baermann in Barnes Hall, Feb. 25. It was largely attended and was a great success in every way.

EXCHANGES.

From Christmas to St. Valentine's day is but a step. Which is only another way of saying that January magazines are devoted to verse about the former, and February, the latter holiday. Among the verse not given to these interesting topics we clip the following from the *Brown Magazine*:

COBWEBS.

A glint of the gold of the rising sun,
  And the silver mists of the night
Make the warp and the woof of the webs that gleam
O'er the face of earth, when she wakes from her dream,
  At the touch of the morning light.

A treasure of gold in a daring heart,
  And the silver light of truth,
And sweet ambitions and day-dreams fair
Make a world of cobwebs, light as air,
  In the fairyland of youth.

But a ruthless wind must shiver and break
  The fairy webs of the dawn,
And the scorching rays of life's noontide sun
Must shatter my day-dreams one by one
  Till my cobweb world is gone.

The following, a far-off resemblance to Théodore de Banville, we clip from the *Nassau Lit.* :

LONGING.

When chilly night-winds beat the frozen pane
  Like fierce, belated demons, wandering lost,
And shrieking shrill for entrance all in vain,
  Away upon the wailing storm are tossed—
  When winter comes with sword of keenest frost,
And all the land is desolate and drear,
Then dreams of sunny climes my senses cheer,
  Of sweet, vague places, where I long to be,
Where nature always smiles and skies are clear—
  In some far island of the southern sea.

There would I bow at Aphrodite's fane
  Of palm trees carven fair and shell-embossed,
There dusky maids would chant a mystic strain
  O'er coral-reefs as white as any ghost.
  Perchance in bygone days there thither crossed,
Thro' golden waves, the jolly buccaneer;
If he could come again in wild career,
  This toast we'd quaff with mirth and laughter free—
" What joy to pass another careless year
  In some far island of the southern sea."

'Neath fuller stars the glowing seasons wane
  In that soft isle whose sweets no anguish cost;
Sleep hangs upon the mutter of the main,
  The birds' gay plumes all sunset hues exhaust,
  And purest emerald gleam the rocks o'ermossed.
Blest visions longtime fled would there appear,
And memories that I cherish and revere
  Would come with angel whispers unto me—
Oh! but to dream with naught of pain or fear,
  In some far island of the southern sea.

O, little counts the city's toil severe!
For wealth a ruined soul is overdear,
  Seek other lands to find true pleasure's key.
Earth is at rest and heaven seems more near
  In some far island of the southern sea.

But by far the most remarkable bit of this month's verse is the following:

FETTERS.

The rhythmic pulsing of the chord we love,
The subtle cadence of the poet's song,
Cares that attend the power for which we long,
The moral law which leads from earth above.

Remarkable because it is of such evident lucidity that it can be read almost any way, *e. g.* :

The moral law which leads from earth above,
Cares that attend the power for which we long,
The subtle cadence of the poet's song,
The rhythmic pulsing of the chord we love.

Or,

Cares that attend the power for which we long,
The rhythmic pulsing of the chord we love,
The moral law which leads from earth above
The subtle cadence of the poet's song.

We ourselves incline to the last form of transposition. It means more and is certainly more beautiful. However, we are not disposed to be arbitrary, and the reader is given his choice, or he can make another to order. There are sixteen possibilities.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The past few months have seen much done by Cornell professors in the way of publication of the results of their work in various fields. It is impossible to review here at length all of these, but some brief notice of most of them can be given. It is certainly a strong evidence to the work being done here in original investigation as well as in instruction that so many books of such a nature as most of these should appear in so short a time.

One of the most delightful as well as the most valuable of these, on the literary as well as on the historical side, is Professor Tyler's *Three Men of Letters*,* sketches of Bishop Berkeley, Timothy Dwight and Joel Barlow, which he has collected in one volume.

The three men of letters of whom Professor Tyler writes in this book may have attracted him partly by reason of their relations with the college of which he is an alumnus. The first, Bishop Berkeley, was a faithful friend of the young seminary in New Haven, and its benefactor by gifts of money and books; the second, Timothy Dwight, was its president for over twenty-one years; and the third, the ambitious poet, Joel Barlow, was educated there. Their connection with Yale College is but a symbol of the interest which these men felt in the means of spiritual and intellectual progress in the American colonies. They were of different generations and of different character, but they were alike in their enthusiasm for America and their faith in her future. Professor Tyler is a true historian in his sympathy with the life of the past, and he has skill in describing it. He does not allow the

**Three Men of Letters.* Moses Coit Tyler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

austerity of history to baffle his sense of humor. The romantic circumstances of Bishop Berkeley's sojourn in New England are told with appreciation. Enough of Barlow's *Columbiad* is quoted to give one a good idea of that famous and once widely-read poem. The volume is furnished with a bibliography and a well-nigh perfect index, and is altogether one of the most charming and satisfactory books, from a mechanical as well as an intellectual standpoint, it is possible to imagine.

A new book by Professor Corson,* too, has just appeared, though its contents are rather, as he says in his prefatory note, portions of work already published years back.

Perhaps the end and aim of this new book can best be given by quotations from the volume itself: "One can get deeply interested in almost anything, the most insignificant," he says, "if he keep at it long enough to bring himself down to it, even in second-hand postage stamps. When the intellectual and spiritual powers are strongly vital, their dominant tendency is toward synthesis—toward bringing together what else were dust from dead men's bones into the unity of breathing life! The more intense a man's intellectual and spiritual life becomes, the more he demands that exercise of his powers induced by the organization of manifold elements—elements fused by the alchemy of the imagination into a new and living whole, whose synthesis calls forth that harmonious energizing of the soul which constitutes its highest life and delight." And again: "Students are taught methods, but comparatively few attain unto the proposed *objects* of the methods, which objects are often lost sight of, altogether, in the *grind* to which they are subjected." "*Being* is teaching," he says, "the highest, the only quickening mode of teaching; the only mode which secures that unconscious following of a superior spirit by an inferior spirit—of a kindled soul by an unkindled soul." "— one may be painfully learned and yet have an unkindled soul. I have known good students who were decidedly averse to thought." "On the part of the teacher, two things are indispensable: 1. That he sympathetically assimilate what constitutes the real life of a poem as distinguished from the intellectual. 2. That he have that vocal cultivation demanded for a complete and effective rendering of what he has assimilated. . . . . If these indispensable conditions be not met, he has failed in his duty to his students." Such is in substance the contents of the book, which is published in an attractive 18mo. volume of 153 pages.

It is a far cry from the soulfulness of Professor Corson's new volume to the scientific atmosphere of the new translation of Wundt's *Psychology*,† by Professor Creighton and Professor Titchener, one of the most needed and most valuable works that has ever appeared from here.

**The Aims of Literary Study.* By Hiram Corson, LL.D. Macmillan & Co. New York and London.

†*Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology.* By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated from the Second German Edition by J. E. Creighton and E. B. Titchener. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894. Pp. x, 454.

A translator's task is said to be a thankless one. It is quite the custom to credit the original writer with all the merits of the work, and the translator with all its defects. This translation of Wundt's lectures deserves a better fate, for it meets a very definite need on the part of those who are interested in psychology, and yet unable to read with ease the German text. Unfortunately all students of psychology do not enter upon their work with a thorough and ready knowledge of German. Yet from the outset one must be able to refer to Wundt. There is no American or English psychology that even professes to represent him, although he is the father of modern psychology, and is still the great master of the science. The students who have had to make his acquaintance without any such translation can heartily congratulate their successors upon their possession of this easy and delightful introduction. Wundt, fortunately, has the power of breathing the breath of life into the dry bones of a mass of accurate, detailed information. His wide range of topics has been so thoroughly worked into one system that a student who undertakes to master any one is carried through the whole series. Even the newest beginner feels a satisfaction in the steady progress and organic development of the work.

Beginners, and those who have only a superficial interest in the subject, are not likely to appreciate one very important part of the work. The translators' preface states that "in view of the confusion which still obtains in English psychological terminology, they have attempted a precise use of words, even at the occasional cost of literary effect." Such a work as this does much to clear away that confusion in technical terms which makes translation at present so difficult. The Germans are doing our original thinking for us, and if we are to follow intelligently, our terms must be closely and definitely related to theirs. Cornell may feel proud of the peculiar success of so important and scholarly a phase of this invaluable contribution to our English psychological literature.

In language the University has not been idle. Besides Professor Elmer's admirable and scientific treatise on the Latin Prohibitive,* which is likely to work a revolution in regard to certain ideas that have hitherto been held on that interesting, if somewhat technical subject, there has appeared Mr. Strunk's new edition of Macaulay and Carlyle's essays on Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, for class work in the University and elsewhere.

By far the most important work on the English side here is the *History of the English Language*† by Professor Emerson, in many ways the most careful and comprehensive work that has yet been undertaken on the subject.

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* *A Discussion of the Latin Prohibitive.* Based upon a complete collection of the instances from the earliest times down to the end of the Augustan period. By H. C. Elmer, Assistant Professor of Latin in Cornell University.

† *The History of the English Language.* By Oliver Farrar Emerson, A.M., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and English Philology in Cornell University. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Professor Emerson's History of the English Language is a book which deserves the highest commendation. It is distinguished by systematic arrangement, clear exposition, and accurate scholarship. Any one seriously undertaking the study of the English language will find this work admirably adapted to his needs. It is, of course, for such readers, and not for the general public that so scientific and thorough a work is intended. At the same time, Parts II and III (*The Standard Language and its Dialects* and *The English Vocabulary*) require no technical acquaintance with philology to be understood. Part II gives an account of the historical facts connected with the language. Especially interesting, and clearly stated, is the story of the gradual displacement of Latin and of Norman French by English in the centuries succeeding the Conquest. Part III classifies the English vocabulary as to its source and its date of acquisition.

Parts I, IV, and V (*The Relationship of English to Other Languages, The Principles of English Etymology*, and *The History of English Inflections*) are scientific in their nature. Part I explains in two chapters, first, the relation existing between the Germanic languages and the other Indo-European groups, and secondly, the relation existing between Old English (Anglo-Saxon) and the other Germanic languages. Part IV explains those laws of sound-change which have affected English words. Part V shows the development (or, really, the decay) of English inflections in the three stages of the language.

It may be added that the book is well printed, and that there is an index of subjects and of English words.

The book, however, that is likely to have the greatest circulation and influence as a text-book, of all these, is the new *Latin Grammar** by Professor Bennett. It is a radical departure in many ways and a great improvement over the system so many of us have suffered under, the system, which, in the words of Heine, gave the Romans such a tremendous advantage over us moderns in that they knew gerundives in *um* and the like from their cradles, and so in their maturer years conquered worlds while we learned rules and exceptions—chiefly exceptions, one remembers dimly.

Within the last few years there have appeared in Germany a large number of Latin School Grammars, compiled by eminent scholars for use in the *Gymnasien*, very few of which have exceeded the compass of three hundred pages. Now since the *Gymnasium*-student usually knows more Latin and Greek than the American college undergraduate, educators in this country have been for some time asking themselves the question, whether it is a good thing to use in American preparatory schools grammars containing five hundred or more pages, that generally give much information that is useless and a great deal more that is false. In short, what has long been needed for English-speaking students is a book written with the object Professor

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**A Latin Grammar.* By Charles E. Bennett, Professor of Latin in Cornell University. Boston: Allyn and Bacon. 1895.

Bennett says in his Preface he has had in view, namely, "to present *the essential facts* of Latin Grammar in a simple and direct manner, and within the smallest compass consistent with scholarly standards." One needs only a glance at the book before us to realize the success with which the author has accomplished his object. Much space has been saved by avoiding the treatment of the syntax of individual authors. The definitions are admirably laid and scientifically sound, and the young student is not perplexed with much fine point. But while all this has been attained, completeness of presentation has not been sacrificed.

It is to be regretted that space prevents reviews of Professor Thurston's new book and the second edition of Professor Tarr's which is just now announced. It is to be hoped the next issue may contain more extended notice of these.

THE

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THE PALIO AT SIENNA.*

POPULAR festivals dating back to the Middle Ages have almost entirely disappeared in Europe, and modern civilization is rapidly destroying local dress, dialects and customs. This is especially true of Italy, where the political unification of the country, together with military service and education, is fast reducing the peninsula to uniformity of dress, manners and speech. The glorious edifices of the Middle Ages are left, but the people who inhabit them wear stove-pipe hats, tan shoes and dress coats (not simultaneously), and an Italian crowd differs little from an American one except in courtesy and temperance. Few popular festivals are left and we were therefore very glad to arrive at Sienna on the eve of one of these, the most interesting perhaps, the Palio or horse race held in the picturesque Piazza del Campo, the public square of the city.

*The *palio*, we may say at once, is the banner given to the ward whose horse is the victor in the race. An excellent account of the festival described in this article may be found in R. Brogi's *Il Palio de Siena*, Siena, 1894. The *Tribune* of Sept. 16, 1894, contains a description of the August Palio, with two illustrations.

Sienna is well worth a visit aside from the Palio. Its lofty situation renders it agreeable in summer, while, as the indispensable Baedeker tells us, it is, next to Rome, Florence, and Venice, the most important town in Italy for the study of the art of the XIII –XVIth centuries. However, no art but that of the jockey is the subject of this paper and I shall merely remark in passing that the student of Italian could find no better place to spend the summer than Sienna. There is a good public library, and a univerity about to be suppressed, while the language of the people is the purest Tuscan. There are delightful excursions in the neighborhood of interest to the student of literature, art or geology. The lover of Dante can see from the walls the battlefield of Monte Aperti where the Arbia ran red with the blood of the Guelphs, or he can drink from Fonte Branda and think of Master Adam in torment.

If, however, the visitor has come for the Palio he will wend his way to the Piazza del Campo (also mentioned by Dante) where that unique horse race takes place. The square is one of the most singular in Europe and resembles the plan of a Greek theatre, being semicircular in shape and lower on the side of the orchestra. The immense square, a third of a mile in circumference, which will hold twenty thousand people, is surrounded by mediæval palaces with battlemented roofs, among which is most conspicuous the huge Palazzo Pubblico, built at the end of the XIIIth century, by the side of which shoots into the air the slender Torre del Mangia, one of those top-heavy towers which the traveller sees crowning the hill cities of Tuscany. The piazza is paved with cobble stones and is as unpromising a track as could well be imagined. A few days before the Palio a track of sand is built around the outer edge of the piazza with wooden barriers, room being left between the track and the surrounding buildings for tiers of seats precisely like those in our country circuses. Besides these seats, which are rented for various sums and hold about 10,000 spectators, the centre of the square is free and will contain about 20,000. To these must be added the numerous balconies and windows which overlook the square and are decked with bright colored tapestries. The course, I may remark finally, is a

cramped and dangerous one owing to the depression and sharp turns at the corners of the piazza, where the barriers are hung with mattresses to protect the horses and their riders. In spite of every precaution accidents continually occur, as we shall presently see.

The origin of the Palio is buried in obscurity, but it seems to have been a substitute for various games played in the piazza as early as the XIIIth century. Among these games were the *Elmora*, a sort of sham battle between the wards of the city (three in number at that time), which waxed so fierce that it had to be abolished in 1291. Then came the *Pugna*, a contest with fisticuffs between two bands of youths. This proved as dangerous as the *Elmora* and in turn made way for *Pallone*, a rudimentary football, in which the ball was "kicked off" from the top of the Torre del Mangia into the square below and carried by the two sides to a given point. Then came bull-fights and races between buffaloes, the latter abolished in 1650, when the present Palio was instituted in the form which it has since retained.*

The race is a purely municipal affair and the contestants represent the wards (*contrade*), of which there are now seventeen (they were more numerous formerly, but were reduced to the present number in 1675, by the suppression of six wards which had been guilty of a riot over a doubtful race), most of them named from some animal: The Goose, Wolf, Dragon, Owl, Panther, Snail, etc.† The race course is too narrow to admit a representative of each of the seventeen wards, so two races of ten horses each are run on the 2d of July, and the 16th of August. Seven of the wards have a regular turn, and three are chosen by lot. The horses, strange to say, do not belong to the wards, but are selected a few days before the race at a preliminary trial, and are then assigned by lot to the various wards. After the horses are selected, they race for practice every day at nine

* There were horse races earlier than 1310, but they were not held in the piazza and differed materially from the present Palio.

† The non-animal wards are: the Tower, the Wood, and the Wave. The origin of the *contrade* is not known. They were probably popular organizations for festive purposes, and their names are certainly not totemistic.

and seven. These prefatory observations will now enable the reader to understand the final and decisive race which took place on Monday, July 2d, at seven o'clock in the evening.

It was a splendid day—every day in Sienna was splendid—the air from the hills was cool and refreshing and over all was the soft, blue sky with fleecy, white clouds quite unlike the brazen heaven of our summers. We strolled to the piazza in the morning and saw the last practice race and listened to a blind minstrel reciting the story of Angelica Montanini and Anselmo Salimbeni, the Romeo and Juliet of mediæval Sienna. In the market place near by a company of mountebanks was amusing the crowd of good-natured, well-dressed people who were passing the time in eating pumpkin seeds and blowing shrill whistles which seemed to answer the purpose of our fire crackers. After lunch we were told that the horse of our ward (named *L'Oca*, the goose,) was about to be blessed in the neighboring church of San Domenico. We hurried out, to find a strange looking group standing under the trees near the church door, men in mediæval armor, and the horse accompanied by his jockey, dressed in white, red, and green, the colors of the old grand-duchy of Tuscany. We supposed the blessing would take place in the porch. Not so; the horse climbed carefully the steps leading to the door and entered the huge edifice, crossing the nave to the chapel where is preserved the head of St. Catharine. There stood a venerable priest in his vestments and read from a well-thumbed leaflet the proper prayer, at the conclusion of which he sprinkled the patient steed with holy water. I may say in anticipation that this horse won the race.

We made our way to the piazza about six o'clock and took our seats on a balcony opposite the Palazzo Pubblico, and near the starting place. By the side of this was a small cannon mounted on a post which gave the signal to clear the course and for the start. Across the track at the starting place, a cable, big enough to moor the largest ocean steamer, was stretched by a windlass, and loosed at the proper time by an elaborate apparatus. The piazza was filled by a dense crowd which overflowed into the course. Windows, balconies, roofs, and the tiers of seats around the square were gradually being occupied. Above the ordinary

noise of a crowd rose the sound of the whistles and the cries of the venders of pumpkin seeds and the owners of seats to hire. There were no fixed charges (there never are in Italy), but I noticed that the price rose as the hour for the race drew near.

The spectacle presented by the piazza was a splendid one. The evening sun fell on the façade of the Palazzo Pubblico and gilded the lofty Torre del Mangia. The crimson and yellow hangings of the balconies and windows gave a richness of color which the commonplace crowd could not subdue. As I have said, the local dress has disappeared, and the people did not look unlike those at a county fair in this country, except that many of the women wore large straw hats with flapping brims made in the neighborhood. At half past six a cannon shot gave the signal to clear the track and a *cordon* of mounted carbineers rode slowly around and forced the reluctant crowd to retreat to the centre of the square or take their places on the seats. Then the deputies of the festival went about seeing that the gates in the barriers were carefully closed and that no one was in a dangerous position. This was now the time for evil-disposed persons to throw coppers in the track and for enterprising urchins to slip through the barriers and pick them up. The result was improvised races between urchins and police, an occasional capture and cuffing of the culprit and a wordy contest between the authorities and the family, which furnished the interested foreigner with a choice collection of expletives in *accio* and *uccio*.

When all was ready another shot announced the entry of the procession, which was really the most interesting thing in the whole affair. First came the trumpeters of the Commune, in green jackets, with plumed caps, and the pennon of Sienna hanging from the trumpets. Then followed the standard bearer of the Commune on horse, and behind him the representation of the ten wards whose horses were shortly to contend for the prize. Each representation* consisted of a drummer, a herald, two standard bearers, a captain, four pages and the jockey who leads the horse about to run the race. The dresses are extremely beautiful but are not earlier than the sixteenth century. The

*The technical word is *comparsa*, which means the persons on the stage who do not speak but are present only for theatrical effect.

standard bearers as soon as they enter the square begin to maneuver their flags like Indian clubs, waving them in every direction, rolling them up and shooting them into the air and catching them behind their back or under their legs, and this they continue to do until the procession has made the circuit of the square and taken up its position on a stand in front of the Palazzo Pubblico. Although only ten of the wards take part in the race, usually all are represented in the procession, which ends with the famous Carroccio or war car of the Commune, a rude structure which formerly drawn by oxen conveyed to the battle field the banner of the city.

The procession filled the entire course and presented a splendid sight with its brilliant colors and banners waving in the air. At length the course is cleared again and the ten horses are brought out from the court of the Palazzo Pubblico and ridden (without saddle) by their jockeys to the start. Here after endless trouble the horses are brought breast to the rope which falls at a signal and the horses are away. The race which follows is a very brutal one. The horses are not trained racers, but ordinary hacks which are unmercifully beaten from start to finish. The course is so narrow that the riders are in constant danger of collision and strike and beat each other in a shameful manner. The race is three times around the course, but all the horses seldom complete it. The day we were present four fell in making the abrupt turns in the course and one jockey was dreadfully injured. He was quickly dragged from the track, his horse caught and removed, and the race ended in the victory of the ward of the Goose. As soon as the race was over a squad of policemen surrounded the victor and got him away as quickly as possible out of the reach of the dagger of one of the other jockeys or of some ardent partisan of another ward.

The Sunday following the race a grand banquet is given by the successful ward and all the streets and houses are illuminated. The table is placed in the street and at the foot stands the victorious horse between two live geese, the symbols of the *contrada*, and eats his fill of all good things.

T. F. Crane.

THE NEW WOMAN.

The arts designed to please are hers,
  All peerless charms of form and feature,
Yet vagrant fancy never stirs
  The spirit of that cold, calm creature.

Her life is of exalted aim,
  The world's vain, empty joys discarding ;
She longs to fill a niche in fame,
  For future ages' awed regarding.

At some reform to tilt a lance,
  To elevate her sex's condition,
Was in the days of fair romance
  Of maidens plain and stern the mission.

My lady now is wondrous fair,
  Yet sentimental follies held in
A crisp contempt, she longs to dare
  The things that passing man excelled in.

Herbert Eugene Millholen, '89.

THE HENLEY REGATTA.

THE prospective trip of the Cornell crew to England may render a few words about Henley interesting to Cornellians.

Of all the famous sporting events for which England is noted, none is more interesting, none more unique than the Henley Royal Regatta. Water carnival would be the more appropriate title, as the rowing forms but a secondary attraction for perhaps the greater number of the flannel-clad people who paddle and punt up and down Henley Reach on the three days which are set apart for the Regatta, and are popularly know as "Henley Week."

During those three days, at intervals of half an hour, eights, fours, pair oars, and single sculls struggle for the aquatic supremacy of their various classes, and the events follow so rapidly that

it is difficult for one who is not a rowing enthusiast to know what particular race is being rowed.

But the charm of Henley—to the boating layman at least—is not the racing; it is the water spectacle. Nowhere else in the world are so many pretty girls gathered together in such attractive costumes. The English type of beauty is peculiarly suited to flannels, and Henley is the flannel paradise. Imagine a thousand pleasure-boats, skiffs, punts, canoes, each freighted with pretty girls and fine, strapping, young fellows, passing and repassing in maze-like confusion; and then along the shore against the green background of the trees, a picturesque line of house-boats with hanging baskets of flowers and daintily curtained windows.

Let us look at one of these house-boats. She is a long, low craft of scow-like proportions, whose entire length is nearly covered by a white cabin. The numerous windows are curtained with yellow silk, and the frames are picked out with parti-colored fairy lamps; while a line of flower baskets hangs along under the eaves; and above the deck, where golden butter-cups grow in profusion under the shade of a canvas awning, grotesque Chinese lanterns swing lazily to and fro, and the Union Jack with scores of little signal flags flutters in the summer breeze.

We are seated on the deck of this water home; stretching out before us is Henley Reach, its surface studded with countless boats. Away in the distance extend the tree-lined banks, and beyond, hazy, purple hills rise against the deep blue of the sky, while to right and left numerous other house-boats are moored under the shade of elms and willows, their white awnings and gay bunting brightly marked against the green background. Punts and canoes, skiffs and dingeys move to and fro, and occasionally the tinkle of a guitar, or the strains of a song echo over the waters, while little busybodies of launches puff and sputter up and down stream, impudently rocking the fragile craft with their wash.

But the rowing; for after all there is rowing, and good rowing too.

Bells at intervals along the white posts which mark the course clang a warning to the numberless boats. A launch bearing the

officers of the Thames Conservancy steams up the river clearing the course; and canoes, punts and dingeys paddle toward the two shores, packing the space behind the boundary posts with river-craft. The dull boom of a gun sounds faintly in the distance, and thousands of eyes glance down the river toward the starting point. Away in the distance by the wooded Temple Island, two little specks shoot into view on the surface of the river, and behind them steams the umpire's launch. The faint echo of a cheer floats over the water.

Upon the tow path on the Berkshire shore a score or so of horsemen and a multitude of enthusiasts on foot rush wildly along encouraging the contestants. Echoes of their cheers come louder with every stroke of the struggling crews. Now oar-blades flash in the sunlight, the light blue of Eton and the red cross of Radley distinguishing the crews, for it is the third heat for the Ladies' Challenge Plate. Louder and louder grows the cheering. Flags and handkerchiefs flutter from the barges and house-boats. The boats are nose and nose.

Eton towards the Berks shore swings evenly with a long, steady stroke. Radley on the Bucks side rows in quicker time, but occasionally there is the splash of uneven feathering and the boat rolls a trifle.

As the boats near the finish the cheers become deafening. "Well rowed Eton!" "Go it, Radley!" shout the runners on the tow-path.

People stand up in their boats and cheer. Sixteen muscular lads swing back and forward; sixteen pairs of eyes look straight before them at the bottom of the boat. Two little coxswains wearing the colors of their respective crews call words of encouragement to their men.

"Now for a spurt, Eton!" Eight light blue blades enter the water in unison; sixteen sturdy arms bend to the oar, and the boat slowly surges ahead until clear water yawns behind the stern. The pace has told on Radley—for their stroke is ragged, the boat rolls badly and the men lack the staying power to pull themselves together for the final struggle.

"Eton!" "Eton!" shouts the crowd, and amid the cheers of

spectators and waving of handkerchiefs, the Eton crew swings across the line fresh with the enthusiasm of victory, while the Radley boys lean on their oars exhausted and disheartened.

Following in the wake of the crews comes the flotilla of pleasure-craft, paddling and splashing as before. The brilliant moving panorama of life and color recommences. Pretty girls and sturdy youths paddle and punt again ; the house-boat parties return to their tea cups and flirtations, and the enthusiasm of the race is forgotten.

Such is Henley by day ; but Henley by night is fairy land.

Not a ripple disturbs the surface of the Thames. Countless stars twinkle in the black sky, and along the river bank the lights of the house-boats glisten on the water. Here the form of a barge is etched in variegated fairy lights which sparkle through the darkness ; there the deck of a house-boat is illumined by paper lanterns which swing beneath the awning, reflecting their pale light on the white canvas above. Beyond, the dark forms of trees rise against the western sky, where the last beam of the departed day glows faintly, shedding a bluish light along the horizon.

From time to time a skiff looms out of the night and drifts slowly past ; the ripple of a musical laugh or the tones of a masculine voice speaking earnestly and low, float over the water, and then the craft glides back into the darkness, the dip of her oars growing fainter and fainter until the last echo dies in the distance. Then the tinkle of a guitar blending with the delicate notes of a flute, vibrates softly through the night air, while the rich voice of some singer murmurs a love ballad, to be marred, perhaps, by the coarse laughter of a party of cockney roysterers splashing and struggling with their oars in Philistine defiance of their heavenly surroundings.

From time to time towards Henley bridge, a flight of rockets shoots upwards into the sky, spreading their fiery tails along the horizon like a nest of burning serpents, then bursting into a myriad of colored stars, which float gently away and grow fainter and fewer until but a single beam glimmers against the poplars on the opposite bank.

Such is Henley, brilliant spectacle by day, enchanting dreamland by night, which once known is never to be forgotten—for in this world it is unique.

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

"EXHIBIT A."

I ALWAYS like to visit the Chums, because they are always at home, and smoke very good tobacco. They graduated some time ago,—I don't remember exactly when—and now work together in one of the obscurer departments of the University. At least I suppose they do, for they never talk about their work, and never have text-books on their tables. Yet one finds them always busy in the evening, compiling reports of some kind, and smoking black briar pipes. They have other pipes, but they always smoke briars.

I think their names are Jack Ainsworth and Gerald Willis, for those are the names on the few letters they get. But which is Ainsworth and which is Willis, I have never been able to find out. The landlady calls them both either Willis or Ainsworth, for they answer indifferently to either name. And when they signed the crew subscription-book, each put down "A Friend," and handed me a check signed Gerald Willis.

They call each other Will and Joe, and smile when any one speaks to them by another name. Though they are members of different fraternities they never go out anywhere, so I was perfectly sure I should find them at home when I called after coming home early from a dance on the hill. Will was busy writing a report, and didn't even look up when I entered. Joe was looking over an old scrap album, and as I entered had turned to a photograph of a remarkably pretty girl, in street dress, with a sunshade in her hand.

"He was in love with the girl once," he said, nodding toward the silent figure of Will.

"What's that? Exhibit A?" asked Will looking up. Joe nodded.

"So were you, you know,—once"—answered Will.

"Yes, but time has exonerated me," said the first one.

"Go on with the story," I pleaded. "You were saying—"

"No, it wouldn't be his story," said Joe, "but hers. Shall I tell him about it Will?"

"As you please," said Will, locking his work in a drawer. "He will probably tell it to the first person he meets, or else convert it into a romance to sell for sordid gold. I wash my hands of the affair."

I grew naturally curious. "If I promise not to tell—" I began.

"You'd break it," said Joe. "Only three men know it now—and if I tell you, I can't tell you any names."

He relapsed into a spasm of smoking. "Once upon a time," prompted Will.

"There was a very pretty girl," Joe continued. "Exhibit A," Will interrupted.

"Exhibit A—and she was very pleasant and popular. And a man in the University fell in love with her. He was a clever man and about to make his mark in the world. Not a grind—but a sociable fellow, who knew how to work, and at the same time make the most of life. His family was the one thing against him. They were always poor and not too well educated. He had had to work very hard to be able to come to college at all, and I fancy his family had to make sacrifices. So altogether they were blameless, and didn't at all deserve what happened."

He smoked several minutes without speaking.

"What happened?" I ventured.

"You know this part of the story, better than I, Will," said Joe.

"Well," said Will, "it went all right. He went everywhere with the girl, to the great discomfort of her many admirers; and finally they became engaged. Which was very foolish, because she would handicap him awfully after he got through.

The engagement was of course strictly secret, but the girl told her bosom friends, and very soon two men knew it that disliked it extremely. They were both friends of the man, and told each other they wanted to save him."

He stopped for more tobacco, and Joe took up the tale.

"They did save him. One of them, whom we will call—"

"The Third Party," suggested Will.

"The Third Party started to cut the man out. He was well off, and of course could invite the girl to places that the man who had a right to couldn't afford to take her to. He, being naturally fond of her and trusting his friend, didn't object.

"Well, after a while, the Friend and the Third Party sprung the culmination of the plot. The Friend wrote a filial letter to the Man's mother, saying that he was engaged, and wanted the mother to write to the girl. And he signed the Man's name. He was good at such things."

Then came a long silence that I was afraid to break, both men puffing meditatively. Finally Will began again.

"So the mother, duly admonished, finally wrote to the girl—"

"Exhibit B," said Joe.

"You don't intend to read it?" asked Will with an apparent trace of anxiety.

"Not exactly. She wrote, as I said, a letter to the girl. And such a letter! She hadn't had much education," he added apologetically.

"That, I fancy, opened the girl's eyes wonderfully. She didn't want to marry into that family and have those people around her —as she would have—for the Man was to be their mainstay and support. Something of this she told the Man, when she broke the engagement."

"What did he say?" I hazarded again.

"He said that he couldn't marry any woman that didn't respect his mother, and left. And she got engaged to the Third Party."

"And married him?"

"No, she married another man who has nothing to do with this story."

"And what did the Man do when he discovered the plot?"

"Could he be anything but deeply grateful? He must have recognized that she would have spoilt his whole future for him!"

"And was he successful?"

"Oh, yes, he was a grand success, wasn't he, Will?"

Will laughed, a nasty hard laugh. "Yes, he is surprisingly successful," he said. "Still it would have been much better form not to have interfered."

He kicked the chair from under his feet and sat upright. I rose and went; it was very late and I had data enough to work upon.

Before I went to bed I reasoned it out. I am perfectly sure, if only three men know the story, that I had been talking to the Third Party. But which was he, and was the other the Man or his Friend? I think myself Will was the Man. But why should he be ashamed of his own mother?

Someday I am going to see Exhibit B.

Hugh J. O'Brien.

A PARALLEL.

Two roses bloomed upon a tree,
  Their white leaves touched with every swaying;
I stooped to gather one, while she
  Plucked off the other, gently saying
"When things do grow and cling like this,
  And Death almost appeareth loath
To take but one, 'twere greater bliss
  To both for Death to take them both."

Lost love! Dead love! They come and go
  The summers with their sun and flowers
Their songs of birds; I only know
  There is a blight upon the hours,
No sun is like the once bright sun
  That shone upon the golden weather
In which she said those flowers were one
  And Death should spare or smite together.

ANTON GREGOR RUBINSTEIN.

1829—1894.

ONE of the most interesting questions in connection with the study of the fine arts is, how many of them have been brought to their perfection among the people by whom they were first carefully cultivated? That there are several such can be proved by a moment's reflection; it is only necessary to think of Greek literature, sculpture and architecture. Curiously enough, however, although the Greeks employed music extensively in their rites and ceremonies, and especially in their drama, they failed to develop it as they did their literature, their sculpture and their architecture, to such a point that following ages could do little more than imitate it. They fell far short of that. Nor did Rome do any more for it than her predecessors. To refine, to develop and to bring to its perfection the art of music, as we know it, has been reserved in large part for our age.

Until about the sixth century A. D. all that was practiced in music was simple melody. At that time harmony was introduced and was cultivated quite successfully for many centuries following, but the great progress in music practically begins with the Reformation. From the beginnings of the Christian era until that time it had been bound up in the church, as was nearly everything else, and necessarily its domain was almost exclusively limited to the requirements of religious services. Palestrina in the sixteenth century has the distinction of having written the first church compositions which are works of art in the sense that in a work of art the spiritual emotion asserts itself over the merely scientific. No great musicians succeeded him until the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the first of the great geniuses appeared under whose influence such wonderful progress was to be made, who, indeed, made possible the triumphs of the present century.

By the year 1827 all the great forms of pure music had been perfected, and the years since then have seen the introduction of minor and allied forms, and especially have they seen a more gen-

eral diffusing of musical appreciation and musical education. The leaders in this movement deserve our gratitude almost as much as the great composers whom they have served, and surely, among many brilliant and earnest interpreters, Anton Rubinstein stands in the foremost rank. In two countries, Russia and America, his name will be long remembered with gratitude for the important part he played in bringing about a juster estimation of classical music.

The position which Rubinstein holds will be better understood if we give a moment's attention to his predecessors and his contemporaries, and the influences which surrounded him in his early training. As was said before, it was not until after the Reformation that music can be said to have become an art. From the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries it was engaged in building up its grammar, so to speak, and the foundations of its forms, and when these had been created it was ready to enter upon the final progress which made it what we see it to-day, a necessary and integral part of our mental life. John Sebastian Bach (1685–1750) was the first of the eighteenth century workers and did more for the cause of pure music than any other man before or since. He was remarkable for many things, but the great work which he accomplished was the complete emancipation which he gave to pure instrumental music. Contemporaneous with him was Handel, who perfected the oratorio. Gluck laid the foundations of the music-drama. Haydn raised the symphony and sonata into prominence as forms of musical expression. Mozart improved upon Haydn, while Beethoven (1770–1826) gave the finishing touches to these two great art forms, and embodied in them the grandest music ever written. Beethoven holds in music the same position that Shakespeare holds in English literature, or that Michael Angelo holds in painting. At the same time, while we give the position of first to Shakespeare, we can say with perfect justness that Milton is the first of the English epic poets, and that Browning is the first of the poets of his school. We should not say that because Shakespeare flourished nearly three centuries ago and his equal has not yet been found that literature had deteriorated, and just so, while Beethoven wrote such sublime

music that his compositions have not since been equalled, musical composition has not necessarily deteriorated. It has only been working on different lines. Schubert, born nearly thirty years after Beethoven, took the latter as his model but introduced no startling innovations. Mendelssohn (1809–1847) followed the traditions of the old classical school, infusing into his works wonderful melodiousness. Berlioz, Chopin and Liszt, contemporaries of Mendelssohn, founded and perfected the New Romantic school, between which and the old classical stands Schumann. Wagner, following in the footsteps of Gluck, has made the music-drama a new department of the fine arts. In short, the whole tendency of the last eighty years has been to bring music into closer alliance with her sister arts. The men who created the New Romantic school were born less than twenty years before Rubinstein, and their teachings were not in such ascendancy in his early years—when he would have been most affected—that he was greatly influenced by them. That they should sway him more or less was of course inevitable, but they never obtained a dominant power over him and he is more in sympathy with Mendelssohn than with Chopin or Liszt.

Anton Gregor Rubinstein was born in a small village near Moscow, on the 16th of November, 1829. A few years later his father, who had been a farmer, removed to Moscow and started a manufactory. His mother, an accomplished pianist, gave him his first lessons in music when he was five years old, and soon discovering that he possessed more talent than any of his brothers or sisters, of whom there were several, devoted the most of her attention to him. Anton progressed so rapidly that soon she had nothing more to teach him, but Villoing, who was considered to stand at the head of his profession in Moscow, chancing to hear him play, was so charmed that he took the lad as a pupil although the Rubinsteins were unable to pay anything like the prices he ordinarily charged. With this master he remained until his thirteenth year when his pianistic education was completed. "To Villoing, and to no one else," says Rubinstein in his autobiography, "am I indebted for a thorough, firm foundation in technique. . . . In all my life I have never met a better teacher."

At ten he gave his first public concert in Moscow, and during the next three years, together with Villoing, he travelled all over Europe, appearing in all the large cities and before many courts. Everywhere he went he was received with great applause. The succeeding years up to 1848 saw him in several places, at home, in Berlin studying harmony and counterpoint, and in Vienna trying to establish himself. He had a luckless time of it there, for he was entirely without influence, and managed to gain a precarious living by teaching at cheap rates. His compositions at that time brought him no return, indeed he considered himself lucky in getting them published at his own expense. Returning to Berlin he found no more encouragement than he had in Vienna, and after a short residence there, during which occurred the revolution of 1848, removed to his native country and settled in St. Petersburg, which was henceforth to be his home. In St. Petersburg he supported himself as he had done in Berlin by teaching. Gradually, as he became better known, he gained greater influence in the musical circles of the capital, and won the esteem of the court. In 1854 he appeared first before the public as a composer, in his opera *Dmitri Donskoi*, which was followed soon after by several others. During the next three years he travelled extensively in Europe for the purpose of introducing his compositions. While passing the winter of 1856–7 in Nice together with several of his countrymen, earnest musical enthusiasts, the condition of music in Russia was much discussed and plans were made to better it. On Rubinstein's return to St. Petersburg the following year the "Musical Society" was organized, which led to the foundation, four years later, of the "Conservatory of Music." Rubinstein was its first director, and to him more than to any one else is due its success. He continued as its director for five years and then tendered his resignation, but has always maintained the closest connection with it.

The last years of his life Rubinstein devoted to teaching and composing, aside from numerous concert tours. In the season of 1885–1886 he was able to execute a long cherished plan, giving a series of historical concerts in all of the principal cities of Europe. Probably a more successful series of concerts was

never given. The crowds which collected around the ticket offices, even when fourteen successive concerts had been announced, were so great as to require the presence of the police to preserve order, and many of the concerts had to be repeated. In 1887 he was re-appointed Director of the St. Petersburg Musical Conservatory, a position which he held for several years. Death came to him in the midst of his labors on the 20th of last November, while at his home near St. Petersburg.

The great work of Rubinstein's life was the upbuilding of a national school of music in Russia. Before his time, in his own picturesque words, "with the exception of Glinka there were no Russian composers, nothing but amateurs, dilettanti landlords, dilettanti clerks. Musicians, real artists, who looked upon their art as the very essence of their lives, were nowhere to be found." It was no easy task to work a change in the existing condition of things, and it was especially difficult to found a successful National Conservatory in the artificial society of St. Petersburg. The Conservatory was Rubinstein's work, and it did more than any other thing to make Russia a musical nation. But Rubinstein's influence did not stop there. The many Russian operas which he composed, the importance which he gave to Russian folk-music, and his continued efforts to bring out the talent of his people all played their part. Music became something more than a mere pastime, and while previous to his advent the musical training of the boys and girls had amounted to no more than the drumming of some foolish air to celebrate papa's or mamma's birthday, or to do honor to the principal of the school, in these days a musical education has become a more serious matter.

For America as well as for Russia he did a great service. The concert tour which he made in this country in the season of 1872–73 was most invigorating, coming as he did at just the right time to aid America in her efforts to gain a proper appreciation of classical music, and to become a musical nation. The Civil War had interrupted the onward movement which had promised so well in the fifties, and Rubinstein came when the evil effects of the war were passing away, and music was again receiving some attention. It is doubtful if any other series of concerts ever ex-

erted so beneficial an influence, aside from the pleasure which they afforded. He had the true fire of genius and he was the only pianist who had up to that time been heard in America of whom that could be said. We can gain some small idea of the *furore* that he produced when we think of the words uttered soon after his death by one who had heard him: "It is difficult to believe that some two score years have passed since he was among us. No pianoforte player that ever crossed the ocean preached so eloquent and convincing an evangel as did he."

Rubinstein's fame rests more upon his power as a pianist than upon his ability as a composer. On the retirement of Liszt, forty years ago, he became easily the first of pianists, a position which he held until his death. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of his performances was his intense earnestness. He looked upon the creations he interpreted with all the reverence that genius can feel for genius. Gifted with a fire and passion which he could not always control he carried his listeners along with him to a realization of all that there was in the music that he was rendering. His technique was marvelous, but he used it only as a means to the end, wherein he showed himself a true artist. "I play as a musician," he said, "not as a virtuoso." In his devotion and reverence for his art no displays of enthusiasm or admiration could affect him. While playing he gave himself up to the spirit of the composition, and quite disregarded the marks of tempo and shading. As a consequence, several of his intrepretations were decided innovations, for example his rendering of the Chopin B minor sonata, especially the middle and last movements. In the middle movement, the famous "Funeral March," he would begin with the softest pianissimo, making a gradual crescendo until a fortissimo was reached half way through, and from there on a decrescendo until the end of the movement. The prestissimo finale immediately following he would take at such a tremendous rate that its effect has been likened to a gray cloud of dust hovering before the dazed listener.

As a composer he was not so successful. It was, indeed, his lack of self-control and self-criticism and the passion which so distinguished his interpretations that kept him from gaining im-

mortal fame in this direction. He certainly had a wonderful gift for melody, more perhaps than Beethoven, but all his writings lack that painstaking attention to the smallest details which was characteristic of that great master. After he had once put his thoughts on paper he could hardly bring himself to look them over again, even to read proof. He was quite incapable of the Beethoven exploit of altering a single phrase seventeen times, or of spending twenty years in the development of a single idea. He began to realize in his latter years that his fame would be more that of a pianist than of a composer, and his failure in this direction made him jealous of the successful Wagner. Throughout his life he had ignored as far as possible the work of his contemporaries, choosing rather to follow in the footsteps of Mendelssohn. The result of it all was that he tried to found a new style of lyric drama, to which he gave the name of sacred opera, an undertaking which has met with no success thus far. Nevertheless he has written an abundance of pianoforte music in the smaller forms which has been very successful, as have also a few of his symphonies. Every pianoforte player knows his "Melody in F." Whether or no the Romantic musicians will decline from their present position of suns and fixed stars and become in fifty years stars of a minor rank, is a question for the future to decide; it is the prediction of an eminent critic, but if the prediction should come true, certainly Rubinstein would be one of the greatest of gainers by it.

Newell Lyon.

INTERCOLLEGIATE BASEBALL AT CORNELL.

EVER since the names upon the student roll at Cornell first numbered nine or more, which means practically from the University's founding day, have her sons flung the ball and swung the bat and slid to safety,—and incidentally, ofttimes, to glory,—for her sake. This could not well have been otherwise in an institution of learning that is, and ever has been,—from the "farm" to Percy Field, from Ezra to Jacob,—American through and through.

Right valiantly did some of her men of the earlier times fight upon the green diamond for their mother so fostering, so well-beloved. But not until 1885 did Cornell have a great team, one that took her out of the ruck and placed her up where the running is made. In that year her baseball team, captained by Frank Olin '86, won twelve victories and suffered not one defeat. The following year two games only were lost out of about fifteen played. It was during the seasons of '85 and '86 that Cornell twice won the championship of the N. Y. S. Intercollegiate B. B. A. without losing a game; whereat, she was politely, but firmly and unanimously requested by her associates to resign, and "seek foemen worthy of her steel." She did so. In '87, '88 and '92 Cornell's teams were fairly strong and the results they obtained, as far as percentage of games won is concerned, were creditable. In '89, '90 and '91 the work, while not very bad, was unreliable and ragged, and the showing fell somewhat below the standard set in former years.

In baseball, as in all other branches of land athletics, Cornell's representatives have been climbing steadily upward during the past few years. Indeed they are now well within sight of the haven of supremacy, where their brothers await them who have gone before by the water route. '93 and '94,—in the writer's opinion,—saw by far the most evenly-balanced, the best disciplined and the strongest baseball teams, all-round, that ever represented Cornell. The team of '94, under Edwin P. Young, with a little strengthening in one important position, would have been almost, if not quite, the best college team of that season. Its work on the inside, both in batting and base-running, was consistent, steady, aggressive and "heady," and therefore very conducive to run-getting; its fielding, especially the outfielding, was often brilliant, and generally steady. The writer feels safe in asserting that no other college team ever had three finer outfielders at one time,—judging them by all-round ability,—than the men composing Cornell's outfield last season, Johnson, Towle and Best. Captain Young's work behind the bat and on the inside was at all times conscientious, reliable and strong, and he handled his team tactfully and ably.

With a new season right upon us, all eyes are turned upon Captain Johnson. Manager Young has arranged an excellent schedule of games, and is displaying commendable vigor and interest all along the line of his duty; but the question upon the lips of all who feel an interest in Cornell's athletic success is, "Can Captain Johnson give us a team that shall be the superior of many, the inferior of none?" The answer is, "Yes, if every well-wisher helps him in some way; helps him with money; helps him by aggressive effort on the field; helps him with that earnest, unswerving, active loyalty to the common cause, which puts up so many props beneath the prime moving power to keep it strongly and steadily in place. Yes,—without a shadow of a doubt, yes,— if this young captain, this youthful leader whom we have chosen, sees us shoulder to shoulder behind him, feels the warm hand of our comradeship strongly clasping his own, sees all our faces lighted with determination to help him plant the carnelian and white far above all rivals." We hear men say, "See how many excellent players are gone from last year's team; who can replace Best and Towle and Young?" To that I answer, "It makes no difference what their names may be, they will be on hand." Best and Towle and Young have replaced others who, in their time, may have been as well-beloved and, seemingly, as valuable players as those who are now, to us, so indispensable. I feel, from a confidence born of some little experience, that there are now hidden among the undergraduates of the institution on Ithaca's east hill, youngsters, who will in the future hit and run and slide so well for Cornell that we shall become, in some degree, reconciled to the thought that our old idols have been taken away and tenderly deposited in our treasure house.

"Oh, we've lost Jones and Robinson and they can't be replaced" is the wail that goes up annually in all branches of athletics. It is not true. They can be replaced. They may have left college, but we haven't lost them by a long shot, unless we fail to profit by the lesson taught by good deeds well done. In one sense we have gained by their going; for their deeds and their way of fitting themselves to become our honored and honoring

representatives are left behind to be looked at and profited by and improved upon by their successors. Every one of our able athletes has been provided with a little natural ability and a little physical strength, supplemented with a lot of nerve and moral courage, endurance, dash and wondrous affection for Cornell. These latter qualities have been developed and inspired in him by rigorous training under careful and able guidance, by thorough abstemiousness, by living in an atmosphere that was permeated with uplifting memories and with all that tends to make those who are fortunate enough to breathe it strong, enduring, loyal and manly fighters for the red and white they wear so proudly, the colors they carry upward so bravely and so well.

The athlete we love to honor owes his right to that distinction, not to any name he may bear, nor to any peculiar physical ability that may mark him. By his deeds and his way of doing them he has made himself a part of an excellent, a rapidly-developing system, a part of a grand and good motive force that is doing much toward making Cornell University a splendid supply-station for the common need, a true servitor of humanity. And so, because we love the thing he serves, we honor the servant. What matters it then, whether our athlete be dubbed Jones or Robinson? The more of such that come, and serve well, and go, the higher will rise our mound of splendid tradition; the greater will be the incentive to the newcomers to excel those who have gone before; and the farther will spread the good repute of Cornell, whose upgoing, we all firmly believe, stands for so much in the great work of bettering mankind.

A word in general now about intercollegiate athletics, whose abolition is desired by certain men of to-day, men most admirable, men, too, whose opinions are not to be lightly regarded. We are told that intercollegiate athletics bear with them many evils. If that be true, it is to be deplored, and should, if possible, be remedied. If intercollegiate athletics really are, as their opponents hold, so alluring, so destructive of all ambition for aught else that they draw young men too much from the duty they owe their intellectual and their moral being and make them think too much of their physical development; if intercollegiate athletics,

by making a few finely-trained and well developed specialists, really do lessen in any degree the general desire among college undergraduates to get out and play and keep strong; if intercollegiate athletics actually take students too frequently from their regular University work; if, in themselves, they promote gambling,—then I should earnestly advocate putting them under such restrictions as would minimize these evils that are said to dance attendance. Require *every* 'Varsity athlete to keep up to a certain standard of scholarship at all times, if you please. Carefully limit the amount of time athletic teams shall be away from home, if you will. Confine all intercollegiate athletic exhibitions to college grounds, if that be thought best. Place the participants and the conduct of athletics in careful and attentive hands. But why abolish a good and useful thing because we have not yet quite learned how to utilize it properly? Intercollegiate athletics have done a great work in making young men better, not only physically, but mentally and morally. The regular and earnest physical training makes the youth sinewy and enduring. The hard fighting against strong opponents before large audiences makes him stout-hearted, unflinching and self-reliant. The rigorous training regulations teach him how to be abstemious and to take pride in being able to be temperate in all things. The compulsory subjection to the captain's orders teaches him how to obey, shows him the incalculable value of discipline. The little bruises and bumps give the young man some small but useful samples of the hard knocks he will receive when he gets out into the world, and teach him how to take punishment without weakening, how to stand up and fight manfully and fairly without losing his temper or his ambition. All this leads away from pettiness and snobbishness and meanness and vice and all weakness, and leads up toward morality, broadness of mind, courage, true consideration for others and that all-round strength and gentleness and sanity that enter so largely into the make-up of the ideal American gentleman.

Not many years ago a Cornell baseball team fought for victory, on foreign grounds, against fearful odds, for eleven long innings. Against umpiring most partial to their opponents, in the face of

a continuous din of cheers and yells for their antagonists, with almost certain defeat staring them in the face, these young soldiers showed no signs of retreating from the field. Though they were but boys, they bore themselves like men. With unbroken ranks, without once faltering, with tears of honest indignation in their eyes, they kept firmly together, kept their faces ever to the front and fought valiantly for Cornell "like amateurs and gentlemen."* And they won.

After the team reached the hotel, and tired of hugging each other for joy, was there any "breaking of training," any unseemly celebrating over the victory? No. The young men did simply what rightly-inclined, healthy young men should do,—ate their dinner and in due season retired,—very happy, to be sure, and—being young—very proud. Did they not rise next morning stronger, braver, better men for their work of the day before as intercollegiate athletes? Could they, by participating in sports entirely intra-collegiate, ever have been put to such a test as this? Could they ever in a factional, intra-collegiate contest, where mere class supremacy or personal glory provided the inspiration have undergone such a splendid man-making experience as was furnished them here, where they could touch elbows, and each without a selfish thought, could fight with his fellows for a common cause, inspiring and well-beloved?

Lord Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the football fields of England. Are not the intercollegiate athletic fields of America fitting men to win future Waterloos? Whenever ignorant brutality shall threaten weakness, whenever the aged, the infirm, our civic institutions or our flag may need protection, depend upon it you will find the intercollegiate athlete at the front "hitting the good ones out hard" for the right, "plunging through the line" toward the ramparts behind which wrong is entrenched, directing every blow better, driving them home harder, and staying more dauntlessly to the end because of the lessons he learned in the days when he "slid head-first home," or "dove through the center," or "fell exhausted on the tape," or "pulled the winning stroke" for Alma Mater.

(*Caspar Whitney in *Harper's Weekly.*)

Athletics strictly intra-collegiate might furnish some of this valuable instruction, but not all by any means. The incentive is not present. The chance to fight against a foreign foe for fatherland furnishes an incentive and serves to bring out latent abilities which could never be developed by an opportunity to serve on one side of a sectional squabble between parts of a common country. A member of a 'Varsity team of any sort is working for an object so great that he has no time and no desire to think of the petty personal rivalries that are engendered by sports confined within the college. If the 'Varsity athlete brings any overabundant appreciation of self into the team with him, if he naturally tends to disparagement of the abilities of personal rivals, inter-collegiate athletics will turn him from such notions by showing him that there are few things more elevating or more satisfying than loyal service rendered to an object that sanctifies the love which prompts such service. He who serves his Alma Mater in honorable, friendly, but earnest battle against a team representing a sister University or College is turning his steps toward a spot where petty sectional rivalries and enmities have no place ; he is necessarily being taught that jealousy and envy and sharp practices are unmanly and despicable, that fair and square and vigorous fighting for a worthy object, for an advance toward a high ideal, is not only honorable and desirable, but truly elevating and manly.

The inter-collegiate athlete who has been properly handled by his trainers, by his captains, and by "the powers that be," should, in all reason, become the foe of vice and littleness, the exponent of purity and strength, the ever-ready champion of the right, the resolute defender of the weak and the oppressed, the very flower of American chivalry.

Harry L. Taylor.

SIX.

IT was rather late when they started for the concert, for they had waited in vain for a carriage Rorison had ordered that didn't come. At last in desperation they went over to the car, and, thanks to their misfortune of the cab that delayed them, they found plenty of room, even for Her great sleeves, for most people had gone. The crush at the door was over, too, when they reached the Lyceum, and that great mob of dress suits and evening dresses had checked its wraps and crowded to its seats. They were in luck there, too, and Rorison's temper, which had been very naughty indeed, began to brighten a bit. It was Her first Senior week and first concert, and he thought, as they finally made their way through the lobby and stood behind the audience on which she gazed with fascinated delight, that he would always have Her on after this. Then he remembered "always" meant one more year.

It was a pretty sight, the well-dressed audience that had such a charm of youth about it, a gayety of spirits, a buoyant consciousness of life and beauty, and the joy of living. The Glee Club was just on the second stanza of Alma Mater, too, as they entered. For a moment he felt like a triumphal procession, as he said. Then they were through, there was the usual burst of applause, the usual buzz of voices, the usual encore—and Rorison and The Girl, under the guidance of the usher, made their way down to where she saw the other fellows and the girls and the chaperons. A minute later there was a babel of welcome that caught the attention of the house, a sudden hush and the Glee Club had filed out for its encore.

Another soft babel, more applause, and Rorison was pointing out to Her the men on the Banjo Club she had met the night before. "Our fellows" she remembered chiefly. She was perfectly happy through it all, and he enjoyed her enjoyment very much, feeling a sort of possessorship of it, and getting his only enjoyment of it through her delight, for it was all so old to him. He even knew both sides of it from his Glee Club experience of

the year before, and could tell her infinite stories of the life and the men and the trips. She recoguized here and there over the house people and groups of people she had met already, and nodded to them, while he pointed out notables and told her of them. Up in the "Law School box" they were noisier, though not so bad as usual, and she had to hear about that, too.

"Oh," she said at last, "it's like a book! It's all so lovely."

It was the Glee Club's turn again. The club, he explained, was much better this year than it had been the year before, better than it had ever been, in fact. It always is, but he forgot that. She thought it was perfect. They had novelties they were going to spring to-night, he said. The leader had told him. And he explained this hurriedly while the club arranged itself in the semi-circle whence the leader himself emerged with his invisible but audible tuning whistle while he turned his back on the audience to confide to his men.

As a matter of fact it was just going to be the Junior concert over again, the leader had told Rorison beforehand, with only one new thing, something that had occurred to him a day or two before. It was the Junior concert but somehow it sounded very much better to Rorison than it had in February and of course She thought it was perfect.

The medley was very clever indeed, with just the proportion of serious and comic songs, striking enough transitious and sufficient irreverence to make it very funny indeed. The part songs and specialties, too, were well done and the Banjo and Mandolin, or, as an unclassified Freshman behind Rorison explained, the Mango and Bandoline clubs, were in good form, so that, while it was not the "perfect" concert her fancy painted, nor perhaps the best concert he ever heard, as Rorison thought, it was, nevertheless, very satisfactory, and the audience, young and happy and uncritical as such audiences always are, was uproariously appreciative.

Somehow it came down to the end of the programme. Rorison didn't go away during the recess, though most of the men did. Something less than five hundred men came to see Her, though, he thought, and she was radiantly happy over that, too.

Presently, near the end, as the Glee Club came out, Rorison

glanced at his programme, "score card" the Freshman called it, and noticed a strangely familiar title and looked up in surprise just as from the left of the club among the curiously assorted short fat men, and long slender men, there burst forth a solemn and ponderous voice that it took the audience but a second to identify with an even more solemn and ponderous, and slightly bald second bass singer.

"There is a tavern in the town"—he began with much gravity.

Rorison groaned—this was the *new* thing, was it? But when the chorus responded with sudden, shocked surprise "*In* OUR *town?*" Rorison grinned in spite of himself at the utter absurdity of the thing.

"And there my true love sits him down," said the fat man.

"Sits him down!" they answered with conviction, and then all together, "And drinks his wine with laughter free."

Then pathetically the solemn fat man wailed,

"And—never—never—thinks of *me*!"

To which the Club responded,

"Then farewell, for we must leave thee,
Do not let our parting grieve thee
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part."

Pathetically the fat man took up the strain,

"Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree."

Whereat they struck in again,

"And may the world go well with thee, well with thee."

The fat man grew confidential,

"He left me for a damsel dark," he murmured.

The Club gathered about him with hushed interest at this scandalous statement.

"A damsel *dark?*" they inquired anxiously.

"Each Friday night they used to spark," he responded, and they echoed encouragingly, "Used to spark?"

"And now my love once true to me
Takes that dark damsel on his knee."

"On his knee!" answered the Club, in horror.

The fat man stepped forward one step and turned to the rest deprecatingly.

"Then dig my grave both wide and deep," he sang with quavering pathos, and with ready and delighted agreement they cried:

"WIDE *and deep.*" The joke was obvious.

"Plant tombstones at my head and feet," he went on.

"Head *and* feet?" they asked in astonished curiosity.

"And on my breast a turtle dove,"

"To—signify—I—died—of—love," his voice lingered plaintively; but with loud derision they pointed at his portly form and cried to the audience, "*He* died of LOVE!" And the chorus was drowned in the delight of the crowd over old things becoming new. Then there was much applause and an encore which has nothing to do with the story, and at the last the beautiful

"Hear the echo from the walls
Of our own, our fair Cornell."

And it was over.

There was a wild, good-natured rush to get out first, which no one yet ever succeeded in doing, then they slipped out the side door, around by the Post Office, and She turned to him to ask if he would mind walking, it was such a beautiful night and——. He didn't mind.

That night, very late, Rorison sat in his room smoking very solemnly and slowly and looking out the window across the valley where the town lights shone like reflections of stars in a still pool. His room-mate who had not gone to the concert, woke up after a while and asked him what he was doing.

"Thinking," said Rorison.

"What?" said the chum.

"Wondering if fairy stories ever come true," said Rorison.

"*Never!*" said the chum, who was a Senior and who knew Her, and all about Spring terms and Senior weeks and everything else. "Come to bed," said he, and Rorison went.

THE MONTH.

W. C. WHITE has been elected president and A. S. Downey secretary and treasurer of the Inter-scholastic League of New York State. The organization will arrange contests in baseball, football, and track athletics between the teams of Cascadilla School, Colgate Academy, and the high schools of Ithaca, Rochester, Binghamton, Elmira, Syracuse, Buffalo, and Auburn. The winning team in each event has the privilege of holding, for one year, the silver cup left for that branch of athletics by the class of '93.

A joint debate between representatives of the Cornell Congress and the Woodford Debating Club was held on March 4th. The decision was in favor of the latter organization. J. S. Lewis, F. S. Edmonds, and J. P. Harrold spoke for the Woodford Club; the Congress was represented by J. F. Orton, H. J. Field, and H. M. Chamberlain.

Captain Johnson has reduced the list of candidates for the base ball nine to the following men: Cook, Rider, Ansley, Richards, McMahon, McNeil, Wilson, Cobb, Smith, Priest, Edson, Reidshaw, Hamlin, Harmon, Cushing, Diehl, Green, King, Gennet, Lane, Fox, Beacham, Cottrell, Ward, Weller, Bassford, Perry, Haskell, and McCarroll.

In addition to the baseball games announced last month, the following ones have been arranged for Percy Field: April 23, Elmira league; May 9, University of Virginia; May 21, Crescent Athletic Club, of Toronto; June 17, Brown University; June 18, College City of New York. Cornell will play at Oberlin, Ohio, May 29, and at Detroit, with the University of Michigan, on Memorial Day. The third game in the Princeton series will be played at Princeton, May 23.

The University of Pennsylvania won the annual debate from Cornell, at Philadelphia, on March 8. The question debated was, *Resolved*, That the most effective means of restricting the liquor traffic is to eliminate the element of private profits. Cornell was represented by W. P. Chapman, Jr., W. P. Belden, and H. L. Fordham. Ex-Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, presided;

and Judge Wilson, of Philadelphia, U. S. Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and Albert Shaw, Ph.D., of New York, acted as judges. In the opinion of one of the judges, "Cornell excelled in logic, keenness, and consistency, and Pennsylvania in oratory and power over the audience."

The Senior class has adopted the cap and gown, which will be worn after June 1st. The class has also resolved to place photographs of the various '95 class teams and of the '95 'Varsity captains in the gymnasium and in the athletic club house.

The Freshman Banquet of the class of '98 was held on March 1st, and was successful in every respect. D. M. McLaughlin was chairman of the banquet committee, and Harry M. Smith acted as toastmaster.

An enthusiastic mass meeting for the purpose of arousing interest in the transatlantic trip of the 'Varsity crew, was held in Barnes Hall on March 11. Views illustrative of the Henley Regatta were exhibited, and were explained by Dean White. Professors Wheeler, White, Stephens, Fuertes, and Thurston spoke, all endorsing the invasion of the Henley by a Cornell crew.

The indisposition of several prominent candidates for the 'Varsity crew has interrupted the work of the crew during the last fortnight. Coach Courtney has about twenty-five men in training for the 'Varsity, and most of these will be needed if one 'Varsity crew is to be sent abroad and another is to enter the triangular race with Columbia and Pennsylvania. Mr. Courtney has found some excellent material in the Freshman class; the men are working hard and taking considerably more interest in their work since the announcement of a race with the Pennsylvania Freshman crew.

The boxing and wrestling events of the Winter Meet of the Athletic Club were held on February 27. The field events and exhibitions of fencing took place on March 8. Both meets were interesting, many of the events at each being closely contested.

The Masque has elected the following officers: J. B. Mitchell, president; S. D. Anderson, vice-president; R. C. Palmer, secretary; J. G. Sanderson, business manager; and J. A. McCarroll, stage manager. The plan of giving a play at Scranton on the evening before the Cornell-Princeton baseball game has been abandoned.

Another system of examinations will go into effect in the spring term. A number of days, probably four, will be reserved for final examinations by all professors who desire to hold them. The new scheme does not differ greatly from the one that was in operation until about a year ago.

EXCHANGES.

The past month, or better, the last few days, has brought us little college verse worthy of the name. Perhaps the best bit is the following from the *Sequoia.* There it stands out like a diamond in a bed of coal, and although there is something strangely familiar about the opening lines, it is more meritorious than anything that has yet come to us from across the Rockies:

THE DEAR DEAD DAYS.

As a tired traveler, at the close of day,
Stops on the summit of a hill to rest,
And, leaning o'er the steep and jagged crest,
Looks downward where his path but lately lay,
Forgotten are the stones which bruised his feet,
The briers which tore his hands—the scene which lies
Below him seems a glimpse of Paradise,
Enchanting as a strain of music sweet.
So is it in our lives: from time to time,
In glancing back upon the days gone by,
The trials, the petty strifes, fade from our view;
A soft halo—mysterious, sublime—
Rests over all, concealing from the eye
All but the beautiful, the good, the true.

Florence V. Brown, in the Sequoia.

It is a long jump from the Pacific to the Hudson where the following *lilt* received its inspiration:

TO THE HUDSON.

In the rifts of your wonderful waters,
  In the tides of your tremulous flow,
The fairest of nature's fair daughters
  Smile over your breast as you go,
And laugh from your rills and your ripples
  In a sylph sound, liquid and rare
And light as the cloud forms that vanish
  On the eddying stream of air.

* * * * *

To the mighty river that spangles
  The ruddier roll of the plain
And the eyes of the seer entangles
  With the beauties that rise in his brain;
To the shore where some wonderful builder
  Has reared him a rock-girded throne
Above you, for ever and ever
  You majestically travel alone.

Nor need of the lilt of your laughter
  The wooing of moorland and mead,
Nor the wail of the winds moaning after
  To check your impetuous speed;
And yet through the years and the ages
  Your song from the source of the sea
Had been sung with a rapturous cadence
  As ever you sang it to me.

Archibald Douglas, in Columbia Lit.

Chivalry is not yet dead—not in Virginia, at least—as the following tale of Almaric, whoever he was, will testify:

THE RIDE OF ALMARIC.

When the silver bows were bending
  And darkness fled from the dawn,
I rose while the shades were blending
  And buckled mine armor on.
The bugle had roused the troopers—
  Each knave was my vassal born—
So we rode away at break of day
  In the freshness of the morn.

We came in the evening hours,
  When the falling moon was low,
Before the purple towers
  Of him who was my foe.
No spear was in the gateway,
  No watch was on the wall,
"Lie hid!" I said, "When yon morn is sped
  We will enter and take them all."

As we lay, in our hearts the richer,
  For the booty of bow and spear,
A maid came forth with her pitcher
  To fill at a brooklet near;
Her bosom lay calm and restful
  In her eyes was no thought of dread;

And the town lay white in the moonlight
  And the stars were overhead.

The red to her lip was clinging,
  The thread of her hair was gold,
And the song her heart was singing
  Was known to mine ears of old;
A song of love and the springtime,
  Of truth that is ever true,
The song that the bride had breathed at my side
  In the age when the world was new.

When night lay over the castle,
  And the moon was under the hill,
I signed to each trusty vassal
  And they gathered with lust to kill;
But I turned my steed from the gateway,
  And wonder was in their eyes.
So we rode away ere the east was gray,
  By the stars that filled the skies.

J. H. Hall, in Univ. of Virginia Magazine.

Here is another clipping from the *Columbia Lit.* The sentiment helps us to overlook the slight idiosyncrasies of technique:

IN MEMORIAM.

Augustus C. Merriam, Ph.D.

Beyond the seas, in Athens old
  'Mid classic shrines and storied heaps
Whose tale he oft to others told,
  The wearied scholar gently sleeps.

No more for him the coursing sun
  Shall light the friendly hills of Greece;
Before his work for us was done
  The toiler found eternal peace.

The temples vast, by genius wrought
  In those old times when art was young,
By other feet must now be sought,
  By other tongues their praises sung.

* * * * *

For us his face shall beam no more—
  His tender voice be ever dumb;
And soul to soul in anguish sore
  Shall cry: Why wait? He will not come!

Then let him rest in Athens old
  Enriched by still another shrine
A seer with seers whose truth, once told
  For groping hearts, will ever shine!

And while with kindred Great above
  He soars, let sweet affection lend
A tribute to his manly love:—
  He lived and died the students' friend!

NEW BOOKS.

Latin Poetry. Lectures delivered in 1893 on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University by R. H. Tyrrell, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York.

As the third volume in the charming and scholarly series of Turnbull Memorial lectures of Johns Hopkins, this volume of Professor Tyrrell's is a worthy successor of Mr. Stedman's "Nature and Elements of Poetry" and Professor Jebb's "Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry." After a rapid survey of the entire field of Latin poetry in the first chapter, Professor Tyrrell takes up in detail, devoting a chapter to each, early Latin poetry, Lucretius and Epicureanism, Catullus and the transition to the Augustan age, Virgil, Horace, Latin satire, concluding with a comprehensive view of Latin poetry of the Decline, touching briefly on Phædrus, Lucan, Seneca, Petronius, Statius and Martial. While the lectures are scholarly, they are at the same time popular, and the author has hit well the fair middle ground between technicality and too popular treatment. While in some respects the book falls a little short of its predecessor, that of Professor Jebb, the difference of subject rather than the treatment marks, perhaps, the main distinction between them. Scholarship without pedantry, popular treatment without superficiality, a grace of form without sacrifice of matter, seems to mark this series which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to be congratulated on securing and on publishing in such sensible and attractive form. The present volume is enriched by an appendix containing some more recent and happy Virgil translations, besides a copious and satisfactory table of contents and index.

"*Out of the East.*" Reveries and Studies in New Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York.

From cover to cover of this yellow buckram and silver book, it is interesting. Interesting as, indeed, most of Lafcadio Hearn's stories and sketches are. He has a facile pen, a delicate touch and a vivid, an Oriental, almost a tropical imagination, which is apt now and then to betray him as it did in that too intense "Yuma." But in the main he charms, and the author of "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" certainly shows no diminution of his power to please in this new volume. It is such a satisfaction to read a book nowadays that has no serious mission, that is

pure literature and written for its own sake, not to inspire and teach, and especially not to preach. And this is such a book. Now and then the reader is instructed, but only by implication, seldom directly, and he wanders through essay and story and reverie and study with no consciousness of any serious, high and holy purpose in it all, only pleasure, and it is the sheer pleasure of this pleasure of irresponsibility toward the great gods of Seriousness and Moral Purpose and High Ideal and Noble Aspiration, and toward the little men who bow down to them that delights him. For there is here and there that Oriental atmosphere of thought that puts the eternal *Hurry* and the eternal *Must* to shame with its clear and placid eyes the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The same and not the same, the same internally, the same philosophy, totally different externally, so like the West in some things, so far as the east is from the west in others. And it is this opposition in the two points of view he puts before us so strikingly here and there that makes that part of the essays so delightful, not new but, better than new, newly told.

A Buddhist Catechism. An Introduction to the Teachings of the Buddha Gótama. By Subhadra Bhikshu. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

This book presents a concise statement of the doctrines of Buddhism, according to the oldest and most authentic sources, the Ceylonese Pali Manuscripts of the Tipitakam. The matter has been compiled from these writings of the Southern Buddhists, and explanatory notes are added for the use of Europeans. The present volume is a translation from the fourth German edition. It consists of three parts. The first part tells the story of the Buddha's life in a very attractive manner; the second gives a recitation of the Doctrines of Buddhism, and although necessarily brief, is a thorough presentation of its tenets; the third part describes the Brotherhood of the Elect, who are the "venerated successors of the Buddha, as the true executors, interpreters and promulgators of his teachings."

The author of the "Catechism" is one of the Brotherhood, a *Bhikshu*, and is therefore qualified to speak with authority upon the subjects of which he writes. His book commends itself to the attention of thoughtful people. Buddhism is one of the great religious systems of the world. A comparison of its doctrines with those of Christianity furnishes many points of similarity and contrast and cannot fail to be a benefit to the earnest student and seeker after Truth.

The Poems of Henry Abbey. Author's edition. Kingston, N. Y.

These poems cannot fail to appeal to all reflective minds, for throughout, intellect and feeling have been united with a strong undercurrent of human sympathy. Mr. Abbey's longer poems are mostly narrative; they are blended with speculative, philosophical and religious thought, but everywhere, the mere analytic understanding is held in subjection to the human heart, the intuitive side of man. In regard to verse structure, the poet has not always done justice to the beauty of his thought; for the melody and harmony of certain passages are sacrificed to the purely mechanical structure. In other words, "The body has not always taken its form of the soul."

From a New England Hillside. By William Potts. Macmillan & Co.: New York.

This little volume is in all respects a gem of the bookmaker's art, and between its covers there is included a vast amount of human wisdom and sympathy. The writer, a true and enthusiastic lover of nature, locates himself at his favorite retreat in New England, and tells of his rambles through the woods and over the hills, where the ordinary traveler goeth not. Everything has its attraction for him, and as one reads it is possible to enter somewhat into the pleasure which he experienced and now relates in his charming way. He has discovered some of the lessons which nature reveals for the instruction of the human heart, and with the strokes of a true artist he teaches the oneness of the world, the unity in diversity which man and all things display.

It was not for instruction, however, but rather for diversion that these "Notes from Underledge" were written. Yet the author's seriousness of purpose is always evident; and while we follow him through the year from one October to the next, now enjoying some incident in the simple life of the New England village, now listening to the clink of the hammer as his cottage grows apace, or perhaps enjoying repose in the sunshine upon the hillside, we are ever and anon recalled to the serious business of life by an occasional allusion to some passing event or a reference to the immense problems which it is for this generation to solve. Not inaptly, we may say, does he give the sage advice, "Find out in which way the eternal stream is flowing, and row with the current."

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THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT OLYMPIA AND ATHENS.

I WRITE with the Greek text of a circular letter before me (in the New York 'Ατλαντίς of April 6, 1895, p. 2), which, in the name of a national council of twelve assembled under the presidency of H. R. H. the Duke of Sparta, invites the active coöperation of the local authorities throughout the Kingdom of Greece, and of all Greek citizens in Greece and out of it, by contributions and missionary effort of a nature to assure the complete success of the new international Olympic Games to be initiated at Athens in the spring of 1896. A local festival in which athletic exercises were a prominent feature has been held at Athens in past years, in connection with national industrial exhibitions, under the name of Olympic contests. But the present movement to revive the old festival on the footing of a grand international competition in gymnastic exercises, to occur every fourth spring or summer, each participant country assuming the responsibility of mounting the games in turn, had its origin but a little while ago in France. It is clearly an outgrowth of the marvellously increased enthusiasm of the young men of France for manly

sports of a less military type than those hitherto most highly esteemed by Frenchmen. It is proposed, by way of enlisting the sympathetic interest of the whole civilized Occident, to hold the first Olympic festival of this new series on practically neutral ground as far as the leading contemporary nations are concerned. With a fine instinct of fitness, the promoters of the enterprise recommended the sacred soil of Greece itself as best adapted to attract the athletic representatives of all Occidental nations and at the same time to lend historic dignity and a spark of romance to the difficult enterprise. Olympia itself, in the secluded valley of the Alpheios, is too remote from any centre of population and traffic to serve as a place of assembly for sports that require spectators as well as contestants and judges. Whereas Athens-Peiraieus with their population of 120,000 souls, their governmental establishments native and foreign, their ample hotel accommodations, their academic and social life, their steamship and railway connections, and their perfect salubriousness, meet every reasonable requirement. Thanks to the now somewhat discredited but always enterprising administration of ex-premier Trikoupes, the days have gone by when Greece was Orientally inaccessible. The Corinth Canal is to-day the wide open gate of the nearer Orient. The Greek steamships that sail from Brindisi to Athens in three days are first class passenger vessels fitted with electric light and every modern convenience. The voyage from Trieste, Venice, the Sicilian ports, Naples or Marseilles is not much longer. One may also sail from London direct to Peiraieus, and there is a likelihood of opportunities to reach the Aegæan direct from New York. Moreover it may quiet antiquarians even of the pedantic stripe to remember that "Olympic Games" were held in Athens in the classical age of Simonides and Pindar. When Emperor Hadrian dedicated the magnificent temple of Zeus Olympios completed by himself at Athens, A. D. 132, these Olympic games were celebrated with extraordinary splendor. It was in the same century that the brilliant and wealthy orator Herodes Atticus had the Panathenaic stadion which the Greek committee is now planning to refit for use next spring adorned and reveted with white Pentelic marble. The French promoters

were well inspired. Athens is indeed a name to conjure with. At the suggestion of the French committee and with the coöperation of the Greek telegraph and postal departments, the Greek Olympic council is taking steps to address from five to six thousand formal invitations to participate by contribution, and delegation of athletes, to the leading gymnastic and athletic societies and institutions of the Occident. The heart of the philatelist already leaps for joy to learn that Greece is going to issue, primarily to the committee and later on to all applicants, a series of Olympic postage stamps, postal cards, etc., which according to the designs submitted by Mr. Loukas will bear an effigy of the goddess Victory and other Olympic emblems. May we not hope that the Latin monetary union, to which Greece belongs, will authorize the issue of an artistic Olympic coin. With the laurel-crowned head of Zeus Olympios after the minature copy, found on a silver coin of Elis, of the gold and ivory statue by Pheidias, on the obverse, and the delicious seated Victory seen on coins of the Greek colony Terina in Magna Græcia struck in good stacciato relief on the reverse, such a coin would easily put our recent Columbian half dollar pieces—which speculative Chicago used to sell for six times their intrinsic value—to shame.

In due time the invitations and bulletins of the Olympic Council will furnish detailed information as to the projected contests and the conditions of entries and awards. It is the purpose to assimilate the gymnastic contests as nearly as possible to the antique prototypes which obtained and maintained an extraordinary popularity throughout the Greek-speaking world for nearly twelve centuries. There is greater danger of the management's not going far enough in this direction than of its going too far. The scholarly and the athletic world will be intensely interested if the reproduction of the gymnic exercises is made historically and archæologically correct. Groups of nude male figures running rapidly, or wrestling, at the distance of a good stone's throw from the eye of the average spectator will involve no greater danger to public morals than a "legitimate" ballet witnessed through a reversed opera glass. Where is the male or female idiot that has checked a cheer at the spectacle of our eight-

oar crews doffing their sweat-soaked jerseys, at the finish of a race, to dip them in the cool waves of Lake Cayuga or the Schuylkill River? The football games, regattas, shooting matches, fencing, and bicycle races—*horresco referens*—which are announced in substitution for the chariot and horse races in which the Greeks delighted, can be tolerated only provided they be so conducted as not to eclipse the gymnic exercises proper or obscure the classical character of the first new Olympiad as a whole. For ourselves we would travel further to witness a well contested four-in-hand chariot race, not produced *à la Barnum*, than to attend the Derby, let alone a weak imitation of it. In the Turkish Empire, if not in Greece, Arab stallions and mares might be found. . . . . But the Olympic committee realizes how futile it would be to ask the transportation of thoroughbred horse flesh to Athens for a single racing event, and it rightly eschews the offering of money prizes as illiberal and degrading. The olive and myrtle wreaths to be awarded the winners in the several contests will be fashioned of sterling silver artistically colored "proper." Thus the Olympic victors will not be without a permanent memorial of their prowess to exhibit at home and leave to their descendants.

While the details and material support of this phenomenal revival are being arranged for, it is not without interest to inquire into the exact character and history of the old Olympic Games which have furnished the inspiration for the new. They were held quadrennially, as every schoolboy knows, on the bank of the River Alpheios in Elis, where it is joined from the north, as it flows westward, by the tuneful creek Kladeos. Eleian legend ascribed their foundation to mythological periods, introducing now the Panhellenic god Zeus, now the Ionian Apollo, or again the Dorian hero Herakles, and Pelops, the ancestor of the royal houses of the peninsula that bears his name that reigned in the period of Achaian domination as founders and first contestants. This merely indicates their early intertribal importance. There is little doubt that the nucleus of the originally sepulchral festival was the tomb of Pelops, King of Pisa, who for this very reason perhaps came to be looked upon as a sort of pre-historic

Earl of Roseberry. Held from time almost immemorial at irregular intervals, it was not until 776 B. C. that the Olympic Games came to be held with regularity and uninterruptedly every fourth summer. This was made possible only by an arrangement already foreshadowed in a treaty between King Iphitos of Elis and the celebrated Lykourgos. By this, Elis, the state in which the festival was held, had its neutrality guaranteed under the auspices of the powerful Dorian state of Sparta, while similar provision was made for the safe conduct during the sacred midsummer month of all Greek delegations to Olympia while crossing Greek seas or territories. Even aside from the gain accruing from the Olympic Games, this freedom from frequent warlike molestation brought a wonderful prosperity to Elis, which the Greek geographer Strabo in the age of Augustus describes as the most peaceful, civilized, and altogether charming of all the Greek cantons, like a succession of pictures from the masterful brush of a Claude Lorrain. The games presently attracted hundreds of athletes and thousands of sightseers from the remotest Greek cantons and Hellenic colonies of Europe, Asia, and Africa. All freeborn Greeks were allowed to enter the lists unless excluded for treason to Hellas, sacrilege, or recalcitrancy to the regulations in force. Thus a Macedonian king who had adduced but insufficient evidence of his Argive ancestry was allowed to race his horses only "by courtesy," the wreath itself being withheld when they won the race, while a king of Syracuse was excluded from competition, on the motion of Themistokles, for his treason in not responding to the Greek call to arms as against the king of Persia. Such exclusions sometimes affected all the individual citizens of an offending state.

After the Roman conquest it was felt to be absurd to treat the Romans as barbarians, and under the Empire the ban against other civilized nations was progressively lifted, so that it was possible for the last victor before the suppression of the games A. D. 393 by Theodosios—the same imperial bigot whose dubious glory it is to have suppressed the venerable schools of philosophy at Athens,—to be an Armenian noble of the barbarous name of Artavazd.

From 776 B. C. until the fourteenth Olympiad the only contest, which always remained the crucial one, was that of the short foot-race, or 200 yards dash. One of the sensational results of the German excavation of Olympia was the discovery of the marble starting and goal plinths, with their deeply furrowed toe marks, which enabled my friend Dr. Dörpfeld and his coadjutors to determine the exact length of the Olympic stadion, with steel tape accuracy, as 192 meters and 40 centimeters. Square goal posts provided places at each end for twenty sprinters running at once. The winners of each group, and the winners of the bye races continued to run until the plaudits of the multitude proclaimed one champion runner of all Hellas. The victor at the time received only a palm branch in token of success. The wild olive wreaths from an ancient tree that grew in the sacred precinct of Zeus Olympios were not presented until the close of the festival. In the eighth century this was towards evening, but in the ampler program of the sixth century and after, not until the fifth and last day of the festal period. In the fifteenth Olympiad one Orsippos, a Dorian athlete, won the race by dropping his loincloth at the very start. No runner after this could be compelled to retain the hamperment, and the contestants in the other exercises that found introduction soon after dispensed with it from the start.

Scaliger, Corsini, Clinton in his Fasti Hellenici, and more recently Krause and Boetticher in their books on Olympia, have traced the gradual expansion of the festival from a primitive simplicity to the spectacular magnificence of the sixth, fifth, fourth, and later centuries. The double dash of 1200 feet and fatigue race of twenty-four stadia (3¾ English miles) were both run at the 15th Olympiad when Orsippos won his short dash and his long notoriety. The Pentathlon introduced at the 18th Olympiad=708 B. C., brought additional exercises in jumping, quoit and javelin throwing, running, and wrestling. Twenty years afterwards the cycle of gymnic contests was completed by the enrollment of the boxing match, unless one accords special importance to the Pankration and to the foot race in armor; for these were authorized for Olympia only at the 33d and the 65th Olym-

piad=520 B. C. From the 25th Olympiad=680 B. C. on, when the heroic four-in-hand chariot race was "revived" for Olympia, the innovations nearly all related either to the non-gymnic, but very popular and highly aristocratic sport of horse-racing in its many variants, or to the institution of contests for half grown boys which were identical with the same sports as practised by men.

Incredible as it may seem to all who remember how strongly the eastern Greeks were influenced by the Orient in their ideas of what was suitable for women, the sand of the Olympic stadion sometimes flew from under the feet of racing virgins. This custom was as old as the men's foot race itself. Nor was it dropped out of use with the advance of social refinement. Pausanias, writing a description of Olympia as he saw it in the second century after Christ, states that the girl racers let their hair hang loose upon their shoulders and wore light tunics not long enough to reach their knees. Just such a maiden figure is preserved to us in a charming though artistically rather primitive marble of the Vatican Sculpture Galleries, from which the writer was delighted to secure a cast for our University Museum of Classical Archæology. The fleet-footed young creature stands with one toe lightly balanced on a sort of home plate. There is the faintest suggestion, not of girlish awkwardness,—but rather of a truly feminine reluctance to appear awkward—as our own modern girls passively decline, though at a sacrifice of speed, to adopt certain hideous attitudes incident to rapid bicycle riding. Her arms are unsymmetrically raised. Her unconscious fingers spread with subdued excitement. Let the president of the prize jury give the signal, and she will dart forward. Artemis and the Graces speed her to win the palm that awaits the victor on the other side of the goal, only five hundred feet away —the racing length of the stadion was reduced a little for the girls, as indeed for their brothers. With thoroughly antique symbolism, the Greek sculptor has proleptically adorned the marble stump that he had to introduce to support and strengthen his fragile statue with the palm branch of victory. A clever English painter has lately thrown the whole spectacle of this Eleian girl race, *i. e.*,

the moment of the start, upon canvas with more archæological and historical correctness than is usual with artists, using this very statue for his model, with but a few natural variations, of complexion, build, and attitude to differentiate the young contestants. The stadion race for girls was a treble one, the youngest contestants running first and the older last. We are not informed what other exercises were in use at the Heraia—possibly a number of those prescribed for boys at the Olympia proper, but certainly no boxing; for this was considered an exercise of questionable educational benefit for the boys themselves, as well it might be.

The Heraia, though held in the regular Olympic stadion, were a purely cantonal and feminine affair, as if in compensation to the women for their exclusion, even as spectators, let alone as contestants (unless it were as horse owners), from the regular quadrennial Olympic games. On this point the regulations were very severe. Women who accompanied their husbands and sons to Olympia had to camp on the further bank of the river during the whole festival. The exception proves the rule: it was made regularly in behalf of the local priestess of Demeter. Contravention by other women was punishable by death. Was this law enforced? Not always. A Rhodian boxer's mother—Dorian mothers had a gift for doing and saying the queerest things; I believe this one's name was Pherenike,—came to Olympia determined to see her son win his wreath. Disguised as a trainer, she would have escaped observation had she not betrayed her sex and character, when the shouts of the spectators proclaimed her son victor, by leaping a railing and falling upon her boy's neck. Try to conceive of a crowd of fifty thousand Greek sportsmen, whom the touching incident had thrown into a delirium of admiration and delight, allowing the Olympic court to sentence Pherenike! But after that the coaches were made to appear in a costume so severely modest, quantitatively speaking, as to preclude all similar attempts thenceforward.

In the 77th Olympiad=472—Themistokles and Aristeides and Kimon, Simonides and Pindar were like as not present—the entries were for the first time so numerous and the contests so hardfought that the pankratiasts came on only at dusk and had

to fight in the dark. It was, therefore, decided to distribute the contests over three successive days, preceded and succeeded by one devoted to preliminaries and closing exercises. Thus the first day of the festival, which fell on the eleventh of the sacred month, was given up to the processions by the official delegations, to the swearing in, and to the place-drawings of the prospective contestants. Part of their oath formula is preserved: "*If you have undergone training in all respects as becomes those that propose to tread the soil of Olympia,*" the Hellanodikai would say to them, standing assembled before a bronze statue of Zeus, the punisher of perjury, in the Olympian Council House, "*and if you have committed nothing frivolous or ignoble, come with all good courage. But if any have not prepared himself in this manner, let him depart whither he will!*" On the twelfth of the month, which was about the same as our July, the actual games began at daybreak with the performance of the boys. The thirteenth determined what runner's name the Olympiad would bear, and brought nearly all the gymnic contests to a close. The horse races in the hippodrome occupied the forenoon of the fourteenth, the afternoon sun witnessed the complex exercises of the Pentathlon in the stadion, and the full moon often rose before the races in armor were all run. On the previous night also the pankratiasts often struggled their contests out by moon and starlight, even after the reform of the 77th Olympiad, when the Athenian Kallias won his wreath in the dark. On the fifteenth, finally, the victors received their crowns from an ivory table in the temple of Zeus, and entertained their friends with impromptu banquets. These entertainments were not without their humors. Empedokles of Akragas, a pupil of the great Pythagoras and a vegetarian, had an ox moulded of costly dried fruits and spices that were presently distributed among those in attendance. One is reminded of the edible equestrian statue of General Grant exhibited by California in Chicago, which a distinguished American sculptor described to me as "no great shakes in the sculptor line, but truly wonderful when you consider it as a prune."

To gain a precise understanding of Greek athletics one must consider the various gymnic contests seriatim.

THE DASH (STADION) AND DOUBLE DASH (DIAULOS).

Need no additional description to that given already. No time records were kept, or well could be. An epigrammatist says of one swift runner that the spectators saw him at the start-plate and again at the goal posts, but not between. Such statements may pass in poetry.

THE FATIGUE RUN (DOLICHOS).

Twenty-four stadia, or twelve times the Diaulos. Accurately, 4,617 meters 60 centimeters=about 3¾ English miles, without allowance for face-abouts. The biggest day's run recorded by Greek historians was the Dolichos of Euchidas from Plataia to Delphoi and back, about one hundred English miles. Fitzgerald's *walk* of six hundred miles in six days at Madison Square Garden in the early eighties puts Euchidas in the shade.

THE RUN IN ARMOR (HOPLITODROMIA).

A Diaulos by runners originally wearing full Greek battle gear and armed with spears. This was soon abandoned, only a light bronze helmet and shield being retained. A set of twenty-five, of equal weight, was kept in the temple of Zeus.

THE PENTATHLON.

Opened with the

RUNNING BROAD JUMP,

the only sort of leaping practiced at Olympia. Pictures on Grecian vases show how the ground was loosened with picks and that the distance leaped was carefully measured with a string or tape. For this exercise we have no Olympian record, but there is a Pythian one made by Phayllos of Kroton, some years before the naval engagement of Salamis, in which Phayllos, alone of all the Italiote Greeks, commanded a trireme. This Greek gentleman of the old school was, of course, as all Pentathlon contestants must of needs be, an excellent runner and quoit thrower. But his quoit throw of 95 feet does not approach his phenomenal clear jump of fifty-five. Such feats were achieved by the Greek athletes by more than merely superior training. To begin with, they used a spring board (βατήρ), and further, stone and bronze

or iron leaping weights of singular shape (ἁλτῆρες). By swinging these instruments violently forward at the moment of leaping, and back again before landing, as they were required to, on both feet and with an immediate firm stand, they succeeded in projecting their weight further into space than they could have done without enlisting the strength and agility of their arms as an auxiliary to that of their legs and trunk. The experiment is worth trying with better copies of the old ἁλτῆρες than our dumbbells. At Olympia as at the Pythia the leaping was done to strains of flute music, and preceded by a flute solo. This is why I believe it to have opened the Pentathlon series. Next came

THE QUOIT OR DISK THROW (DISKOS).

The disk was a large bronze one. Extant specimens are very artistically made and decorated and weigh some ten pounds. They were not rolled, but thrown after a method abundantly illustrated in the sculptured and painted monuments of Antiquity. About a dozen stages of the act are accurately distinguished and delineated in Greek works of art with a fidelity nearly as of the instantaneous camera. Myron's bronze, of which there are three fine copies, illustrates a champion disk thrower *in articulo jactus*. An exhibition throw across the Alpheios, opposite the Altis of Olympia, that has a midsummer width of between 170 and 200 feet, gives an idea of the records that could be made.

THE JAVELIN THROW.

The javelin was a light wooden missile with a long metal point that served to pierce the object serving as a target. To secure accuracy a thong was wound spirally around the shaft for about half its length, and looped over two finger tips. It had the effect of causing the javelin to revolve upon itself like an arrow or rifle ball. Experimentally I have found this device a very advantageous one indeed.

THE WRESTLING MATCH (PALE).

Was preceded in the Pentathlon by a short footrace. The object was to down your adversary thrice so as to make both his shoulders touch ground. Wrist snatching, tripping, the use of slippery oil on the body, etc., all passed for legitimate, while

breaking his fingers was tolerated, though not admired. A certain Leontiskos of Messene had earned the sobriquet of "The Knuckle Cracker" from his fondness for this ugly trick.

Milon of Kroton, the proverbial strong man of Magna Græcia, achieved an Olympic wreath when a boy, and was the champion adult wrestler of Greece for the space of five Olympiads. At his seventh he met his Jim Corbett, in a young countryman of superior agility and wariness, though not the equal of the great Milon for sheer strength. Besides his Olympian wreaths Milon won seven Pythian, nine Nemean, and ten Isthmian victories. His bronze statue in the Altis executed in the still rigid art of the sixth century B. C., with both feet firmly planted on a circular plinth, both forearms horizontally extended with the little finger of the supine left hand stiffly crooked, while the right hand grasped a pomegranate, the emblem of the Krotonian goddess Hera Lakinia, a broad fillet tightly bound about his brow denoting the athletic victor, gave rise to fabulous anecdotes about him: So firmly could he stand on a greased wooden or metal disk, the Olympian guides told sightseers, that none could push him off; again, they said, he successfully defied all comers to bend the little finger of his left hand or derange a pomegranate held out in his right; he could crack a broad leather strap by merely swelling his temples, etc.

THE PANKRATION.

This was a contest intermediate between wrestling proper and boxing. It was permitted in the Pankration to strike your adversary anywhere, but only with the palm of the hand or with open knuckles. An admirable work of art, the marble group of The Wrestlers in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, represents two closely interlaced Pankratiasts.

THE BOXING MATCH (PYGME).

The bronze statue of a seated boxer found inside the Teatro Nazionale of Rome in 1885, and which, after much close study of the excellent plaster facsimile I was able to procure for our University Museum of Classical Archæology, I fully believe to be an original work by the great Lysippos of Sikyon, is the best illustration of the cruel strap and sole-leather cestus, or boxing glove,

used by the Greek boxers. This splendidly realistic statue also shows its terrible effects in the elderly bruiser's numerous wounds about the head and arms and his deformed ears. Even worse was the condition of one Androleos into whose mouth his epigrammatist puts the doleful words :

" Pisa* possesses one ear of Androleos. Likewise Plataia
One of his ears. For a corpse Pytho† beheld him outstretched."

To most persons the equally fine Greek bronze of an erect spearman found at the same time and place seems an infinitely nobler piece of sculpture by a princelier artist, But there is room in art as in life for bulldog as well as for kingly virtues. Is there any academic soul so non-conformistically puling, or a live heart of either sex so dead as not to respond to this poetic description (all that remains, alas !) of the bronze statue of the runner Ladas, by the great naturalist sculptor, Myron ?

" How upon fleetest of feet to the goalwards thou airily speddest,
Raising a deep-heaving chest up for the coveted wreath,
Even so, Ladas, hath Myron—not far from thy triumph—portrayed thee.
Even so, light as of air, ever upstriveth thy form,
Splendidly hopeful in bronze. On the verge of its lip hovers quick breath ;
Ardor and longing desire deeply inflate the big chest ;
One moment more and the statue would leap from its pedestal wreathwards.
Wonder of life and of art ! Light as a spirit that breathes !"

Alfred Emerson.

* Olympia. † Delphoi.

A SONG.

Forgotten be the singer, yet the song
Lives in the eternal harmony of things ;
Though dumb who touched the chords, not centuries long,
Have weight of years to still the trembling strings.

Herbert Eugene Millholen, '89.

MRS. VAN ARSDALE'S NIECE.

JACK RANDOLPH ascended to the upper deck, lit his cigar, and reflected on the untrustworthiness of women in general, and Mrs. Van Arsdale in particular. The latter lady had promised to take that boat from New England escorting her niece, Miss Beatrix, to the city, and naturally, she did not keep her word. Naturally also, when he got on at Newport, and found that the steamer did not carry a single person he knew, and that he had no prospects of amusement besides smoking the bad cigars the Navigation Company provided, and watching a plebeian crowd drink even more plebeian beer, he was nettled at the lady whose faithlessness had caused his present ennui. It was in early October. Nearly everyone of prominence had come back to town, and the season was to open in a few days with a cotillon given by Mrs. Van Arsdale for the niece aforesaid. Randolph did not know the niece ; he had heard her described as a paragon of the social virtues, but he was in the habit of discounting descriptions. Mostly they were given by young men of inflated enthusiasm, and he found it safer to subtract the discount from expectation than from realization. So the niece was to be placed, until tried, among the ordinary young women who said much and thought little.

He found the ride very uninteresting. The usual quota of people were seasick in the cabin, and he had a narrow escape from a pallid young lady who wanted to find a comfortable place to die. He fled, gasping, to the bow, and leaned far over the rail, watching the golden water dash into silver spray as the clean sharp prow cut into it.

A young lady sitting some ways in on the deck lowered her book and regarded him with calm curiosity. Randolph needed only two glances to decide that she was pretty, and a third glance, which took in the trim figure, the gray gown and the neat sailor hat, told him also that she was a lady of breeding. He quickly scrambled into a position infinitely more dignified, and watched her with an air of apologetic justification. But she did not lift her eyes from the book she was reading, although a slight smile

trembling around her mouth showed him that his return to self consciousness had not passed unnoticed.

Who was she? Certainly no one he knew, yet there was something unaccountably familiar in the clear cut lines of the face. Where had he seen it before? He could not remember; and meanwhile, here he was staring at a lady in a way he would have reproved in a younger man. He arose and went astern, feeling that he had been doing something rude.

The spires of Brooklyn were plainly visible in the reddening sunset before he ventured to return forward. She was sitting as before, the book in her lap, gazing far ahead where the sunlight would flash from glass windows and metal spires. He stopped and watched her silently, wondering again where had he seen that face. A man, evidently under the influence of liquor, brushed roughly past him, out onto the forward deck. The smell of the liquor momentarily sickened Randolph, and when he turned to look again, the man had staggered in front of the girl, and started to lay a hand on her shoulder. Randolph took three or four short steps and sent him sprawling on the deck, whence two deck hands picked him and carried him below. It all went too quickly to seem real to Randolph, and he stood, almost wondering, while the girl was quietly thanking him for his bravery. "It wasn't anything, you know," he said afterwards to his friends at the club. "I just gave him a push and he went over, and there she was thanking me as though I had done something."

The boat steamed slowly into the river, with Randolph and the girl together on the deck, she telling him how she had missed the lady she expected to meet at the boat, and so had come along alone, thinking that in the hurry and confusion at the wharf her friends might have become lost in the crowd. "I'm very glad that I could have been of assistance to you," said Randolph, simply.

He handed her into a carriage at the wharf, and found himself listening with unaccountable curiosity for the address she gave the driver. "Van Arsdale, by Jove," he said, "and she must be the niece! I think I shall go there next week."

"A social function," he observed as he dismounted from his

carriage on the night of Mrs. Van Arsdale's cotillon, "is never a success unless the people are so crowded as to be thoroughly uncomfortable." He fought his way through the crowds coming in and going out to the dressing room—and met Her on the stairs. There was no mistaking the fine face, and as she passed him, he received a little smile and a half nod of recognition.

When he left the dressing room, the crowd had increased, and dancing had begun, so that he had no chance to be immediately presented to Mrs. Van Arsdale's niece. That lady herself regretted with much volubility, that he had not come earlier; she promised, however, to rescue the damsel at the earliest opportunity and corral her until Randolph should meet her. The latter fancied two or three times that he caught glimpses of the face he was looking for, over the shoulders of the crowd, but a great wave of dancers and dowagers would swallow her up. Toward the end of the evening he gave up looking for her, as the surest way to find her. "The watched pot never boils," he said, "I'll see her surely before the night is over. Meanwhile I will bear my cross with patience."

He wandered out into the conservatory and lit a cigar surreptitiously. Through the half open door came the sounds of the music half drowned by voices and laughter. Through the rifts between the houses opposite shone the white light from the arc lamps of the street behind, and over all was the clear cold atmosphere of a New York October, Idly he threw his cigar away and turned to go back.

The girl of the steamer was in the doorway as he passed in, dressed in a quiet, high gown, that he reflected was in much better taste than those of the ladies he could see through the doorway behind her. And again he received the same shy half nod of recognition. But this time he was not going to let her go. "I've been looking for you all the evening," he exclaimed. "I wanted to be introduced, you know, but Mrs. Van Arsdale had lost you. And now I stopped you—because I was afraid of losing you—and we hardly need another introduction, do we?" Again the same quiet nod of assent, and the half smile about the finely chiseled mouth. "Can't I get you an ice or something?" he asked, "or do you care to dance?"

She shook her head slowly. "Please let me pass," she said, "I'm Miss Beatrix's maid, and I've got to help with the supper dishes, you know."

She went, and Randolph, turning, saw Mrs. Van Arsdale beaming in a beckoning smile, and holding by the hand a flabby-faced girl in very pronounced evening dress. He turned and walked deliberately out on the piazza again, thinking what a joke the boys would consider it all. He wondered had Mrs. Van Arsdale seen him a few minutes before. It might be rather awkward if she had, but—

"Still I'm not sorry that they missed that boat," said Jack Randolph, thoughtfully. *Hugh J. O'Brien.*

MR. KIPLING'S LIBRARY.

MANY distinguished authors have in recent years made public profession of their favorite reading. I need only refer to a work entitled *Books That Have Helped Me*, to Sir John Lubbock's *Pleasures of Life*, and to the *Pall Mall Gazette's* lists of the *Hundred Best Books*. Mr. Kipling, indeed, makes no such proclamation. At the same time many books have left noticeable traces on his style and made strong impressions on his memory, as appears from many of his allusions and turns of phrase. My present object is to show how much or how little light can be thrown on this subject by a cursory examination of Mr. Kipling's writings, from *Departmental Ditties* to the *Jungle Book*. The result will of course be incomplete. Only a part of a man's reading can be detected in his random allusions, and further, the reader, if hampered by mortal limitations, misses many a point. However, we shall see what can be done.

Be it premised that Mr. Kipling is essentially not a bookish writer. His prose style, except for certain *tours de force* like the *Dream of Duncan Parenness* and the dedication to *In Black and White*, may be called unliterary. He has discarded the elegances of the essayist for the talk of the man of the world, the slang of the reporter, the technicalities of the Anglo-Indian, the rough

speech of the barrack-room. Some of his stories are so sprinkled with native dialect, the *bat*, if you will permit me, that certain passages can be appreciated only like grand opera, by the sound and the action. Further, though Kipling has read books a-plenty, he does not write *from* them. His works are not the product of in-breeding. It is all very well that now and then he enjoys himself with novel or poem, puffing a Laranaga the while: when he collects materials for his tales, it is not in the alcoves of a library, from dusty volumes wherein others have recorded what they have seen and felt, but in the "full tide of human existence." His tales are "collected from all places, and from all sorts of people, from priests in the Chubára, from Ala Yár the carver, Jiwan Singh the carpenter, nameless men on steamers and trains around the world." Strickland, plunging into the heart of native life; Mowgli, learning the speech and thought of bird and beast in the jungle; Dick Heldar, at Suakin, "for his own hand," sketching the group of shell-torn bodies; in all of these we see a phase of Mr. Kipling himself. In this light, his library is the world, whereof India is the most fascinating volume, and America, alas, the worst written.

But it is the other side of the subject that is to be here discussed, and I proceed to a discussion of the books and authors of whom reminiscences apppear in Mr. Kipling's own writings. First and foremost must be mentioned the Bible, for this is the book which Mr. Kipling oftenest quotes. Two of his books, *Many Inventions* and *Mine Own People* have Biblical titles, as do the *Story of Uriah*, *Naboth*, and *The Mark of the Beast*. Scriptural verses appear at the heads of stories. The *Study of an Elevation in Indian Ink*, is founded on Old Testament story, and leads one to fancy that Kipling would explain the intended treachery of Zuleika on the theory that her husband was "coarse as a chimpanzee," while Joseph was a polished and smooth-spoken youth, able to hoodwink the babus of Pharaoh's court. These examples are more than enough; were more needed, there would be no lack.

Mr. Kipling's allusions to the English classics may or may not begin with Chaucer. The story of *The King's Ankus* is a re-

telling of Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale*—of the treasure which is death, and of the messenger despatched for food, who returns with poison, whereof his murderers die. This widely known legend has been grafted on the story of the friendship of Mowgli with Kaa and Bagheera. The next book, in chronological order, from which Mr. Kipling has taken a hint is the veracious volume of Sir John Maundeville, whose quaint phrase and inspired spelling are imitated in the dedication to J. Lockwood Kipling, C. I. E., of the tales entitled, *In Black and White.*

As one might expect, Mr. Kipling has decked more than one tale with feathers from the plumage of the Sweet Swan of Avon. "'Tis fine sport," he remarks with pardonable inaccuracy in *His Wedded Wife*, "to see the gunner hoist with his own battery." Mulvaney knew all about Hamlet from his experiences in Silver's Theatre. But the Shakespearean reminiscences, like the Biblical, are everywhere.

The library is not extensively stocked, one imagines, with the literature which lies between Elizabeth and Victoria. Mr. Kipling mentions few writers of the 17th and 18th centuries, and these with slight emphasis. In *The Light that Failed*, ch. vii, the Nilghai (who, by the way, had come for chess and remained to talk tactics) sings the *Nightpiece to Julia*. *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Pilgrim's Progress* are honored by single mention. Mackintosh Jellaludin parodies a line of Addison's *Campaign*, that he probably found anywhere except in the original poem. Most of us know it from Macaulay. The Maharaj Kunwar, in the *Naulahka*, recites the poem of Blake's whose opening words give the title to one of the finest stories in the *Jungle Book*—"*Tiger, Tiger.*" The immortal Brugglesmith, "a poet himself and able to feel for others," makes a portmanteau stanza of lines from Spenser's *Prothalamion* and Gray's *Bard.* It is sad to reflect that these quotations were probably intended as a compliment to his companion. Further on in the same story there is evidence of Mr. Kipling's acquaintance with Boswell, where the narrator is chased round St. Clement Danes into Holywell Street. "I had leisure to think of a thousand things as I ran, but most I thought of that great and God-like man who held a sitting in the north

gallery of St. Clement Danes, a hundred years ago. I know that he, at least, would have felt for me."

Before continuing this list through the present century, let us turn back to the shelves which contain the literature of countries other than England. Mr. Kipling's classical allusions are few. Except for a tag or so of Latin, all that appear are given to Mackintosh Jellaludin, who in life entered the Inferno as did Vergil the shades (this is of course not strictly classical), who drank himself to death with liquor worse than Ovid's in exile, and who pawned to Ditta Mull, the clothes dealer, a Pickering Horace. This is all; most Homeric of moderns, Mr. Kipling quotes no Greek. The later writers of alien tongues are not often referred to. "Polly, don't be Rabelaisian," said Mrs. Hauksbee on one occasion. Mrs. Mallowe obeyed, which is more than Ortheris is said to have done at times. Mackintosh Jellaludin speaks of Dante. Tomlinson, following the fads of Berkeley Square, took his opinions from Ibsen and Tolstoi; nay, even read a certain wicked Belgian book, for which a dead French Lord was responsible. The reader of this book (its name has not yet transpired) may escape the devil, it seems; whether or no this is true of the author is not stated.

The alert reader will remember passages which mention Heine, Gautier, Dumas and Zola. Let one more author conclude this part of the catalogue: the sagacious Persian to whom Kipling has attributed new maxims not inferior to the old ones in wisdom.

"Who reads an American book?" was once asked by the *Times*. I answer, "Mr. Kipling." He has been quoted as saying that he learned more from Bret Harte than from any other writer. Brander Matthews has called him the son of Bret Harte. Bret Harte, he adds, was the son of Dickens, who was the son of Smollett, who was the son of LeSage, who was the son of the Greek romancers. A long-lived and illustrious lineage—but that is is another story. To Kipling the name of Bret Harte is a greater thing in San Francisco than Nob Hill or the cable-cars. This statement is in the *American Notes*, in which mention is further made of Holmes and of Cable. In *The Light that Failed*, Dick Heldar quotes Longfellow and Poe. In the uncanonical end-

ing of the same work, the war correspondents, before starting for the Soudan, sing Julia Ward Howe's *Battle Hymn of the Republic.* Charlie Mears gets "drunk on Longfellow." Poetry should go to the heart and not to the head—but what did Lord Bacon say? The legend to *With the Main Guard* is taken from the *Breitmann Ballads*; that from the *Children of the Zodiac* is from Emerson. Finally, I need merely mention the name of the son of Cornell, Wolcott Balestier, to call to mind the *Naulahka* and the magnificent *Dedication.*

A great deal of shelf room in the library, far the greater part, is occupied by recent and current English literature—from classics like Keats and Tennyson, Thackeray and Dickens, to Clark Russell's novels and the Bab Ballads. *Vanity Fair*, *Little Barrnaby Dorrit*, and the *Mystery o' the Bleak Druid* linger in Brugglesmith's memory, the first even moving him to tears "in his lonely bunk." Wali Dad is driven to call himself "a demnition product." Walter Besant's *Strange Case of Mr. Lucraft* arouses Mr. Kipling's opposition, after his own strange adventure in the dâk-bungalow at Katmal. A dangerous experience of Mulvaney brings up reminiscences of the Suicide Club in the *New Arabian Nights.* Charlie Mears borrowed *Treasure Island* and Mortimer Collins's *Transmigration.* The *Three Captains*, too, are novelists, and add the names of Hardy and Black to the list.

Mr. Kipling's favorite poets are Swinburne and Browning. Besides the out-and-out parodies, one fancies that resemblances to the two can be detected in more than one feature of the poems: to Browning in the colloquial unconventionality of even serious phrase, and to Swinburne in the alliteration and the long melodious lines. Mackintosh Jellaludin once recited the whole of the *Atalanta.* In the *Masque of Plenty* is a Swinburnean chorus, "Before the beginning of years." The Oxford man so often in evidence quotes the *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*, one passage in which he professes to understand better than Kipling himself. To the story of the *Second Rate Woman* is prefixed a stanza of *Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha.* The best witness of all, though, is the "dramatic monologue," *One Viceroy Resigns*, a perfect bit of imitation, in which the feet are the feet of Browning while the voice is the voice of Rudyard Kipling. There are also two paro-

dies of Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam: the *Last Department* and the *Rupaiyat.*

Babu Grish Chunder knew all about "trailing clouds of glory" from the cram-book on Wordsworth. This, you will remember, is in *The Finest Story in the World*, in which Charlie Mears is introduced to Byron, Shelley and Keats. How many have heard of Derozio, "the man who imitated Byron?" The title of *The Moon of Other Days* recalls Tom Moore. *Possibilities* is a short *In Memoriam* in the original metre. Mackintosh Jellaludin, once again, sings the *Song of the Bower.* The *Hill of Illusion* is prefaced by a stanza of Matthew Arnold. The line which stands at the head of the *Judgment of Dungara* can be traced back to Alexander Smith. Otis Yeere quotes Mrs. Browning. *At the Pit's Mouth* has an inscription from Jean Ingelow. One of the most powerful pieces in *Life's Handicap*, a description of a sultry and sleepless summer night in Lahore, is called *The City of Dreadful Night.* The poem itself, Thomson's gloomy masterpiece, is often on the lips of Dick Heldar, who chooses its somber divinity, the *Melencolia*, for the subject of his ruined picture.

A more careful search, or even a more careful ransacking of the memory—for I have not yet mentioned *Coster Songs* or the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—would increase this list, but it is already long enough. An acquaintance with Mr. Kipling's works is one of those virtues that bring their own reproof. Who are the three best read men in Kipling? Charlie Mears, good for nothing; Mackintosh Jellaludin, a drunken wreck; Tomlinson, not worth his colliery expenses. This is a conclusion not to be imparted to undergraduates, yet it embodies Mr. Kipling's doctrine of reading. Read, if you will, says he, but do your best reading in the work of Nature. The men in his Valhalla are not those who have read, but those who "fought and ruled and sailed and loved and made our world." This much, however, can be said Experience, the academy which Mr. Kipling recommends, is a hard school. Some of us by our duties, and some by our incomes, are prevented for the time being from seeing India at first hand like Pagett, M. P. A part of life we must be content to read of in books; above all, in those of Mr. Kipling—which is really no deprivation.

William Strunk, jr.

THE MARQUISE RING.

THE summer that I left the *News* I was about the last man on the staff to get a vacation, and when my turn came I was so worn out that the only vacation I could enjoy was an utter rest. So I fled to a great-aunt of mine who lives in a very rural district, where anything more exciting than the weather seldom occurs and the daily newspaper has not yet penetrated.

One hot afternoon, we were all sitting on the shadier end of the piazza, feebly waving our palm-leaf fans, when a ragged figure appeared above the top of the knoll and came straggling wearily down through the dust. It was plainly one of the "Wandering Willies" that always herald the approach of harvest time. As he began an apologetic entrance into the side gate, my young cousin Bob shouted "Go 'long! We don't feed tramps," and Watch woke up and commenced an energetic barking.

"Why didn't you tell him to go to Mis' Burdick's?" asked little Letty.

"They allus find that out quick enough," remarked Uncle Richard.

Mrs. Burdick and her daughter, Viola, lived just "slounch-wise" of Uncle Richard, in a typical white house with green blinds, consisting of an "upright part and a wing" with a narrow sloping piazza and surrounded by a neat white picket fence. The tourist stood looking at the big front gate post. I could not see his face, but I saw a cheerful look come over his attitude, as he straightened up, swung open the gate and went up the gravel path with a jaunty air. He did not go around to the wood-shed door, but across the piazza to the side door, where he knocked confidently.

"I've looked that air gate post over a hunderd times," said Uncle Richard, "and I can't find nothin' onto it, but somehow them tramps seem to know the minute they've looked at it that there's the place for 'em."

"Miss Burdick allus feeds tramps," explained Aunt Jane. "She asks 'em all about where they come from, and she has an idee

that sometime she'll get word of Joe that way, they travel around the country such a sight. Don't you know about Joe? You don't say! Why, he was Miss Burdick's son and he ran away from home nigh onto four years ago. He was a right smart boy, but headstrong. Him and his father couldn't get along noway together. Tim Burdick was a dretful high-tempered man, and one day they had an awful quarrel. It was about splitting some wood, and somehow or other Tim let the axe fall and cut off Joe's little finger. The next day Joe ran away. Mrs. Burdick used to hear from him onct in a while at first on the sly, and then she lost track of him and the old man wouldn't take no steps to find him. Arterwards Tim died and ever since then she's been a feedin' the tramps an' a askin' of 'em, but she's never yet found one as had heerd of him, and I doubt she ever will. She just draws tramps into the neighborhood and keeps other folks in mortal terror."

"I should like to hear her interview one of her tramps," I said, with reportorial instinct.

"She was a sayin' just the other day," said Uncle Richard, "that bein' as you was a newspaper man, p'raps you could help her question some of them fellows. Sometimes they think she suspicions 'em and she can't get nuthin' out of 'em. Now, I got a postal fer Violy down to the Corners this mornin', an' I see it wasn't of no importance, so I didn't take it over directly. If you want to drop in kind o' keerless like—"

I took the hint and the postal and crossed the road. Mrs. Burdick met me. She was a tall, black-haired woman of fifty, with the sunken chest and emaciated frame that told of care and consumption. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed with the hope, roused for the hundreth time, that she would hear from her lost boy. Viola came behind her, a pale, nervous damsel of twenty-four, with faded yellow hair and vacant eyes. She made an enthusiastic dive for the postal, and ran away to read it, though I knew it was only a soap advertisement.

The tramp sat in the kitchen making ferocious onslaughts on a a new custard pie, and when he had finished I beguiled him into conversation. The man was an unusually stupid Swede, and all

I could learn was that he was a dock-laborer working his way home from Cincinnati to New York. Mrs. Burdick sat listening intently, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. When Cincinnati was mentioned, she burst out: "Why, Joe's been there! He wrote me a letter from there once. It was two years ago last June." But I could not make the man remember that he had ever seen Joe Burdick.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Burdick, as we watched his square shoulders disappear down the road, "It do beat all how much you get out of him, and he not ever knowin' that you were questionin' of him. We came nearer to findin' poor Joe than ever before. Just think, if that fellow had only been in Cincinnaty a year before he might have seen him." And I saw her lift the corner of her apron to her eye.

A few weeks later a band of Coxeyites broke ranks a few miles from us and, and for a week Mrs. Burdick kept a veritable *table d'hote*. One morning an unusually handsome and well-dressed young Coxeyite strolled into our yard and asked for his breakfast. I recognized him as one I had seen at the Corners, discoursing to the farmers on the wrongs of the poor and the injustice of things in general. As usual, Aunt Jane passed him on to Mrs. Burdick.

An hour later Mrs. Burdick rushed over in wild excitement. After feasting strangers, she had at last entertained an angel of good tidings. Mr. Lawrence, the eloquent Coxeyite had known Joe in Chicago.

"He said that he and Joe was in a bank together, and they had a pretty good thing, but Mr. Lawrence had hard luck and he kinder lost track of Joe. He don't know just where Joe is now, but he's goin' to look him up now, and when he finds him he'll let us know."

We none of us believed that Mrs. Burdick's caller would keep his promise, even if he intended to, and we pitied her for the disappointment she would suffer when this hope was destroyed. But we were too skeptical, for one morning Mrs. Burdick came to us, her eyes brimming with tears, and in her hand a letter from Joe. It was a manly, dutiful letter, and bore substantial proof of prosperity as well as affection, for it contained a considerable sum

of money. He wrote that he was being successful, and that he was coming home soon, but strangely enough, he did not send his address. The post-mark was Minneapolis.

Joe wrote several times more, and they began to watch for his home-coming. Mrs. Burdick wore an expression of joyous anticipation, and even Viola began to look almost animated. The house received a dazzling coat of green and white, and a new red sofa adorned the parlor. I even saw Viola one evening parting at the gate with one of the neighborhood eligibles, so swift is the rumor of prosperity.

In the autumn I got the appointment I had been working for as city editor of a St. Paul paper. There were other than business reasons which drew me to Minnesota, and I was making joyful preparations for my departure, when Mrs. Burdick and Viola appeared. They had heard from Joe again, and had come to add to the messages I was to give him, if I should find him. Moreover another birthday had come to Viola and Joe had sent her a present. She held out to me a bony hand, on the third finger of which a marquise ring slid loosely. It was not an extraordinary piece of jewelry, but there was something about the way the streak of light flashed across the stone that suggested startlingly a precisely similar ring that I myself had bought one time. Viola dragged it over the clumsy joint and handed it to me for closer inspection. The inner surface had been scraped as if to remove an inscription, and there were other signs that the ring was not new. I was sure that I recognized the ring. Perhaps it had been lost and had found its way through a pawnbroker's shop into Joe Burdick's hands. At any rate I should soon see the owner and be able to find out. So I expressed my admiration of the ring and returned it to Viola.

When I reached the end of my journey I found that the person I wished most of all to see was ill. She had been a passenger on a train which had been recently held up, and the fright had prostrated her. It was a daring and clever robbery, but three of the gang had been taken and the trial of the robbers was the topic of the hour in St. Paul. I was too busy to attend the trial, but I followed the accounts and saw the pictures of the men.

One morning word was brought me that one of our reporters was sick. It happened to be the very one I had detailed to interview the convicted robbers, and, as I could take the time, I went down myself.

The last of the three that I saw was Dick Thompson. He was the youngest, and though there were other heavy charges against him, his youth and his frail appearance had won him much sympathy during the trial. He looked delicate, tall and slender, a narrow face with heavy dark hair, deep black eyes, and a red flush over the prominent cheek-bones. His pronunciation proved him a Yankee, though at the trial he had claimed to be from Texas. For a short time I conversed with him as I had with the other men, and the next day's paper contained a tame account of an interview with a captive bandit.

As I put up my note-book I said, "As a reporter I am through with you, but I have something to say to you as a friend. I have some messages to give to you from your mother." It was a long guess.

"From my mother!" he echoed in amazement.

"Yes. You are Joe Burdick, are you not?"

He stared at me a moment with pale face, and then said, deliberately:

"You are mistaken. My name is Thompson."

"Perhaps I am," I answered, quietly. "But, by the way, how did you lose your little finger, and where did you get the ring you sent your sister Viola?"

He gave up all attempts at denial. "How did you know me?" he asked. "Does mother know all about it? It must have been Frank Lawrence that gave me away."

I told him how I had come to find him.

"How long have you been in this business," I asked.

"I didn't begin this way. I was working in the cattle-yards at Chicago at first and then we went on a strike and after that I couldn't get work, and so long as father was alive I wouldn't go home. Then I began to find out that there were other ways of getting money. Me and Frank Lawrence, the fellow that went with Coxey were together. He told mother I was in a bank. I was—about fifteen minutes.

"I really was going home. I'd had enough of this business, and I was ready to go back and work on the farm and do anything honest. But it's a game that's a good deal like poker. You think if you win the next jack-pot you'll stop. I came into the game once too often. I wrote mother last night that I couldn't leave my business until next spring. I shall be out of here before that time. I've got the consumption like all our folks. Its just a question of time, and the way I've been living around in swamps and barns has gone a good ways toward settling that question. I've got a partner that's a white man and he'll write to mother and settle things up, and she'll never need to know where or what I've been."

The last few sentences came brokenly through sobs. I staid until the keeper came to tell me that time was up, and then I left him sitting disconsolately in his cell.

Joe was right. It was less than two months later that his mother received a letter saying that he was dead. Paradoxical as it may seem Joe's "partner" was a "white man," for he sent Mrs. Burdick several hundred dollars which Joe had saved, and the source of which she never questioned. Verily there is honor among thieves.

The marquise ring I suppose still rattles on Viola's slender finger, but on the finger that used to wear it a diamond now sparkles.

SEVEN.

ALONG in May sometime Rorison began to announce that this summer he intended to spend in college. He prefaced the announcement with the statement that he was telling everybody he knew that he intended to stay, so that having in a way pledged himself to do it, he'd have to see it out. He gave no reasons that were of any weight, he only said he'd grown tired of this summer resort business and the place where his people always went, that this wasn't such a bad place after all if you only knew how to take it, and that, having loafed three years, he intended to take a brace and learn something. Of course nobody

believed a word of this. Hints of conditions made by his friends were repudiated with scorn.

"You fellows," he announced with an air of serious conviction, "are enough to ruin an angel."

"To say nothing of you," interpolated one of the men.

"Look at me," he continued, ignoring the interruption, "now when I came here——"

"O, drop that," broke in another irreverent underclassman. "We've all heard about your trailing clouds of glory childhood and how the bloom of Paradise was still on your cheek as a Freshman, and we all know what a horrible example you are now. Tell us what you're going to do this summer."

"Work," said Rorison sententiously. "Far from the madding crowd. Why it's going to be great here. Beautiful place, quiet but not dull, a man can work all the morning and two or three hours in the afternoon, play tennis, and go down on the cars to Port Renwick or row on the lake. Sundays of course one can take the boat and go down the lake somewhere. Then it'll be cheap. No room rent, no people to entertain, no expensive amusements. Simple life and pleasures and lots of work done, so I can enjoy my Senior year like a gentleman. How I do pity you fellows."

Well, he preached that sort of thing till some of the others were persuaded or deceived by his eloquent discourse and decided to stay too. The rest reviled him.

Senior week came and went with its usual gay whirl. The house was full of people and Rorison had a very good time. There was the usual Commencement weather, the boy who was going to enter next year, the father who dropped in at the last minute to see his son graduate, and last and greatest the Commencement Girl. Rorison got a lot of sympathy and was quite a hero. "Poor fellow," they said, especially the Girl, "what a hard time. What a hero he must be, to stay and work while the others are off enjoying themselves," and the "hero" glowed with conscious virtue to the intense delight of all the other men.

Of course he had to rest a bit after the festivites, and didn't try to get to work the first week. He had gone to every one he ever heard had stayed during the summer, to ask advice, and they all

told him not to begin work at once but wait a bit, take a little vacation at the beginning and end of the summer. Even the professors under whom he had chiefly worked, amazed at hearing Rorison was to stay, told him that. There were a few nice people; one man's mother and sisters, and some fellows who couldn't tear themselves away that lingered in the house so he had company enough. Presently they drifted away one by one and the various good byes took up quite a little time. Then some people in a cottage down the lake asked him to come down for a day or two, which he did—and stayed a week. All this took up rather more than two weeks, his alloted vacation.

After that, he had said, he would go to work. And so one Monday morning he astonished the librarian by demanding huge piles of books for his summer work. Then he really worked as hard for a week as he had intended, according to his programme, and with the pride of actual accomplishment wrote to all his friends on the Sunday succeeding this burst of industry about his extraordinary achievement. It was beautiful. His chum wrote back. "This industry of yours is certainly delightful. It must be a great rest and change for you and I am glad to hear of your week's work. The rest of your letter about your ideals was pretty but I don't know what it means."

The summer school opened after a while and a man Rorison knew came to hear the law lectures. He had to be shown some hospitality, of course, and was so impressed with the respective advantages of the various points of interest—two in particular—that he determined to enter the following fall. He said he had never tasted such steak and lobster *à la* Newburg in his life. There was a good deal to show him and it took a number of suppers and late lunches down town, a number of lake rides and rows, a good deal of tennis and some calls, and quite a large slice of time to do the honors gracefully. And Rorison did most things very gracefully. He even got up a little dance at the house one night merely to entertain his friend.

They did the usual round together. They worked or pretended to work in the morning, smoked and talked afternoons, played tennis later, and went down town at night. Sundays they went down the lake on the boat to take dinner at Sheldrake. They

extracted amusement from the crowds of workmen that were often on board, which generally included a big Irishman like Kipling's Mulvaney. He and Rorison struck up an acquaintance finally and amused the rest with their music. One night they induced another man to sing for them. He did popular ballads in a voice far gone with drink.

> "Be faithful and f-e-w
> Be fearless and t-r-e-w.
> Was the moth-e-r-'s advice to her b-o-o-y."

received an ovation. The girl who had "a smile upon her brow" was hardly so popular but that was more than compensated for by the touching and beautiful

> "She's a duck and a d-o-o-ve,
> She's the only girl I l-o-v-e,
> She's a jewel and a lily, and a fairy,
> She's a pet you can bet,
> She'll be Mrs. Grogan yet,
> An' we'll both live together in our airy."

Then there were others.

Rorison got through the summer school period rather better than he had expected. Living wasn't as cheap as he had thought and as he had written his people it would be. One had to tip the man twice as much, he thought ruefully, because there were only half as many men to tip him. The board was not good. He declared he boarded at the very worst place in town, but as he met some thirty other men who all swore the same thing, and he knew none of them ate with him, he gave that notion up at last reluctantly. In default of better board he went to Casey's a good deal and that is not economy. Then there were minor items we never count and he wondered why he was such a fool as to have his allowance cut down for the summer. He hadn't quite come to the point, yet, of wondering why he had been such a fool as to stay through the summer at all. That came later. It was all well enough till the other men in the house, who were Sibley men, got off their hours of shop work and went home one by one till there weren't four for whist and the three remaining looked at each

other in mute and mutual disgust night after night, as they smoked on the porch till very late.

Then there was a firemen's convention or something of the sort that amused him for two or three days, with its curious crowds, its remarkable decorations including a sign "Welcome, brave boys" over the jail, its bands, its remarkable uniforms and all. He spent his days down town during that event. Then that passed and there was nothing.

He had busied himself writing letters when he had time, and that was early and often. He grew to be a model correspondent. He who had never written more than a hastily scrawled four pages at rare intervals, and cared little whether they were ever answered or not, wrote monographs and came to look forward to the postman's arrival with feverish anxiety as one of the events of the day. He wanted letters, exasperating as they were, since they told of seaside and mountain of small and earlies, of large and late dances, of rows and rides and lots of company. Hurried notes, they were, prefaced with apologies for lack of time and concluding with pressing invitations to come and stay a week or a month or all summer. These he virtuously declined in long letters, which finally ceased. In the intervals of their amusements some of his friends wondered a little why he hadn't written, as they remembered vaguely he had done before. Some of them even wrote him notes on the subject and asked if he was still trying to kill himself working in that beastly hot place. Among them was Jack who was up at Schroon Lake or some such place. He had no answer for a long time. Finally there came a very thin note in Rorison's scrawl. He read and reflected on the weakness and mendacity of mankind.

Dear Jack:

Been here some time. Lots of nice people. Ran across Miss Ledyard here. Remember her? Down to Senior, you know. Can't you come down and stay awhile with me?

Hastily,

J. W. R.

Mt. Desert, 25 Aug.

THE MONTH.

JAMES EDWARD OLIVER, professor of mathematics for the last twenty-four years, died on the twenty-seventh of March, after an illness of ten weeks. He has ranked, ever since his graduation from Harvard in 1849, as a great mathematical genius, one of the foremost in this country.

Professor Louis Dyer, of Oxford, has been chosen to fill the vacancy in the department of Greek next year. Professor Wheeler, during the year, will act as Director of the American School at Athens. Mr. George W. Johnson, of Johns Hopkins University, has been appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the absence of Assistant Professor Elmer next year, the latter intending to spend the year abroad. Mr. Johnson graduated at Toronto University and for five years was a classical teacher. He has made a specialty of Latin during the last four years at Johns Hopkins University under Professors Gildersleeve and Warren. The faculty of the department of Chemistry has been enlarged by the appointment of Dr. Wilder D. Bancroft to the chair of assistant professor of physical chemistry.

The Memorial Committee of the Senior class has decided to recommend the purchase of the shell that will be used in the Henley Regatta as the Ninety-five memorial. It is proposed that the shell be exhibited in some university building after it has been used at Henley.

The following members of the Senior class have been selected as competitors for the Woodford prize in oratory: G. P. Dyer, C. L. Babcock, R. H. Williams, G. L. Bockes, Henry Waterman, and G. L. Patterson.

Marshall Newell has been re-engaged as coach of the football eleven, and will begin training the candidates on September 16th. The majority of last year's team will be in the university next fall.

Cornell opened the base ball season by defeating the Eastern League team of Syracuse by a score of 6 to 4. On April 18 the Toronto team of the same league, won from Cornell by a score of 2 to 0. Ex-Captains Taylor, Field and Young have been assist-

ing Captain Johnson in selecting the team and coaching the players. Twenty-four games have been scheduled, eighteen of which number will be played on Percy Field.

Robert L. Shape, '95, of Milwaukee, has been unanimously elected captain of the 'Varsity crew. He first rowed on the Ninety-five freshman crew, and in his sophomore and junior years rowed in the 'Varsity shell.

The faculty has granted leaves of absence to the oarsmen who will be taken to England, and passage for sixteen men has been engaged on the American liner, Paris, for May 29. Two new shells have been ordered; it has been proposed that one be taken over on the Paris, and the other, for fear of injury to the first, be carried on another steamship.

The 'Varsity crew has lost the services of Dillingham and Ohl, who are not in the university this term. Chriswell, another promising candidate, has been ill, and will be unable to row for several weeks. The loss of these men greatly interrupts the training of the 'Varsity crew, which will meet Columbia and Pennsylvania in the triangular race next June.

Twenty-five men are in training for the lacrosse team, and the prospects are bright for a successful season. Games have been arranged with Lehigh, Stevens, Toronto, and the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn, and negotiations are pending with Princeton and Harvard.

The Graduate Students' Club has elected the following officers: President, J. F. Brown; 1st Vice President, Miss Stoneman; 2nd Vice President, L. R. Higgins; Secretary, Miss Hamlin; Treasurer, C. F. Lavell. A. R. Hill represented the organization at the recent convention of Graduate Students held in New York city.

F. B. Stratford, '95; J. E. Gignoux, '98; W. W. Stebbins, '97, and G. W. Rulison, '95 L. S., represented Cornell at the intercollegiate relay races held at the University of Pennsylvania, April 20. The annual athletic games with Pennsylvania will be held on Percy field, Saturday, May 11th. Trainer Robertson again has charge of the men, and their work has already commenced to improve.

It has been definitely decided that the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs will make a concert tour through England, Scotland and Ireland during the coming summer. The clubs will sail on the steamship Circassia, on June 22. Their first appearance will be in London on July 4. A series of twenty concerts is being arranged, the members expecting to return on or about August 6.

The following members of the Senior class of the School of Law have been chosen to participate in the prize debate: W. P. Belden, F. K. Nebeker, W. C. White, E. B. Hand, F. W. Welsh, and A. B. Reed.

The trustees of the University have decided to enlarge the dormitory of Sage College at an expense of $50,000, and the work will be completed, it is expected, by September 1. The women's gymnasium will be moved into the new portion of the building, and enlarged so as to accommodate a class of seventy-five.

EXCHANGES.

March verse is fair, both in quantity and quality. The following from the *Yale Lit.*, displays the points in which Yale verse excels, a beauty of movement and grace of finish, coupled with a certain mystiness of meaning that hardly adds to the effect:

AFTERWHILE.

There was one I knew—'tis the mist of a dream,
When the sunlight fell with a checkered gleam
O'er the gray and brown of the lichened wall
And the haloed summer over all
Lay droning drearily.
The wood thrush chirred to his mate on the hill
While beyond in the browning fields still
The toilers labored wearily.
But that was a day and a year ago
And where love is dead, time moves but slow.

Aye, that was a day and a year ago!
When the bluebird trilled in the garden bloom
And the song in my heart was the lilt of June,
Ah, where love is dead, time moves but slow
And the task of the toiler is heavy with woe.
Yet the memory of one that I knew remains,
Like blossoms crushed by the summer rains,
Seen afar through a haze of tears

Aye, that was a day and a year ago!
The thrush yet sings to his mate on the hill
But the echo of love in my heart is still.
Ah, where love is dead, time moves but slow
And the task of the toiler is heavy with woe.
For the wind weeps low under the eaves,
And tosses and worries the broken leaves
While it sports with my love that is dead.

William A. Moore.

From the *Harvard Advocate* we clip the two following pieces of verse. The triolet is pretty and means more than triolets usually do:

THE HONEYMOON.

(*Triolet.*)

A smile for your smile,
And a tear for your tears.
'Tis sweet to beguile
A smile for your smile.
They're not for long while—
In the vista of years,—
A smile for your smile
And a tear for your tears.

H. H. Chamberlin, Jr.

A FUTURE RETROSPECT.

When all the world is cold, dear heart,
And all the skies are furled,
We two shall look from Heaven's own gate
Down on the empty world.
Dear heart, the sorrow and the pain
Shall never grieve us then,
And we shall smile as we look down,
Half weep, then smile again.

Our thoughts shall such soft pathos have
As when a man shall come,
From wanderings of many years,
Back to a silent home,—
Like sunshine on a vacant hearth,
And ashes gray and cold,
And ghostly squares upon the wall
Where portraits were of old.

Robert P. Utter.

If the title of the following is a mistake, it is a peculiarly happy one:

CHROMOS.

O days that are fast returning,
  Your memory cannot die;
Our craving, sighing, and yearning
  Are wreaths on the grave where you lie.

For the walls of the past may be firmer
  Than quarries of granite or stone,
But memories meet us and murmur,
  And memories meet us and moan.

Another triolet—this time from the *Brown Magazine*:

LOVE.

The first sip is sweet.
  The last one is bitter.
If you are discreet,
Tho' the first sip is sweet,
The last you will cheat.
  What old maxim is fitter
The first sip is sweet,
  The last one is bitter.

In the line of the lighter side of life, the following from the University of Ceicago *Weekly*.

RONDEAU.

A little note, that tells me she
Will hear Grand Opera with me,
    A dainty square of creamy white
    That augurs me one happy night
With Faust to hear and Grace to see.

The Auditorium balcony
Henceforth all glorified will be
Because sweet Grace had deigned to write a little note.

But each seat costs me dollars (3)
The carriage sticks me for a V.
    And so dear bought is my delight
    That I must meet (unlucky wight!)
Within the near futurity a little note.

The prettiest picture the month offers we present last.

RAIN AT DUSK.

A narrow circle of gray sky,
  And misty, pelting sheets of rain,
A world of grayness, that the eye
  Still strives to pierce beyond in vain;
Vague, glistening roof-shapes through the veil
  Of rain, and murmuring trees that sway
Their tops, distinct against the pale
  Background of all-enclosing gray.

Here have I seen on other eves
  The soft reflected eastern glow
And tender lights that sunset leaves
  O'er yonder hills, rain-hidden now;—
The summer hills that stretched afar
  All slowly purpling, till at last
The darkness came, and star by star
  The sky to sparkling splendor passed.

O joys of life! O Earth with all
  Thy thousand moods! Now gay, now sad,
Now boisterous joyance, now the pall
  Of melancholy, now the glad
Rejoicing after freshening showers.
  Not less we welcome sad than gay,
Thy mood as subtly wakens ours
  In purple nightfall as in gray.

NEW BOOKS.

The Story of Christine Rochefort. By Helen Choate Prince. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York.

The story of Christine Rochefort is a story of Socialism, its evils, its causes, in part its cure. It is more particularly a story of French socialism, though the scene might as well have been laid in America as in France, for the social evil and the questions between capital and labor have no nationality. The story is, of course, a love story with Socialism as its background against which stand out the four figures of Gaston Rochefort, the capitalist protagonist, Christine, his wife, Paul de Martel the socialist lover and the Abbé Lemaire. The story, though, is the story of Christine Rochefort, written from her standpoint and it is only as details, the fine, though one fears impossible character of her husband stands out. The movement of the story is the entering of Socialism into a contented manufacturing

place with its one great factory owned by Gaston Rochefort a philanthropist, who disliked by his men, misunderstood by them and by his wife, comes through trial to their respect and her love, with de Martel as the partly conscious, partly unconscious cause of all the trouble, and of the Abbé who lends a touch of the higher side of life to it all. The book is interesting. It preaches only in one chapter, which treating as it does of mass meeting and speeches for and against Socialism can, for that, be pardoned. It is readable, more or less thoughtful and a serious protest against much maudlin sentiment over the heroics of labor agitation from the anti-capital side we are so much oppressed with at present.

Desideri Erasmi Roterodami Convivia e Conloquis Familiaribus Selecta. Edited by Victor S. Clark, Lit. B. Non-resident fellow, Chicago Univ. Ginn & Co. Boston.

Like the other numbers of this series, as Mr. Clark says in his preface, this book is primarily intended to provide supplementary reading for Latin classes in secondary schools. The book is a neat 16mo. of about 200 pages, containing selections from the writings of Erasmus, the greatest scholar of his day, and one of the greatest of classicists. This series is only part of a movement more or less undefined, that has long been on foot, to put before students mediæval as well as classical Latin. The study of mediæval Latin has much to commend it in many ways. There is no reason why students should be taken to the limits of the Augustan age, as is too often the case and stopped there with no sight beyond, to gain an impression as most do, that with that age Latin disappeared as a literary language and perished from the face of the earth. There is perfectly good ground for declaring that from one standpoint it is nearly as necessary for the student to know mediæval as classical Latin and what with English editions of Bede and the numerous German reprints of chroniclers like Nithard, Gregory of Tours, the Encomiast of Emma, there seems fair promise of more attention being given to the Middle Ages, that great transition period of language as well as of politics and society so long neglected and just now getting the attention it deserves.

Daughters of the Revolution and Their Times 1769–1776. A Historical Romance by Charles Carleton Coffin. Houghton Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York.

As the most recent of a long series of semi-historical works mainly written for youthful readers, Mr. Coffin has produced an historical romance which as he naïvely tells us in his preface is intended to portray the influence of our foremothers in the Revolutionary period, with a slight thread of narrative through the book to make the events more vivid. That Mr. Coffin writes the book is a guarantee that it is readable and more or less faithful to history, toward the picturesque, generally called the popular, side of which the author so evidently leans. While it is not true that to be interesting history must be made "popular," and that, given the facts clearly presented, the style is apt to take care of itself very well indeed, for historical students it is also true that the present volume and others like it will appeal to a large class of readers who otherwise would shrink from "pure history" without some such sugar coating.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York:
Out of the East. By Lafcadio Hearn.
The Story of Christine Rochefort. By Helen Choate Prince.
Daughters of the Revolution. By Charles Carleton Coffin.
Ginn & Company, Boston:
School Classics, Erasmus Convivia e Conloquis. Edited by Victor S. Clark.
Selections from P. K. Rosegger's Waldheimat. Edited by Laurence Fossler, A.M

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THE REFORMS OF CATHERINE II OF RUSSIA.

THE *coup de main* which placed a German princess, Sophie of Anhalt, on the throne of Russia to rule over an alien race is a singular event in history. Her hand was nerved to strike the blow by the instinct of self-preservation, for had not this effort of Catherine and her friends been a well-timed one, her brutal husband, the emperor Peter III, would doubtless have either taken her life or caused her to be immured in a convent. Subsequent events show nothing could have been more fortunate for the Russian people and nation than the accession of this energetic and wise woman to the supreme power. No one had risen since the days of Peter the Great, capable or desirous of carrying on the vigorous reforms instituted by Russia's first great ruler. Although busy with wars abroad with the Turks, and the Swedes, and interested in securing her share of thrice-divided Poland, Catherine attempted a series of reforms in every department of government and society.

Four years after her coronation, the empress turned her attention to what was a crying need of the times—the lack of uniform

laws and the irregularity of justice, with the idea of forming a new code. In Dec., 1766 the Legislative Commission met at Moscow and in the following year moved into new quarters at St. Petersburg. The assembly of deputies for this legislative work represented all the orders of the kingdom. The Englishman, Henry Shirley, who was in Moscow at the time of this convention wrote the following account of it to Henry C. Conway : "The assembly of deputies is become at present the great favorite occupation of the empress. The Russians think and talk of nothing else and in seeing the representatives of several nations, so very different as to dress, customs and religion, such as the Samoiedes, Cossacks, Bulgarians, Tartars, etc., and whom they suppose to be entirely dependants of the Russian Empire, assemble in their capital, they are apt to conclude they are now the wisest, the happiest, and the most powerful nation in the universe. A man, however, who will consider with attention their manner of proceeding, what they are permitted to deliberate upon, and how far they are allowed to extend their reformations, and will compare it with what is practiced in those countries blest with a mixt government, will soon perceive that this is nothing more than a certain number of men, sent by every province of the empire, and by those nations under the protection of Russia, to be in some respects the empress' councillors in drawing up the laws of this country, and that these men are endowed with privileges, which no citizen in any well-governed state ought ever to enjoy. They are not only to new model the civil law and the police, but also the fundamental law of the Empire, and I am even assured are to touch the delicate point of the succession."

Lord Cathcart, writing to Lord Weymouth in 1768 described the assembly as he saw it. "The members are classed according to the governments to which they belong, every district furnishing a noble, a merchant or artisan and a free peasant, and the seats being numbered, they place themselves accordingly. The clergy have but one commissioner who is an archbishop and sits alone on the right of the throne. * * * *Cedant arma togae* seems inverted in this constitution ; there was not a black gown or anything that looked like a lawyer in the house. There were

many members from the different corners of this immense Empire whose different names and dresses it would be too long to describe in a dispatch; the catalogue might make a canto in an heroic poem."

The members of this assembly, which French authors call the States General, were elected by the orders they represented. Catherine furnished this assembly, which consisted of 652 delegates, with careful instructions containing the principles by which the work was to be carried out. Each member was also provided with a copy of the rules and orders by which the assembly was to govern itself. The Instructions were based on the ideas and theories of Beccaria and the French philosophers of whom she was especially fond. *De L'esprit de Lois* of Montesquieu, literally translated, furnished whole sections of these regulations. There were also many extracts from the *Traité des délits et des peines.* They were written by Catherine's own hand, first in French, then published in Russian and in German. The principle of her criminal code was that it was better to prevent than punish crime. The phrase "Love of country is a means to prevent crime" discloses an optimistic trend in the mind of the Empress. The following remarks are also found in her Instructions. "Punish, take care that in Russia every man dreads the laws, but the laws only and nothing else." On the other hand, "Every accused person should have the protection of three successive investigations of the charge by different authorities."

The deputies were bribed to attend, strange to say, by the promise of being exempted from torture and corporal punishment for the rest of their lives. The assembly named nineteen committees and held two hundred sittings. There were no debates, but every man who made a motion read the reasons and delivered them to the director, who, when he reported the resolutions to the Empress, laid the reasons in writing before her for Her Majesty's information. As in the States General of France, the deputies were allowed to bring a list of their grievances (*cahiers*) to the assembly. This representative body was dissolved Dec. 18, 1768 owing to the calls of the Turkish wars, after a session of about two years. So far as the codification of the laws was con-

cerned, the assembly did no real work. This was accomplished later by the Empress and the code was published in 1775. Yet Rambaud says, "The States General of Russia had its effect on the laws of Catherine II, as our States General of 1356, of 1413 or that of the sixteenth century had each its direct effect on the ordinance of Charles V, of Charles VII, or of the last of the Valois." Voltaire sent the following messages to Catherine concerning her great work. "I have read the preliminary instructions concerning the Christian laws. Lycurgus and Solon would have given their assent to your work, but they would not perhaps have been capable of accomplishing it. *Cela est net, précise, équitable, ferme et humain.*"

Frederick the Great said of her, "If many queens have gained great celebrity, as Semiramis by her arms, Elizabeth of England by her *habileté politique*, Maria Theresa by her astonishing equanimity in perils, Catherine alone has merited the name of law-giver."

In order to facilitate the administration of justice, Catherine divided Russia into 50 provinces, including Poland and Courland. Each province was divided into districts on the basis of population and extent; these varied from 3 to 14 for each province. The term, *oüiezede*, denoting district, means the distance a horse can carry his rider in a day. The population varied from 20,000 to 30,000 in each district. Each province had its own governor and lieutenant-governor. There were also higher officials, like the English governor-general, who looked after two or three provinces. Each district had a town where the courts of the governor-general and governor held sessions. There was also a district town in every district where the courts of the district officers were held. The other towns had urban administration, but no courts. The administrative and judiciary powers were divided into two branches, urban and rural. Civil justice for merchants and the bourgeois was rendered by a tribunal composed of a burgomaster and several advisers chosen by the citizens. The administration was in the hands of a Duma, made up of a president and several members, also elected. Each village had a committee of safety composed of merchants and bourgeois. If the village numbered

less than 2,500, there was no magistrate, but the powers were united in a single judiciary and administrative court. The police was appointed by government and paid by the inhabitants of the village. Mr. Tooke concludes his description of the administrative reforms with these words: "Thus the towns of Russia which formerly, with the exception of very few, were entirely destitute of a regular government, have now obtained a constitution on as equitable a plan as the nature of circumstances will perhaps allow."

The navy of Russia which was the great passion of Peter the Great had entirely declined. A letter of Sir George Macartney to the Duke of Grafton speaks of it with contempt. Rulhière says that it had neither pilots, officers nor sailors. Catherine asked her ambassadors at London to engage for her services, by using all the baits of ambition, the most skillful sailors of England. Since this country was at peace, many consented. Some Russian officers were also called from Malta for this purpose. With great opposition on the part of her ministers, two fleets were prepared for the Mediterranean, but they were manned by English officers,—a strange thing which can be accounted for only by England's desire to humble her old enemy, France. And so completely was France misled by this policy which was interpreted to mean a close alliance with Russia, that she formed the plan of offering aid to the Turks.

There were sharp distinctions of classes maintained even in the the administration of justice. Of the three classes of nobles, bourgeois, and free peasants, each had its own source of justice; the serfs were left at the mercy of the lords. The distinction of rank was also carefully observed in the Institute of Smolna, which was open to the daughters of burghers and nobles.

Although Catherine lived in an age when the other enlightened despots were abolishing serfdom, she left the serfs of Russia in slavery,—a condition, however, which was not so bad as in most of the other countries, for they had the privilege of self-government in their *mirs*, which gave them great satisfaction. The case of Darya Soltikov who was condemned in 1768 to public exposure and perpetual imprisonment for causing 40 of her serfs

to die in torture, shows their state was not without consideration. The letters of the English ambassadors tell of the many thousands of serfs Catherine gave as presents to her friends and favorites. Serfdom was also established in White Russia, and in 1767 all serfs were forbidden to bring any complaint against their masters, and at the will of the latter, they could be sent into Siberia. Ségur, the French diplomatist, testifies,—"during a sojourn of five years in Russia, I have never heard any one speak of being harshly or tyrannically treated. The peasants are treated with kindness." Again, "no mendicant is met with in the empire, since it is the duty of the nobles to care for their serfs." Waliszewski says that many of Catherine's own words show she herself was eager for emancipation of the serfs, but was prevented by the strong opposition of nobles. During the latter days of her reign, her liberal ideas on this and other subjects were changed, owing to the excesses of the French Revolution.

The nobles were won to loyalty by discretionary measures. Ségur tells us that "all civil and military employés were in their hands." She confirmed the privileges granted by Peter III which freed them from obligatory services to the state, allowed them to live abroad, and exempted them from all corporal punishment even for crimes. Yet she avoided the dangers which constantly threatened rudely organized governments from the annoyance of the nobility, by depriving the order of some privileges, such as the right of suffrage in the election of nobles who had not obtained the grade of officers.

The financial state of Russia was deplorable when Catherine came into power, but the strenuous measures adopted, as in the confiscation of church property, and the rigid rules of economy practised, gave a full treasury which enabled her to carry on her many foreign wars as well as institute reforms at home. In 1770 banks were established which placed in circulation paper money. This measure which excited much wonder at the time, was soon generally adopted, as the vast distances of Russia made such a system very convenient. In 1786 loan banks or banks of deposit were established, which proved very helpful to small proprietors.

The most effective measures for the permanent prosperity of

her country were those which concerned the improvement of agriculture and the better working of mines. The latter, under dishonest management, were not a source of much revenue to the crown ; but a correction of these abuses soon brought about a wonderful production of gold, silver, copper and iron. In 1765, Catherine founded the *Société libre d'économie*, for the development of agriculture and other industries.

The greatest drawbacks to good returns from agriculture arose from the fact that vast tracts in Russia were uncultivated and practically uninhabited. Depopulation was due to the demands of the numerous wars, ignorance of hygiene and lack of sanitary measures. The immense extent of the country also left large tracts uninhabited or sparsely peopled. The Empress took measures to correct the remediable causes. To meet the first and last of the difficulties she conceived plans of establishing colonies of foreigners. In 1762 she published an appeal to foreign peasants to come to Russia and promised them personal security, the protection of the laws, and also considerable privileges. A ukase of 1763 established a tutelary chancery for their protection. Where 500 foreigners were found in one town, they had the privilege of choosing from their own body as many persons to the town magistracy as there were already Russian members of the magistracy. As an incentive to come to Russia, she furnished them money for their enterprise, for which no interest was to be exacted for ten years, and they were required to pay no taxes for thirty years.

Many thousands went from various parts of Europe, especially from the region of the Palatinate. The Moravians were given an asylum and are said to preserve to the present their customs, language and religion. Rulhière gives an interesting account of the way by which Catherine secured such a large number of colonists. Her ministers at all the courts had instructions to look out for colonists. Every Russian traveller lent himself to this work. There were also emissaries, called *embaucheurs*, devoted to this enterprise. Near Utrecht, there was a Frenchman, named Beauregard, who treated publicly with the Empress, and who had correspondents all over Europe, who lent themselves to persuading peasants, artisans and soldiers to leave their country, and accept

Catherine's liberal terms. Many new villages were also founded, although some of course did not prosper. Many were named in honor of the Empress, and some like Sarátov, were largely made up of new colonists.

The second cause, named above, for depopulation of the country was partially removed by the establishment of medical colleges and hospitals, and by the passing of sanitary measures. In 1763 Catherine founded the Imperial Medical College "to preserve the people of the empire by the arts of medicine; to educate Russian doctors, surgeons, operators and apothecaries." In her instructions to the medical college, the Empress wrote: "The college must not forget to draw up plans in what manner hospitals are to be set up in the provinces." By the ukase of 1775 the government was to have in each district with its town, a physician and surgeon, two assistant surgeons and two pupils. This system of national dispensaries was carried on at the expense of the crown. To secure skilled physicians many men were brought from Germany to fill these salaried offices. Each province had a commission which looked after the erection and inspection of infirmaries and hospitals. These were for the poor, although others might enter at their own expense.

The great prevalence of small-pox in Russia caused the Empress to insist on the trial of inoculation of her subjects. She strove to remove prejudice concerning this by being herself vaccinated and also her son Paul. The celebrated Dr. Dimsdale of England, was called for to institute this new means for the prevention of disease. A good instance of Catherine's love for her subjects is seen in her action of 1782 when the nobles of St. Petersburg gave 59,600 roubles for a monument in her honor. She invested the money in banks whose interest was to support homes of refuge for the old and infirm.

Her general clemency toward her subjects may be noted in various other ways. A letter of Sir Robert Gunning to the Earl of Suffolk, in 1775, tells of many measures recently enacted. "The taxes were reduced to such an extent that the revenue lost 1,000,000 roubles. All prohibitions against marrying without the consent of the governor of the province were removed, as also

all dues for the ceremony. All insolvent debtors were released who had been immured for five years. All heirs of persons indebted to the crown were discharged from the debt. All persons imprisoned for ten years, without trial, were released. All nobles serving as subaltern officers were to be subject to the same penalties only as superiors, and privates were not to be as severely treated as formerly. Duty on the sale of houses, lands, etc., was lowered from ten per cent. to six per cent." In 1763 torture was checked in the courts. This was doubtless through the influence of the liberal-minded French philosophers, especially Voltaire, whose courageous action in the case of Jean Calas excited her admiration. This influence may also help to explain her vigorous church reform and universal spirit of tolerance in religious matters.

Although she had been raised to the throne largely through the influence of the clergy, she had the courage to institute radical reforms derogatory to their interests. The church had become very wealthy. It owned 1,000,000 of serfs and some of the best lands of the realm. In 1762 she confiscated all the property of the church. For their support, she settled an income on the clergy and gave stipends to the monks. The church thus passed quietly under state control. The property of the church was entrusted to a commission, and all the surplus revenue was used for the founding of schools, infirmaries and hospitals.

The Empress' tendency to tolerance is shown in her treatment of the Jesuits and other Catholics. Religious tolerance, extending even to the Jews and Moslems was granted in November, 1762. She wrote to Voltaire as follows regarding her assembly: "I think you would be pleased with this convention where the orthodox sits between the heretic and Mussulman, all three listening to the voice of an idolater, and all four striving to render their opinions endurable to all."

Although Clement XIV had suppressed the Jesuits in 1773, Catherine, feeling the need of them in her district of Poland to carry on the education of the young, gave them her protection, and prevented the Tartars from destroying their monasteries. Further proof of this spirit is shown in her declaration to the

dissidents of Poland. She demanded that "all Greeks, Lutherans, and Calvinists should enjoy the exercise of their religion, with the right of sharing in the pardon, of filling all magistracies, and of being admitted to the Senate."

The great influence exerted by foreigners, who had been brought to Russia in such great numbers by Peter the Great, which was perhaps emphasized in its French type by Catherine, was met and an attempt made by Betskoi to counteract it. Mr. Harris, the English ambassador wrote in 1778, "Every body about the court here mimics the French in his dress, morals and manners except Count Panin and the Empress." Betskoi attempted to furnish the Russian children with native teachers who knew the religion and customs of the country.

Many efforts were made by Catherine to give all her subjects the means of an education, but the condition of the country prevented this from being wholly realized. Instead of primary schools in every village, there were established only secondary schools in the greater cities. But various institutions were established for special educational purposes. In 1763 the Home of Education was founded at Moscow. Betskoi superintended this and devoted to it the greater part of his labor for twenty years, and all his fortune. During Catherine's time 40,000 children were received. If a serf married one of its orphans, for it was for foundlings, he became free. In 1772 a similar institution was established at St. Petersburg. The great one at Moscow is said to have excited the admiration of Napoleon.

In 1772 a commercial school was opened. In 1764 at St. Petersburg a large school for the training of the sons of tradesmen was attached to the Academy of Science. Two years later a military school was founded for the training of officers for the army and navy.

The Russian Academy was established, after the model of the French one, for perfecting the Russian language and for the advancement of Russian literature. Singularly enough, in a land where hitherto women had received almost no education, the individual who formed the plan for this new institution, presided at its opening ceremonies, and became its president, was a woman,

the Princess Dashkov. Previous to this, Catherine had called her to the directorship of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. Euler, one of the most distinguished mathematicians of his day, was a member of the Academy at this time. Princess Dashkov found thirty-eight students in the schools of the Academy; but in a year she raised the number to ninety. She also established three new courses of lectures in mathematics, geometry and natural history.

Both Voltaire and the Englishman, Lord Cathcart, tell of the Empress' interest in the education of girls. With reference to the Girls' Institute of Smolna, Lord Cathcart says, "the almost utter impossibility of education, especially for females, and the number of low French people who have made themselves necessary in all families, suggested this idea to the Empress, which is executed under her own eyes with great zeal. M. Betskoi was so obliging as to show us the convent, so called, where the empress educates at her own expense 250 young ladies of distinction and 350 daughters of burghers and free peasants. They are received at four years of age and remain till nineteen. They are divided into five classes and remain three years in each class during which time they are instructed in everything necessary for their respective situations." Voltaire speaks of "this battalion of 500 girls to be educated as mothers and housewives."

The influence which these women and those of the great establishment at Moscow had on the life of the people in raising the standard of living, and advancing thus the Russian civilization, must have been considerable.

In her busy life so full of plans for the improvement of her people and for the glory of her nation, Catharine II found time to personally interest herself in literature in its various branches. When Grand-duchess she was engrossed with the idea of a universal dictionary on the plan of Leibniz. At her request Rev. Dr. Dumaresq made a comparative vocabulary of the eastern languages which is now lost. A letter of hers to Zimmermann tells of her own labors in compiling a comparative dictionary. All the Russian ambassadors were asked to collect materials for it. Even Washington asked his governors and generals of the

United States to furnish American equivalents from our dialects for her list of words. The first volume of this Imperial dictionary came out in 1787 with its list of 285 words translated into fifty-one European and one hundred forty-nine Asiatic languages. An enlarged second edition came out later. The Russian Academy published its dictionary in 1789–99, containing more than 49,000 words.

She encouraged the cultivation of the fine arts by her interest in the Academy. In 1764 she gave a new rule by which the work of the Academy of Fine Arts was to be limited to painting, sculpture and architecture. She introduced the style, which was followed by her nobles, of collecting fine paintings chosen from the galleries of the rest of Europe. These may now be seen at the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg still has its collection gathered by Catherine. In this are found the libraries of Diderot and Voltaire which she purchased. An interesting story which illustrates her generosity, is told concerning her purchase of the library of Diderot. She allowed him to retain it until his death and gave him for his services as librarian, at first 1000 livres per year, and later gave him 25000 livres to recompense him for the neglect of officials which caused the loss of salary for a year.

The range of Catherine's literary activity was wide, including dramas, stories, memoirs and letters. Some of these productions were of sufficient merit to place her among the worthy authors of the 18th century. Her extensive correspondence with Grimm and Voltaire furnishes a great mine of information for the life of the 18th century. An extract from an attempt at autobiography reads: "I have greatly valued philosophy because my mind has always been sincerely republican. I confess that this trend of mind contrasts perhaps singularly with the unlimited power of my position, but nobody in Russia will say that I have abused it." She constantly referred to Voltaire as *son maître*. In writing to Alembert of Montesquieu's great work she said, "*son livre est mon bréviaire.*"

The example of the empress' literary enterprises and her generous patronage of literature had its fruits in the rise of many

poets, historians and other writers, who added largely to Russia's national literature.

Catherine had a singular admiration for the Greeks and long cherished the plan of a great Eastern Empire whose capital was to be either Athens or Constantinople. In her famous conference with Joseph II, plans were discussed for the establishment and extension of the two empires, of the Greeks and the Romans, which should absorb almost all Europe.

Had the Russian nation been sufficiently advanced in civilization to appreciate and accept the reforms of their wise and ambitious ruler, Russia might easily have come to the front as the foremost nation of Europe.

Merivale says : " She had effectually aroused the national spirit. She had inspired them with that thorough martial confidence in the valor of their armies, and the star of their destiny which has since carried them either triumphant, or at least unbroken, through so many struggles." Yet he puts the matter perhaps a little too strongly when he concludes, " Except in this particular, the generation which saw her buried, boyars and serfs alike, was probably much the same in habits, tendencies, and education, with that which beheld her mount the throne."

Martha Barrett.

THE GLORIES OF ITALY.

[*Translated from Vergil, Georgics II, 136–176.*]

Italy, mother country ! Not Ganges' favored land,
Nor Bactrian plains nor Indian, nor Hermus' yellow sand
With gold grains gleaming in it, nor perfumed Arab lea,
Nor Persia's wealth of forests can challenge praise with thee.

Not ours to tell of furrows fire-breathing oxen drew,
For seed of teeth of dragons, when yet thy soil was new ;
Cadmean crops of warriors with helmets and with spears
Compare ill with our harvests of heavy-drooping ears.

For these are thine each autumn, and tawny Massic wine,
And dark fruit of the olive, and gentle-lowing kine,
And bleating sheep and goat flocks. Lo, there the prancing steed
Careers unchecked to plainward, and there the grassy mead

Maintains the milk-white cattle, and many a splendid bull
That often swam Clitumnus when that its banks were full,
With all the herd behind him ; fit victims these to lead
The triumph in procession, when all Rome's altars bleed !

Spring overrules our winters, till summer shortens spring.
Herds have two bearing seasons. Twice pears and apples swing
Pendent from orchard branches. No tigers ravish here,
Or fiercer brood of lions, or poisonous herb gives fear.
No scaly monster-serpent uncoils its threatening length
Or gathers into spirals a very dangerous strength.

With towers and gates gigantic see many a splendid town,
Or count the human labor where ancient castles crown
Sheer cliffs with wall and turret, and rushing rivers flow
Too impatiently to mirror the walls they pass below.

Or shall I sing of sea-coasts, how the Adriatic laves
One shore, and on our other we have the Tyrrhene waves?
Or tell of Alpine lakesides, of Como's spacious shore,
And Garda, gusty Garda, of sealike wave and roar ?

Or must I chant our seaports, and how old Lake Lucrine
Wears his breakwater girdle, and how the rude Tyrrhene
Booms, vext, along the dyke-line, until, with sudden sweep,
Into the Avernian basin its chafing currents leap ?

Italian soil bears silver, has rills of native brass ;
Once veins of virgin gold throughout its rocks did pass ;
But on its surface sprouted races of iron mould,
The Marsian and Sabellian, the Volscian spearman bold,

And the toil-stout Ligurian, our Roman men it bore,
Camillus, Decius, Marius, the Scipios, tough in war ;
And last not least thee, Caesar, whose recent victories
Revived in troublous Asia her Eastern love of ease.
Hail, land of men and harvests, hail, land of Saturn, long !
For thee with Grecian art I sing my Roman rural song.

—*Alfred Emerson.*

THE FAIR OF NIZHNI NOVGOROD.

FOR twenty-four hours we had meandered down the broad monotonous Oka on one of the low-lying steamers that ply the river from Riazan to Nizhni. We had dodged from one side of the pilot house to the other to shield ourselves from the burning August sun, as the boat, by the aid of constant soundings with a pole, followed her tortuous course. So that when at ten o'clock in the evening we saw the lights of the City of the Fair glistening like stars in the distance, my companion, Mr. A. V. Babine, '92, and I heaved numerous sighs of relief. The hour was late, however, and as the fair closed at eleven o'clock, we decided to spend the night on the boat. Early the following morning the bright sun shining through the port-holes acted as an efficient alarm clock and we looked out to see the stately Kremlin glistening like the battlements of a fairy castle. Our plan was to go down the Volga to Simbirsk, about four hundred miles from Nizhni, and on our return, see the Fair at our leisure. Accordingly a boatman was hired to convey our baggage to the Volga steamer, which as it chanced bore the name "Missouri." In the meantime we had several hours at our disposal in which to get our bearings and make the interesting, if somewhat hasty and superficial acquaintance of the city.

Nizhni Novgorod or "Lower New Town," so called to distinguish it from Novgorod, once the seat of the Russian government, located near St. Petersburg, is built on the side of a hill some four or five hundred feet high, rising directly from the right bank of the Oka. The shore is lined with docks for the numerous steamers and above them rises tier after tier of shops, hotels, and dwellings which shelter and support the 70,000 inhabitants of the city. Here and there a church with its roof of green and minarets of gold, or silver, or brilliant blue, relieves the landscape and gives a Byzantine touch. Just below this hill-city the Oka and Volga unite and form the real Volga, the great river of Russia. It is on the low lying plain between the two rivers and separated from the city by the Oka that the fair is located.

The fair is a characteristic national institution in Russia. Every town has its annual *yarmarka* (borrowed from the German *Jahrmarkt*) which lasts several days or several weeks according to the size of the place. These fairs are in no sense exhibitions but are simply enlargements of the weekly market days and are devoted entirely to buying and selling. Merchants from neighboring towns occupy the booths with their wares and the peasants of the surrounding country flock to the fair to dispose of their produce and to purchase clothing, tea, and other supplies, and to enjoy the gossip of the crowd.

The great fairs of Russia of which that at Nizhni Novgorod is the largest and most famous, are the town fairs on a large scale. They last months instead of weeks and millions of roubles worth of goods are bought and sold. The Nizhni Novgorod fair owes its origin to the jealousy with which the Muscovite princes looked upon the great commerce of the neighboring city of Kazan, the home of the Tartar Khans. Here as early as the fourteenth century a fair was held every autumn and hither the tribes of the East brought the teas of China and the furs and precious metals of Siberia. Vasili IV. in 1523 established a similar fair at the confluence of the Sura and the Volga, called Vasil-Sursk, and forbade his subjects to attend the rival Tartar market. When Kazan fell into the hands of the Russians, this fair was of course discontinued. In 1624 the location of the great *yarmarka* was changed to Makariev and when it was destroyed by fire in 1816, it was removed to its present location, Nizhni Novgorod. By 1824 the Russian government had completed sixty stores and two thousand five hundred shops or booths at an expense of more than three million rubles, one and one-half million dollars. From that time to the present the fair has increased in size until now the annual rental forms no inconsiderable item in the government revenues.

So much for the history of the fair. On a pleasant August morning we came up the Volga from Kazan and turned our steps in the direction of the seething mass of humanity who were buying and selling on the plain across the river. We were a jolly party, a Moscow advocate, who at dinner on the steamer the night

before had proposed the toast "*Vive la liberté!*"; his charming wife, who spoke considerable English; a young army officer, very attentive to the latter; and a university student. The first step was to hire our *droshkas*, as the miserable little springless vehicles are called that supply the place of cabs. The method is a simple one and to execute it properly is the first lesson the wanderer in Russia has to learn.

"*Skolka?*" (How much?), you cry out, indicating your destination, as you are surrounded by a dozen importunate *izvostchiks*. "A ruble and a half, dirt cheap" responds the one addressed, and you turn away with a look of incredulity upon your face, incredulity that he should have thought you so unsophisticated. Then the delicate process of reduction goes on slowly, the driver in the meantime recounting his misfortunes and the burdens he has to bear, until he finally agrees to carry you and your friend for half a ruble—the price he originally intended to charge and expected to get. You step into the low carriage, the driver mounts his seat in front, and the hardy little pony with the immense yoke over his neck, starts off amid the curses of the drivers who were not so fortunate as to secure your patronage.

A short drive along the river-front brings you to a bridge of boats so long that you think of the Persian King and the Hellespont. Stately mounted policemen at intervals keep in order the stream of interesting humanity that flows across from morning till night. On one side are moored fish-markets in the shape of large barges, where one can purchase the delicious Volga sturgeon or the rich caviar of Astrakhan. Further on the American feels at home in the contemplation of the advertising that adorns the bridge; Singer sewing-machines and Columbia bicycles, or velocipedes as they term them, come in for their share of attention, and one wonders how long it will be before the American actress turns her attention to this form of advertising.

On leaving the bridge we come at once into the midst of the fair. The cobble-stone pavements, the regular streets and boulevards, and the busy multitudes make it seem incredible that the whole is but a temporary affair and that when spring comes the whole place will not only be deserted, but inundated by the over-

flowing rivers as well. A few blocks to the left stands the chief building, wherein are located the officials of the fair. The structure is in design similar to the *passages* that adorn many European cities and like them is lined with little booths or shops dealing in the most diverse articles. And not less diverse is the throng that one may study as he sits on the benches in the center and listens to the military band provided for his entertainment. A Russian peasant and his wife pass along, the former in his black cap of ample crown and diminutive visor, with long black coat over a bright red shirt, and his feet encased in enormous bark baskets, the cords of which are wound criss-cross about the leg up to the knee ; the latter in short thick skirts and a flaming yellow or red kerchief as a head-dress. Behind them perhaps walks a picturesque Tartar, one of the race that formerly held sway over all the region below the Oka, but who are now the Tsar's loyal subjects. He is closely shaven even to the hair on this head, and despite the extremely warm weather wears two caps, each of which is costly. The inner one is a delicately embroidered skull-cap of the finest silk; the outer is of the best of Astrakhan or Persian lamb and is the especial pride of its owner. From the contour of his face you easily take him for a Mongolian and his neat boots made entirely of thin leather and provided with overshoes of sole-leather stamp him as a good follower of the Prophet. If you follow him you will see him at the times of prayer unroll a little rug, remove his overshoes, and kneel, facing Mecca. He is altogether the most gentlemanly and courteous individual to be found and nothing could be more delightful than a steamer trip in his company drinking his delicious tea and smoking his exquisite cigarettes while he chats with you in a tone of good-fellowship incomprehensible to the serious Russian. The jolly Tartar merchant passes along and so also does the pompous army officer, his scabbard dragging on the ground and his spurs jingling, as he struts about resplendent in the red flannel and superabundant gold lace that adorns his grey coat. His little son, a student in the *Ècole Militaire*, perchance is with him, still more pompous because of the uniform that covers his diminutive body.

"Confound the cloth, why doesn't she take it away !" you in-

voluntarily exclaim as you catch a momentary glimpse of the face of an oriental beauty, hidden by the inscrutable *yashmak* which the customs of her race impose upon her. Then a fierce looking old mountaineer from the Caucasus takes your attention; his enormous bear-skin cap is matched by his moustaches and a score of cartridges on the breast of his tunic do not make him look less wild. And so the endless, ever-changing throng moves past you as long as you care to stay and watch it.

It seems a trifle strange to see no one smoking, for you are used to seeing men, women, and children puffing away at the little cigarettes with card-board mouth-pieces and inhaling the smoke into the depths of their lungs. But smoking is not allowed here or anywhere on the grounds except in the little gardens or the sheet-iron buildings provided for that purpose, so great is the fear of fire.

Everything is managed systematically and every kopeck of the seventy-five million dollars worth of business transacted annually during the three months of the fair is subject to rules and regulations. The stores are not only laid out in streets, but each street is devoted more or less exclusively to one line of trade; you could walk the whole length of one street and see nothing but Siberian furs, another contains church ornaments, and still another tea and *samovars*. One portion of the fair was devoted to the sale of church bells and on scaffolding covering an acre of ground were hung the melodious tons of bronze, exact counterparts, except in size, of the bell in the University library, bells the inharmonious jangling of which will call together for worship many a parish of orthodox Russians.

One naturally does not hold his purse-strings tightly in a place like this and we speedily found ourselves at the end of our resources. To be sure we had travelers' cheques, but we had been too busy to go to the bank and get them cashed. A little circumstance hastened us. We had noticed the great sanitary precautions taken and had smelt carbolic acid in abundance, but had attached no special significance to it. A lucky incident opened our eyes. Mr. ——, a wealthy merchant and a traveling acquaintance of ours complained of being thirsty and said he would go out and buy a glass of *kvass* of a peasant woman who

peddled the beverage on the street. In reply to his request, the woman looked at him a moment and answered, "Of course I can sell you a glass, my lord, but I do not advise you to drink it." He saw in a moment the reason: cholera, the dreaded cholera, was raging in the city, and the good woman feared that he, being a man of gentle birth, would easily fall a victim to the contagion. Further investigation elicited the true state of affairs. The sturdy old governor of the province, General Baranov, was taking every precaution against the spread of the plague—and equally strenuous precautions against the spread of news concerning it. An incident connected with this came to our notice. An order had been promulgated that no information regarding the epidemic should be written or telegraphed from the city. A merchant from a distant town learning of the presence of the plague, telegraphed his wife, "There is cholera at Nizhni; I shall come home immediately." The next morning he was summoned before the governor. "Did you send this message?" "I did." "Do you really desire to go home?" "I do." "Well, we will see to it that you reach there safely." And with that the governor sent the poor man off on foot in charge of a convict guard.

It is needless to say that we hastened to quit the City of the Fair. We went to the bank. They could not cash our cheques but would send them to Moscow to get them accepted; we must wait for a reply. We did wait for two days and then with barely enough money in our pockets to buy third-class passage on the river steamer for Elatma, we stole away. The morning after our arrival there the money came by mail!

Two months later I saw Nizhni again. But alas how its glory had departed! As I drove through the deserted streets of the fair and saw the booths tightly closed with shutters, where a little while before all had been life and bustle, a feeling of sadness came over me. I fancied myself in one of those deserted cities that oriental travellers tell us of. As I saw them preparing to take apart the great bridge of boats and thus to effectually shut off the *yarmarka* from civilization, I almost wished that I had passed by without seeing it in the time of its desolation and it was not until in pleasant company I was speeding away towards Moscow that I fully recovered from my depression.

Jerome Barker Landfield.

DOST THOU REMEMBER, JANET?

"Dost thou remember, dear, the old life too?"
—Rain on the attic roof, and the robin note
Mocking the rain from the elms till the sun broke through;
Piping gaily still as he shook the pearls from his coat.

Sunshine or rain, Janet, thy smile through all;
The low green hills grew bright beyond that smile.
"Dared," for a romp to the rough-stone orchard wall
Where the mill brook flowed down, murmuring the while.

Rain in summer, and sunshine after the rain!
Dear eyes—they smiled to mine, and I knew thee true.
A kiss! There are years since then of joy and pain.
Dost thou remember, Janet, the old life, too?

EDWARD A. RALEIGH.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

TOM HOLLISTER watched the train bearing the Scranton-bound team draw out of the station at half past four that Friday afternoon with mingled sensations of regret and self laudation. An eight o'clock prelim. the following morning precluded any possibility of his attendance at the game, particularly since he had cut that particular subject so often that another cut meant a mark at the close of the term familiarly unpleasant. No, it would never have done to have taken that train, he reflected, much as he wanted to go. The boys had stood on the back platform of the receding train and mocked him, calling him a diligent student, a grind, and a seeker after Phi Beta Kappa. And it was all the more bitter because his past record rendered it so obviously untrue. Well, anyway, they were gone, and had taken fifteen dollars of his money to bet on the game, and he felt a glow of conscious virtue in resisting such a temptation that was all the more satisfying because it was unusual.

During the night a slight fall of rain took the place of a threatened thunderstorm, and the morning dawned dark and dry. It would be just cool enough to be pleasant at Scranton thought Tom, as he climbed to his eight o'clock, blue book in hand.

A notice on the door of his recitation room caught his attention and disgust. "The examination in mathematics 13 is postponed one week." He swore softly to himself. This was what he had stayed home for! This was the prelim. he wouldn't cut! And the rest of the fellows were having a nice time in Scranton, and would come home and tell him about it—and if they found out about the exam.—but—why not? He looked at his watch. It was 8:10, and another train went at 8:40. He threw the exam. book away, raced down the campus, stopped at the Hill drug store for some cigars, and caught the 8:20 car down. He had just four dollars and six cents in his clothes, and no mackintosh or overcoat with him, but he could borrow both money and garments at Scranton.

Apparently all the boys that intended to see the game had gone down the afternoon before, for he saw no face he knew on the train. The smoking car, where he lodged himself finally, boasted only three occupants beside himself. Two of these were day laborers, clothed in the garb of toil, and smoking vile tobacco in well-blacked cutties. The third was an elderly gentleman, dressed in black, who was engaged in an argument with the train boy regarding the very bad cigars that were the best the latter's establishment could boast, and which to judge from the fragments of the conversation Tom overheard, were totally unfit for any gentleman to smoke.

Tom counted his own stock, and found more than enough to last him all the morning. So in an excess of generosity, he ventured to offer one to the man in black, when the train boy had retreated to his lair at the forward end of the car. The gentleman accepted the proffered favor, thanked him, and noticing that Tom was alone, introduced himself.

Few college men do not know mutual acquaintances of everyone they meet. Tom was not one of the few, for the elderly gentleman proved to have been a great friend of his father, and

thawed progressively under the influence of the Heaven-sent cigar, until he finally brought Tom back to be introduced to his wife and daughter, whom, with characteristic masculinity, he had left in the car behind. Tom again blessed that cigar.

The favor of young women is not a matter of minutes, so Tom Hollister devoted himself to the mamma, who was both approachable and agreeable. She too, had known his family, and had seen Mr. Thomas Hollister himself in the swaddling clothes of infancy. Tom behaved, as only Tom knew how to behave before mammas and the natural and desired result came to pass, that before the train reached Scranton, he had promised to call on them in New York if—and he smiled inwardly at the conditional —he went down later in the month to see the the crews off. "And don't forget you're to make our house your headquarters," was the elderly gentleman's parting injunction, as the train slowed up into Scranton, and Tom rose to go. The girl smiled a parting greeting. There was very little danger of Tom's forgetting.

It was raining hard when the train stopped and the water stood in melancholy puddles between the tracks. "Why, hello! Tom." some one shouted, and looking across the station he beheld the Cornell contingent gathered around the baseball manager.

"Hello, what are you doing here?" he answered, "how about the game?"

"Game! The grounds are two feet under water. There won't be any game. The fellows are all going home by the next train, 1:25. You'd better get your dinner and come along." It was one of his own men that was speaking.

"Lend me some money, then, I've only thirty cents."

The man in answer pulled out the fifteen dollars that Tom had sent down to be "placed," "Hello, fifteen dollars ahead," thought the latter, as he wandered into the station dining room and ordered the best dinner obtainable.

His trip back was uneventful. He met several of the Princeton team, but the dampness outside chilled all attempts at cordiality, and as the train reached the switchback on south hill, he withdrew into a corner to calculate how much the trip had cost him.

"There's sixty cents for cigars," he soliloquized, "and three-seventy fare, and a dollar for dinner, makes five-thirty. Now I've saved fifteen dollars, which I would have lost had the game been played, which leaves me enough almost to go to New York on. Besides which I've earned—honestly earned two days keeping there, when I go, and I've had a lot of fun besides. So, roughly reckoning, I'm about twenty dollars ahead."

"Now there's Tom," some one was saying, as he abstractedly followed the crowd into Casey's. "He's had his little picnic today, all by his lonesome and I think he ought to treat the crowd."

"Why do you know, fellows, I had just arrived at that conclusion myself," said Tom Hollister, smiling.

H. J O'B.

OUR ATHLETIC GOVERNMENT.

NOW, when we are sending a 'varsity eight across the ocean and are priding ourselves upon the general excellence of our athletics, may we not with reason give a thought to the government of these interests—the Athletic Council. Indirect as its actions may seem, and seldom as it is brought into direct contact with the students, this organization is the central power, the back-bone of our athletic system. Without it, all would be chaos. We might develop star players on all our teams, and apparently be at the height of athletic success, yet without the guiding power, living over from year to year, our success would at best be only spasmodic.

To those intimately connected with athletics and with University interests in general, an exposition of the methods of the Council would be perhaps superfluous, but it is a fact that the vast majority of the students are almost entirely unacquainted with the workings and the phase of this important, though modest organization. In order that the present state of perfection may be more fully appreciated, a short history of our past athletic associations may well be traced.

We shall not attempt a complete history of our athletic government as this would involve a long and careful analysis of the University publications from the beginning to the present time. Furthermore, an exhaustive record is not necessary for the purpose of this article. For such past athletic history, we are dependent almost entirely upon dry records, for it seems that the oldest inhabitant is not an athletic enthusiast and so cannot tell us the interesting story.

Of course there must have been some sort of government from the first, but like that which it directed, this government was originally very crude. For many years, each branch of athletics had its own separate organization. The Navy, the Base Ball, Football and Athletic Associations were entirely separate, having no central power whatever. They were composed entirely of students, the alumni and the faculty having no representation. From year to year, changes were made in these associations, but as a rule each was made up of sixteen directors, four being elected from each class. The disadvantages of such a system are apparent. In the first place our athletic interests did not, nor will they ever require a governing board of sixty-four men. It was an awkward arrangement. Again, from the manner of their selection, men might be elected to the board on account of popularity rather than efficiency. At times, some of the classes would neglect to elect their directors, so that a complete membership was not always assured. The boards had no certain meeting place, but contented themselves with the rooms of various students. But perhaps the greatest evil of the system—or rather this lack of system—was the great clash of the different interests that it involved. That loyal individual who, in these happy days, "sets up a howl" upon the approach of the Navy collector, would have had reason for his "noise" had he lived in earlier times. Then, during each Fall term, he would have had the pleasure of running the gauntlet of four "appeals" instead of one. Athletics were not self-sustaining in those days to the extent that they now are. Each association would lie in wait for the students and the result can best be described as a grand scramble. The athletic grounds, then on the campus, furnished another bone of conten-

tion, when the subscription books were called in. Each association, very properly perhaps, assumed full right to the use of the grounds, and if two teams wished the grounds for the same day, the situation was, to say the least, embarrassing. However, affairs drifted along in this manner—sometimes better, sometimes worse—until the year 1884, when a radical change was made. The directors of the different associations, realizing that consolidation was necessary, sought the aid of Dr. Edward Hitchcock who had but recently assumed charge of the Department of Hygiene and the Directorship of the Gymnasium. Dr. Hitchcock, with others of the faculty who were interested, drew up the first constitution of the new Athletic Council. On Nov. 14, 1884, the students of the University in mass meeting assembled adopted this constitution, and a great step had been taken toward the present system of control. By the provisions of this constitution, the Athletic Council consisted of eight members, two chosen from and by each of the previously separate organizations, and the Director of the Gymnasium and his assistant. These eight directors did not have the full control that is granted the present council, but they acted as a *central* power and this was what had been most needed. Changes were made often during the next five years when on June 5th, 1889, the Cornell Athletic Association was incorporated under the laws of 1865, State of New York, Chap. 368, p. 692. The incorporators were Mr. W. H. Sage, Professors B. I. Wheeler, H. S. White, J. F. Kemp and Edward Hitchcock, Jr., together with Messrs. F. D. Davis and H. S. Bronson as the student representatives. Later on was conceived the idea of selecting a Graduate Treasurer into whose hands all funds could be placed, and who could serve from year to year; thus insuring continuity in a very important department. Mr. R. H. Treman of Ithaca, was selected for this position. The council was now in good shape there being, however, one objectionable feature which was not entirely done away with until quite recently. A revision of the constitution resulted in the abolishing of class athletic directorships as a part of the athletic council. It was found that a smaller number of men would suffice for the proper transaction of business, and then, again, in

class elections, the scales sometimes respond more readily to popularity than to efficiency. Thus, gradually have the methods of the council been altered and improved until the present very satisfactory stage has been attained.

The Council now has a total membership of sixteen, of which number, one is selected from the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the University, one from the alumni of the University, four from the faculty, and the remaining ten from the students. Mr. William H. Sage is the representative from the Board of Trustees of the University and is President of the Council. Mr. R. H. Treman is the representative of the alumni, and as Graduate Treasurer has charge of all the funds of the Council. From the faculty, Professors B. I. Wheeler, H. S. White, E. Hitchcock, Jr., and L. M. Dennis are at present members of the Council. Managers Hastings, Young, F. R. White, W. C. White and Thorne, together with Captains Shape, Johnson, Wyckoff, Rulison and Downey, of the crew, base-ball, foot-ball, track and lacrosse teams respectively, constitute the student representation in the organization. All of these men, with the exception of the captains of the teams and the captain of the crew, are elected by the Council, so that it is practically self perpetuating. The captains of the different University teams, after due ratification by the Council, are *ex-officio* members of the organization. Thus each branch of athletics has two representatives in the Council,—the manager, elected by the Council, and the captain elected by the athletes themselves.

A glance at the membership of the Couucil will reveal one of its strongest and most satisfactory features, namely, that it has a strong student representation. The effort from the first has been in this direction. The faculty and alumni members of the Association have endeavored to put the great actual power into the hands of the students. Considering the methods of the council, and the number of undergraduates in it, one can see that as a managing body, it is practically a student organization. The provision for a graduate and a faculty representation insures the essential element of continuity, besides giving to the organization a dignity and a responsibility that an exclusively undergraduate

body could not hope to attain. By the presence of older men on the Council, business firms are given a confidence that the ragged and slip-shod methods of former times had well nigh destroyed.

Besides insuring a continuous organization, the faculty and graduate members of the Council act individually as advisers of the captains and managers of the teams. Each athletic interest has its committee, which is composed of the manager, the captain and a faculty member of the Athletic Council. Matters of general policy are discussed and decided upon by the Council itself. Affairs of a less important nature, such as the purchasing of outfits, etc., are decided upon by the committee for that particular branch. Before making any such purchase, or acting upon anything of an important nature, the manager may interview the advisory member of his committee, and have the benefit of his knowledge of previous transactions of a similar nature. If it is a matter of policy, the more mature judgment of the advisory member who is usually more or less of a specialist in his particular branch, will generally determine the action of the manager. But it must be understood that the advisory member acts only as *advisor*. No actual authority is delegated to him. The authority is vested in the manager and if there be any responsibility it rests upon the manager. By clearly understanding the relation which exists between the advisory member of a committee and the manager of that particular branch of athletics, we can appreciate the real power and authority that is delegated to the student representatives.

Another and perhaps the best feature of our athletic government is that it brings together the various branches of athletics and effects a centralization of interests. Allowed a certain freedom of movement in some directions, the different sub-organizations are restricted in others, and kept from interfering with each other. Were the associations not subservient to some central power, a clashing of interests would be inevitable and we should soon have a state of affairs similar to the situation back in the seventies. With all this consolidation, however, there is a strict maintenance of separation along one line, namely that of finance. The receipts from the different games are not tumbled indiscrimi-

nately into a general fund, to be as indiscriminately pulled out again for expenditures. Each organization has its separate account, and no manager may go ahead relying upon a general fund to fall back upon, but must keep strictly within the funds of his own association.

One of the disadvantages of our system, which it is somewhat difficult to avoid, is the inability of the faculty and graduate members to obtain, in every case, satisfactory information as to the ability and character of the various candidates for the managerships. An important move toward the solution of this difficulty is the newly adopted practice of electing assistant managers with a view toward promotion. Great care is exercised in the selection of the assistants, and they are then placed under supervision of the manager for a season's training. If, by his work as assistant manager, a man succeeds in proving himself capable and efficient, his chances for promotion should be materially strengthened. If he assumes the duties of manager he has the advantage of having had at least one season's training.

Those of our faculty and alumni who are interested in athletics, have watched with considerable anxiety the growth and development of the Athletic Association. They see it now possessed of some thousands of dollars worth of property, including Percy Field, the Club House, the Boat House, the Navy Launch, rowing shells and various equipments for all the teams and crews. They realize that the Association controls a branch of the University having a value other than that estimated in dollars and cents. They realize that an efficient administration is necessary, for the maintenance of that branch of the University which is doing so much toward developing a healthier and a better Cornell spirit. They realize further, that in proportion to the growth of that broad, manly Cornell spirit which it fosters, this branch of University life grows dearer to the student's heart. They desire and have striven to effect an athletic government that will result in the proper management of these interests by the students themselves.

Complete control of athletic interests by alumni trustees is almost sure to breed an unhealthy or disinterested spirit. There is

a lack of that sympathy which is produced by a mixed board of graduates and undergraduates. At many of our sister universities, the system of alumni control prevails, and as a result the students are barred from the actual authoritative management of their own teams. At other institutions, we find a system of double athletic committees or boards, one alumni committee and one student committee. The alumni committee has absolute veto power over the actions of the student committee, so that there is a constant clashing of authority, to say nothing of the poor satisfaction of a mock authority.

If then we are alive to a realization of the peculiar freedom that is allowed us in the management of those interests which are to some of us very dear, we should take every care that this privilege is not abused. We should see that there is a strong and healthy competition for the different managerships and for those positions leading up to managerships. Even from a purely selfish standpoint, there are many reasons why these positions should be eagerly sought for. In the first place, very few college men, during their course, have better opportunities for the development of what business instinct there may be in them. Again, if one has been engaged in business pursuits before entering college, he will find an athletic managership valuable as a means of exercising and perpetuating the ability he may have attained. But the spirit that should prompt one in striving for the honor of a managership, is the real Cornell spirit. It is the spirit which breathes fair play and moves one to make at least a small return for the "all" that is conferred upon him by Alma Mater. And so let us not, in our delirium of athletic sentiment, forget our trust, but remember and do our part toward upholding the plain matter of fact, business administration of our athletic interests.

Edward Davis.

IN BOTTOM LANDS.

Follow me now as we go a road
Which though rugged and rough has its charms indeed ;
Where the may-pop straggles through many a weed,
And the purple passion-plant runs to seed
In the beds where the last rains flowed.

Past the red fields where the cotton grows,
Winding at foot of the pine crowned hills,
Down to the lands where high corn stills
Even the echoes the silence fills
With an awe that was felt ere they rose.

Just a little beyond and we come to the bridge
That marries the sides of the bankless creek :
Perchance, in the stillness we may not speak,
But let the wide eye in its wonder seek
The emerald gleams on the forest's ridge ;

Or catch on the moving breasts of the clouds
The opaline lights from the sunset's blaze
A moment seen ere the yellow haze,
Which over their heads the hill tops raise
The brooding bottom and meadow shrouds.

A wonderful stillness that throbs and grows ;
That brings out the head of the water snake,
And causes the lush river seeds to shake,
And hushes the voices in bulrush and brake,
While the dragon fly lights on the willow to doze.

But the glimpse that we get into worlds beyond sense !
That moment of silence when quivers the eye !
That infinite moment when Time seems to die,
And the limitless bounds of Eternity
In spiritless vision flash out recompense !

Is it not worth the walk that the moment has been ?
What matters it now if the forests around,
And the grasses, and willows are vibrant with sound,
And the far lying uplands in twilight are drowned ?—
Let the night come—we have seen what we've seen.

ROBERT ADGER BOWEN.

EIGHT.

"AND to-night it is going to be moonlight," said *the* Commencement Girl enthusiastically, "and we are all going up in the tower and Mr. Ralston is going to tell us a ghost story, a true one. Won't it be fun?"

"Y–e–s," said little Saintsbury, doubtfully, for he knew Ralston's pet story and the effect it had produced on one memorable occasion. "May I go along?" he asked finally.

"Why, of course you're going along. There'll be eight of us, you know, and Margie is going to chaperon. Where are you going?" for Saintsbury had started off.

"To order the moonlight," he answered gravely.

They found the watchman at last and having explained their wishes to him, induced him to turn back and unlock the door which led to the fearful blackness of the tower stairs to which they plunged and through which they climbed boldly enough at first, more timidly later. It was frightfully dark in there before they reached the loopholes, and the girls were nervous. The light helped matters a great deal. Then they came out at last on the broad top of the tower just under the bells and looked across the valley and the lake shining in the moonlight with an almost unearthly radiance. Far below the tiny lights of the town shone feebly for hill and valley were bathed in a splendor of silver light that turned the world suddenly into a strange dream-landscape. It was very beautiful, but it was weird and eerie. There was no sound to break the deathlike stillness, save the sound of their own hushed voices. There was not a creature on the campus that lay spread at their feet, and they felt very much alone.

"And now we must have the ghost story, please," the girls announced and settled themselves as comfortably as they might in the shadow of the pillars.

"This is a true story," Ralston began abruptly. "At least it was told to me as such by a man to whose cousin it happened. She lived with her mother and six year old sister in a newly settled country, years ago. The nearest neighbor was half a mile

away and they were very much alone. One day the child fell sick and in spite of the most careful nursing they were able to give her, she grew gradually weaker and weaker and at last she died.''

This promised well and the girls shivered slightly and drew closer together. Ralston's voice sank lower and lower and in a dull monotone he went on slowly. ''The child died at dawn and the two tired women, worn out by long watching, spent the day, aided by their neighbors, in preparing for the funeral which was to take place the next day. It was all done at last, the little girl had been carefully dressed and lay in the front room of the house with a sheet placed mercifully over her. The neighbors, busy with their own affairs, went home one by one, to return the next day. As night came on the two women were left alone with their dead. The place seemed very dreary and very desolate to them. It was fall and the wind howled and moaned mournfully about the house and the rain came down in a steady monotone. The shutters creaked and there came strange noises from everywhere to those two lonely women who had resolutely determined to sit up and watch the dead body of the child through the long dreary night. They lighted a candle, for they had no lamp, and placed it in the room near the body where its flickering light shone most distinctly on the white covered horror that lay so still and motionless. They themselves sat in the next room where they could see the body.''

There was a quick rustle and one of the girls suppressed a cry with difficulty. The situation was rapidly growing intense and Saintsbury, though he had warned his sister, the chaperon, began to be a little fearful. Ralston's voice had sunk even lower and he was absorbed in the story. Saintsbury resigned himself to the inevitable as the slow horror of the story went on.

''The hours went by, slowly enough, and the tired women, full of curious fears, alternately dozed and woke in their lonely vigil. The storm increased with the night and added special horror to the situation, for the wind moaned most pitifully about the house and shook door and window like a hunted creature seeking refuge. The rain poured down steadily. It was perhaps nearing

midnight when the younger woman waking suddenly from the light sleep into which she had fallen, with a quick half-presentiment of harm, glanced fearfully toward the white form in the next room. To her horror it seemed that there was some movement in the sheet that covered the body. She strove to throw off the fancy in the belief it was the flickering of the candle that had caused her alarm. But to her inexpressible terror she observed that *there was actual movement*, a regular rising and falling of the sheet, faint and distinct, such as one would make in breathing."

"Ah-h!" half gasped one of the girls, affected quite as much by the solemnity of the time and place and voice as by the story. "She clasped her mother's arm convulsively," continued the slow, even tones, "too frightened to speak, and the elder woman waking suddenly, sat bolt upright for a terrible moment and watched the slow horror of that steady motion. It was fearful. The two women, dumb and motionless with terror, sat in silent fascination watching the Thing which, but for this, lay so motionless in the midst of the dusk of the room.

They never knew how long this horrible suspense lasted, it might have been seconds or minutes or an hour. Their motionless horror was broken of a sudden by a shrill, heart-rending *shriek* coming directly from the Thing under the sheet. Shriek after shriek followed, then groans and pitiful moanings, turning again and again to most startling cries. The spell was broken. They sprang from their chairs, wild with terror, and fled into the night, into the storm, anywhere to escape those terrible cries.

They ran to the nearest neighbors, called frantically to rouse them and when the astonished family found them they were hysterical with fright. Then, after a time when they had recovered sufficiently to tell their startled hearers their story, the men taking lanterns and guns went through the storm to the place of horrors to discover if possible the cause of the mystery.

The wind coming through the open door had blown out the candle and the house was totally dark. As they came toward it, however, they could hear now and then inhuman shrieks and groans which by the time the awestruck men reached the door had subsided to a low unearthly moaning, moaning, moaning."

Ralston's voice was unearthly. "It was horrible and they drew close together afraid of that invisible Thing or rather Voice. At last they summoned courage to enter the house and, throwing the light of their lanterns into the room where the body lay, they could see the steady rise and fall of the white covering and hear that blood-curdling moan, rising now and then to a shriek. The little group of men huddled close together, silent for a time, before this nameless terror. Then one, bolder than the rest, stepped forward in the flickering light of the lanterns and with his gun tossed aside the sheet that covered the body of the child. There, lying stretched along its breast, its head buried deep in the cheek of the child whence it had eaten the flesh, lay the family cat, bloody——"

DING! DONG!! The great bell just above their heads crashed fearfully. It was frightful. Ralston, absorbed in the telling of the story, sprang to his feet, startled as the rest. The girls screamed and one burst into hysterical tears. The clock rang the four quarters and began to toll the hour ponderously in deep vibrating strokes that seemed to shake the tower to its foundations. The girls huddled together and the men, now their surprise was over, began to joke feebly.

"Let's go *now*," said *the* girl, looking severely, at Tom who felt that he was somehow in disgrace for doing the thing he had been asked and expected to do. They went down the long darkness with many little shrieks and much trepidation. They went down the long white moonlit walk very quietly.

"My dears, where *have* you been?" cried one of the mothers excitedly as they came up on the porch at last.

"In the tower," said one of the girls.

"Wasn't it *lovely?*" asked one of the girls who hadn't gone.

"No," said *the* girl. "It was *horrible*!"

And Ralston turning to Saintsbury whispered, "Frank, after this when people ask me to do a thing will you kindly tell them I'm a sulky, disobliging brute, who never does favors. Good night!"

DAWN.

A cloud comes up and covers the sun,
  And gloom grows deeper as dies the day;
But night's black shadows will shudder away
  When the night is done.

A cloud comes up and covers the sun,
  And a life is darkened amid despair;
But sleep is swift: 'twill wake somewhere
  To a day begun.

Woodford Patterson.

THE MONTH.

THE twenty-fifth annual contest for the Woodford prize in oratory was won by George P. Dyer; the subject of his oration was, "Education and Ideal Citizenship."

At the annual spring games of the Cornell Athletic Club, on May 2, two records were lowered. H. P. Webb won the mile run in 4 min. 46$\frac{2}{5}$ sec., and J. J. Crain and P. N. Strong tied for first place in the pole vault, both vaulting 9 ft. 6½ in.

The second athletic meet with the University of Pennsylvania was held on May 11, at Percy Field, the visitors winning by a large margin. Cornell secured only two first places, Yale in the 120 yards hurdle race, and Patterson in the hammer throwing contest.

Twelve men have been selected to represent Cornell in the Henley Regatta. The crew will be picked from the following: R. B. Hamilton, C. A. Louis, Thomas Hall, T. W. Fennell, F. W. Freeborn, E. C, Hager, E. Spillman, F. M. Mathews, R. L. Shape, G. P. Dyer, M. W. Roe, and W. Bentley. F. D. Colson will act as coxswain. The average age of the oarsmen is 20$\frac{5}{6}$ years, and the average weight 164$\frac{5}{12}$ pounds.

The triangular 'Varsity race will be rowed at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson on June 21. The freshman race with the University of Pennsylvania will be held at Ithaca on Lake Cayuga, probably on June 14. The American 'Varsity crew is now rowing as follows: Troy, stroke; Tatum, 7; Smith, 6; Johnson, 5;

Crawford, 4; Moore, 3; Chriswell, 2; Slade, bow; and Richardson, coxswain.

The baseball team has won 7 of the 9 games played this season. Princeton won an exciting game at Percy Field on April 2) by a score of 6 to 5. All the other college games have been won as follows: Trinity, 27 to 11; University of Michigan, 2 to 1; University of Virginia, 11 to 2 and 6 to 0; and University of Pennsylvania, 5 to 1. The players have been working hard and have developed more team work than is usually seen in a college nine.

The following members of the sophomore class have been elected *Cornellian* editors: G. F. Hamilton, Jervis Langdon, L. C. Fuller, L. B. Walton, and R. E. Fox. The Faculty committee has elected, R. F. Maynard and O. M. Wolff from the class of '97 on the basis of competition.

The following will edit the *Era* next year: R. S. Kelly, editor-in-chief; Miss Williams, H. J. Westwood, E. M. Carpenter, W. A. Glasson, E. L. Aldrich, and Newell Lyon.

At the last meeting of the Athletic Council, W. S. Thompson, '97, was elected assistant football manager. It was decided to enlarge the number of members of the Council by the addition of another representative from the faculty.

The lacrosse team lost three games on its recent trip. The scores were as follows: Lehigh, at Bethlehem, 3–8; Crescent Athletic Club, at Brooklyn, 2–4; and Stevens, at Hoboken, 2–3. The Harvard team will play at Percy Field on May 25.

NEW BOOKS.

The Arthurian Epic. A Comparative Study of the Cambrian, Breton, and Anglo-Norman Versions of the Story and Tennyson's Idylls of the King. By S. Humphreys Gurteen, M.A., LL.B. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

The title of this book shows clearly the author's object of making a scientific and comprehensive treatise of the subject which he has chosen. After an historical sketch of this noble and imperishable theme, a chapter on the place it occupies in literature, and one on the writers of the Arthurian Epic, he proceeds to give an analysis and summary of the Cyclus of Romances centering about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. The principal characters of the Epic romance are described in successive chapters on Merlin and Vivienne; Lancelot, Guinevere

and Elaine; Galahad and the Quest of the Holy Graal; King Arthur; Geraint and Enid.

The superficial treatment which this subject has sometimes received has led to widespread misapprehension, not only on the part of the popular mind but even among many who are otherwise well-informed. To dispel this popular misconception has been one of the author's principal objects. The impression produced by his masterly treatise is entirely different from that usually entertained on the subject of King Arthur. The author is in love with old English literature and especially with this unique and fascinating Epic; he has devoted years to study and research in this field, and the results which he has attained cannot fail to interest literary students.

The Story of Vedic India. By Zénaide A. Ragozin. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

It is safe to say that most people know very little about the subject treated in this book, although during recent years it has been coming into prominence among scholars. For that reason the book is a new and a valuable contribution to English historical literature. The author's style is entertaining and her method of treatment scientific. She begins with a description of "The Wonderland of the East;" this is followed by a discussion of the Sources of Knowledge on the subject and several chapters on the Vedas, the Rig-Veda, the Storm Myth, the Sun-and-Dawn Myth, etc. To draw the line of distinction between myths and actual facts is in all cases a difficult undertaking, especially in a case like the present one when the whole story seems to such an extent filled with the national myths. This task seems to have been accomplished in a very satisfactory way. The author announces that the present volume will be followed by another entitled "The Story of Brahmanic India," the subject of Vedic and Brahmanic India having been found too vast for treatment in a single book. The reader will easily guess that these books belong to the popular series, "The Story of the Nations."

The Crusades. By T. A. Archer and Charles L. Kingsford. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

This volume is another contribution to "The Story of the Nations." The writers concern themselves only with those Crusades which are Crusades in the proper sense of the term. The sub-title of the book is the "Story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem," and this is made the principal thread of the narrative. The writers thus lay stress upon the most important side of Crusading history, for only thus can the true character of the Crusades be discerned. That epoch in the world's history has been overlaid with a great mass of romance and tradition, which partially obscures the real achievements and the practical results attained by the Crusaders in the East. This book, however, is not a book of romance, but a matter-of-fact history. It traces influences as far as possible to their source, gives a faithful narrative of the Crusading expeditions, and describes their results as affecting the institutions and the progress of the world. One of the chapters is devoted to the material equipment of the crusaders; it must be remembered that in many respects the Crusades represent an epoch in military progress; and for this reason it is interesting to note the careful description which the authors have given of the military engines, siege-castles, armor and weapons of the time.

The Artificial Mother. A Marital Fantasy. By G. H. P. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

This little book was written, says the author, for the sole purpose of promoting the gaiety of a very serious literary society. After reading it through one is sure that it must have accomplished its purpose; that literary society must for once have been convulsed with merriment. Now, the "artificial mother" was a machine, contrived for the purpose of deceiving obstreperous infants, who when placed in its arms were rocked and sung to sleep as if by a real mother—a very philanthropic object, you see, for the real mother would then be relieved of an endless amount of care. But, we are sorry to say, the inventor of this machine had a base motive, a purely selfish object in view; he was the father of a whole brood of these obstreperous infants, and the chief advantage which he expected to gain was the recovery of that share of his wife's attention which he considered his rightful due. The experiment was a perfect success, especially the automatic *crooning attachment.* But one is somewhat relieved on discovering that the story after all was only a dream; for the real mother in her anger destroyed the delicate mechanism of the one who was to have stood to the babes *in loco matris,* and the manner in which those luckless twins were thrown in opposite directions "like billiard-balls from a carrom"—so vividly portrayed in the last picture—could hardly have been conducive to the health and well-being of their lordships the infants.

A Laboratory Guide for an Elementary Course in General Biology. By J. H. Pillsbury, A.M. Silver, Burdett and Co.: Boston.

The chief objection to which a laboratory guide may be subject is that it can be used as a remedy for ignorance on the part of the teacher or an inducement to indolence on the part of the student. The author has guarded against this possibility first by his arrangement of the subject matter and second by a general warning in his preface. He has produced a sufficiently full and a thoroughly reliable book. It is evidently intended for young students and offers only an elementary course. It treats of fundamental animal and vegetable forms. The chapters upon the star-fish, the earth-worm and the frog may be mentioned as specially interesting and instructive.

A Literary History of the English People. Part I. From the Origins to the Renaissance. By J. J. Jusserand. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York.

This volume traces the growth of an English literature under the influence of the fusion of different races, and through the periods of Chaucer and Langland, down to the end of the Middle Ages. It is a very interesting book. The subject is full of fascination, and the author has caught its charm so perfectly that his history reads like a romance. The work is not merely a commentary on the literary remains of this early period. It tells the story of the development of a great nation out of diverse elements; how it became united and grew in wealth and culture; and how along with this development, and moulded by it, there grew out of the first rude attempts at literary expression a really national literature. It is an excellent book for the general reader, and it is at the same time of great value to the student. There is constant reference to original sources by means of foot-notes.

There are certain defects in the book, not serious, but such as to take away from one's pleasure in reading it. For instance, in what is meant to be vivid narrative, the author frequently mingles historical present and preterit tenses in careless disregard of the effect which he thus produces. This is a little thing, but it is inexcusable, and it is too bad that a book otherwise so good should be thus marred.

The volume is well printed, and carefully indexed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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

The Arthurian Epic. By S. Humphreys Gurteen.

The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Edited by Arthur Marvin.

The Story of Vedic India. By Zénaide A. Ragozin.

The Crusades. By T. A. Archer and Charles L. Kingsford.

The Artificial Mother. By G. H. P.

Silver, Burdett and Co., Boston:

A Laboratory Guide for an Elementary Course in General Biology. By J. H. Pillsbury.

THE

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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF TERENCE MULVANEY.

(*Being the essay to which was awarded the prize offered by the Kipling Club.*)

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we
aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most
remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduck isn't
all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't
grow into plaster saints.

Barrack-Room Ballad.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has a magical power of endowing his creations with life, and they are all attractive because of their individuality. He is evidently partial to some of the children of his brain, and more than one of them appears again and again after his introduction to the world. If frequency of appearance is any test, it is pretty sure that the author's favorite

character is Terence Mulvaney. The big Irishman walks upon the stage in no less than sixteen of Kipling's stories. The adventures of him and his two friends, Learoyd and Ortheris, make many a lively tale. And even when the author does not call on him to tell the story himself, he likes to listen with a twinkle in his eye, while Terence interjects some explanation or bit of philosophy.

Mulvaney belongs to a certain type of hero which has been a favorite with more than one generation, namely, the strong, bold man of inferior rank, who hobnobs with great men, and speaks familiarly of great events. Dumas has such a man in D' Artagnan. Kipling must have noted the resemblance between Dumas' group of companions and his own, as is shown by the title of one of his stories. The two comrades of Mulvaney serve to throw his unique personality into relief. The ponderous slowness of the Yorkshireman, Jock Learoyd, is a foil for his quick Irish wit, and he takes on a certain grandeur in contrast with the cockney Stanley Ortheris. Mulvaney is the three guardsmen and D'Artagnan rolled into one. He has the wit of the Gascon, the nobility of Athos, the strength of Porthos, and he has Aramis' weakness for lovely woman. But withal he is far less a creature of romance than any of these. He is merely a homely figure in the uniform of a private in Her Majesty's infantry, and he has all the stronger hold on our hearts by reason of it. His inferior position and prosaic surroundings bring out the originality and depth of his character. His nature presents some singular contrasts. The tale of the bloody fight at "Silver's Theatre," and his tender protection of little Norah McTaggart are in the same story.

There is a remarkable consistency in the bits of his history which Mulvaney tells, such that it is possible to put these bits together and construct a fairly consecutive biography of his interesting career.

In the story of *The Daughter of the Regiment* Mulvaney incidentally remarks that he was from Portarlington. This is a very satisfying bit of information, for it gives our Irish hero a good, honest launch upon his career. We can start him now at Portarlington, a town in Queens County, not far from Dublin, and

we can follow up his adventures with all the more relish for knowing just what part of the world produced his interesting self.

We know nothing further of Mulvaney before his enlistment in the army, and we may fairly suppose that that event occurred early in his career. The British Army receives recruits of the age of eighteen years, and Mulvaney must have been a youth peculiarly susceptible to the pecuniary and romantic inducements of the public-house recruiting officer. In the course of the military wisdom which leads up to the story of *The Taking of Lungtungpen* Mulvaney says he has served seventeen years. Hostilities on the Irrawaddy began in 1885, and if we assume Mulvaney to have been "invalided from Burma" in 1886, and the narration of the story to have taken place shortly afterward, we may then, by Mr. Daboll's leave, fix the date of our hero's enlistment at 1869 or 1870. Let us go no further back in applying the methods of historical investigation to his career. Mulvaney took part in some great events in recent history, but he is not a public man. He is a hero of fiction. Let us respect his character, and permit that sacred mystery which belongs to him to enshroud the year of his birth.

Mulvaney does not go back into his childhood for incidents to illustrate his theories of love or war. He is "a born scutt av the barrick-room," and the earliest recollections that he thinks worth telling are of the rough life of Her Majesty's service. In the story *With the Main Guard* we learn that Mulvaney's first regiment was "Oirish. They was the Black Tyrone." How long he was enlisted before he was sent to India we do not know. We may, however, infer that he spent some time with his regiment in Dublin. During this period he was mixed up in several adventures of the kind which appealed to his peculiar genius for deviltry. He could not have been long under the refining influence of the drill-master when he "was discovered on the banks of the Liffey trying to sell his colonel's charger to a Donegal dealer as a perfect lady's hack." It was in those days that he indulged his "fine fancy for rhetoric," and became a patron of the drama. No playhouse proprietor could awe Mulvaney into any deference to his high mightiness, nor did bashfulness ever keep the Irishman

from interpreting Shakespeare on the stage if he could get the chance. It was in Dublin, at Silver's Theatre, that his too loud disapproval of the costume of one Hogan in the rôle of Hamlet got him into a fight, and forced him to back up his dramatic opinions with his fists.

Mulvaney had traveled more or less in the island of his birth. He knew what it was to see "the sun on Donegal Bay whin it's rough." It is safe to say, too, that he had been near Cork, for surely he, of all men, must at some time have kissed the Blarney Stone.

We may now transfer our hero to India, which is to be the scene of his labors for many long years. For a while Mulvaney remained in the Black Tyrone. He had certain adventures during this time, which are told in the stories *Black Jack*, *The God from the Machine*, and "*Love-o'-Women.*" The adventure in the barrack-room, when Mulvaney saved his life by his native wit, turns on the men's ignorance of the use of the Martini-Henri rifle, which was "new to the rig'mint." The British infantry was equipped with the improved rifle in 1872–3–4, so we may safely put this incident at an early date in our hero's career. About this time occurred a great event in Mulvaney's military life. He was made a corporal. More than once in Mulvaney's stories does he tell us: "I was a Corp'ril then. I was rejuced aftherwards, but no matter, I was a Corp'ril wanst." With mournful recollection does he refer in his later years to the too brief period of his exaltation.

There is evidence in *The God from the Machine* to show that Mulvaney was in the Black Tyrone and was a corporal at the time he prevented the "e-vasion" of his captain with the daughter of his colonel. We can see by this time that Mulvaney is a dangerous man to meddle with. He has a fertile wit and can find more than one way to satisfy a dislike or work out an elaborate revenge. We learn that Mulvaney's acquaintance with Larry Tighe, afterwards known as "Love-o'-Women," began while he was in the Black Tyrone. It was years afterwards, when he had been transferred to another regiment, and was no longer a corporal, that he was a witness of the lamentable end of Larry Tighe.

There came a time in Mulvaney's career when even his "gift o' gab" failed to save him from retribution. He tells about it in "*Love-o'-Women*:"

"'I tould you, did I not, sorr, that I was caressed an pershuaded to lave the Tyrone on account av a throuble?'

"'Something to do with a belt and a man's head wasn't it?' Terence had never given the tale in full.

"'It was. Faith, ivry time I go on prisoner's gyard in coort I wondher fwhy I was not where the pris'ner is. But the man I struk tuk it in fair fight an' he had the good sinse not to die. . . I was enthreated to exchange, an' my Commandin' Orf'cer pled wid me. . . . So to the Ould Reg'mint I came. . . .'"

It was B Company that Mulvaney joined, and here he made the acquaintance of Ortheris and Learoyd, who were to be such stanch friends in after years. He still kept his corporalcy.

Mulvaney did not cease to get into trouble after his transfer. He did not change his character by his change of surroundings, and the influence of the Black Tyrone followed him. His adventure with Annie Bragin and corporal Flahy's ghost is one of the unpleasant incidents of his life, and he himself shakes his head when he relates it. But he makes no pretension to sanctity. And this was in the "old days and unregenerate." He was called Buck Mulvaney in those days. His fearlessness is very amusingly illustrated in his adventure with the elephant, which is probably the next in order. It is Private Mulvaney himself, and no other, who stands there in the road facing the big elephant which has gone *musth* and has scattered all the society of Cawnpore. And it is very lucky for Private Mulvaney that his lordship the elephant chases him to Antonio's Carriage Emporium, and then gets conveniently under the edge of the flat roof. Else how would his lordship's quarry have turned the tables by gaining that commanding position on his lordship's back?

It was shortly after this that Mulvaney proved that he had a heart by losing it. A certain blue-eyed girl was too much for him, and he was honestly in love this time. It must have been true love, for its course was far from smooth. If he did but know it, however, he must have been pretty hard to resist, him-

self, with his eloquent blue eyes. And was he not the tallest man in the regiment? But he tells about his love-affair himself, and better than any one else can, in the story of *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.*

When we next meet with our friend he is once more Private Mulvaney. How he lost his stripes he does not tell us. But we do know that the memory of it is painful. Perhaps he might have maintained his rank if he "cud have kept out av wan big dhrink a month."

In the course of events it became necessary for the great British Empire to send a force into Afghanistan to protect its interests there, and our friend Mulvaney went along to the front with his regiment. This was the beginning of the second Afghan war, which lasted off and on for two years, from 1878 to 1880. It was on his way up to the seat of war that Mulvaney was sent to the hospital with a sore foot, and contracted the fever, but his old friend the Cawnpore elephant coming along opportunely, and getting obstreperous at the exit of the Tangi Pass, he conquered the elephant and the fever at the same time. It was a little later that a company of the Black Tyrone and a company of the "Ould Rig'mint" had that bloody fight with the Pathans at a place which was christened Silver's Theatre, and that the death of Tim Coulan was avenged. It was just after this fight that Mulvaney renewed his acquaintance with Larry Tighe, now known as "Love-o'-Women."

We don't know whether or not Mulvaney was with Sir Frederick Roberts in the latter's famous march from Cabul to Candahar. He never tells us. But he speaks of that exploit in admiring terms in *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.* Indeed, he has nothing but admiration for that valiant general himself. He calls him "me little frind Bobs." "He's a sinsible little man." "Always barrin' me little friend Bobs Bahadur, I know as much about the army as most men." This marks one of Mulvaney's characteristics. He admires honest manhood and bravery, and his approbation of soldierly qualities is outspoken. Sir Frederick Roberts, Lift'nint Brazenose at Lungtungpen, and the "little orf'cer bhoy" whom he aided in the subjection of the

"big drunk draf'," all come in for approving words from Private Terence Mulvaney.

But the war came to an end, as all wars must, and Terence returned with his regiment. He went down the Khyber Pass, and met his darling Dinah Shadd at Peshawur. And it was at Peshawur that he witnessed the lamentable end of Larry Tighe.

By a chance remark of Mulvaney's in the story of *The Big Drunk Draf'* we learn that he had at one time been in Egypt. Now the time when British soldiers were most needed in Egypt was in 1882. And in August of 1882 an Indian contingent of ten thousand men embarked at Bombay for Suez, to assist General Sir Garnet Wolseley in putting down the revolt of Arabi Pasha. As our friend Terence had by this time got the Afghan war off his hands, we may suppose that as a part of this force he visited Egypt and there formed those uncomplimentary opinions which he expresses of the commander of the British forces.

We next find Mulvaney in Burma, where, assisted by a Lift'-nint Brazenose "an' four-an'-twenty young wans," he took the town of Lungtunpen naked. There is no chance for an irreverent person to cast doubt on the truth of this story, for the town of Lungtungpen isn't on any of the maps. The climate of Burma, and perhaps midnight exposure in the waters of the Irrawaddy, were presumably too much for Mulvaney's iron frame, for he returned to India on the invalid list. He saw no more real service, except perhaps in one instance. In the introduction to the story *On Greenhow Hill* we find the three inseparables in camp on "a bare ridge of the Himalayas." In 1888 a little campaign was fought in Sikkim, on the northern slopes of this mountain system, and it may be that our friends were in it.

Their principal occupation during these last years, however, was drilling raw recruits, and amusing themselves as well as they could in the absence of real war. They distinguished themselves by such adventures as stealing palanquins, fighting Dearsley Sahibs, and playing pranks upon a meddlesome lord who wanted the troops turned out for inspection on a Thursday. Mulvaney has grown old and grizzled, and the end of his twenty-one years of service is drawing near. His unruly temper and love of adventure

still get him into trouble with his officers, and his brilliant imagination and gift of blarney still ward off punishment.

When we next hear of him, a strange thing has happened. Mulvaney has gone home in the troop-ship *Serapis* as a time-expired man, but unable to remain away from his loved India, has returned to command a gang of coolies under a contractor on a central India line of railroad. He is a civilian, but he shows that he hasn't entirely forgotten his military training by the way in which he handles a "big drunk draf'" from the "ould rig'mint" on the way to embarkation.

Mulvaney has traveled over a good bit of this planet. He has "served with various regiments from Bermuda to Halifax," and we have followed him from Ireland to Afghanistan, and from Egypt to Burma, but, after all, there is but one place where he is at home, and that is where the best part of his life has been spent, in India. Here we may leave him, and in good care, too. If Dinah Shadd doesn't pester him too much about raising a civilian's beard, he ought to be fairly contented.

Woodford Patterson.

COMMENCEMENT.

As he who when a steep ascent is won
Pauses a moment on the height to view
His backward stretching path, but late so new,
So long and strange, now so familiar grown;
High on his hard-won vantage ground he stands
To cast one lingering look behind and then
Bidding it mute farewell, he turns again
To untried ways that lead to strange far lands.

So men now standing on their little height
Look back across the fading swift flown years
Of mingled joy and sadness, smiles and tears,
Before they seek their life paths dark or bright
Then on the future turn their anxious gaze
Stretching to unknown goals by unknown ways.

THE MUSICAL CLUBS AND THEIR TOUR.

One of the most charming characteristics of a college or university life is the hearty, rollicking student song; a song, a glee with a peculiar charm of its own. Every large institution of learning has, or is supposed to have, its own songs or choruses, dear to the student heart, be they "Alma Mater," "Gaudeamus," "Fair Harvard," or what not. These songs, originally shouted in chorus at any and every chance gathering of undergraduates, have gradually been collected, and at present are rendered almost solely by musical clubs carefully chosen from among the student body. The idea of a students' traveling club originated in Spain. Then, however, the music was mostly instrumental, whereas our American college clubs render both vocal and instrumental music.

The development of the college glee club has been rapid, and to-day every college looks with almost as much pride on its glee, banjo and mandolin clubs as it does on its crew, or its football team. Cornell, in this branch, as in others, has kept well up in the first rank and is now about to supplement an enterprising step in athletics by sending her musical clubs to face foreign critics.

On June 19th the Cornell Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club will sail for England on the steamer Paris, and for five weeks will remain abroad, singing American college songs and ballads. They will endeavor to reflect American university life to their English cousins and show them a typical American college musical organization. Only once before has this been attempted and Amherst may be proud to be called the pioneer.

The development of the Musical Clubs, that has made this tour possible, is illustrative of Cornell's wonderful growth. Ten years ago she had scarcely half the number of students that are now registered. Ten years ago her athletics were surely no better than third rate among American colleges. Ten years ago the Glee Club trips were taken to Cortland, Trumansburg, Owego and the other small towns of the vicinity. This rapid growth has necessitated many changes of government in all departments, and the musical clubs too have found it necessary to alter their methods frequently, to keep pace with their growth.

This past year has been an important one in the history of the musical clubs, for a complete re-organization has been effected. The officials of the club, realizing that its affairs had become too important and too cumbersome to be managed according to the crude constitution in existence, formulated a new one. Two principles were felt to be all-important in the preparation of this constitution. First, the Cornell Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club must be an undergraduate organization and should be governed by undergraduates. Secondly, in business affairs involving thousands of dollars and occasionally even matters of university policy, it was thought all-important that there should be older and more experienced heads than can be found in the undergraduate body. And so a method of government was formulated bringing in these two principles.

At present the supreme power is vested in an Executive Council, composed of two faculty members, two alumni, and the executive committee of the club,—making a council of nine members, five of whom are undergraduates. To this council is left the election of managers and the decision of questions of policy and of especial importance. This method insures a conservative management and impartiality in the election of officers. Candidates are thoroughly discussed, in order that the best man may be elected.

The active management of the club is, however, conducted by the executive committee. This is composed of the president and manager, together with three members elected at large by the clubs. During the active season, this committee holds weekly meetings, deciding tours and, in general, looking out for the welfare of the club. Their powers even extend to dropping a man from membership, should sufficient cause arise. The advantages of this new method of government are marked, for not only is a more conservative management thus secured, but the responsibility is removed from the shoulders of the manager and placed on a committee.

The fun of the Glee Club year commences with the fall competition, when the frightened candidates are brought in, one by one, and very formally and coldly requested to sing to the club.

With fear and trembling the victim starts on "O Promise Me" or even occasionally some hymn. Beads of perspiration stand out on his forehead. The end comes at last, his name is taken and he rushes out into the fresh air, glad at least to be free again. The best of these receive a notice to attend the final competition, where they are again allowed to sing their song and this time, possibly, to run up and down a few scales. The fortunate ones receive notice of the first rehearsal. The others wait vainly, hoping against hope that their card may come. These selections are made by the musical committee, composed of the president, the leader and the director. Each member of the club is required to deposit five dollars in the fall as a guarantee that he will attend rehearsals. For each tardiness of even one minute, twenty-five cents is deducted from this deposit, and for each absence from a rehearsal one dollar is charged. Outsiders marvel at the promptness with which the rehearsals are conducted, but it is mainly on account of this little lever, ever acting on the lazy and careless, that discipline is maintained.

Such then, is the organization and character of the clubs which are to be let loose upon the English public this summer. Whether English wit can keep pace with the ridiculous in our college medleys, remains to be seen. Whether our manager will be asked, after the concert, why we sang of such disconnected things as darkies and hen-roosts, is likewise still a problem. However, we can but hope for the best, and look forward to seeing Cornell as successful on the concert stage as we hope she will be on the water.

J. M. Parker.

A QUESTION OF CREDIT.

DOWN town society is composed of eight men and twenty-three women. Because they know no one can adduce contradictory evidence, the greatest of these claim to have picked their aristocracy from the ash-barrels of a forgotten civilization. But these claims are not at all to be considered authentic. Society is much the same the world over.

Mr. John Bryce came to the University equipped with a slight dramatic ability, a good wardrobe, and the love of his father, with whom he was imperfectly acquainted. On account of the first two of these qualifications, and of his gentlemanly appearance, society, as aforesaid, welcomed him with metaphoric warmth. And he was pleased, for he was very young.

When he first arrived, he had some notions about working hard and being a credit to his father. Which was most absurd. But he had been brought up on the 'sheltered life' plan, and naturally had many ideas that were old fashioned and not at all good form. So the eight men proved conclusively that they were the only aristocracy of the place, and the twenty-three women invited him to tea.

This was all after he had joined a fraternity. The fraternity was as most fraternities, which let a freshman do as he pleases, as long as he behaves like a gentleman, and doesn't conceive too great an opinion of himself. Neither of which dangers threatened John Bryce, or "Jack," as his four months' acquaintances called him. He was always polite, and always ready to follow the advice of a superior, which was a fault too uncommon to attract attention.

He never did anything materially wrong, from a college standpoint, though he learned things that would have made his proud old father call him home, could he have known of them. But by keeping always within bounds of temperance and modesty, he came to be regarded as a man able to take care of himself, which he was not, because of the fault before mentioned.

In a town where unlimited credit is given to the wearer of a suit of respectable clothes, it is doubtless hard for a merchant to refuse to trust in the morning his guest at dinner of the evening before. So John Bryce preferred having his clothes and books charged, when he found that all the other fellows did it and that he absolutely needed ready cash for current social expenses. It was much easier too, and it sounded much more influential to say, "Just charge that to me," than to search through his pockets to gather together the price of his tennis racket from the corners of his clothes. And he had always the consolation that the men would wait until the following fall, and they did, for they are very accommodating.

He did not grow any older though during the summer, and in his sophomore year became even more of a social hero. He did many nice things that increased him in favor, among the eight-and-twenty-three. Though showing a marked preference for Miss Angelina Budd, whose parents he met, one across the counter, the other at a dance, he could always be relied upon to act as escort to any young lady previously unasked, and he always remembered to act as a gentleman.

And finding that this took more money, he had everything charged. No one ever bothered him about his accounts, except one plebeian liquor-dealer who ventured to call personally and warn him that his account was growing very large. Which conduct was very rude indeed, and Jack showed him out, politely but severely.

Jack failed to pass his ten hours in the spring term, and was told so the day after commencement by a communication from the registrar, and statements from all of his creditors. He was alone in the boarding house, and he broke down. He knew his father too well to imagine that his failure could be palliated. Never would he be permitted to come back and try again. *That* he did not care so about. But his bills! He figured them up on the back of an envelope, his hand trembling so that he could hardly put down the total, which was large. And he knew he dared not let his father know! The amount was as much as his yearly allowance, and he knew what that meant to his father. So he felt that he dared not go home. This of course was because he was too young to understand. His father was human as all fathers, but his son was imperfectly acquainted with him.

He arose, to try the only means of escape he saw. If his creditors would wait, he would pay them all in time, as soon as he could earn something. Mr. Budd, his largest creditor, was the first he visited. Mr. Budd was sorry, and would wait until fall if he were coming back, or he would take his note. His note! The next man was less reasonable, and threatened to send the bill home if some assurance of payment was not forthcoming. And Jack saw that the end had come.

It was growing dark as he left the store and hurried across to

the plebeian liquor-seller. He expected no mercy there, as he felt he deserved none, so he told the man behind the bar to send him a bill, and he would try to pay it, and he paid his last dollar for the package the man gave him.

It seemed miles up the hill to his boarding-house; the shops were all closed, and the town had settled down for its annual four months' nap. He met nobody, and felt more lonesome and dismal than ever when he reached his room. He lit his lamp and locked the door on the inside.

He drank fast for the first little while. It kept him from thinking. Then he half drowsily remembered that he wanted another look at his total debit. The figures were dancing in a long row in the glare of the lamp, and he could not see the total amount at the bottom. Twelve hundred—and—something. It didn't matter. He would forget. He giggled nervously. It was so funny somehow, and the joke wasn't on him at all. They would never get it. He laughed again, and threw himself on the floor in a paroxysm of mirth.

Of course it was entirely accidental that in trying to light his pipe over the lamp he should knock it over, and that both should go to the floor together. The lighted oil spread out to the rugs, and the silent, snaky flames leaped up and lapped the curtains. It was glorious. He would have a drink. And he laughed again, and threw the bottle at the wall. Then after one convulsive burst of merriment he lay back unconscious.

* * * * * * *

Society was very much surprised next morning to hear that the boarding-house had burned during the night. Mrs. Budd was so shocked that she kept her room for three days. "I suppose you'd better send the bill to the poor boy's father, my dear," she said when she came down to breakfast on the fourth morning. "Angelina has his home address, upstairs."

But one bill did not go home to John Bryce, Senior. It was that of the rude and very plebeian liquor-seller already referred to. He tore up the statements that Jack had asked for, and crossed his name off the books.

H. J. O'Brien.

UTILITY IN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS.

WE hear much now-a-days about what is termed the practical. We find the standard of practicability along side of every profession or occupation in pursuit of which men seek to win their daily bread. It is distinctly a gold standard—this standard of practicability, and by it too often things are measured purely in terms of their ability to fill one's strong box.

It would be useless and foolish as well, to attempt to belittle the importance of such a standard. The inexorable laws of nature have given it its importance. Note that ever-present, instinctive tendency towards competition, that unceasing effort to surpass one's neighbor, those ingrained elements of the human character, which ever increase from the time when the youngster on the floor struggles fiercely with his brother to gain the extra building block, perhaps, all through life until the end. A subtle instinct is always driving us onward, in earnest,tireless and often bitter rivalry for the possession of something we do not have. Nor is there aught of reason for regretting that these things are so. This utilitarian spirit is to be avoided only when it begins to run to wild excess, only when in an effort to shun the visionary heights of metaphysical speculation and aimless abstraction, it is found groping in the dark, narrow defile, after what it chooses to regard as eminently practical and calls "specialization." For then it makes machines, not men.

Our educational systems, in common with every other line of mental or physical action have felt the influence of this prevailing tendency of the age. Our institutions of learning are coming more and more to realize its importance, and all about us are springing up schools, the immense value of which none can doubt, where one can obtain special instruction along special lines. The true university of to-day is what its name implies. It is not merely a home of liberal education but it is "an institution where any person may find instruction in any study." And all this is well. Wasted indeed would be the moments spent in an attempt to put the brand of undesirability upon our schools of sciences,

of engineering, or of the mechanic arts, yet in this attempt to make perfect the superstructure, to finish off the apex of the pyramid, to bring the converging lines up to a single point, the broad foundation should not be overlooked. You erect your observatory on some commanding spot, well up above the plain—a tower three times its height in the valley would not serve your purpose as well. And so it should be with your specialist. If he is to be well-rounded, complete, and fully developed as a man, he must build his specialty on the broad, high plateau of liberal culture. We must be men first and specialists afterwards.

It is Herbert Spencer, I think, who sets up that grim law of the egoist, by which he solves the problem of Life's object in a fashion something like this: "Men live to live. The object of life is to perpetuate life. Man's first duty is to himself, therefore that knowledge is of first importance which shall best enable him to perpetuate his individual life and through it the lives of others." Yes, that education is best which best fits a man to live, but who lives best—your miser with his hoarded gold or the man purse-poor, perhaps, but rich in happiness and friends? Between two such extremes there is no hesitation. One recoils from the bare idea of making accumulated wealth the sole criterion of success, yet, half unconsciously, perhaps, but just as surely, some of our present day tendencies are leading us toward such an end. Witness the fierce attempts so often made to exclude from our institutions of learning what some would call the impracticable, sentimental, useless classics. Time and again we are brought face to face with a question such as this: "Why should we in this nineteenth century, characterized as it is by all its wonderful activity, by all the marvelous developments it has witnessed along every line, by the telephone and the telegraph, where once a Phidippides ran, by the touch of a key and the flash of an electric spark in place of supremest effort for days, or weeks, or months, by life and activity in the place of death and stagnation—why should we in such an age drive into the heads of the boys and girls the petrified roots of languages long since dead?

Why?

One summer afternoon a mother sat quietly in the shade of the

trees and about her played a little one. Presently the tired child came and rested its head upon its mother's knee, watching the fleecy clouds as they drifted idly through the deep blue overhead. To the childish fancy they seemed instinct with some mysterious life, and the child said: "Tell me about them, mother." And the mother took the little one upon her knee and in simple language told it the story of Apollo's white herds that come to refresh the thirsty fields with their life-giving milk, and how the mischievous wind now steals them away and now drives them scurrying back again, and the child's fancy grew and expanded like the flowers of spring-time, till its ever-active imagination made it live always in the midst of a living nature and he read "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks." She might have said that the clouds were simply moisture evaporated by the action of the sun's rays and that as soon as they became dense enough they would be precipitated upon the earth in the form of rain. But that practical education was not what was needed then, its time was yet to come and it would only have served to check and curb and dwarf instead of to spur on, and the mother knew it.

The same impulse that led that mother to tell the quaint cloud legend to the little one upon her knee, would lead her in after years to teach him the language of Homer and of Vergil, that he might gain, at the very fountain head, the full perfection of that of which he had but tasted before.

The tongues of ancient Greece and Rome, monuments as they are of once magnificent civilizations, possess in their literature, their structure, yes, in their petrified roots, if you will, a magic power to expand the life and uplift the soul of man. Maintain them in our curriculum? Yes,—a thousand times yes, so long as the aim of education shall be to develop the broadest, truest manhood; so long as there remains one soul that yearns for something higher, nobler, better than the development of one faculty only from the very start—something better than simply a formula for money-getting.

Fierce and long the discussion waged between the scientists on the one hand and the classicists on the other, each claiming that

in their favorite field was to be found true culture, but now we are drifting toward a point where it will be no longer the classical learning against the scientific, but where we shall find the very existence of a liberal culture, in whatever way obtained, imperiled by a too early tendency toward ultra-utilitarian technicality and specialization. It is such a tendency as this that makes so strong the claim the classics have upon us, and they become more valuable than are the sciences as a means of liberal culture because, if for no other reason, they are not directly connected with civil or mechanical engineering, with architecture, law or medicine, and because therefore they prevent the mischievous effects of misguided concentration, when expansion is what is needed.

Do not think this an attempt to disparage the value of technical education or specialization. I cry out only against the tendency that would make one see in such a training the foundation, body, and cap-stone—the all in all of a perfect education. Too often the popular notion of utility is sadly warped. That is ultimately the most useful which lays a firm foundation on which to build. Does classical culture offer nothing but abstractions and generalizations? Has it no true practical utility? Go for your answer to the scientific schools of Germany and enquire there, why in the very home of practical training, as a fundamental qualification to teach, they require a sound classical culture. Your practical German scientist is forced to admit the utility of classical training.

Time spent in the pursuit of classical culture thrown away! No, no. Rather say, most wisely used. May we foster it not only as an end in itself, but also because it offers the broadest, surest foundation for future development along any line; because it possesses therefore, that which is in the truest sense, utility.

Clinton L. Babcock.

NINE.

"I DON'T like the girl," she said, "and I'm afraid I'll do her an injustice if I write the story myself. You must do it."

"Yes?" I said encouragingly, "you're tired, I suppose?"

"Yes," she admitted, "but I made the girl so horrid I couldn't bear to speak to her on the street afterwards. I couldn't help thinking she was somehow as bad as my picture of her."

She has rather a vivid, impressionist way of saying things sometimes that has to be discounted a good deal to get at the facts.

"Do I know her?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "and the man, too—I'm not so sure about the man, either. The girl was Genevieve Allen and the man was Albert Henderson. I don't like her—"

"So you said," I interjected.

"Because she hasn't pretty manners. Not that she's *rude* you know, of course, but—you understand."

"Yes," said I, "exactly." And strangely enough I did.

"Now the man," she went on, "is a kind of an ideal of mine. Not that he's *perfect*, but he is great, and I do like him *immensely*. He's just the—"

"We'll assume his virtues," I said. I don't like to hear *her* praise other men much, but she doesn't know that.

"Well, and so disliking the girl and liking the man so much I thought you had better write the story."

"Well," said I, "not having the slightest human interest in either of these people, if you'll tell me the story I don't know but I had."

"I think," she said, "it will sound so much better written from a man's standpoint, but I think I would do much better in the story than the other girl."

"Naturally," said I, "or any—"

"Don't, please," she interrupted. "It isn't egotism, only somehow she don't fit the part."

Now this was all very interesting to me but somewhat vague. I had been trying to talk to that girl about the fine points of a story I had never heard and apparently was in no immediate danger of hearing and it was growing embarrassing. She expected me somehow to know intuitively what she was thinking about, and the lack of logic and sequence in that young woman's mental operations made her conversation a sort of imaginative steeple chase on my part.

"You know," she began confidentially, "somehow when you start to tell a story it never sounds half as interesting as it did when you first heard it or read it." She paused. It was incumbent on me to say something appropriate. She demands appreciative replies. I hesitated a moment between Yes and No. The chances seemed about even to my betting instinct and I took the latter but hedged by making it interrogative. "No?" said I.

"No," said she. "When I first heard this story I thought it was almost dramatic—but—well—you see, about two years ago Albert Henderson took a great fancy to Genevieve Allen. He *devoted* to her. That is he went to call on her a *great* deal."

"And that is?" I ventured, rapidly reviewing my own past. "*Every night*," she said, "every night, that is, that there wasn't something else going on. He was a regular occurrence."

"How do you know all this?" I asked suspiciously.

"I know," she said. "Well, he went to see her all the time but he never took her anywhere, parties, picnics, theater, *anywhere*. She didn't know why, of course, and other people didn't, but certain as fate he'd take some other girl. She got awfully tired of it, but she stood it a long time without doing anything."

"What could she do?" I asked.

"A great deal," she said, "but she didn't. She didn't say a thing for a long time. Then one day she wrote to him."

"Wrote him a note?" I asked.

"A *letter*. She told him she liked him very much, I don't know *how* much she said but very much. She said that she believed he liked her a great deal. But while she enjoyed his visits and his society, and was glad to have

him come, did he think it *quite* fair to her *never* to appear with her in public? Did he think it was *quite* the thing to do? Was it right to ask another girl *every* time he went *anywhere* and *ignore* HER?" (The italics, as editors say, are our own.) "Then she sent him this note."

She stopped abruptly.

"Well?" she said.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"*All*!" she said, "Isn't that *enough*?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "Quite," and relapsed into silence, wondering in horror what the deuce a fellow would do if he had to face that note.

"What did he do?" I asked finally, having exhausted my ingenuity.

"What do you suppose he did?" said she.

"I don't know," I protested. "What would a fellow do if a girl proposed to him?"

"Plenty do," she said, decidedly.

"Yes," I assented.

"And I don't see why they shouldn't either," she added.

"Neither do I," I agreed, and curiously enough, thinking it over now, I really don't see why they shouldn't, but it struck me as odd at the time.

"Well," I said at last, "did he propose to the girl?"

"No," said she.

"Or stay away altogether?"

"No," said she, why should he?"

"Because," said I, driven to speech at last, "obviously he must have thought she was very much in love with him. If he cared for her he would probably have asked her to marry him and if he didn't he would probably have stayed away. I'm not sure he wouldn't have stayed away anyway. Probably what he did do was to compromise."

"Yes," said she approvingly. "He stayed away a long time and went back by slow degrees. Now he's devoting to her again and takes her *everywhere*. You never see one without the other."

"Think she'll get him?" I asked brutally.

It was rude and she should have reproved me. But she didn't.

"I don't know," she said, "Isn't it a *shame*!"

Emboldened by the success of my two previous remarks I hazarded another cast.

"What a *curious* thing for a girl to do."

"Do you think so?" she said, and, encouraged, I plunged on.

"*Think* so?" I said. "How could anyone help thinking so? It was one of the rankest things I ever heard of. Poor chap, how he was taken in."

She drew herself up. She is great when she does that, but it's the beauty of the storm.

"I did almost *exactly* the same thing *myself*," she said freezingly.

It wasn't a fair game. She led me into a trap and had played me beautifully but it wasn't fair.

A direct inspiration from above told me there was just one thing to do.

"Tell me about it," I said.

"No," said she firmly.

"Please," I insisted.

She hesitated a moment and was lost.

"Well, I wrote a note to a man once asking him never to come to see me again."

"That wasn't at all the same thing," I said with an air of relief. "It was totally different, in fact. You simply *couldn't* do a thing like the other, you know. Or if you don't know, I do. The other was rank. Yours was *perfectly* legitimate."

"They were very like," she said with feebler protest.

"Not at all," said I firmly. "*Totally* different."

I got out of that rather well I thought and rose to go. This intellectual trapeze work was too intense. Then I wanted to think. How did she know all that story, and how about this man Henderson and why did she think her note was like the other girl's and what was it all about anyway?

"You will write the story?" she said.

"I will write a story to-night," said I, "Good-night."

This afternoon I went around to see what she thought of the story. She came down with it in her hand.

"This isn't the story I told you at all," she said, "and I *never* cared for Albert Henderson and—and am *I* like *that*?"

"That" was indefinite but perfectly comprehensible. She meant the girl, of course. "Not at all," said I promptly, "I think too much of you—and of myself," I added mentally—"to put you in a story. That wasn't meant to be you nor any one. It was really three girls. And it wasn't your story either but I couldn't do yours justice and had to try one of my own. It was *my* story suggested by yours."

"Which was I?" said she, raising the previous question.

"*I* don't know," said I. "You can't resolve a composite."

"No," said she regretfully, "It was a horrid story and a horrid girl."

"It was," said I.

"Even if I was a third of her?" she said.

"But you weren't the horrid third," said I and scored for the last time.

"And it wasn't fair to put your garbled account of that conversation in, either," said she.

"It was not," said I.

"And you have no *right* to wonder about Albert Henderson," said she, exasperated, I am afraid, by my meekness.

"No," said I, "I'm very sorry to say I haven't, but I didn't know you cared for him, you know." It was a long shot.

"Well, I didn't,—so—*very*—much," said she slowly and smiled.

And then I realized what a hopeless fool a man is who exchanges a pleasant uncertainty for an unpleasant certainty.

W. C. A.

HERE AND THERE.

THE Here and There department of the MAGAZINE has gone through a curious phase of evolution or perhaps better devolution. Beginning as it did with those airy nothings so charmingly indited by its first gifted editor, those unsubstantial beauties which to read was pleasure, to analyze impossible, at once our admiration and despair, it turned from Here and There in the Library, which it was so obviously impossible to maintain without much leisure and infinite reading, to Here and There in the University, presumably, and ran a long and desultory course, half editorial, half an undefined something else, and so gradually came to occur only here and there in the MAGAZINE, living more to the letter and less to the spirit than before. All of which bit of history brings one naturally to the subject of lost ideals. This perhaps is not obvious. Doubtless there has never been an editor of a literary or semi-literary paper, in particular of a college magazine, who did not enter on his labors with some sort of an ideal of the editorials, called by whatever name, he himself would write, an article weekly or monthly, pleasant or serious, with a touch of humor, or pathos, perhaps, a bit of satire, a breath of rare literary atmosphere, a flash of wit, an apt allusion, an easy grace of expression, a delicate fancy, a happy turn of phrase. He would write articles, in brief, whose memory should linger in men's minds, whose phrases should live on their lips, that should delight and influence them. It is a pretty dream, of editorial utterance that shall somehow combine the exquisiteness of Pater, the humor of Lamb, the satire of Swift, with something rather more than any of these, the sort of thing Aldrich might have written, one fancies, had he but chosen what Warner does sometimes, what Curtis might have done, but more grandly. And this a lost ideal. We are prosy, we preach, we are didactic, we are heavy, we are all the things we longed not to be. We butcher delicate fancies in vain efforts to fix their elusive beauties in words that shall not die, and we print these effusions in the enthusiasm of the creative moment to sigh over them later

when the glamour of a new creation has worn off. There are other literary ideals, of moving the nation by great editorials, of crystallizing dainty conceits into jewels of verse, of a thousand things we long for and dream of and never do, yet are after all the better for longing to do. For after all we do much of what we manage to accomplish, often, by longing to do greater things.

It is only a part of our collection, this literary longing. For when we were children did we not have the same craving for higher things, to be big and drive a cart like the grocery boy, and perhaps even keep a store with thousands of little cans and things like the boy's master. Had we not technical as well as mercantile ambitions, dreams of making infinite shavings and driving innumerable nails and wearing two foot rules in our hip pockets, of making myriads of sparks fly and wearing a sooty apron. It was later we longed to be big enough to thrash the biggest boy in school, to run faster, swim farther and dive deeper than he, and later still when we began to have gleams of almost human intelligence and long in certain moments to go to college in some far distant day our young imaginations could with difficulty shadow forth in alluring indistinctness. And in college what did we do but go through this same round again, this chain of ideals, reached and outgrown and cast aside, never reached, perhaps, and so retained, our dearest possessions, our most sacred. For the ideals we have not attained are so sacred we seldom open the door of their sanctuary even to ourselves and never to others.

And once men, it is the same again and always the same; only the scene changes, the characters remain. We call these ideals ambitions now, serious ambitions, and we make ourselves believe they are. We enter into a covenant with all other men that we will all call this game we play, a reality, and our little parts important, and affect to despise the earlier game as childish. But it is the same game, it is only by the agreement of all men that it is regarded as anything else. Only now and then a Swift writes of *Lilliputia* and we turn to each other aghast to cry, "Here is a traitor. He has told the secret. He has betrayed the agreement." And we turn and rend him.

It is politics sometimes, or business, some even call their game

pleasure, which is the worst of them all. We have an ideal, some of us, at times, in a woman, a goddess, a divinity who treads on air, who lives on nectar and ambrosia, and years after we meet a commonplace little woman, prematurely young, who laughs too much and talks too much of old times, with faded coquetry. Perhaps we play the game called politics or business, and delude ourselves for a time and join with the convention that declares this sham a reality. And then some day we lay the lost ideal aside with the others. We keep our agreement with the world, we say we have failed or that we have succeeded. Perhaps there is some land where ideals come true, where the myriad-hued dreams of childhood, the glittering bubbles, will not burst when we grasp them, will not turn to soapsuds in our hands, and we shall find our lost ideals, where, in short, we can write a Here and There.

"I think that this is the last paragraph I shall ever write 'Here and There in the Library.' I am sorry to think so, though I must fear that my regret may not be widely shared. But everything, it may be supposed, must come to an end sometime and so must my articles for the MAGAZINE. There are, as I have just said, many things that must be left unsaid." So wrote the editor of the MAGAZINE five years ago on the occasion of his going away from Cornell, as his last word in the Here and There which, as we have said, is one of our lost ideals. And one echoes his words to-day, with perhaps a different emphasis. Going away is seldom pleasant, as unpleasant as coming back is pleasant, and for the same reasons. And one of the saddest things about going away is, as Mr. Hale says, in another connection, "many things that must be left unsaid." For when everything is packed and all good-byes are said, and one friend goes down to the station to see us off, then comes the trouble, for there is so much to say, we say nothing. We sit mutely and think. Perhaps we exchange futile remarks about the train and each says he hopes the other will write, and the train comes, we say "good-by, old man, have a good time," and it is over. One goes, one stays; both full of what might have been said in those last few silent moments, most eloquent in their silence. Many things must be left unsaid, here and elsewhere,

but we who leave Cornell, perhaps forever, know that those things we left unsaid the others who remain will understand. They know how much our simple "good-bye" means.

THE MONTH.

THE ninth annual contest for the '86 Memorial prize was won by Stephen F. Sherman, Jr., of New York, who delivered Longfellow's "Fame." Mr. W. N. Tobie was awarded honorable mention. The average excellence of the speakers was exceptionally high.

The following seniors were elected to Phi Beta Kappa: Eugene Plumb Andrews, Clinton LeRoy Babcock, Roy Amos Baum, Miss Leona Bowman, Miss Gertrude E. Clark, Harold Plympton Goodnow, Miss Irene C. Newhouse, Roger Henry Williams. William Henry Glasson, Miss Helen Sayr Gray, and Miss Alice Marilla Southworth were chosen from the junior class.

The 1895–96 editorial boards of the college publications have been elected. The new MAGAZINE editors from the class of '96 are E. Davis, R. P. Kelly, F. E. Moyer, J. M. Parker, S. W. Patterson. They have chosen W. H. Austin, editor-in-chief and J. M. Fowler, business manager. The editor-in-chief of the *Sun* will be W. J. Curtiss and the business manager, O. D. Burden. The new *Era* board has organized by electing R. P. Kelly, editor-in-chief and L. W. Simpson, business manager. The editor-in-chief of the '97 *Cornellian* is R. E. Fox and its business manager, L. C. Fuller.

The baseball team defeated Pennsylvania by a score of 5 to 1 in a game played on Percy Field, May 18. The games away from home unfortunately proved less successful. The scores follow: May 23, Princeton 13, Cornell 3; May 25, Pennsylvania 14, Cornell 8; May 29, Cornell 1, Oberlin, 0; May 30, Michigan 11, Cornell 0; June 15, Orange Athletic Club 4, Cornell 0.

On Monday of Commencement week Brown defeated Cornell in a twelve inning game. Score: Brown 9, Cornell 8.

Cornell defeated Harvard at lacrosse on Percy Field, May 25, the score being Cornell 2, Harvard 1.

The Athletic Council has elected the following managers for

next year: Navy, W. F. McCulloch; baseball, E. Davis; track athletics, G. Gundaker. Professor E. W. Huffcut was elected as the additional faculty member provided by the new rules.

In the Law School prize debate, the first prize was awarded to Mr. F. W. Welsh and the second to Mr. F. K. Nebeker.

Professor Charles A. Collin, who has been continuously in the service of the Law School since its opening, has resigned in order to resume the practice of law. One of the two vacancies caused by the resignation of Professors Hutchins and Collin, has been filled by the appointment to a professorship of Senator Cuthbert W. Pound, of Lockport. It is reported, however, that he has declined the appointment.

A Co-operative Society for the purchase of books and stationery has been organized with Professor C. H. Hull as President.

The departure of the Henley crew from Ithaca on May 28, and from New York on May 29, was the occasion for enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the students and of the general public. The final selection of the crew which will row in the Henley race is announced as follows: Matthews, bow, Spillman, Hager, Freeborn, Fennell, Dyer, Louis, and Hall, stroke.

The Cornell freshmen defeated the Pennsylvania freshmen in a two mile race on Lake Cayuga, June 14. Cornell won by 8 lengths. Time, 11:18$\frac{3}{5}$.

The state has appropriated $100,000 for the erection and equipping of a State Veterinary College on the campus.

The Athletic Council has accepted a proposition from the Athletic Committee of Harvard University for a two years' arrangement in baseball, football and rowing, beginning with the fall season of 1895, and including the summer season of 1897. The baseball and football games are to be home-and-home contests, taking place alternately at Cambridge and Ithaca. The University boat race is to be rowed upon some course to be selected by joint agreement. The new arrangement has been received with enthusiasm by the students of both Universities. It will certainly serve to strengthen the pleasant relations which have already obtained between Harvard and Cornell on account of their football games in recent years.

Ex-President White, who has been abroad since 1892, returned to the University during Commencement week.

EXCHANGES.

Our old friend, the *Oxford Magazine*, blossoms out with a special number for the "Eights' Week," which is full of clever sketches and verses. We select the following May greeting as typical of the number:

A WELCOME.

Summer again is with us, and, crowning the summer, my queen—
  Summer for which we waited, and you that tarried so long—
Now that the flowers have blossomed, now that your beauty is seen,
  Where is our loyal greeting, where is the song?

Once there was treasure of singing, once, in the golden time—
  Ah! the wonderful days that are not, the songs that of old we sung!
Careless and quick they came, rhyme hasting to mate with rhyme,
  When the strings were fresh for playing, when I was young.

Squandered is now the treasure, the rhymes are scanty to-day;
  The fingers have lost their cunning, the heart of the singer is cold:
How shall I honor my queen, or the excellent beauty of May,
  Now that the strings are failing, now I am old?

Nay, but I must, for you will it, bidding me welcome again
  Blossom and bird of summer, and one who is fairer than all:
Nay, but a song must be sung—since of singing my lady is fain—
  I hear and obey her summons, answer her call

Therefore we bid you welcome, fairest of months and of maids,
  Now that the frosts of winter have vanished and fled away,
Greeting with service of song, and with music of flashing blades,
  The coming of her we longed for—the coming of May.

Of the American magazines, both the *Nassau Lit* and *Red and Blue* appear in festival garb, the latter adorned with half-tones of the baseball team, the Mask and Wig Club, and several U. of P. professors. The *Nassau Lit* is extremely good, as usual, in its literary get up. It opens the new volume with the following:

THE CAP AND BELLS.

Before this earth grew staid and old,
  Or changed its joyous garb to grave,
While shone undimmed the Age of Gold,
  And reason still was rapture's slave;

Men knew it wisdom then to waive
  Distressful toil and boding care,
And now for sadder days I crave
  The cap and bells men used to wear.

The minstrel then his visions told
  To haughty knight or humble knave,
The shepherd left his witless fold
  And tuned his pipes in pearly cave.
But who would now derision brave
  With choral dance or May-song fair—
Long since the world to darkness gave
  The cap and bells men used to wear.

The playtime of mankind is sold
  For coin whose grosser thoughts deprave,
With progress all our hearts are cold,
  No longer sounds the merry stave,
Lethean floods light fancy lave,
  Old dreams of winsome maids are rare—
What profit that we do not have
  The cap and bells men used to wear!

Aye, tho' the world deems they but rave
  Who sigh for customs debonair,
Divinely blessed are they who save
  The cap and bells men used to wear.

The Yale Lit is, of course, good. That goes without saying. "The Lament" bears a remarkable, but, of course, entirely accidental resemblance to the "Love Song of Har Dyal" in "Beyond the Pale," in "Plain Tales From the Hills." *The Yale Lit* has reproduced what Rudyard Kipling calls the wail of it. Here is the *Lit's* version:

I saw thy white sail sinking in the sea,
  I saw the white gulls gliding down the sky—
And waves and shores reeled o'er me mistily,
  Come back to me Beloved, or I die!

The gray mist rose and wrapped about me there,
  Upon my heart its chill doth ever lie—
The shroud of joy, my grief and my despair,
  Come back to me Beloved, or I die!

God giveth us the night to weep and pray,
  And tears upon my pillow ever lie—
For darkness covers all with thee away,
  Come back to me Beloved, or I die!

My bud of life is drooping with a blight,
For thou art gone and desolate am I—
A lost bark plunging through eternal night,
Come back to me Beloved, or I die!

Another and, we think, more typical selection is the following:

THE SIRENS.

The sirens sing where the west winds blow,
And the gulls scream shrill and the white foam flies,
But the sound of their singing is sweet and low,
And soft as the love-light in their eyes.

We cannot tell of the song they sing,
Whether its burden be sad or gay,
Of hoary winter, or dancing spring,
Of the morrow, it may be, or yesterday.

We only know that when hearts are sore,
And life seems a little, troublous thing,
The winds that blow from that western shore,
A far, faint melody seem to bring.

The *Brown Magazine* has excelled itself in the last two numbers. The first of the following is from the April, the other two from the June issue:

TWO ——.

"When two go together, one takes thought for the other."
—*Iliad X-224.*

Two crags—two ocean crags aloft,
In the boisterous surge of a rising sea,
With nowhere friendly, sheltering lee;
Raising their jagged, ragged sides,
Beaten and torn by winds and tides;
Yet calmly they steadied each other there,
And bright June days when the weather was fair
They seemed to answer the south wind soft,

And say—"We are brothers—the rugged two—
And neither parts from the other away,
But darkest night and stormiest day
Together our silent vigils keep;
And one of us watches the boundless deep,
The other signals the clouds above,
And mightiest storm can never move
Us two—because we are two—we two."

MORNING.

I

Beneath a willow on green banks
Grown up with reed, and ranks
Of tall grass-spears, and meadow-sweet,
And wastes of musk and marguerite;
In damp and gloom of dew and shade,
From walls of mint and mallow made,
Through heaven's aerial ocean born,
I watch the coming of the morn.

II

The golden light breaks through the bars,
Across the window of my cell,
And wakes a million morning stars
On willow leaf, and asphodel.
The white mists like a bridal veil,
Slip from the bosom of the stream,
The Naiads spread them for a sail,
On perfumed seas they float and dream.

III

The wild birds wake to joyous song;
The lisping grass, the laughing leaves
With rippling rivers join the throng
And blend their voices with the breeze.
And from the elder-blossoms white
And poppy-seas that flame and burn,
The blue-flags with their banners bright,
And from the violets 'neath the fern,
In clouds of song and incense rise
The earth's glad greeting to the skies.

THE DRYADS.

A song of the forest, a song of summer,
  Flashing sunlight and quivering shade,
Whisper of winds and answer of tree-tops,
  Murmur of ferns in the dusky glade,
Leaves and branches with voices ringing;
Listen—those are the dryads singing.

"Think ye the world was made for weeping?
We can sing through the winter's dark—
Knowing the sunshine full soon will call us
Out of each prison bark.
Sing, ah sing of our golden summer,
Dancing for aye in the day's long light;
Dreaming of love in the swaying branches
Under the star-crowned night.
Sing of the sport with the fountain naiads,
Bending to kiss them in flashing streams,
Watching each face in the water's mirror
Vanishing in its gleams.
Chase we the bees and the birds that wander
Far from the world's more trodden ways,
Follow the fire-flies' distant sparkle
Lost in the forest maze.
Creep we at length to our oak-tree lovers,
Centuries long they have bent and blessed,
Tired mayhap with our long day's playing,
Sink in their arms to rest."

Couched in the ferns in the heart of the forest
Under the trees where the sunbeams fall,
Tangled boughs in their meshes lure you,
The forests' magic shall hold you thrall.
Half a'dream watch the shadows straying;
Can you doubt 'tis the dryads playing?

C'est fini! The exchange editor puts out his Diogenes lantern, washes the ink from his finger nails, and rubs the spectacle mark on his nose. His work is done. Thank you, brothers.

B. O. H.

BOOK REVIEWS.

This year has been productive of several volumes of so-called "college stories," ranging in tone from literature to ribaldry, and treating of colleges as far separated as Yale and Michigan. The latest contribution to this class of literature is *Yale Yarns*,* by Mr. John Seymour Wood. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, the unprejudiced reader might well suppose that Mr. John Seymour Wood's glimpses of Yale life were obtained from the further bank of the Mississippi River. They certainly betray an acquaintance with Yale topography, and some little familiarity with Yale history, but it is the obtrusive and offensive wisdom of the man who has "read all about it," rather than the insight into college history and college ways which we should expect from a graduate and which would be the only excuse a college man would have for writing about his *alma mater*.

The stories in the book are poorly told. Some of them contain material for clever work, but Mr. John Seymour Wood's blacksmith hands have hammered them into dullness and coarseness. We rather expect that a college hero's wit, pathos, and glory be the result of the development of innate good qualities, and not merely stuck on, like the golden crown in the child's story-book. The style is poor, and resembles the stirring language of the "Fireside Companion." The volume is ornamented by a preface, which is also "stuck on," as it contains neither explanation nor apology. It is, however, one of the least objectionable features of the book.

If, as would appear from the fact that this is the third volume from the author's gifted pen, Mr. John Seymour Wood has admirers, they will doubtless be satisfied with *Yale Yarns*, as it is little, if any, below the level of his other productions.

It is with something like relief that we turn from *Yale Yarns* to *Princeton Stories*,† by Jesse Lynch Williams, for the difference between the two volumes is the greatest imaginable. Mr. Williams' stories are clever, clean, and, we hope, reflective of Princeton spirit and Princeton life. He has no doting blindness to the faults undergraduates have, nor very much mercy for the general conception that college days are for amusement only. The stories show a depth of feeling and conception that is as unusual as it is admirable in a book of this kind. The moral—and there is a moral, and a good one to each of the stories—is not obtruded, but still not too far to seek, and adds not only to the effect of the book, but to its interest. Of the few faults

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* *Yale Yarns.* By John Seymour Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Son's. 1895.

†*Princeton Stories.* By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

the volume has, the most noticeable is the too great length of two of the stories, "The Responsibility of Lawrence," and "Fixing that Freshman." Another story rather than "The Winning of the Cane," might have a better claim to first place in the volume, and would have been more truly indicative of the scope of the book. But these faults are too slight to detract from the pleasure the volume gives its reader. Every college man should read the *Princeton Stories*. It is the best book of short college stories that has yet appeared.

From a historical series whose first volume was by a second-rate saltwater novelist, historical students might well be surprised to get such a good volume as *Louis XIV*,* by Arthur Hassall, of Christ Church, Oxford.

Mr. Hassall has a reputation as a French historical scholar, and his volume is a well-arranged, well-authenticated history of the times of the *Grand Monarque*. His statements are drawn, when possible, from original sources, and the picture he gives of the court of the greatest of French kings may be relied upon as true. His style is clear and concise, as befits a historical writer. Messrs. Putnam may well be congratulated upon securing so good a volume in a series whose beginning promised so little.

The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Student's Edition. Edited by Arthur Marvin. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

This companion volume to the recently published edition of the "Tales of a Traveler" satisfies all the hopes which have been entertained in anticipation of its appearance. The editor has used the author's revised text. He gives a biographical introduction, a bibliography and a series of useful but not voluminous notes. The book is intended merely to meet the needs of schools preparing students for college examinations in English literature, and is admirably adapted to this purpose; but the excellent typography and the modest exterior of the volume make it fit for the library of the most sensible if not the most fastidious readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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

Louis XIV and the Zenith of French Monarchy. By Arthur Hassall, M.A. In Heroes of the Nations' Series.

Yale Yarns. By John Seymour Wood.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

Princeton Stories. By Jesse Lynch Williams.

**Louis XIV and the Zenith of French Monarchy*. By Arthur Hassall. Heroes of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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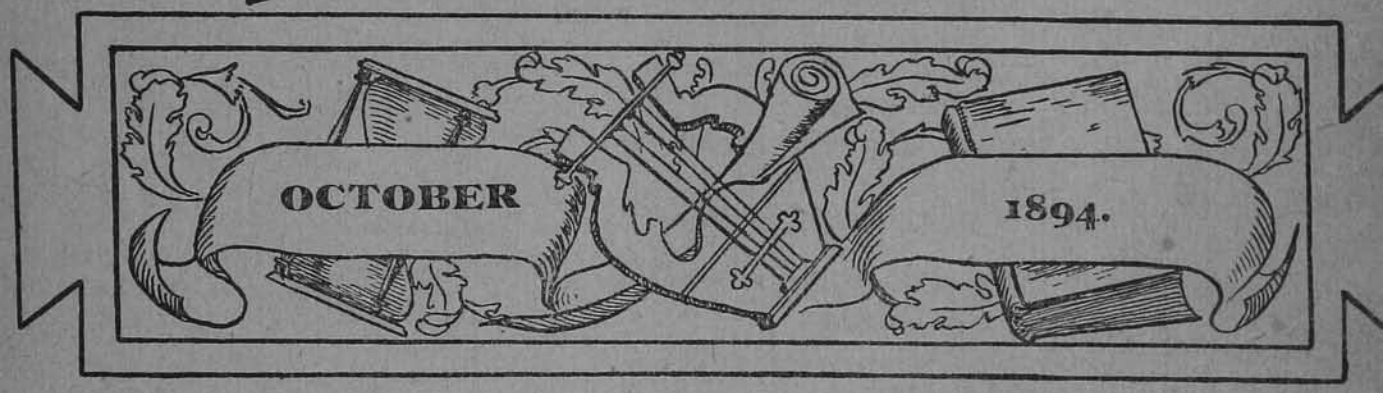

CONTENTS

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CONTENTS

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CONTENTS

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CONTENTS

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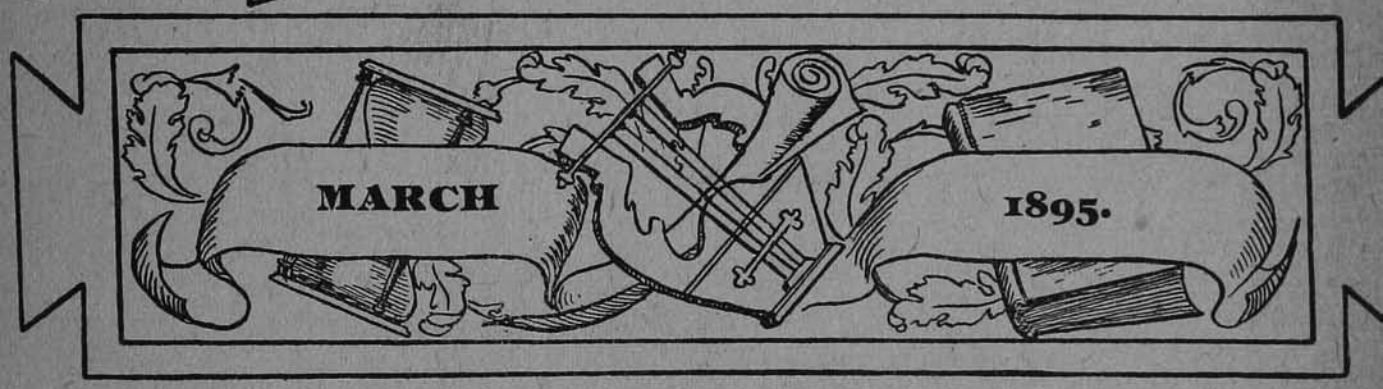

CONTENTS

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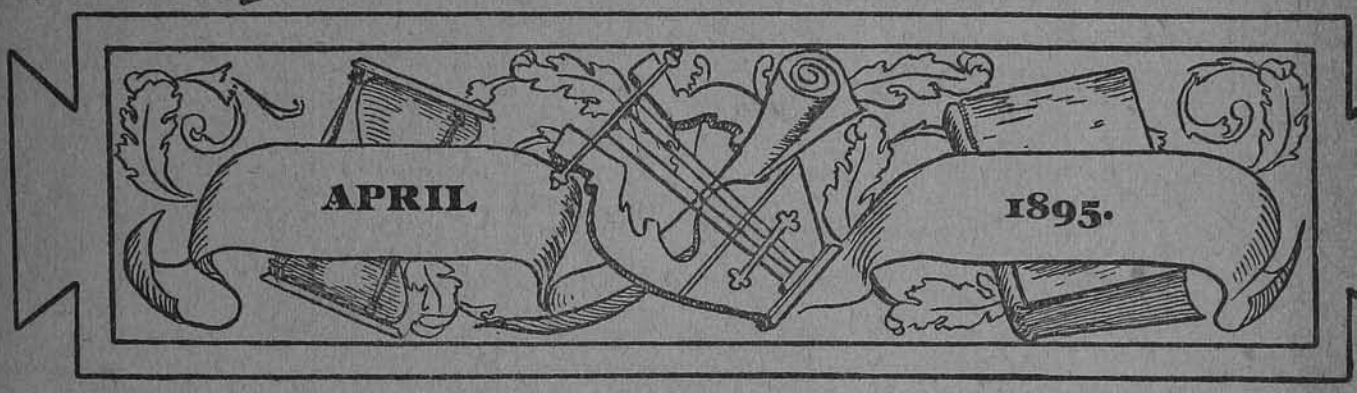

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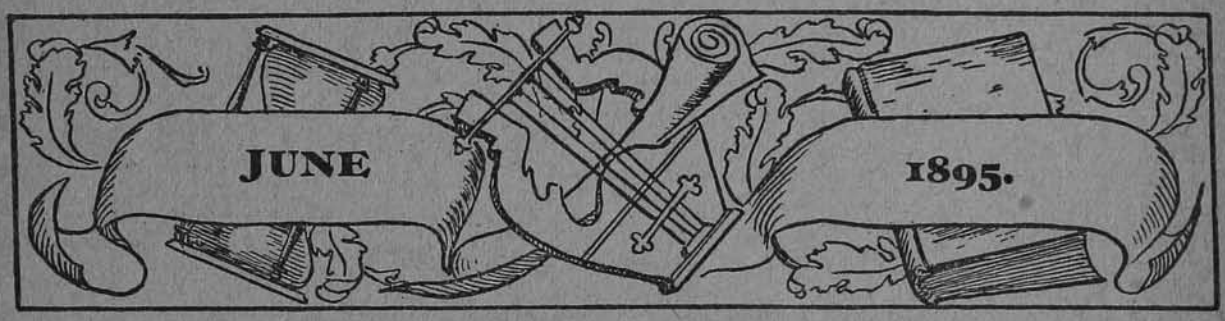

CONTENTS

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